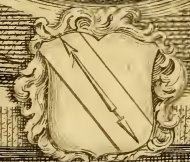


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



G. Vertue

Sculptor



Ob. An. } Dom. 1616 }
(Aet. 53.)

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

In TEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE
CORRECTIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS
OF

Various COMMENTATORS;

To which are added

NOTES by SAMUEL JOHNSON

AND

GEORGE STEEVENS.

With an APPENDIX.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. BEECROFT, W. STRAHAN, J.
and F. RIVINGTON, J. HINTON, L. DAVIS, HAWES, CLARKE
and COLLINS, R. HORSFIELD, W. JOHNSTON, W. OWEN,
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HINGESTON, and J. RIDLEY.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST,

CONTAINING,

PREFACES.

The TEMPEST.

The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

L O N D O N :

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THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

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To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

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The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

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But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible ; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion ; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest ; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature ; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world ; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers ; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions : they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual ;

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individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it

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seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can
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be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a

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hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined,

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Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gayeties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce

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duce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors
have

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have different habitudes ; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy ; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays ; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

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Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour,

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labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

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If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this stile is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

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Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candor higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects
those

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those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is probably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantries licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor
are

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are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick

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writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now-and-then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble

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A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

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His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

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The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken

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for reality ; that any dramattick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation ; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharfalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſcriptions of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtaſy ſhould count the clock, or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be

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be in some place ; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other ; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended ; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts ; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus ; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war ; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus ; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first ; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination ; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just

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picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramattick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of *Cato*.

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A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cesare tolli.*

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Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramattick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me ; before ſuch authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe precepts have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama, that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction ; and that a play, written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength ; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy ; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frightened at my own temerity ; and when I eſtimate the ſame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion,

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opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakespeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the
reign

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reign of Henry the Eighth ; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacer, and More ; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner ; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools ; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark ; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity ; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression ; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events

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events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that
every

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every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespear than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakespear, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by con-
junction

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junction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished unto brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors,

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There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Johnson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I prae, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

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The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by *Pope*, but it is often such

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knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps*

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We are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best. But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

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• The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakespeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned;

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demned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in

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the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespear, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespear, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by disyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The disyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo*, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of
any

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any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far

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from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest
a better

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a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakespeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The stile of Shakespeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers
equally

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equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors, I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from
Rowe,

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Rowe, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakespear's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condell, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakespear's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very

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very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor,

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an
interest

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interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his
diction

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dition I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakespeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language,
not

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not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning;
but

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but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardor of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve,

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referve, but I am fure without bitternefs of malice, and, I hope, without wantonnefs of infult.

It is no pleafure to me, in revifing my volumes, to obferve how much paper is wafte in confutation. Whoever confiders the revolutions of learning, and the various queftions of greater or lefs importance, upon which wit and reafon have exercifed their powers, muft lament the unfulceffulnefs of enquiry, and the flow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the deftruction of thofe that went before him. The firft care of the builder of a new fyftem, is to demolifh the fabricks which are ftanding. The chief defire of him that comments an author, is to fhew how much other commentators have corrupted and obfcured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverfy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rife again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progrefs. Thus fometimes truth and error, and fometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invafion. The tide of feeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the fudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to fhoot their beams into the regions of obfcurity, on a fudden withdraw their luftre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

Thefe elevations and depreffions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge muft for ever be expofed, fince they are not

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escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles ?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The canons of criticism*, and of *The review of Shakspeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

*A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar*. They have both shewn acute-

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman should attempt so voluminous a work, as the *Revisal of Shakspeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, " he was not so fortunate as to be
" furnished

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ness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical observations on Shakespeare* had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, historical, and explanatory notes have been likewise published upon Shakespeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It

“ furnished with either of the folio editions, much less any of
 “ the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's per-
 “ formance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's repre-
 “ sentation.” FARMER.

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were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakespear without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all con-

trariety

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trariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to

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facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expofitor not to write too little for fome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceffary by his own experience; and how long foever he may deliberate, will at laft explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be miftaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. Thefe are cenfures merely relative, and muft be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither fuperfluoufly copious, nor fcrupuloufly referved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frighted from perufing him, and contributed fomewhat to the publick, by difufing innocent and rational pleafure.

The complete explanation of an author not fyftematick and confequential, but defultory and vagrant, abounding in cafual allufions and light hints, is not to be expected from any fingle fcholiaft. All personal reflections, when names are fuppreffed, muft be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, fuch as modes of drefs, formalities of converfation, rules of vifits, difpofition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are fo fugitive and unftantial, that they are not eafily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the receffes of obfcure and obfolete papers, perufed commonly with fome other view. Of this knowledge every man has fome, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention; thofe who can add any thing to
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his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

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To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in these which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakespear.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours
of

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of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorized, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on
these

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these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right; than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and, where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have

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have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakespeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass.

This

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This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences. Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays, with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon
this

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this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day encreases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right.

The

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The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye, so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

*Criticks I saw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.* POPE.

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

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It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakespeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps

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Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore: or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let

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let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book, which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakespeare was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and

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“ he drew them not laboriously, but luckily : when
 “ he describes any thing, you more than see it, you
 “ feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted
 “ learning, give him the greater commendation : he
 “ was naturally learned : he needed not the spectacles
 “ of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and
 “ found her there. I cannot say he is every where
 “ alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to com-
 “ pare him with the greatest of mankind. He is
 “ many times flat and insipid ; his comick wit de-
 “ generating into clenches, his serious swelling into
 “ bombast. But he is always great, when some great
 “ occasion is presented to him : no man can say, he
 “ ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then
 “ raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

“ Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.”

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should
 want a commentary ; that his language should be-
 come obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is
 vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human
 things ; that which must happen to all, has happened
 to Shakespeare, by accident and time ; and more
 than has been suffered by any other writer since the
 use of types, has been suffered by him through his
 own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that supe-
 riority of mind, which despised its own performances,
 when it compared them with its powers, and judged
 those works unworthy to be preserved, which the
 criticks of following ages were to contend for the
 same of restoring and explaining.

Among

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Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this revival, an account is given in the following pages by Mr. Steevens, who might have spoken both of his own diligence and sagacity, in terms of greater self-approbation, without deviating from modesty or truth.

JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

R E A D E R.

THE want of adherence to the old copies, which has been complained of, in the text of every modern republication of Shakespeare, is fairly deducible from Mr. Rowe's inattention to one of the first duties of an editor. Mr. Rowe did not print from the earliest and most correct, but from the most remote and inaccurate of the four folios. Between the years 1623 and 1685 (the dates of the first and last) the errors in every play, at least, were trebled. Several pages in each of these ancient editions have been examined, that the assertion might come more fully supported. It may be added, that as every fresh editor continued to make the text of his predecessor the ground-work of his own (never collating but where difficulties occurred) some deviations from the originals had been handed down, the number of which are lessened in the impression before us, as it has been constantly compared with the most authentic copies, whether collation was absolutely necessary for the recovery of sense, or not. The person who undertook this task may have failed by
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inadvertency, as well as those who preceded him, but the reader may be assured, that he, who thought it his duty to free an author from such modern and unnecessary innovations as had been censured in others, has not ventured to introduce any of his own.

It is not pretended that a complete body of various readings is here collected; or that all the diversities which the copies exhibit, are pointed out; as near two thirds of them are typographical mistakes, or such a change of insignificant particles, as would crowd the bottom of the page with an ostentation of materials, from which at last nothing useful could be selected.

The dialogue might indeed sometimes be lengthened by yet other insertions than have been made, but without advantage either to its spirit or beauty; as in the following instance.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Here the quartos add :

Lear. *No, no, they would not.*

Kent. *Yes, they have.*

By the admission of this negation and affirmation, would any new idea be gained?

The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boast, that many valuable readings have been

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retrieved; though it may be fairly asserted, that the text of Shakespear is restored to the condition in which the author, or rather his first publishers, appear to have left it, such emendations as were absolutely necessary, alone admitted.

*Multa dies, variusq; labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius, multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.*

Where a particle, indispensably necessary to the sense, was wanting, such a supply has been silently adopted from other editions; but where a syllable, or more, had been added for the sake of the metre only, which at first might have been irregular, such interpolations are here constantly retrenched, sometimes with, and sometimes without notice. Those speeches, which in the elder editions are printed as prose, and from their own construction are incapable of being compressed into verse, without the aid of supplemental syllables, are restored to prose again; and the measure is divided afresh in others, where the mass of words had been inharmoniously separated into lines.

The scenery, throughout all the plays, is regulated in conformity to a rule, which the poet, by his general practice, seems to have proposed to himself. Several of his pieces are come down to us, divided into scenes as well as acts. These divisions were probably his own, as they are made on settled principles, which would hardly have been the case, had the task been executed by the players. A change of scene, with Shakespear, most commonly implies a
change

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change of place, but always, an entire evacuation of the stage. The custom of distinguishing every entrance or exit by a fresh scene, was adopted, perhaps very idly, from the French theatre.

For the length of many notes, and the accumulation of examples in others, some apology may be likewise expected. An attempt at brevity is often found to be the source of an imperfect explanation. Where a passage has been constantly misunderstood, where the jest or pleasantry has been suffered to remain long in obscurity, more instances have been brought to clear the one, or elucidate the other, than appear at first sight to have been necessary. For these, it can only be said, that when they prove that phraseology or source of merriment to have been once general, which at present seems particular, they are not quite impertinently intruded; as they may serve to free the author from a suspicion of having employed an affected singularity of expression, or indulged himself in allusions to transient customs, which were not of sufficient notoriety to deserve ridicule or reprehension. When examples in favour of contradictory opinions are assembled, though no attempt is made to decide on either part, such neutral collections should always be regarded as materials for future critics, who may hereafter apply them with success. Authorities, whether in respect of words, or things, are not always producible from the most celebrated writers; yet such circumstances as fall below the notice of history, can only be sought in the jest-book, the satire, or the play; and the novel, whose fashion did not outlive a week, is sometimes necessary to throw

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throw light on those annals which take in the compass of an age. Those, therefore, who would wish to have the peculiarities of Nym familiarized to their ideas, must excuse the insertion of such an epigram as best suits the purpose, however tedious in itself; and such as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falstaff's allusion to *stewed prunes*, should not be disgusted at a multitude of instances, which, when the point is once known to be established, may be diminished by any future editor. An author, who *catches* (as Pope expresses it) at *the Cynthia of a minute*, and does not furnish notes to his own works, is sure to lose half the praise which he might have claimed, had he dealt in allusions less temporary, or cleared up for himself those difficulties which lapse of time must inevitably create.

The author of the additional notes has rather been desirous to support old readings, than to claim the merit of introducing new ones. He desires to be regarded as one, who found the task he undertook more arduous than it seemed, while he was yet feeding his vanity with the hopes of introducing himself to the world as an editor in form. He, who has discovered in himself the power to rectify a few mistakes with ease, is naturally led to imagine, that all difficulties must yield to the efforts of future labour; and perhaps feels a reluctance to be undeceived at last.

Mr. Steevens desires it may be observed, that he has strictly complied with the terms exhibited in his proposals, having appropriated all such assistances,

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as he received, to the use of the present editor, whose judgment has, in every instance, determined on their respective merits. While he enumerates his obligations to his correspondents, it is necessary that one comprehensive remark should be made on such communications as are omitted in this edition, though they might have proved of great advantage to a more daring commentator. The majority of these were founded on the supposition, that Shakespeare was originally an author correct in the utmost degree, but maimed and interpolated by the neglect or presumption of the players. In consequence of this belief, alterations have been proposed wherever a verse could be harmonized, an epithet exchanged for one more apposite, or a sentiment rendered less perplexed. Had the general current of advice been followed, the notes would have been filled with attempts at emendation apparently unnecessary, though sometimes elegant, and as frequently with explanations of what none would have thought difficult. A constant peruser of Shakespeare will suppose whatever is easy to his own apprehension, will prove so to that of others, and consequently may pass over some real perplexities in silence. On the contrary, if in consideration of the different abilities of every class of readers, he should offer a comment on all harsh inversions of phrase, or peculiarities of expression, he will at once excite the disgust and displeasure of such as think their own knowledge or sagacity undervalued. It is difficult to fix a medium between doing too little and too much in the task of mere explanation. There are yet many passages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever licence, for exhibitions

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bitions on the stage, in which the pleasure of the audience is chiefly to be considered; but must remain untouched by the critical editor, whose conjectures are limited by narrow bounds, and who gives only what he at least supposes his author to have written.

If it is not to be expected that each vitiated passage in Shakespeare can be restored, till a greater latitude of experiment shall be allowed; so neither can it be supposed that the force of all his allusions will be pointed out, till such books are thoroughly examined, as cannot easily at present be collected, if at all. Several of the most correct lists of our dramatic pieces exhibit the titles of plays, which are not to be met with in the completest collections. It is almost unnecessary to mention any other than Mr. Garrick's, which, curious and extensive as it is, derives its greatest value from its accessibility.

To the other evils of our civil war, must be added the interruption of polite literature, and the suppression of many dramatic and poetical names, which were plunged in obscurity by tumults and revolutions, and have never since attracted curiosity. The utter neglect of ancient English literature continued so long, that many books may be supposed to be lost; and that curiosity, which has been now for some years increasing among us, wants materials for its operations. Books and pamphlets, printed originally in small numbers, being thus neglected, were soon destroyed; and though the capital authors were preserved,

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erved, they were preserved to languish without regard. How little Shakespeare himself was once read, may be understood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of *King Lear*, speaks of the original as of an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of the *Tatler*, having occasion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from Betterton's alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted. So little were the defects or peculiarities of the old writers known, even at the beginning of our century, that though the custom of alliteration had prevailed to that degree in the time of Shakespeare, that it became contemptible and ridiculous, yet it is made one of Waller's praises by a writer of his life, that he first introduced this practice into English versification.

It will be expected that some notice should be taken of the last editor of Shakespeare, and that his merits should be estimated with those of his predecessors. Little, however, can be said of a work, to the completion of which, both the commentary and a large proportion of the various readings, are as yet wanting. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is the only play from that edition, which has been consulted in the course of this work; for as several passages there are arbitrarily omitted, and as no notice is given when other deviations are made from the old copies, it was of little consequence to examine any further. This circum-

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circumstance is mentioned, lest such accidental coincidences of opinion, as may be discovered hereafter, should be interpreted into plagiarism.

It may occasionally happen, that some of the remarks long ago produced by others may have been offered again as recent discoveries. It is likewise absolutely impossible to pronounce with any degree of certainty, whence all the hints, which furnish matter for a commentary, have been collected, as they lie scattered in many books and papers, which were probably never read but once, or the particulars which they contain received only in the course of common conversation; nay, what is called plagiarism, is often no more than the result of having thought alike with others on the same subject.

The dispute about the learning of Shakespeare being now finally settled, a catalogue is added of those translated authors, whom Mr. Pope has thought proper to call

The classics of an age that heard of none.

The reader may not be displeas'd to have the Greek and Roman poets, orators, &c. who had been rendered accessible to our author, expos'd at one view; especially as the list has received the advantage of being corrected and amplified by the Reverend Mr. Farmer, the substance of whose very decisive pamphlet is interspers'd through the notes which are added in this revival of Dr. Johnson's Shakespeare.

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To those who have advanced the reputation of our Poet, it has been endeavoured, by Dr. Johnson, in the foregoing preface, impartially to allot their dividend of fame; and it is with great regret that we now add to the catalogue, another, the consequence of whose death will perhaps affect not only the works of Shakespeare, but of many other writers. Soon after the first appearance of this edition, a disease, rapid in its progress, deprived the world of Mr. JACOB TONSON; a man, whose zeal for the improvement of English literature, and whose liberality to men of learning, gave him a just title to all the honours which men of learning can bestow. To suppose that a man employed in an extensive trade, lived in a state of indifference to loss and gain, would be to conceive a character incredible and romantic; but it may be justly said of Mr. TONSON, that he had enlarged his mind beyond solicitude about petty losses, and refined it from the desire of unreasonable profit. He was willing to admit those with whom he contracted, to the just advantage of their own labours; and had never learned to consider the author as an under agent to the bookseller. The wealth which he inherited or acquired, he enjoyed like a man conscious of the dignity of a profession subservient to learning. His domestic life was elegant, and his charity was liberal. His manners were soft, and his conversation delicate: nor is, perhaps, any quality in him more to be censured, than that reserve which confined his acquaintance to a small number, and made his example less useful, as it was less extensive. He was the last commercial name of a family which will be long remembered; and if Horace
thought

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thought it not improper to convey the *SOSII* to posterity; if rhetoric suffered no dishonour from *Quintilian's* dedication to *TRYPHO*; let it not be thought that we disgrace *Shakespeare*, by joining to his works the name of *TONSON*.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HOMER.

T EN Bookes of the Iliades into English out of French, by A. H. Lond. by Ralph Newberie, 4to. — — 1581
The Shield of Achilles from the 18th Book of Homer, by Geo. Chapman, 4to. Lond. 1596
Seven Books of the Iliades, by ditto, 4to. Lond. 1596
D°. — — — 1598
Fifteen Books of ditto, thin folio — 1600
The whole Works of Homer, by d°. printed for Nath. Butter — — — <i>no date</i>
The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia, &c. thin fol. printed by John Bill <i>no date</i>

MUSÆUS.

Marloe's Hero and Leander, with the first Book of Lucan, 4to. — — — 1600
There must have been a former Edition, as a second Part was published by Henry Petowe 1598
Musæus's Poem of Hero and Leander, imitated by Christopher Marlow, and finished by Geo. Chapman, 8vo. Lond. — — 1606

EURI.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

EURIPIDES.

Jocasta, a Tragedy, from the Phoenissa of Euripides, by Geo. Gascoigne, and Mr. Francis Kinwelmershe, 4to. Lond. — — 1556

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

The Historie of Jason; touching the Conqueste of the Golden Fleece.—Printed by Caxton. This Work (like Caxton's Buke of Eneydos) was translated from the French of Raoul Le Feure*.

PLATO.

Axiochus, a Dialogue, attributed to Plato, by Edm. Spenser, 4to. — — 1592

DEMOSTHENES.

The Three Orations of Demosthenes, chiefe Orator among the Grecians, in Favour of the Olynthians, with those his fower against Philip of Macedon, &c. by Tho. Wylson, Doctor of the Civill Lawes, 4to. — — — 1570

ISOCRATES.

Ifocrates's sage Admonition to Demonicus, by R. Nutt-hall, 8vo. Lond. 1557, 12mo. and 1585

Ifocrates's Doctrinal of Princes, by Syr Tho. Elliot, Lond. 8vo. — — 1534

Ifocrates's Orat. intituled Evagoras, by Jer. Wolfe, 8vo. 1581

Three Orations of moral Instructions, one to Demonicus, and two to Nicocles, King of Salamis, translated from Ifocrates, by Tho. Forrest, 4to. 1580

* Not having seen this Book, I am by no means certain that it is an absolute Translation of the Greek Author.

LUCIAN.

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

LUCIAN.

Necromantia, a Dialog of the Poete Lucyen between Menippus and Philonides, for his Fantefye faynyd for a mery Paftyme, in Englifh Verfe and Latin Profe.

Toxaris, or the Friendship of Lucian, by A.O. Lond.
8vo. — — — 1565

HERODOTUS.

The famous Hyftory of Herodotus, in nine Bookes, &c. by B. R. Lond. — — 1584

N. B. This Piece contains only the two firft Books, viz. the Clio and Euterpe. The Tranflator fays in his Preface, "As thefe fpeeде, fo the reft will follow." 4to.

THUCYDIDES.

The Hyftory writtone by Thucydides, &c. tranflated out of the Frenche of Claude de Seyffel, Bifhop of Marfeilles, into the Englifhe language, by Tho. Nicolls, Citizeine and Goldfmyth of London, fol. — — — 1559

POLYBIUS.

Hyftories of the moft famous and worthy Cronographer, Polybius, by Chriftopher Watfon, 8vo. 1568

This Work confifts of extracts only.

DIODORUS SICULUS*.

The History of the Succelfors of Alexander, &c. out of Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch, by Tho. Stocker. Lond. 4to. — — 1569

* Caxton tells us, that "Skelton had tranflated *Diodorus Siculus, the Epiftles of Tulle*, and diverfe other Workes:" but I know not that they were ever printed.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

APPIAN.

An aunciente Historie, &c. by Appian of Alexandria, translated out of diverse Languages, &c. by W. B. 4to. Lond. — 1578

JOSEPHUS.

Josephus's History, &c. translated into English, by Tho. Lodge, fol. Lond. 1602—1609, &c.

ÆLIAN.

Ælian's Registre of Hystories, by Abraham Fleming, 4to. — — — 1576

HERODIAN.

The Historie of Herodian, &c. transl. oute of Greeke into Latin, by Angelus Politianus, and out of Latin into Englyshe, by Nich. Smyth. Imprinted at London, by William Coplande, 4to.

PLUTARCH.

Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Tho. North, from the Fr. of Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, fol. 1579. 1602, 1603

Plutarch's Morals, by Dr. Philemon Holland 1603

Plutarch of the Education of Children, by Sir Tho. Elyott, 4to.

The Preceptes of that excellent Clerke and grave Philosopher Plutarche, for the Preservation of Healthe, 8vo. — — 1543

ARISTOTLE.

The Ethiques of Aristotle, &c. by Jhon Wylkinson. Printed by Grafton, Printer to K. Edw. VI. 8vo. B. L. — — — 1547

The Secrete of Secretes of Aristotle, &c. translated out of the Frenche, &c. Lond. 8vo. 1528
Aristotle's

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

Aristotle's Politiques, &c. from the Fr. by J. D. fol.
 Lond. — — — 1598

XENOPHON.

The eight Bookes of Xenophon, containing the In-
 stitution, Schole, and Education of Cyrus, the
 noble King of Persye, &c. transl. out of Gr. into
 Engl. by Mr. William Bercher. Lond. 12mo.
 1567 and 1569

D^o. by Dr. Philemon Holland
 Xenophon's Treatise of House-hold right, connyngly
 transl. out of the Greke tongue, &c. by Gentian
 Hervet, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1532. 8vo. 1534.
 1544. 8vo. 1573

The Arte of Riding from Xenophon, &c. Lond. 4to.
 1584

EPICTETUS.

The Manuell of Epictetus, transl. out of Greeke into
 French, and now into English, &c. Also the
 Apothegmes, &c. by James Sandford. Lond.
 12mo. — — — 1567

EUNAPIUS SARDIANUS.

The Lyves of Philosophers and Orators, from the
 Greek of Eunapius, 4to. — 1579

ACHILLES TATIUS.

The most delectable and pleasant Hist. of Clitophon
 and Leucippe, from the Greek of Achilles Sta-
 tius, by W. B. 4to. — — 1597

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

M. ANTONINUS *.

- The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and eloquent Orator, 12mo. Lond. — 1553
Translated out of Fr. into Eng. by Sir John Bourchier, Kt. &c. &c.
Other editions of this are in 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537. 1559

DIONYSIUS.

- Dionysius's Description of the Worlde. Englyshed by Tho. Twine, 8vo. Lond. — 1572

EUCLID.

- Euclid's Elements of Geometry, transl. into Eng. by Rich. Candish, who flourished A. D. 1556
Euclid's Elements, Pref. by John Dee. Lond. 1570

HIPPOCRATES.

- The Aphorismes of Hippocrates, redacted into a certaine Order, and translated by Humfrie Lloyd, 8vo. — — 1585

GALEN.

- Galen's Two Books of Elements, translated into Engl. by J. Jones, 4to. Lond. — 1574
Certaine Workes of Galen, englyshed by Tho. Gale, 4to. — — 1586

* This book is only introduced, that an opportunity may be obtained of excluding it from any future catalogue of translated classics. It was a fraud of Guevara's. See his article in Bayle. Our countryman Elyott did somewhat of the same kind. He pretended to translate the Actes and Sentences notable, of the Emperor *Alexander Severus*, (from the Greek of Encolpius. See *Fabricius'* and *Tanner's* Bibliothec, &c.

HELIO.

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HELIODORUS.

- The Beginning of Æthiopicall History in Engl. Hexameters, by Abrah. Fraunce, 8vo. Lond. 1591
 Heliodorus's Æthiopic Hist. transl. by Tho. Underdown, B. L. 4to. Lond. 1577 and 1587

VIRGIL.

- The Booke of Eneydos, &c. by Caxton, fol. Lond. *prose* — — — 1490
 The thirteen Bukes of Eneados in Scottish Metir, by Gawain Douglas, 4to. Lond. — 1553
 Certain Bookes of Virgile's Æneis * turned into English Metir, by the right honorable Lorde, Henry Earle of Surrey, 4to. Lond. — 1557
 The first seven Bookes of the Eneidos, by Phaer. Lond. 4to. B. L. — — 1558
 This Translation is in rhyme of fourteen syllables.
 The nyne first Bookes, &c. by Phaer, 4to. Lond. 1562
 The thirteene Bookes of Eneidos, by Phaer and Twyne, 4to. Lond. — 1584. 1596. 1607, &c.
 The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into Engl. heroic Verse, by Richard Stanyhurst, &c. 12mo. Lond. — — 1583
 The Bucolikes of Publius Virgilius Maro, &c. by Abraham Fleming, drawn into plaine and familiar Englyshe, Verse for Verse, 4to. B. L. 1575
 Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, translated into blank Verse, by the same Author. Lond. 1589
 Virgil's Culex paraphrased, by Spenser. See his works.

HORACE.

- Two Bookes of Horace his Satyres Englyshed, according to the Prescription of Saint Hierome, 4to. B. L. Lond. — — 1566

* This is a translation of the second and fourth books into blank verse, and is the oldest specimen of that metre in the English language.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Pistles and Satyrs English-
ed, by Tho. Drant, 4to. Lond. — 1567

OVID.

The fifteene Bookes of Metamorphoseos. In which
ben contaynid the Fables of Ovid, by William
Caxton. Westm. fol. — 1480

The four first Bookes of Ovid, transl. from the Latin
into English Meetre, by Arthur Golding, Gent.
4to. B. L. Lond. — — 1565

The fifteene Bookes of P. Ovidius Naso, &c. by Ar-
thur Golding, 4to. Bl. L. Lond. — 1576

Another in 1575 according to Ames, and another
earlier than either, in 1567, if we may believe
the Date of the Dedication.

[A former Edition was in 1572, Rawlinson's catal.]

D^o. 1587. D^o. 1612.

The pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis.
8vo. Lond. — — 1565

The Fable of Ovid treating of Narcissus, transl. out
of Latin into Eng. Mytre, with a Moral ther unto
very plesante to rede, 4to. Lond. 1560

The Heroycall Epistles, &c. set out and translated by
Geo. Turbervile, Gent. &c. B. L. 4to. Lond.
1567. 1569. and 1600

The three first Bookes of Ovid de Tristibus, transl.
into English, by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. Lond.
1580

Ovid his Invective against Ibis, translated into Eng.
Meeter, &c. 12mo. Lond. — 1569

And 1577, by Tho. Underwood.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, by Fra. Beaumont,
4to. — — — 1602

He likewise translated a Part of the Remedy of Love.
There was another Translation of the whole,
by Sir Tho. Overbury, 8vo. *without date*

PLAUTUS.

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

PLAUTUS.

Menæchmi, by W. W. Lond. — 1595

MARTIAL.

Flowers of Epigrams (from Martial particularly) by
Tim. Kendall, 8vo. — — 1577

TERENCE.

Terens in English. Supposed to be printed by Rastell.
Perhaps only the Andria.

Andria, the first Comedye of Terence, by Maurice
Kyffin, 4to. — — 1588

Terence in English, by Richard Bernard, 4to. Cam-
bridge — — 1598

SENECA.

Seneca his Tenne Tragedies, translated into Englysh by
different Translators, 4to. Lond. — 1581

Seneca's Forme and Rule of Honeft Living, by Rob.
Whyttington, 8vo. — — 1546

Seven Bookes of Benefyting, by Arthur Golding,
4to. — — 1577

LIVY.

Livius (Titus) and other Authores Historie of Annibal
and Scipio, translated into English, by Anthony
Cope, Esquier, B. L. 4to. Lond. — 1545

The Romane Hist. &c. by T. Livius of Padua. Also
the Breviaries of L. Florus, &c. by Dr. Philemon
Holland, fol. Lond. — — 1600

TACITUS.

The End of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower
Bookes of the Histories of Cornelius Tacitus.

The Life of Agricola, by Sir Hen. Saville, 4to.
Lond. — — 1591

Annales of Tacitus, by Richard Grenaway, fol. 1598

SALLUST.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

SALLUST.

- The Famous Cronycle of the Warre, which the Romyns had against Jugurth, &c. compyled in Lat. by the renowned Romayn Salust, &c. translated into Englishe, by Sir Alex. Barclay Preeft, &c. Printed by Pynson, fol. D^o.
 Lond. pr. by Joh. Waley, 4to. — 1557
- The Conspiracie of Lucius Cataline, translated into Eng. by Tho. Paynell, 4to. Lond. 1541 and 1557
- The two most Worthy and Notable Histories, &c. Both written by C. C. Sallustius, and translated by Tho. Heywood. Lond. fm. fol. 1608

SUETONIUS.

- Suetonius, translated by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. Lond. 1606

CÆSAR.

- Cæsars Commentaries, as touching British affairs. Without name, printer, place, or date; but by the type it appears to be Rastell's.

Ames, p. 148.

- The eight Bookes of Caius Julius Cæsar, translated by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. Lond. 1565 and 1590

- Cæsar's Commentaries (de Bello Gallico) five Bookes, by Clement Edmundes, with Observations, &c. Fol. — — 1600

- De Bello Civili, by D^o. three Bookes. Fol. 1609
 D^o. by Chapman — — 1604

JUSTIN.

- The Hist. of Justine, &c. by A. G. [Arthur Golding] Lond. 4to. — — 1564 and 1578
 D^o. by Dr. Phil. Holland — — 1606
 D^o. by G. W. with an Epitomie of the Lives, &c. of the Romaine Emperors, from Aurelius Victor, fol. — — 1606

Q. CUR-

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

Q. CURTIUS.

The Historie of Quintus Curtius, &c. translated, &c.
 by John Brende, 4to. Lond. — 1553
 Other Editions were in 1561. 1584. 1570. 1592

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius englished, by Nic. Haward, 8vo. 1564

A. MARCELLINUS.

Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Dr. P. Holland.
 Lond. fol. — — 1609

CICERO.

Cicero's Familiar Epistles, by J. Webbe, fm. 8vo.
no date

Certain select Epistles into English, by Abra. Flem-
 ming, 4to. Lond. — — 1576

Those Fyve Questions which Marke Tullye Cicero
 disputed in his Manor of Tusculanum, &c. &c.
 Englyshed by John Dolman, fm. 8vo. Lond. 1561

* Marcus Tullius Cicero, three Bookes of Duties,
 tourned out of Latin in English, by Nic. Gri-
 malde 1555, 1556, 1558, 1574

Ames says 1553; perhaps by mistake.

The thre Bokes of Tullius Offyce, &c. translated, &c.
 by R. Whyttington, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond.
 1533, 1534, 1540, and 1553

The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated by Will.
 Wyrcestre, alias Botaner. Caxton, 4to. 1481

De Senectute, by Whyttington, 8vo. — *no date*

* Mattaire says [Ann. Typog. B. 5. 290.] "In florulentâ
 tituli margunculâ (vulgo vignette) superiore, inscribitur 1534."
 This was a wooden Block used by the Printer Tottel, for many
 Books in small 8vo. and by no means determines their Date.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

- * The worthie Booke of Old Age, otherwife intituled
The elder Cato, &c. 12mo. Lond. 1569
- * Tullius Cicero on Old Age, by Tho. Newton, 8vo.
Lond. — — — 1569
- Tullies Friendship, Olde Age, Paradoxe, and Scipio's
Dream, by Tho. Newton, 4to. 1577
- Tullius de Amicitia, translated into our maternal
Englyshe Tongue, by the E. of Worcester.
Printed by Caxton, with the Translation of *De*
Seneſtute, fol.
- The Paradoxe of M. T. Cicero, &c. by Rob. Whyt-
tington, Poet Laureat. Printed in Southwarke,
12mo. — — — 1540
- Webbe translated all the sixteen Books of Cicero's
Epistles, but probably they were not printed
together in Shakespeare's Life-time. I suppose
this, from a Passage in his Dedication, in which
he seems to mean *Bacon*, by a *Great Lord Chan-*
cellor.

BOETHIUS.

- Boethius, by Chaucer. Printed by Caxton, fol.
- Boethius in English Verse, by Tho. Rychard. Im-
printed in the exempt Monastery of Tavistock,
4to. — — — 1525
- Eng. and Lat. by Geo. Colville, 4to. 1556

APULEIUS.

- Apuleius's Golden Ass, translated into Eng. by Wm.
Adlington, 4to. Lond. 1566 and 1571

FRONTINUS.

- Frontinus's Stratagemes, Sleights, and Policies of
Warre, by Richard Morifine, 8vo. 1539

** These are perhaps the same as the two foregoing Trans-
lations.

PLINY

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

PLINY JUN^r.

Some select Epistles of Pliny the Younger into Eng.
by Abr. Flemming, 4to. Lond. — 1576

POMPONIUS MELA.

Pomponius Mela, by A. Golding, 4to. 1590

PLINY.

Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. 1601

SOLINUS.

Julius Solinus Polyhistor, by A. Golding, 4to. 1587

VEGETIUS.

The four Bookes of Flavius Vegetius, concerning
martial Policye, by John Sadler, 4to. 1572

RUTILIUS RUFUS.

A View of Valiaunce, translated from Rutilius Rufus,
by Tho. Newton, 8vo. — 1580

DARES PHR. and DICTYS Cret.

Dares and Dictys's Trojan War, in Verse 1555

CATO and P. SYRUS.

Caton *, translated into Englyshe by Mayster Benet
Burgh, &c. mentioned by Caxton.

Cathon [Parvus and Magnus] transl. &c. by Caxton
1483

Precepts of Cato, with Annotations of Erasmus, &c.
24mo. Lond. — 1560 and 1562

* Probably this was never printed.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS, &c.

Ames mentions a Discourse of Human Nature, translated from Hippocrates, p. 428 ; an Extract from Pliny, translated from the French, p. 312 ; Æsop, &c. by Caxton and others, and there is no doubt, but many Translations at present unknown, may be gradually recovered, either by Industry or Accident.

TO

T O T H E

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE
PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

W I L L I A M

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to
the Kings most Excellent Majestie;

A N D

P H I L I P

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his
Majesties Bed-chamber.

Both Knights of the Most Noble Order of the
Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we study to be thankfull in our
particular, for the many favours we have
received from your L. L. we are false
upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most divers
things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in
the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when
we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot
but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the
reading of these trifles: and, while we name them
trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of
our dedication. But since your L. L. have been
pleased to thinke these trifles something, heretofore;
and have prosecuted both them, and their author
living, with so much favour: we hope (that they
out-living him, and he not having the fate, common

THE PLAYERS DEDICATION:

with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his patrones, or finde them: this hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volumne asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. . We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Countrey hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake; it was no fault to approach their gods by what meanes they could: and the most, though meanest, of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

T H E
P R E F A C E
O F T H E
P L A Y E R S.

To the great Variety of READERS.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are numbered, we had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now publike, and you will stand for your priviledges, we know: to reade, and censure. Doe so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a booke, the stationer sayes. Then, how' odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-penny'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne playes dayly, know, these playes have had their triall already, and stood out all appeales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished, that the author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseene his owne writings; but since

PREFACE BY THE PLAYERS.

it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them: even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His minde and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

MR. POPE'S

Mr. P O P E's

P R E F A C E.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristick excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramattick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not

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his art so immediately from the fountains of nature, it proceeded through Ægyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guesses to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprized the moment we weep; and yet upon reflexion find the passion so just, that we should be surprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of
the

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the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the paſſions: in the coolneſs of reflexion and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, di-

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rected his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanicks*: and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies

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medies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as taylor's are of what is *graceful*. And in this
view

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view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; *The History of Henry the Sixth*, which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfoetations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the
more

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more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shewn between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many referènces to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular)

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cular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespeare. We have translations from *Ovid* published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton): he appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously,

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ciously, as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

—*Si ultra placitum laudârit baccare frontem
Cingito, ne vati noceat*—

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare*, which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his cotemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes,

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guishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches solus*. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history in any language: so could not be Shakespeare's.

I shall

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I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, or even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different play-houses.

The

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The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages, which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had
from

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from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very ¹ names are through carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of musick, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakespeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called *Philostrate*; all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

¹ *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthasar. And in Act iv. Cowley and Kemp constantly through a whole scene.

Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632.

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From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his stile, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes,

or

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or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakespeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *induction* to *Bartolomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence, of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

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This is the state in which Shakespeare's writings lie at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakespeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages, which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted, that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently; and sometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with
citations

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citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them). These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

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P R E F A C E,

THE attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid dome through the conveyance of a narrow and obscure entry. A glare of light suddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at first promised: and a thousand beauties of genius and character, like so many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the mind. The prospect is too wide to come within the compass of a single view: it is a gay confusion of pleasing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration; and they must be separated, and eyed distinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as in great piles of building, some parts are often finished up to hit the taste of the *connoisseur*; others more negligently put together, to strike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder: some parts are made stupendously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast design and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuse you with his neatness and elegance in little. So, in Shakespeare, we may find *traits* that will stand the test of the severest judgment; and strokes as carelessly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities: some de-

¹ This is Mr. Theobald's preface to his second edition in 1740, and was a good deal curtailed by himself after its first appearance before the impression in 1733.

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scriptions raised to that pitch of grandeur, as to astonish you with the compass and elevation of his thought: and others copying nature within so narrow, so confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

In how many points of light must we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! In how many branches of excellence to consider and admire him! Whether we view him on the side of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: whether we respect the force and greatness of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and address with which he throws out and applies either nature or learning, there is ample scope both for our wonder and pleasure. If his diction, and the cloathing of his thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charmed with the richness and variety of his images and ideas! If his images and ideas steal into our souls, and strike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price, when we come to reflect with what propriety and justness they are applied to character! If we look into his characters, and how they are furnished and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the mastery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dressed from the stores of his own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each of them are the standards of fashion for themselves: like gentlemen that are above the direction of their tailors, and can adorn themselves without the aid of imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or coxcomb, there is the same resemblance in them, as in that painter's draughts, who was happy only at forming a rose: you find them all younger brothers of the same family, and all of them have a pretence to give the same crest: but Shakespeare's

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clowns and fops come all of a different house: they are no farther allied to one another than as man to man, members of the same species; but as different in features and lineaments of character, as we are from one another in face or complexion. But I am unawares lanching into his character as a writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a private member of the republick.

Mr. Rowe has very justly observed, that people are fond of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity; and that the common accidents of their lives naturally become the subject of our critical enquiries: that however trifling such a curiosity at the first view may appear, yet, as for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his works: and, indeed, this author's works, from the bad treatment he has met with from copyists and editors, have so long wanted a comment, that one would zealously embrace every method of information that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have so long lain overwhelmed.

It is certain, that if we have first admired the man in his writings, his case is so circumstanced, that we must naturally admire the writings in the man: that if we go back to take a view of his education, and the employment in life which fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger ideas of his extensive genius.

His father, we are told, was a considerable dealer in wool; but having no fewer than ten children, of whom our Shakespeare was the eldest, the best education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own business and employment. I cannot affirm with any certainty how long his father lived; but I take him to be the same Mr. John Shakespeare who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in
honour

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honour of his son, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire; and that he enjoyed some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved service to king Henry VII.

Be this as it will, our Shakespeare, it seems, was bred for some time at a free-school; the very free-school, I presume, founded at Stratford: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but that his father being obliged, through narrowness of circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages: a point that will deserve some little discussion in the sequel of this dissertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of business, either as an assistant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford, and began his acquaintance with London and the *stage*.

In order to settle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. Rowe acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did so: for by the monument in Stratford church, erected to the memory of his daughter Susanna, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d day of July, in the year 1649, aged 66. So that she was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himself born in the year 1564. Nor was she his eldest child, for he had another daughter, Judith, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney. So that Shakespeare must have entered into wedlock by that time he was turned of seventeen years.

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Whether the force of inclination merely, or some concurring circumstances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determined at this distance: but it is probable, a view of interest might partly sway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and she had the start of him in age no less than eight years. She survived him notwithstanding, seven seasons, and died that very year in which the *players* published the first edition of his works in *folio*, anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewise learn from her monument in Stratford church.

How long he continued in this kind of settlement, upon his own native spot, is not more easily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living; to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-stealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot near Stratford: the enterprize favours so much of youth and levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty plays at least, avowed to be genuine; and considering too, that he had retired from the stage, to spend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford; the interval of time necessarily required for the finishing so many dramattick pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the play-house. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; some time must be lost, even after he had commenced player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the science to qualify himself for turning author.

It has been observed by Mr. Rowe, that, amongst other extravagancies which our author has given to his Sir John Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he

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he has made him a deer-stealer; and that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow, he has given him very near the same coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there. There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat, to the monument of Thomas Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the dozen white *Luces*, and in Slender saying *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding candour and good nature of our author (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him); and that he should throw this humorous piece of satire at his prosecutor, at least twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the prosecutor's side: and if this was the case, it were pity but the disgrace of such an inveteracy should remain as a lasting reproach, and Shallow stand as a mark of ridicule to stigmatize his malice.

It is said, our author spent some years before his death, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquished the stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that Spenser's *Tbalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the loss of her Willy in the comick scene, has been applied to our author's quitting the stage. But Spenser himself, it is well known, quitted the stage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakespeare's name among the actors in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, which first made
its

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its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since, that very year, a licence under the privy-seal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Philipps, Hemings, Condel, &c. authorizing them to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called *The Globe* on the other side of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majesty's pleasure (a copy of which licence is preserved in *Rymer's Fœdera*). Again, it is certain, that Shakespeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the *evil*: for it is plain, he has inserted compliments, on both those accounts, upon his royal master in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatick pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenser there says, if it relate at all to Shakespeare, must hint at some occasional recess he made for a time upon a disgust taken: or the Willy, there mentioned, must relate to some other favourite poet. I believe, we may safely determine, that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda islands, which were unknown to the English, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and discovered them: and afterwards invited some of his countrymen to settle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at least three years before his decease, is pretty obvious from another circumstance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known story, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: and upon whom Shakespeare made the following facetious epitaph.

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*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
Ob! ob! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

This farcaſtical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the ſame, who, by Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have died in the year 1614, and for whom, at the upper end of the quire of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a ſtatue thereon cut in alabaſter, and in a gown, with this epitaph. "Here lieth interred
" the body of John Combe, eſq; who died the 10th
" of July, 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral annual
" charities to the pariſh of Stratford, and 100l. to
" be lent to fifteen poor tradeſmen from three years
" to three years, changing the parties every third
" year, at the rate of fifty ſhillings *per annum*, the
" increaſe to be diſtributed to the almes-poor there."
—The donation has all the air of a rich and ſaga-
cious uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. Combe long, for he died in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed againſt the wall. He is repreſented under an arch in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcroll of paper. The Latin diſtich, which is placed under the cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, or his graver, in this manner.

*INGENIO Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Ma-
ronem,*

Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I con-

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I confess, I do not conceive the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio* in the first verse. They seem to me intirely synonymous terms; nor was the Pylian sage Nestor celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing to his long age. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied this distich with a distinction which Mr. Rowe has followed, and which certainly restores us the true meaning of the epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, genio Socratem, &c.

In 1614, the greater part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our Shakespeare's house, among some others, escaped the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of Clopton. Sir Hugh was sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and lord-mayor in the reign of king Henry VII. To this gentleman the town of Stratford is indebted for the fine stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen arches, which, at an extraordinary expence, he built over the Avon, together with a causeway running at the west-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his house, and the cross-isle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that, though he lived and died a batchelor, among the other extensive charities which he left both to the city of London and town of Stratford, he bequeathed considerable legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in London and at Stratford. Notwithstanding which large donations in his life, and bequests at his death, as he had purchased the manor of Clopton, and all the estate of the family, so he left the same again to his elder brother's son with a very great addition (a proof how well beneficence and oeconomy may walk hand in hand in wise families):

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milies) : good part of which estate is yet in the possession of Edward Clopton, esq; and Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh : who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his house, by the name of his *Great House* in Stratford.

The estate had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser : who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New-place* ; which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house and lands, which attended it, continued in Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the *Restoration* : when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. Rowe never was apprized. When the civil war raged in England, and king Charles the First's queen was driven by the necessity of affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in *New-place*. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private house in the town ; and her majesty preferred it to the college, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the king's party.

How much our author employed himself in poetry, after his retirement from the stage, does not so evidently appear : very few posthumous sketches of his pen have been recovered to ascertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print, but not till very lately, that two large-chests full of this great man's loose papers and manuscripts, in the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick (who married one of the descendants from our Shakespeare) were carelessly scattered and thrown about as garret-lumber and litter,

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to the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Bishop, till they were all consumed in the general fire and destruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the authority of this tradition; because his wife survived him seven years, and as his favourite daughter Susanna survived her twenty-six years, it is very improbable they should suffer such a treasure to be removed, and translated into a remoter branch of the family, without a scrutiny first made into the value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the authority of the relation: but, notwithstanding such an apparent improbability, if we really lost such a treasure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the *relater*, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these particulars, which regard his person and private life, some few more are to be gleaned from Mr. Rowe's *Account of his Life and Writings*: let us now take a short view of him in his publick capacity as a *writer*: and, from thence, the transition will be easy to the *state* in which his *writings* have been handed down to us.

No age, perhaps, can produce an author more various from himself, than Shakespeare has been universally acknowledged to be. The diversity in stile, and other parts of composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His education, we find, was at best but begun: and he started early into a science from the force of genius, unequally assisted by acquired improvements. His fire, spirit, and exuberance of imagination gave an impetuosity to his pen: his ideas flowed from him in a stream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its shores. The ease and sweetness of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing: as his employment, as a *player*, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himself the very
character

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character he meant to delineate. He used the helps of his function in forming himself to create and express that *sublime*, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But, *Nulcum sine veniâ placuit ingenium*, says Seneca. The genius, that gives us the greatest pleasure, sometimes stands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to Shakespeare, I would willingly impute it to a vice of *his times*. We see complaisance enough, in our days, paid to a *bad taste*. So that his *clinches*, *false wit*, and descending beneath himself, may have proceeded from a deference paid to the then *reigning barbarism*.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occasion offered, to take notice of some of our poet's grand touches of nature: some, that do not appear superficially such; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed; and to which, no doubt, he has so much owed that happy preservation of his *characters*, for which he is justly celebrated. Great genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are satisfied to conceal their art in these points. It is the foible of your worse poets to make a parade and ostentation of that little science they have; and to throw it out in the most ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this class shall attempt to copy these artful concealments of our author, and shall either think them easy, or practised by a writer for his ease, he will soon be convinced of his mistake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.

*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustâque laboret,
Ausus idem: —————*

Indeed, to point out and exclaim upon all the beauties of Shakespeare, as they come singly in review, would be as insipid, as endless; as tedious, as unnecessary: but the explanation of those beauties

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that are less obvious to common readers, and whose illustration depends on the rules of just criticism, and an exact knowledge of human life, should deservedly have a share in a general critick upon the author. But to pass over at once to another subject:—

It has been allowed on all hands, how far our author was indebted to *nature*; it is not so well agreed, how much he owed to *languages* and acquired *learning*. The decisions on this subject were certainly set on foot by the hint from Ben Jonson, that he had small Latin and less Greek: and from this tradition, as it were, Mr. Rowe has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, “It is without controversy, he had no
“ knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets,
“ for that in his works we find no traces of any thing
“ which looks like an imitation of the ancients. For
“ the delicacy of his taste (continues he) and the
“ natural bent of his own great genius (equal, if
“ not superior, to some of the best of theirs) would
“ certainly have led him to read and study them with
“ so much pleasure, that some of their fine images
“ would naturally have insinuated themselves into,
“ and been mixed with his own writings: and so his
“ not copying, at least, something from them, may
“ be an argument of his never having read them.” I shall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous passages which I have occasionally quoted in my notes, in which our poet seems closely to have imitated the classics, whether Mr. Rowe's assertion be so absolutely to be depended on. The result of the controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our author's honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Though I should be very unwilling to allow Shakespeare so poor a scholar, as many have laboured to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring

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too positively on the other side of the question; that is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the passages, that I occasionally quote from the classicks, shall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated those originals; but brought to shew how happily he has expressed himself upon the same topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declared, that a sameness of thought and sameness of expression too, in two writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent suspicion of the latter copying from his predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great risque of a censure, though I should venture to hint, that the resemblances in thought and expression of our author and an ancient (which we should allow to be imitation in the one, whose learning was not questioned) may sometimes take its rise from strength of memory, and those impressions which he owed to the school. And if we may allow a possibility of this, considering that, when he quitted the school, he gave into his father's profession and way of living, and had, it is likely, but a slender library of classical learning; and considering what a number of translations, romances, and legends started about his time, and a little before (most of which, it is very evident, he read) I think it may easily be reconciled, why he rather schemed his *plots* and *characters* from these more latter informations, than went back to those fountains, for which he might entertain a sincere veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a recourse.

In touching on another part of his learning, as it related to the knowledge of *history* and *books*, I shall advance something, that, at first sight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I shall find it no hard matter to prove, that, from the grossest blunders in history, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it: nor from a greater use of Latin words,

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than ever any other English author used, must we infer his intimate acquaintance with that language.

A reader of taste may easily observe, that though Shakespear, almost in every scene of his historical plays, commits the grossest offences against chronology, history, and ancient politicks; yet this was not through ignorance, as is generally supposed, but through the too powerful blaze of his imagination; which, when once raised, made all acquired knowledge vanish and disappear before it. But this licence in him, as I have said, must not be imputed to ignorance: since as often we may find him, when occasion serves, reasoning up to the truth of history; and throwing out sentiments as justly adapted to the circumstances of his subject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, it is certain, there is a surprising effusion of Latin words made English, far more than in any one English author I have seen; but we must be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the English tongue, in his age, began extremely to suffer by an inundation of Latin: and this, to be sure, was occasioned by the pedantry of those two monarchs, Elizabeth and James, both great Latinists. For it is not to be wondered at, if both the court and schools, equal flatterers of power, should adapt themselves to the royal taste.

But now I am touching on the question (which has been so frequently agitated, yet so entirely undecided) of his learning and acquaintance with the languages; an additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of Jonson his contemporary. They are confessedly the greatest writers our nation could ever boast of in the *drama*. The first, we say, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a
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very remarkable appearance in their writings. Besides those wonderful master-pieces of art and genius, which each has given us; they are the authors of other works very unworthy of them: but with this difference; that in Jonson's bad pieces we do not discover one single trace of the author of *The Fox* and *Alchymist*: but in the wild extravagant notes of Shakespeare you every now and then encounter strains that recognize the divine composer. This difference may be thus accounted for. Jonson, as we said before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent and played with his subject, having nothing then to support him, it is no wonder he wrote so far beneath himself. But Shakespeare, indebted more largely to nature, than the other to acquired talents, in his most negligent hours could never so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing force and splendor.

As I have never proposed to dilate farther on the character of my author, than was necessary to explain the nature and use of this edition, I shall proceed to consider him as a genius in possession of an everlasting name. And how great that merit must be, which could gain it against all the disadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared! Had Homer, or any other admired author, first started into publick so maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the ignominy of such an ill appearance. The mangled condition of Shakespeare has been acknowledged by Mr. Rowe, who published him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This gentleman had abilities, and sufficient knowledge of his author, had but his industry been equal to his talents. The same mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. Pope, who published him

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likewise, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet seldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the *manes* of our poet, that this gentleman has been sparing in *indulging his private sense*, as he phrases it; for he, who tampers with an author, whom he does not understand, must do it at the expence of his subject. I have made it evident throughout my remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended a cure. He has acted with regard to our author, as an editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus est nescio quis Popa, qui non vitia ejus, sed ipsum excidit.* He has attacked him like an unhandy slaughterman; and not lopped off the *errors*, but the *poet*.

When this is found to be the fact, how absurd must appear the praises of such an editor? It seems a moot point, whether Mr. Pope has done most injury to Shakespeare, as his editor and encomiast; or Mr. Rymer done him service, as his rival and censurer. They have both shewn themselves in an equal *impuissance* of suspecting or amending the corrupted passages: and though it be neither prudence to censure, or commend what one does not understand; yet if a man must do one when he plays the critick, the latter is the more ridiculous office; and by that Shakespeare suffers most. For the natural veneration which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with encomiums; and hence we quit all suspicions of depravity: on the contrary, the censure of so divine an author sets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact scrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret pleasure, that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critick; but there are provocations, which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with so
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much inveteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *christian*, they leave it a question whether they *could* come from a *man*. I should be loth to doubt, as Quintus Serenus did in a like case :

*Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis
Vulnera dente dedit.*

The indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *blockhead*, may be as strong in us, as it is in the ladies for a reflexion on their *beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to him for some *flagrant civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavour of quitting scores: with this exception however, that I will not return those civilities in his *peculiar* strain, but confine myself, at least, to the limits of *common decency*. I shall ever think it better to want *wit*, than to want *humanity*: and impartial posterity may, perhaps, be of my opinion.

But to return to my subject, which now calls upon me to enquire into those causes, to which the deprivations of my author originally may be assigned. We are to consider him as a writer, of whom no authentick manuscript was left extant; as a writer, whose pieces were dispersedly performed on the several *stages* then in being. And it was the custom of those days for the poets to take a price of the *players* for the pieces they from time to time furnished; and thereupon it was supposed they had no farther right to print them without the consent of the *players*. As it was the interest of the *companies* to keep their plays unpublished, when any one succeeded, there was a contest betwixt the curiosity of the town, who demanded to see it in print, and the policy of the *stagers*, who wished to secrete it within their own walls. Hence, many pieces were taken down in short-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear from a *representation*: others were printed from piece-meal parts surrepti-

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tiously obtained from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the poet's knowledge. To some of these causes we owe the train of blemishes, that deform those pieces which stole singly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are still other reasons, which may be supposed to have affected the whole set. When the *players* took upon them to publish his works entire, every theatre was ransacked to supply the copy; and *parts* collected, which had gone through as many changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chasms and incoherences in the sense and matter. Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their true place, to humour the caprice, or supposed convenience of some particular actor. Hence much confusion and impropriety has attended, and embarrassed the business and fable. To these obvious causes of corruption it must be added, that our author has lain under the disadvantage of having his errors propagated and multiplied by time: because, for near a century, his works were published from the faulty copies, without the assistance of any intelligent editor: which has been the case likewise of many a *classick* writer.

The nature of any distemper once found has generally been the immediate step to a cure. Shakespeare's case has in a great measure resembled that of a corrupt *classick*; and, consequently, the method of cure was likewise to bear a resemblance. By what means, and with what success, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illustration. The reputation, consequent on tasks of that nature, invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of restoring to the publick their greatest poet in his original purity: after having so long lain in a condition that was a disgrace to common sense. To this end I have ventured

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ture on a labour, that is the first assay of the kind on any modern author whatsoever. For the late edition of Milton by the learned Dr. Bentley is, in the main, a performance of another species. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excrescencies of the *Paradise Lost*, in the manner that Tucca and Varius were employed to criticise the *Æneis of Virgil*, than to restore corrupted passages. Hence, therefore, may be seen either the iniquity or ignorance of his censurers, who, from some expressions, would make us believe, the *doctor* every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author; whereas the chief turn of his criticism is plainly to shew the world, that if Milton did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote so,

I thought proper to premise this observation to the readers, as it will shew that the critick on Shakespeare is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is for the most part religiously adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemishes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered, but what by the clearest reasoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a real restoration of the genuine reading. Nay, so strictly have I strove to give the true reading, though sometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculously ridiculed for it by those, who either were iniquitously for turning every thing to my disadvantage; or else were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The science of criticism, as far as it affects an editor, seems to be reduced to these three classes; the emendation of corrupt passages; the explanation of obscure and difficult ones; and an enquiry into the beauties and defects of composition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts: though there are some specimens interspersed of the latter
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kind, as several of the emendations were best supported, and several of the difficulties best explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the composition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occasional, and for the sake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I shall be pleased to see it the employment of a masterly pen.

It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observed, that where the assistance of manuscripts is wanting to set an author's meaning right, and rescue him from those errors which have been transmitted down through a series of incorrect editions, and a long intervention of time, many passages must be desperate, and past a cure; and their true sense irretrievable either to care or the sagacity of conjecture. But is there any reason therefore to say, that because all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little honesty, or wisdom, to play the tyrants with an author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his sense and meaning: but to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no relief or conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent absurdity.

As there are very few pages in Shakespeare, upon which some suspicions of depravity do not reasonably arise; I have thought it my duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious collation, to take in the assistances of all the older copies.

In his *historical plays*, whenever our English chronicles, and in his tragedies, when Greek or Roman story could give any light, no pains have been omitted to set passages right, by comparing my author with his originals; for, as I have frequently observed, he

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was a close and accurate copier where-ever his *fable* was founded on *history*.

Where-ever the author's sense is clear and discoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial) I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old copies have done.

Where, through all the former editions, a passage has laboured under flat nonsense and invincible darkness, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a transposition in the pointing, I have restored to him both sense and sentiment; such corrections, I am persuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavoured to support my corrections and conjectures by parallel passages and authorities from himself, the surest means of expounding any author whatsoever. *Cette voie d'interpreter un auteur par lui-même est plus sûre que tous les commentaires*, says a very learned French critick.

As to my *notes* (from which the common and learned readers of our author, I hope, will derive some satisfaction) I have endeavoured to give them a variety in some proportion to their number. Where-ever I have ventured at an emendation, a *note* is constantly subjoined to justify and assert the reason of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not disturb the text, I fairly set forth my grounds for such conjecture, and submit it to judgment. Some remarks are spent in explaining passages, where the wit or satire depends on an obscure point of history: others, where allusions are to divinity, philosophy, or other branches of science. Some are added to shew, where there is a suspicion of our author having borrowed from the antients: others, to shew where he is rallying his contemporaries; or where he himself is rallied by them. And some are necessarily thrown in, to explain

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an obscure and obsolete *term, phrase, or idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *glossary*; but as I have been importuned, and am prepared to give a correct edition of our author's POEMS (in which many terms occur that are not to be met with in his *plays*) I thought a *glossary* to all Shakespeare's works more proper to attend that volume.

In reforming an infinite number of passages in the *pointing*, where the sense was before quite lost, I have frequently subjoined notes to shew the *depraved*, and to prove the *reformed*, pointing: a part of labour in this work which I could very willingly have spared myself. May it not be objected, why then have you burdened us with these notes? The answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such notes, these passages in subsequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confusion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all possible return to depravity; and for ever secures them in a state of purity and integrity not to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some notes have been necessary to point out the detection of the corrupted text, and establish the restoration of the genuine readings; some others have been as necessary for the explanation of passages obscure and difficult. To understand the necessity and use of this part of my task, some particulars of my author's character are previously to be explained. There are *obscurities* in him, which are common to him with all poets of the same species; there are others, the issue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himself. The nature of comick poetry being entirely satirical, it busies itself more in exposing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The English, from the happiness of a free constitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly speculative and inquisitive, are observed to produce more *humourists*, and a greater variety

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variety of original *characters*, than any other people whatsoever: and these owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and exposed, must needs become obscure, as the *characters* themselves are antiquated and disused. An editor therefore should be well versed in the history and manners of his author's age, if he aims at doing him a service in this respect.

Besides, *wit* lying mostly in the assemblage of *ideas*, and in the putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance, or congruity, to make up pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the fancy; the writer, who aims at wit, must of course range far and wide for materials. Now the age in which Shakespeare lived, having, above all others; a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, such as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the sciences to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the resemblances of such ideas to the subject must necessarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; this, that should have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in (and induce them to follow a more natural one) was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The ostentatious affectation of abstruse learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like mystery, fixed them down to this habit of obscurity. Thus became the poetry of DONNE (though the wittiest man of that age) nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our Shakespeare, with all his easy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third species of *obscurities* which deform our author, as the effects of his own genius and character,
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are those that proceed from his peculiar manner of *thinking*, and as peculiar a manner of *cloathing* those *thoughts*. With regard to his *thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of all the sciences: but his acquaintance was rather that of a traveller, than a native. Nothing in philosophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main source of admiration, we are not to wonder that he has perpetual allusions to the most recondite parts of the sciences: and this was done not so much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his *style* and *diction*, we may much more justly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated writer has said of MILTON: *Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions*. He therefore frequently uses old words, to give his diction an air of solemnity; as he coins others, to express the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every distinct species of these *obscurities*, I have thought it my province to employ a note for the service of my author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few transient remarks too I have not scrupled to intermix, upon the poet's *negligences* and *omissions* in point of art; but I have done it always in such a manner, as will testify my deference and veneration for the immortal author. Some censurers of Shakespeare, and particularly Mr. Rymer, have taught me to distinguish betwixt the *railer* and *critick*. The outrage of his quotations is so remarkably violent, so pushed beyond all bounds of decency and sober reasoning, that it quite carries over the mark at which it was levelled. Extravagant abuse throws off the edge of the intended disparagement, and turns the madman's weapon into his own bosom. In short, as to Rymer, this is my opinion of him, from his *criticisms* on the *tragedies* of the last age. He writes
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with great vivacity, and appears to have been a scholar: but as for his knowledge of the art of poetry, I cannot perceive it was any deeper than his acquaintance with Bossu and Dacier, from whom he has transcribed many of his best reflexions. The late Mr. Gildon was one attached to Rymer by a similar way of thinking and studies. They were both of that species of criticks, who are desirous of displaying their powers rather in finding faults, than in consulting the improvement of the world: the *hypercritical* part of the science of *criticism*.

I had not mentioned the modest liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the splenetick exaggerations of my adversaries on this head. From past experiments I have reason to be conscious, in what light this attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modest liberty*, will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright *impudence*. From a hundred mean and dishonest artifices employed to discredit this edition, and to cry down its editor, I have all the grounds in nature to beware of attacks. But though the malice of wit, joined to the smoothness of versification, may furnish some ridicule; fact, I hope, will be able to stand its ground against banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it seems, as I thought it my duty, to discover some *anachronisms* in our author; which might have slept in obscurity but for *this Restorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleased affectionately to stile me; as for instance, where Aristotle is mentioned by Hector in *Troilus and Cressida*: and Galen, Cato, and Alexander the Great, in *Coriolanus*. These; in Mr. Pope's opinion, are blunders, which the illiteracy of the first publishers of his works has fathered upon the poet's memory: *it not being at all credible, that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such*

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as had. But I have sufficiently proved, in the course of my *notes*, that such *anachronisms* were the effect of poetick licence, rather than of ignorance in our poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest question by the way, why may not I restore an *anachronism* really made by our author, as well as Mr. Pope take the privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his head to make; as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the instance of Sir Francis Drake, to which I have spoke in the proper place?

But who shall dare make any words about this freedom of Mr. Pope's towards Shakespeare, if it can be proved, that, in his fits of criticism, he makes no more ceremony with good Homer himself? To try, then, a criticism of his own advancing; in the 8th book of the *Odyssy*, where Demodocus sings the episode of the loves of Mars and Venus; and that, upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan,

————— “ *The god of arms*
“ *Must pay the penalty for lawless charms;*”

Mr. Pope is so kind gravely to inform us, “ That
“ Homer in this, as in many other places, seems to
“ allude to the laws of Athens, where death was the
“ punishment of adultery.” But how is this significant observation made out? Why, who can possibly object any thing to the contrary?—*Does not Pausanias relate, that Draco, the lawgiver to the Athenians, granted impunity to any person that took revenge upon an adulterer? And was it not also the institution of Solon, that if any one took an adulterer in the fact, he might use him as he pleased?* These things are very true: and to see what a good memory, and sound judgment in conjunction can atchieve! Though Homer's date is not determined down to a single year, yet it is pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years before Draco and Solon: and that, it seems, has
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made him *seem* to allude to the very laws, which these two legislators propounded above 300 years after. If this inference be not sometimes like an *anachronism* or *prolepsis*, I will look once more into my lexicons for the true meaning of the words. It appears to me, that somebody besides Mars and Venus has been caught in a net by this episode: and I could call in other instances to confirm what treacherous tackle this net-work is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the *anachronisms* of my author, and in defending him for the use of them, our late editor seems to think, they should rather have slept in obscurity: and the having discovered them is sneered at, as a sort of wrong-headed sagacity.

The numerous corrections which I made of the poet's text in my *SHAKESPEARE Restored*, and which the publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. Pope's last edition, slightly called *various reasonings, guesses, &c.* He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judged of any the least advantage to the poet; but says, that the whole amounted to about 25 words: and pretends to have annexed a complete list of the rest, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will, at one glance, see how in both these points veracity is strained, so an injury might but be done. *Malus, etsi obesse non potest, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *literal criticism*. To this end, and to pay a servile compliment to Mr. Pope, an *anonymous* writer has, like a Scotch pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. But, that his virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes we should have been both abused with smartness of satire

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at least, though not with solidity of argument; that it might have been worth some reply in defence of the science attacked. But I may fairly say of this author, as Falstaff does of Poins;—*Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a MALLET.* If it be not prophanation to set the opinion of the divine Longinus against such a scribler, he tells us expressly, “That to make a judgment upon *words* (and *writings*) is the most consummate fruit of much experience.” ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγένημα. Whenever words are depraved, the sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the reader is betrayed into a false meaning.

If the Latin and Greek languages have received the greatest advantages imaginable from the labours of the editors and criticks of the two last ages, by whose aid and assistance the grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding grammarians, who wrote when those tongues flourished as living languages; I should account it a peculiar happiness, that, by the faint assay I have made in this work, a path might be chalked out for abler hands, by which to derive the same advantages to our own tongue: a tongue, which, though it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an universal language, yet, as a *noble writer* says, lisps and stammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run through all those points, which I intended should make any part of this dissertation, and having in my *former* edition made publick acknowledgments of the assistances lent me, I shall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in *this*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the impression, that the notes, where-
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ever they would admit of it, might be abridged : for which reason I have curtailed a great quantity of such, in which explanations were too prolix, or authorities in support of an emendation too numerous : and many I have entirely expunged, which were judged rather verbose and declamatory (and so notes merely of ostentation) than necessary or instructive.

The few literal errors which had escaped notice, for want of révisals, in the former edition, are here reformed ; and the pointing of innumerable passages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I shall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my author, because it was my duty, as his editor, to publish him with my best care and judgment ; and because I am sensible, all such declarations are construed to be laying a sort of a debt on the publick. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgments to the town for their favourable opinion of it ; and I shall always be proud to think that encouragement the best payment I can hope to receive from my poor studies.

Sir T. H A N M E R's

P R E F A C E.

WHAT the publick is here to expect is a true and correct edition of Shakespeare's works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself, but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other gentlemen, equally fond of the author, desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance, by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their persuasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he
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thinks the world much obliged to them for the progress they made in weeding out so great a number of blunders and mistakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of such an undertaking, if he had not found a considerable part so done to his hands.

From what causes it proceeded that the works of this author, in the first publication of them, were more injured and abused than perhaps any that ever passed the press, hath been sufficiently explained in the preface to Mr. Pope's edition, which is here subjoined, and there needs no more to be said upon that subject. This only the reader is desired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous, and of a grosser kind than can well be conceived, but by those who have looked nearly into them; so in the correcting them this rule hath been most strictly observed, not to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism, as if it were fit for any one to presume to judge what Shakespeare ought to have written, instead of endeavouring to discover truly and retrieve what he did write: and so great caution hath been used in this respect, that no alterations have been made, but what the sense necessarily required, what the measure of the verse often helped to point out, and what the similitude of words in the false reading and in the true, generally speaking, appeared very well to justify.

Most of those passages are here thrown to the bottom of the page, and rejected as spurious, which were stigmatized as such in Mr. Pope's edition; and it were to be wished that more had then undergone the same sentence. The promoter of the present edition hath ventured to discard but few more upon his own judgment, the most considerable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in *King Henry the Fifth*, put into the mouths of the French princess and an old gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in French,

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and not intelligible to an English audience, and yet that perhaps is the best thing that can be said of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low stuff, which disgraces the works of this great author, was foisted in by the players after his death, to please the vulgar audiences by which they subsisted: and though some of the poor witticisms and conceits must be supposed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, so it is to be remembered that he wrote for the stage, rude and unpolished as it then was; and the vicious taste of the age must stand condemned for them, since he hath left upon record a signal proof how much he despised them. In his play of *The Merchant of Venice*, a clown is introduced quibbling in a miserable manner; upon which one, who bears the character of a man of sense, makes the following reflexion: *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found stronger words to express his indignation at those false pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though such trash is frequently interspersed in his writings, it would be unjust to cast it as an imputation upon his taste and judgment and character as a writer.

There being many words in Shakespeare which are grown out of use and obsolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a glossary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all those terms which have hitherto been so many stumbling-blocks to the generality of readers; and where there is any obscurity in the text, not arising from the words, but from a reference to some antiquated customs now forgotten, or other causes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With

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With these several helps, if that rich vein of sense which runs through the works of this author can be retrieved in every part, and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped, without presumption, that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleasure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him justice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a singular genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in those two great branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be said without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the best writers of any age or country, who have thought it glory enough to distinguish themselves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated poets with the fairest impressions beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our Shakespeare be thought to deserve no less consideration: and as a fresh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his statue at a publick expence; so it is desired that this new edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. W A R B U R T O N's

P R E F A C E.

IT hath been no unusual thing for writers, when dissatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to posterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the first instance; and to decline acquaintance with the publick, till envy and prejudice had quite subsided. But, of all the trusters to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him justice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly escaped the common fate of those writings, how good soever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they struggled into light; but so disguised and travestied, that no classick author, after having run ten secular stages through the blind cloisters of monks and canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a condition. But for a full account of his disorders, I refer the reader to the excellent discourse which follows, and turn myself to consider the remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakespeare's works, when they escaped the players, did not fall into much better hands when they came amongst printers and booksellers; who, to say the truth, had at first but small encouragement for putting
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him into a better condition. The stubborn nonsense, with which he was incrusted, occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common lumber of the stage. And when that resistless splendor, which now shoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke through the shell of those impurities, his dazzled admirers became as suddenly insensible to the extraneous scurf that still stuck upon him, as they had been before to the native beauties that lay under it. So that, as then he was thought not to deserve a cure, he was now supposed not to need any.

His growing eminence, however, required that he should be used with ceremony; and he soon had his appointment of an editor in form. But the bookseller, whose dealing was with wits, having learnt of them, I know not what silly maxim, that *none but a poet should presume to meddle with a poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. Rowe to undertake this employment. A wit indeed he was; but so utterly unacquainted with the whole business of criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first editions of the work he undertook to publish; but contented himself with giving us a meagre account of the author's life, interlarded with some common-place scraps from his writings. The truth is, Shakespeare's condition was yet but ill understood. The nonsense, now, by consent, received for his own, was held in a kind of reverence for its age and author; and thus it continued, till another great *poet* broke the charm, by shewing us, that the higher we went, the less of it was still to be found.

For the proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful effort, in due time, made a second; and, though they still stuck to their poets, with infinitely more success in their choice of Mr. Pope, who, by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular study or profession of this art, discharged the great parts of it so well, as to make his edition
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the best foundation for all further improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious plays; and, with equal judgment, though not always with the same success, attempted to clear the genuine plays from the interpolated scenes: he then consulted the old editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect reading in a great number of places: and lastly, in an admirable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively sketch of Shakespeare's poetick character; and, in the corrected text, marked out those peculiar strokes of genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that character. Thus far Mr. Pope. And although much more was to be done before Shakespeare could be restored to himself (such as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no assistance; explaining his licentious phraseology and obscure allusions; and illustrating the beauties of his poetry) yet, with great modesty and prudence, our illustrious editor left this to the critick by profession.

But nothing will give the common reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's edition, than the two attempts which have been since made by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer in opposition to it; who, although they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three parts of criticism, the *restoring the text* (without any conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have some accidental connexions with these two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The one was recommended to me as a poor man; the other as a poor critick: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations,

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observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage; and he allowed himself in the liberty of taking one part for his own, and sequestering another for the benefit, as I supposed, of some future edition. But, as to the Oxford editor, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critick, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his edition against my express desire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe: but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on; and by that means got a character of learning, without risking, to every observer, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit; and the whole of it. For where the phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only slightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted sufficient knowledge of the progress and various stages of the English tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakespeare's language, to understand what was right; nor had he either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place: he tampers with what is found in the *common* books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *variations*, the sense of which he did not understand.

How the Oxford editor came to think himself qualified for this office, from which his whole course of life

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life had been so remote, is still more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was absolutely ignorant of the art of criticism, as well as of the poetry of that time, and the language of his author. And so far from a thought of examining the *first* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he lost the advantage of many fine lines, which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he trusts to his own sagacity, in what affects the sense, his conjectures are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticism. Though, in this rage of correcting, he was not absolutely destitute of all *art*. For, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to something, he thought, synonymous or similar, he made them his own; and so became a critick at a cheap expence. But how well he hath succeeded in this, as likewise in his conjectures, which are properly his own, will be seen in the course of my remarks: though, as he hath declined to give the reasons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me so fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald hath done, who was less cautious. But his principal object was to reform his author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occasion, by the insertion or omission of a set of harmless unconcerning expletives, makes up the gross body of his innocent corrections. And so, in spite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which distinguishes the first dramattick writers, he hath tricked up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactness of a modern measurer of syllables.

For the rest, all the corrections, which these two editors have made on any *reasonable* foundation, are here admitted into the text; and carefully assigned to their respective authors. A piece of justice which
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the Oxford editor never did ; and which the *other* was not always scrupulous in observing towards me. To conclude with them in a word, they separately possessed those two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criticism into disrepute, *dulness of apprehension*, and *extravagance of conjecture*.

I am now to give some account of the present undertaking. For as to all those things which have been published under the titles of *Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c. on Shakespeare* (if you except some critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious notice.

The whole a critick can do for an author, who deserves his service, is to correct the faulty text ; to remark the peculiarities of language ; to illustrate the obscure allusions ; and to explain the beauties and defects of sentiment or composition. And surely, if ever author had a claim to this service, it was our Shakespeare ; who, widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, hath given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, such truth of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the use, or only the entertainment of mankind. The notes in this edition, therefore, take in the whole compass of criticism.

I. The first sort is employed in restoring the poet's genuine text ; but in those places only where it labours with inextricable nonsense. In which, how much soever I may have given scope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy or imagination ; but have religiously observed the severe canons of literal criticism, as may be seen from the reasons accompanying every alteration of the common text. Nor would a
different

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different conduct have become a critick, whose greatest attention, in this part, was to vindicate the established reading from interpolations occasioned by the fanciful extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the reader a *body of canons*, for literal criticism, drawn out in form; as well such as concern the art in general, as those that arise from the nature and circumstances of our author's works in particular. And this for two reasons. First, To give the *unlearned reader* a just idea, and consequently a better opinion of the art of criticism, now sunk very low in the popular esteem, by the attempts of some who would needs exercise it without either natural or acquired talents; and by the ill success of others, who seemed to have lost both, when they came to try them upon English authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of established authors. But these uses may be well supplied by what is occasionally said upon the subject, in the course of the following remarks.

II. The second sort of notes consists in an explanation of the author's meaning, when, by one or more of these causes, it becomes obscure; either from a *licentious use of terms*, or a *hard or ungrammatical construction*; or lastly, from *far-fetched or quaint allusions*.

I. This licentious use of words is almost peculiar to the language of Shakespeare. To common terms he hath affixed meanings of his own, unauthorized by use, and not to be justified by analogy. And this liberty he hath taken with the noblest parts of speech, such as *mixed modes*; which, as they are most susceptible of abuse, so their abuse most hurts the clearness of the discourse. The criticks (to whom Shakespeare's licence was still as much a secret as his meaning, which that licence had obscured) fell into two
contrary

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contrary mistakes ; but equally injurious to his reputation and his writings. For some of them, observing a darkness that pervaded his whole expression, have censured him for confusion of ideas and inaccuracy of reasoning. *In the neighing of a horse (says Rymer) or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is a lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakspeare.* The ignorance of which censure is of a piece with its brutality. The truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more closely than this immortal bard. But his superiority of genius less needing the intervention of words in the act of thinking, when he came to draw out his contemplations into discourse, he took up (as he was hurried on by the torrent of his matter) with the first words that lay in his way ; and if, amongst these, there were two *mixed modes* that had but a principal idea in common, it was enough for him ; he regarded them as synonymous, and would use the one for the other without fear or scruple.— Again, there have been others, such as the two last editors, who have fallen into a contrary extreme ; and regarded Shakspeare's anomalies (as we may call them) amongst the corruptions of his text ; which, therefore, they have cashiered in great numbers, to make room for a jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional trouble ; for I had not only their interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine text to replace, and establish in its stead ; which, in many cases, could not be done without shewing the peculiar sense of the terms, and explaining the causes which led the poet to so perverse an use of them. I had it once, indeed, in my design, to give a general alphabetick *glossary* of these terms ; but as each of them is explained in its proper place, there seemed the less occasion for such an index.

2. The poet's hard and unnatural construction had a different original. This was the effect of mistaken

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art and design. The publick taste was in its infancy ; and delighted (as it always does during that state) in the high and turgid ; which leads the writer to disguise a vulgar expression with hard and forced construction, whereby the sentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here his criticks shew their modesty, and leave him to himself. For the arbitrary change of a word doth little towards dispelling an obscurity that ariseth, not from the licentious use of a single term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole sentence. And they risqued nothing by their silence. For Shakespeare was too clear in fame to be suspected of a want of meaning ; and too high in fashion for any one to own he needed a critick to find it out. Not but, in his best works, we must allow, he is often so natural and flowing, so pure and correct, that he is even a model for stile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint allusions, these are often a cover to common thoughts ; just as his hard construction is to common expression. When they are not so, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the obscurity, you frequently discover some latent conceit not unworthy of his genius.

III. The third and last sort of notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects ; but chiefly of his beauties, whether in stile, thought, sentiment, character, or composition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongst the criticks ; as if nothing were worth *re-marking*, that did not, at the same time, deserve to be reproved. Whereas the publick judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall reject, than in what it ought to prize ; men being generally more ready at spying faults than in discovering beauties. Nor is the value they set upon a work, a certain proof that they understand it. For it is ever seen, that half a dozen

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dozen voices of credit give the lead : and if the publick chance to be in good humour, or the author much in their favour, the people are sure to follow. Hence it is that the true critick hath so frequently attached himself to works of established reputation ; not to teach the world to *admire*, which, in those circumstances, to say the truth, they are apt enough to do of themselves ; but to teach them how, *with reason to admire* : no easy matter, I will assure you, on the subject in question : for though it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath observed, that *Shakespeare is the fairest and fullest subject for criticism*, yet it is not such a sort of criticism as may be raised mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Bossu have collected from antiquity ; and of which, such kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the husks : nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the plan of those crude and superficial judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated paper so much abounds ; too good indeed to be named with the writers last mentioned, but being unluckily mistaken for a *model*, because it was an *original*, it hath given rise to a deluge of the worst sort of critical jargon ; I mean that which looks most like sense. But the kind of criticism here required, is such as judgeth our author by those only laws and principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our observations, therefore, being thus extensive, will, I presume, enable the reader to form a right judgment of this favourite poet, without drawing out his character, as was once intended, in a continued discourse.

These, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when, many years ago, I used to turn over these sort of writers to unbend myself from more serious applications ; and what, certainly, the publick, at this time of day, had never been troubled with,

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but for the conduct of the two last editors, and the persuasions of dear Mr. Pope; whose memory and name,

————— *semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebo.

He was desirous I should give a new edition of this poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors without talents or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes². In memory of our friendship, I have, therefore, made it our joint edition. His admirable preface is here added; all his notes are given, with his name annexed; the scenes are divided according to his regulation; and the most beautiful passages distinguished, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the same by as many others as I thought most deserving of the reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, Shakespeare or good letters have received any advantage, and the publick any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this edition. And I should be unjust to several deserving men of a reputable and useful profession, if I did not, on this occasion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongst them; and profess my sense of the unjust prejudice which lies against them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that security for their property, which they see the rest of their fellow-citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part arising

² See his Letters to me.

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from the frequent *piracies*. (as they are called) committed by members of their own body. But such kind of members no body is without. And it would be hard that this should be turned to the discredit of the honest part of the profession, who suffer more from such injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, arisen from the clamours of profligate scribblers, ever ready, for a piece of money, to prostitute their bad sense for or against any cause prophane or sacred; or in any scandal publick or private: these meeting with little encouragement from men of account in the trade (who, even in this enlightened age, are not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit) apply themselves to people of condition; and support their importunities by false complaints against *booksellers*.

But I should now, perhaps, rather think of my own apology, than busy myself in the defence of others. I shall have some *Tartuffe* ready, on the first appearance of this edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I suffer myself to be wholly diverted from my purpose by these matters less suitable to my clerical profession*. “ Well, but (says a friend) why not take so candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw yourself again, as you are bid, into the clerical pale; examine the records of sacred and prophane antiquity; and, on them, erect a work to the confusion of infidelity.” Why, I have done all this, and more: and hear now what the same men have said to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of religion, and furnished out more handles for unbelievers*. “ Oh! now the secret is out; and you may have your pardon, I find, upon easier terms. It is only, to write no more.”—Good gentlemen! and shall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obstruct* my way to those things which every man, who *endeavours well* in his profession, must needs think he has some claim to, when he sees them given

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to those who never did *endeavour*; at the same time that they would *deter* me from taking those advantages which letters enable me to procure for myself. If then I am to write no more (though as much out of my profession as they may please to represent this work, I suspect their modesty would not insist on a scrutiny of our several applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I say, I am to write no more, let me at least give the publick, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, some reason for my presenting them with these amusements; which, if I am not much mistaken, may be excused by the best and fairest *examples*; and, what is more, may be justified on the surer *reason of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name consecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been so fond of Aristophanes, as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in those times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in respect of Shakespeare's great sense, Aristophanes's best wit is but buffoonery; and, in comparison of Aristophanes's freedoms, Shakespeare writes with the purity of a vestal. But they will say, St. Chrysoptom contracted a fondness for the comick poet *for the sake of his Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to insinuate so unscholarlike a thing, as if we had the same use for good English, that a Greek had for his Attick elegance. Critick Kuster, in a taste and language peculiar to grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the history and chronology of Greek words is the most SOLID entertainment of a man of letters*.

I fly then to a higher example, much nearer home, and still more in point, the famous university of OXFORD. This illustrious body, which hath long so justly held, and with such equity dispensed, the chief
honours

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honours of the learned world, thought good letters so much interested in correct editions of the best English writers, that they, very lately, in their public capacity, undertook *one* of this very author by subscription. And if the editor hath not discharged his task with suitable abilities for one so much honoured by them, this was not their fault, but his, who thrust himself into the employment. After such an example, it would be weakening any defence to seek further for authorities. All that can be now decently urged, is the *reason of the thing*; and this I shall do, more for the sake of that truly venerable body than my own.

Of all the literary exertions of speculative men, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than those which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exercise the reason, or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wisdom. Now, in this science, our Shakespeare is confessed to occupy the foremost place; whether we consider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates every hidden spring and wheel of human action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and living paintings which he has given us of all our passions, appetites, and pursuits. These afford a lesson which can never be too often repeated, or too constantly inculcated; and, to engage the reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

As this science (whatever profound philosophers may think) is, to the rest, *in things*; so, *in words* (whatever supercilious pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other languages. This hath still been the sentiment of nature and true wisdom. Hence, the greatest men of antiquity never thought themselves better employed, than in cultivating their

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own country idiom. So Lycurgus did honour to Sparta, in giving the first complete edition of Homer; and Cicero to Rome, in correcting the works of Lucretius. Nor do we want examples of the same good sense in modern times, even amidst the cruel inroads that art and fashion have made upon nature and the simplicity of wisdom. Menage, the greatest name in France for all kinds of philologick learning, prided himself in writing critical notes on their best lyric poet Malherbe: and our greater Selden, when he thought it might reflect credit on his country, did not disdain even to comment a very ordinary poet, one Michael Drayton. But the English tongue, at this juncture, deserves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent works of different kinds composed in it, engaged the notice, and become the study, of almost every curious and learned foreigner, so as to be thought even a part of literary accomplishment. This must needs make it deserving of a critical attention: and its being yet destitute of a test or standard to apply to, in cases of doubt or difficulty, shews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither chart nor compass, to guide us through this wide sea of words. And indeed how should we? since both are to be composed and finished on the authority of our best established writers. But their authority can be of little use, till the text hath been correctly settled, and the phraseology critically examined. As then, by these aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the best rules of logick and philosophy (and none but such will deserve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: for, as Quintilian observes, “*Verborum proprietas ac differentia omnibus, qui sermonem curæ habent, debet esse communis.*” By this way, the Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of purity and stability, which no living language

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guage ever attained unto before. It is with pleasure I observe, that these things now begin to be understood amongst ourselves; and that I can acquaint the publick, we may soon expect very elegant editions of Fletcher and *Milton's Paradise Lost* from gentlemen of distinguished abilities and learning. But this interval of good sense, as it may be short, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned man, who, not long since, formed a design of giving a more correct edition of Spenser; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was dissuaded from his purpose by his friends, as beneath the dignity of a professor of the occult sciences. Yet these very friends, I suppose, would have thought it had added lustre to his high station, to have new-furbished out some dull northern chronicle, or dark Sibylline ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here said insinuates any thing to the discredit of Greek and Latin criticism. If the follies of particular men were sufficient to bring any branch of learning into disrepute, I do not know any that would stand in a worse situation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* language, so execrable a heap of nonsense, under the name of commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain satirick poet, of the last age, by his editor and coadjutor.

I am sensible how unjustly the very best *classical* criticks have been treated. It is said, that our great philosopher spoke with much contempt of the two finest scholars of this age, Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book; meaning, I suppose, Terence's comedies. But this story is unworthy of him; though well enough suiting the fanatick turn of the wild writer that relates it; such censures are amongst the follies of men immoderately given over to one science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the rest. Those

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learned criticks might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn (though still, sure, with the same indecency and indiscretion) at that incomparable man, for wearing out a long life in poring through a telescope. Indeed, the weaknesses of such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the fashionable cant of every trifling writer, whose insipidity passes, with himself, for politeness, for pretending to be shocked, forsooth, with the rude and savage air of *vulgar* criticks; meaning such as Muretus, Scaliger, Casaubon, Salmasius, Spanheim, Bentley. When, had it not been for the deathless labours of such as these, the western world, at the revival of letters, had soon fallen back again into a state of ignorance and barbarity, as deplorable as that from which Providence had just redeemed it.

To conclude with an observation of a fine writer and great philosopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, though with all honour, as a phylactery, on the brow of every awful grammarian, to teach him at once the *use* and *limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

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R E A D E R.

[Prefixed to Mr. STEEVENS's Edition of Twenty of the old Quarto Copies of SHAKESPEARE, &c. in 4 Vols. 8vo.]

THE plays of SHAKESPEARE have been so often republished, with every seeming advantage which the joint labours of men of the first abilities could procure for them, that one would hardly imagine they could stand in need of any thing beyond the illustration of some few dark passages. Modes of expression must remain in obscurity, or be retrieved from time to time, as chance may throw the books of that age into the hands of criticks who shall make a proper use of them. Many have been of opinion that his language will continue obscure to all those who are unacquainted with the provincial expressions which they suppose him to have used; but, for my own part, I cannot believe but that those which are now local may once have been universal, and must have been the language of those persons before whom his plays were represented. However, it is certain that the instances of obscurity from this source are very few.

Some

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Some have been of opinion that even a particular syntax prevailed in the time of Shakespeare; but, as I do not recollect that any proofs were ever brought in support of that sentiment, I own I am of the contrary opinion.

In his time indeed a different arrangement of syllables had been introduced in imitation of the Latin, as we find in Ascham; and the verb was very frequently kept back in the sentence; but in Shakespeare no marks of it are discernible: and though the rules of syntax were more strictly observed by the writers of that age than they have been since, he of all the number is perhaps the most ungrammatical. To make his meaning intelligible to his audience seems to have been his only care, and with the ease of conversation he has adopted its incorrectness.

The past editors, eminently qualified as they were by genius and learning for this undertaking, wanted industry; to cover which they published catalogues, transcribed at random, of a greater number of old copies than ever they can be supposed to have had in their possession; when, at the same time, they never examined the few which we know they had, with any degree of accuracy. The last editor alone has dealt fairly with the world in this particular; he professes to have made use of no more than he had really seen, and has annexed a list of such to every play, together with a complete one of those supposed to be in being, at the conclusion of his work, whether he had been able to procure them for the service of it or not.

For these reasons I thought it would not be unacceptable to the lovers of Shakespeare to collate all the quartos I could find, comparing one copy with the rest, where there were more than one of the same play; and to multiply the chances of their being preserved, by collecting them into volumes, instead of leaving the few that have escaped, to share the fate of the rest, which was probably hastened by their
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remaining in the form of pamphlets, their use and value being equally unknown to those into whose hands they fell.

Of some I have printed more than one copy; as there are many persons, who, not contented with the possession of a finished picture of some great master, are desirous to procure the first sketch that was made for it, that they may have the pleasure of tracing the progress of the artist from the first light colouring to the finishing stroke. To such the earlier editions of *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Henry the Sixth*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, will, I apprehend, not be unwelcome; since in these we may discern as much as will be found in the hasty outlines of the pencil, with a fair prospect of that perfection to which he brought every performance he took the pains to retouch.

The general character of the quarto editions may more advantageously be taken from the words of Mr. Pope, than from any recommendation of my own.

“ The folio edition (says he) in which all the plays
“ we now receive as his were first collected, was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in
“ 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare
“ that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the
“ errors of the former. This is true as to the literal
“ errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is
“ far worse than the quartos.

“ First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous.
“ For whatever had been added since those quartos
“ by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into
“ the written parts, were from thence conveyed into
“ the printed text, and all stand charged upon the
“ author. He himself complained of this usage in
“ *Hamlet*, where he wishes *those who play the clowns*
“ *would speak no more than is set down for them* (Act

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“ iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not
“ escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*,
“ there is no hint of the mean conceits and ribaldries
“ now to be found there. In others the scenes of the
“ mobs, plebeians, and clowns are vastly shorter
“ than at present; and I have seen one in particular
“ (which seems to have belonged to the play-house,
“ by having the parts divided by lines, and the actors
“ names in the margin) where several of those very
“ passages were added in a written hand, which since
“ are to be found in the folio.

“ In the next place, a number of beautiful passages
“ were omitted, which were extant in the first single
“ editions; as it seems without any other reason than
“ their willingness to shorten some scenes.”

To this I must add, that I cannot help looking on the folio as having suffered other injuries from the licentious alteration of the players; as we frequently find in it an unusual word changed into one more popular; sometimes to the weakening the sense, which rather seems to have been their work, who knew that plainness was necessary for the audience of an illiterate age, than that it was done by the consent of the author: for he would hardly have unnerved a line in his written copy, which they pretend to have transcribed, however he might have permitted many to have been familiarized in the representation. Were I to indulge my own private conjecture, I should suppose that his blotted manuscripts were read over by one to another among those who were appointed to transcribe them; and hence it might easily happen, that words of similar sounds, though of senses directly opposite, might be confounded with each other. They themselves declare that Shakespeare's time of blotting was past, and yet half the errors we find in their edition could not be merely typographical. Many of the quartos (as our own printers assure me) were far from being unskilfully executed, and some of them
were

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were much more correctly printed than the folio, which was published at the charge of the same proprietors, whose names we find prefixed to the older copies; and I cannot join with Mr. Pope in acquitting that edition of more literal errors than those which went before it. The particles in it seem to be as fortuitously disposed, and proper names as frequently undistinguished by Italick or capital letters from the rest of the text. The punctuation is equally accidental; nor do I see on the whole any greater marks of a skilful revisal, or the advantage of being printed from unblotted originals in the one, than in the other. One reformation indeed there seems to have been made, and that very laudable; I mean the substitution of more general terms for a name too often unnecessarily invoked on the stage; but no jot of obscenity is omitted: and their caution against prophaneness is, in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the judgment of the editors of the folio.

How much may be done by the assistance of the old copies will now be easily known; but a more difficult task remains behind, which calls for other abilities than are requisite in the laborious collator.

From a diligent perusal of the comedies of contemporary authors, I am persuaded that the meaning of many expressions in Shakespeare might be retrieved; for the language of conversation can only be expected to be preserved in works, which in their time assumed the merit of being pictures of men and manners. The stile of conversation we may suppose to be as much altered as that of books; and in consequence of the change we have no other authorities to recur to in either case. Should our language ever be recalled to a strict examination, and the fashion become general of striving to maintain our old acquisitions, instead of gaining new ones, which we shall be at last obliged to give up, or be incumbered with their weight; it will then be lamented that no regular collection

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lection was ever formed of the old English books; from which, as from antient repositories, we might recover words and phrases as often as caprice or wantonness should call for variety; instead of thinking it necessary to adopt new ones, or barter solid strength for feeble splendour, which no language has long admitted, and retained its purity.

We wonder that, before the time of Shakespeare, we find the stage in a state so barren of productions, but forget that we have hardly any acquaintance with the authors of that period, though some few of their dramattick pieces may remain. The same might be almost said of the interval between that age and the age of Dryden, the performances of which, not being preserved in sets, or diffused as now, by the greater number printed, must lapse apace into the same obscurity.

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi——*

And yet we are contented, from a few specimens only, to form our opinions of the genius of ages gone before us. Even while we are blaming the taste of that audience which received with applause the worst plays in the reign of Charles the Second, we should consider that the few in possession of our theatre, which would never have been heard a second time had they been written now, were probably the best of hundreds which had been dismissed with general censure. The collection of plays, interludes, &c. made by Mr. Garrick, with an intent to deposit them hereafter in some publick library, will be considered as a valuable acquisition; for pamphlets have never yet been examined with a proper regard to posterity. Most of the obsolete pieces will be found on enquiry to have been introduced into libraries but some few years since; and yet those of the present age, which may one time
of

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or other prove as useful, are still entirely neglected. I should be remiss, I am sure, were I to forget my acknowledgments to the gentleman I have just mentioned, to whose benevolence I owe the use of several of the scarcest quartos, which I could not otherwise have obtained; though I advertised for them, with sufficient offers, as I thought, either to tempt the casual owner to sell, or the curious to communicate them; but Mr. Garrick's zeal would not permit him to withhold any thing that might ever so remotely tend to shew the perfections of that author who could only have enabled him to display his own.

It is not merely to obtain justice to Shakespeare, that I have made this collection, and advise others to be made. The general interest of English literature, and the attention due to our own language and history, require that our ancient writings should be diligently reviewed. There is no age which has not produced some works that deserved to be remembered; and as words and phrases are only understood by comparing them in different places, the lower writers must be read for the explanation of the highest. No language can be ascertained and settled, but by deducing its words from their original sources, and tracing them through their successive varieties of signification; and this deduction can only be performed by consulting the earliest and intermediate authors.

Enough has been already done to encourage us to do more. Dr. Hickes, by reviving the study of the Saxon language, seems to have excited a stronger curiosity after old English writers, than ever had appeared before. Many volumes which were mouldering in dust have been collected; many authors which were forgotten have been revived; many laborious catalogues have been formed; and many judicious glossaries compiled: the literary transactions of the darker ages are now open to discovery; and the language in its intermediate gradations, from the Con-
quest

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quest to the Restoration, is better understood than in any former time.

To incite the continuance, and encourage the extension of this domestick curiosity, is one of the purposes of the present publication. In the plays it contains, the poet's first thoughts as well as words are preserved; the additions made in subsequent impressions distinguished in Italicks, and the performances themselves make their appearance with every typographical error, such as they were before they fell into the hands of the player-editors. The various readings, which can only be attributed to chance, are set down among the rest, as I did not choose arbitrarily to determine for others which were useles, or which were valuable. And many words differing only by the spelling, or serving merely to shew the difficulties which they to whose lot it first fell to disentangle their perplexities must have encountered, are exhibited with the rest. I must acknowledge that some few readings have slipped in by mistake, which can pretend to serve no purpose of illustration, but were introduced by confining myself to note the minutest variations of the copies, which soon convinced me that the oldest were in general the most correct. Though no proof can be given that the poet superintended the publication of any one of these himself, yet we have little reason to suppose that he who wrote at the command of Elizabeth, and under the patronage of Southampton, was so very negligent of his fame, as to permit the most incompetent judges, such as the players were, to vary at their pleasure what he had set down for the first single editions; and we have better grounds for a suspicion that his works did materially suffer from their presumptuous corrections after his death.

It is very well known, that before the time of Shakespeare, the art of making title-pages was practised with as much, or perhaps more success than it has been since. Accordingly, to all his plays we find
long

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long and descriptive ones, which, when they were first published, were of great service to the venders of them. Pamphlets of every kind were hawked about the streets by a set of people resembling his own *Autolycus*, who proclaimed aloud the qualities of what they offered to sale, and might draw in many a purchaser by the mirth he was taught to expect from *the humours of Corporal Nym, or the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll*, who was not to be tempted by the representation of a fact merely historical. The players, however, laid aside the whole of this garniture, not finding it so necessary to procure success to a bulky volume, when the author's reputation was established, as it had been to bespeak attention to a few straggling pamphlets while it was yet uncertain.

The sixteen plays, which are not in these volumes, remained unpublished till the folio in the year 1623, though the compiler of a work, called *Theatrical Records*, mentions different single editions of every one of them before that time. But as no one of the editors could ever meet with such, nor has any one else pretended to have seen them, I think myself at liberty to suppose the compiler supplied the defects of the list out of his own imagination; since he must have had singular good fortune to have been possessed of two or three different copies of all, when neither editors nor collectors, in the course of near fifty years, have been able so much as to obtain the sight of one of the number.

At the end of the last volume I have added a tragedy of *King Leir*, published before that of Shakespeare, which it is not improbable he might have seen, as the father kneeling to the daughter, when she kneels to ask his blessing, is found in it; a circumstance two poets were not very likely to have hit on separately; and which seems borrowed by the latter with his usual judgment, it being the most natural passage in the old play; and is introduced in such a

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manner, as to make it fairly his own. The ingenious editor of *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry* having never met with this play, and as it is not preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection, I thought it a curiosity worthy the notice of the publick.

I have likewise reprinted Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, from a copy published in 1609, by G. Eld, one of the printers of his plays; which, added to the consideration that they made their appearance with his name, and in his life-time, seems to be no slender proof of their authenticity. The same evidence might operate in favour of several more plays which are omitted here, out of respect to the judgment of those who had omitted them before 3.

It is to be wished, that some method of publication most favourable to the character of an author were once established; whether we are to send into the world all his works without distinction, or arbitrarily to leave out what may be thought a disgrace to him. The first editors, who rejected *Pericles*, retained *Titus Andronicus*; and Mr. Pope, without any reason, named *The Winter's Tale*, a play that bears the strongest marks of the hand of Shakespeare, among those which he supposed to be spurious. Dr. Warburton has fixed a stigma on the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and some others:

Inde Dolabella est, atq; hinc Antonius,

and all have been willing to plunder Shakespeare, or mix up a breed of barren metal with his purest ore.

Joshua Barnes, the editor of Euripides, thought every scrap of his author so sacred, that he has preserved with the name of one of his plays, the only

³ Loocrine, 1595. Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. London Prodigal, 1605. Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609. Puritan, 1600. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Yorkshire Tragedy, no date.

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remaining word of it. The same reason indeed might be given in his favour, which caused the preservation of that valuable trifyllable; which is, that it cannot be found in any other place in the Greek language. But this does not seem to have been his only motive, as we find he has to the full as carefully published several detached and broken sentences, the gleanings from scholiasts, which have no claim to merit of that kind; and yet the author's works might be reckoned by some to be incomplete without them. If then this duty is expected from every editor of a Greek or Roman poet, why is not the same insisted on in respect of an English classic? But if the custom of preserving all, whether worthy of it or not, be *more honoured in the breach than the observance*, the suppression at least should not be considered as a fault. The publication of such things as Swift had written merely to raise a laugh among his friends, has added something to the bulk of his works, but very little to his character as a writer. The four volumes that came out since Dr. Hawkesworth's edition, not to look on them as a tax levied on the publick (which I think one might without injustice) contain not more than sufficient to have made one of real value; and there is a kind of disingenuity, not to give it a harsher title, in exhibiting what the author never meant should see the light; for no motive, but a sordid one, can betray the survivors to make that publick, which they themselves must be of opinion will be unfavourable to the memory of the dead.

Life does not often receive good unmixed with evil. The benefits of the art of printing are depraved by the facility with which scandal may be diffused, and secrets revealed; and by the temptation by which traffick solicits avarice to betray the weaknesses of passion, or the confidence of friendship.

I cannot forbear to think these posthumous publications injurious to society. A man conscious of

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literary reputation will grow in time afraid to write with tenderness to his sister, or with fondness to his child; or to remit on the slightest occasion, or most pressing exigence, the rigour of critical choice, and grammatical severity. That esteem which preserves his letters, will at last produce his disgrace; when that which he wrote only to his friend or his daughter shall be laid open to the publick.

There is perhaps sufficient evidence, that the plays in question, unequal as they may be to the rest, were written by Shakespear; but the reason generally given for publishing the less correct pieces of an author, that it affords a more impartial view of a man's talents or way of thinking, than when we only see him in form, and prepared for our reception, is not enough to condemn an editor who thinks and practises otherwise. For what is all this to shew, but that every man is more dull at one time than another; a fact which the world would have easily admitted, without asking any proofs in its support that might be destructive to an author's reputation.

To conclude; if the work, which this publication was meant to facilitate, has been already performed, the satisfaction of knowing it to be so may be obtained from hence; if otherwise, let those who raised expectations of correctness, and through negligence defeated them, be justly exposed by future editors, who will now be in possession of by far the greatest part of what they might have enquired after for years to no purpose; for in respect of such a number of the old quartos as are here exhibited, the first folio is a common book. This advantage will at least arise, that future editors, having equally recourse to the same copies, can challenge distinction and preference only by genius, capacity, industry, and learning.

As I have only collected materials for future artists, I consider what I have been doing as no more than an apparatus for their use. If the publick is inclined

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to receive it as such, I am amply rewarded for my trouble; if otherwise, I shall submit with chearfulness to the censure which should equitably fall on an injudicious attempt; having this consolation, however, that my design amounted to no more than a desire to encourage others to think of preserving the oldest editions of the English writers, which are growing scarcer every day; and to afford the world all the assistance or pleasure it can receive from the most authentick copies extant of its NOBLEST POET.

G. S.

S O M E

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

O F

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr. R O W E.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakespeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He

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He was the son of Mr. John Shakespeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin

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poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *genius's* that ever was known in dramattick poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as
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the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote²; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*,

² The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1590, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second, and Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair vestal, throned by the west.*

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of ² *Oldcastle*; some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present

² See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.]

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offence was indeed avoided ; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature ; Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the

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the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe,
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an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Ob! ob! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53^d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has
made

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made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words :

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it
“ as an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (what-
“ soever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My
“ answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!*
“ which they thought a malevolent speech. I had
“ not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who
“ chose that circumstance to commend their friend by,
“ wherein he most faulted : and to justify mine own
“ candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his
“ memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.
“ He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free
“ nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and
“ gentle expressions ; wherein he flowed with that
“ facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should
“ be stopped : *Sufflamandas erat*, as Augustus said of
“ Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would
“ the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell
“ into those things which could not escape laughter ;
“ as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speak-
“ ing to him,

“ *Cæsar thou dost me wrong.*

“ He replied :

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

“ And such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
“ deemed his vices with his virtues : there was ever
“ more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shake-
speare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but
without the absurdity ; nor did I ever meet with it in
any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jon-
son. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two
or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I
have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ like-
wise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in
stanzas,

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stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them) in his epistle to Augustus.

—*Naturâ sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.*

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakespeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn
out

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out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thermites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Ape-mantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces

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of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge; such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

It will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him, in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

—————*All the world is a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the infant*

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*Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

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His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw ; it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

———*She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.*

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What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The stile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the

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finest and most uncommon grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been informed † three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramattick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to

† Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of Shakespeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances : and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places : and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *The manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakespeare has drawn of him ! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story ; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction : though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence.

There is a short scene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus,

and

and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakespeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: while *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) stands upon the stage, and encourages

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her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakespeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramattick writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakespeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakespeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by
Mr.

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Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakespeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

*The following Instrument was transmitted to us
by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms :
It is mark'd G. 13. p. 349.*

*[There is also a Manuscript in the Heralds Office, mark'd
W. 2. p. 276; where Notice is taken of this Coat,
and that the Person, to whom it was granted, had
borne Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.]*

TO all and singular noble and gentlemen of all estates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come; William Dethick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieux, King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realm, send greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have been made known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakespere, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whose great grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit; and for that the said John Shakespere having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the said county, and also produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he

was

was her majesty's officer and bailiff of that town, In consideration of the premises, and for the encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon of arms and achievements of inheritance from their said mother, by the ancient custom and laws of arms, may lawfully descend; we the said Garter and Clarencieux have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these presents exemplified unto the said John Shakespere, and to his posterity, that shield and coat of arms, viz. *In a field of gold upon a bend sables a spear of the first, the point upward, beaded argent*; and for his crest or cognisance, *A falcon, or, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear armed beaded, or steeled silver*, fixed upon an helmet with mantles and tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margin; and we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said John Shakespere, gent. to bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural life; and that it shall be lawful for his children, issue, and posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil use or exercises, according to the laws of arms, and custom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In witness and testimony whereof we have subscribed our names, and fastened the seals of our offices. Given at the office of arms, London, the day of in the forty-second year of the reign of our most gracious sovereign lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop
of Canterbury.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini nostri
Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto &
Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shake-
speare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county
of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory
(God be praised) do make and ordain this my last
will and testament in manner and form following;
that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God
my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through
the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be
made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to
the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith
one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money,
to be paid unto her in manner and form following;
that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her
marriage portion within one year after my decease,
with considerations after the rate of two shillings in
the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid
unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds re-
sidue thereof, upon her surrendering of or giving of
such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will
shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and
right that shall descend or come unto her after my
decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to one copy-
hold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and
being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said
county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the
manor

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Sufannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid : and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them ; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron ; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease ; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item,

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sifter Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combé my sword; to Thomas Ruffel, esq; five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece to buy the rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situ-

ate,

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL

ate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the

right

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Ruffel, esq; and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

William Shakespeare.

Witness to the Publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlett Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat Reservata potestate et Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cu vendit, &c. petitur.

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE,
I have only one Passage to add, which Mr. Pope
related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of, *Shakespeare's boys.*

JOHNSON.

† Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials of the Shakespeare family; transcribed from the Register-book of the Parish of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire.

¹ JONE, daughter of John Shakspeare, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakspeare, was buried April 30, 1563.

² WILLIAM, son of John Shakspeare, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, son of John Shakspeare, was baptized Oct. 13, 1566.

³ Jone, daughter of John Shakspeare, was baptized Apr. 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspeare, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.

Richard, son of Mr. John Shakspeare, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspeare, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, son of Mr. John Shakspeare, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakspeare, of Hampton, was baptized Feb. 10, 1583.

Sufanna, daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was baptized May 26, 1583.

⁴ Samuel and Judith, son and daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, were baptized Feb. 2, 1584.

John Shakspeare and Margery Roberts were married Nov. 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakspeare, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.

Urfula, daughter of John Shakspeare, was baptized March 11, 1588.

Thomas Greene, alias Shakspeare, was buried March 6, 1589.

† With this extract from the register of Stratford, I was favoured by the Hon. James West, esq. STEEVENS.

¹ She married the ancestor of the Harts of Stratford.

² Born April 23, 1564.

³ This seems to be a granddaughter of the first John.

⁴ This Samuel, only son of the poet, died aged 12.

Humphrey,

Baptisms, Marriages, Burials, &c.

Humphrey, son of John Shakspeare, was baptized May 24, 1590.

Philip, son of John Shakspeare, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.

Samuel, son of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was buried Aug. 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakspeare was buried Sept. 8, 1601.

* John Hall, gent. and Sufanna Shakspeare were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakspeare, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.

Gilbert Shakspeare, adolescens, was buried Feb. 3, 1611.

Richard Shakspeare was buried Feb. 4, 1612.

‡ Thomas Queeny and ^s Judith Shakspeare were married Feb. 10, 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE ||, gentleman, was buried April 25, 1616.

⁶ Mrs. Shakspeare was buried Aug. 6, 1623.

* This gentleman was a physician : he married the poet's eldest daughter.

⁵ Judith was the poet's youngest daughter.

‡ As Shakespeare the poet married his wife from Shottery, a village near Stratford, possibly he might become possessor of a remarkable *house* there, as part of her portion ; and jointly with his wife convey it as part of their daughter Judith's portion to Thomas Queeny. It is certain that one Queeny, an elderly gentleman, sold it to — Harvey, esq; of Stockton, near Southam, Warwickshire, father of John Harvey Thursby, esq; of Abington, near Northampton ; and that the aforesaid Harvey sold it again to Samuel Tyler, esq; whose sisters, as his heirs, now enjoy it.

|| Died the 23d.

⁶ The poet's widow.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend,
the Author Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
and his Works.

*S*pectator, this life's shadow is;—to see
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but observe his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick strain,
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions, from thy rapt soul rise,—
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

To the Reader.

This figure, that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brass:
But, since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

B. J.

To the Memory of my Beloved,
the Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:

For

P O E M S upon the A U T H O R.

For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:
 These are as some infamous bawd, or whore,
 Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
 But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
 I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spencer; or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
 I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
 And tell—how far thou didst our Lilly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,—
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names; but call forth thundring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead;
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone; for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time;
 And all the muses still were in their prime,

POEMS upon the AUTHOR.

*When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:—
 For, though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion: and that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike a second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
 For a good poet's made, as well as born:
 And such wert thou: Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
 In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,—
 To see thee in our waters yet appear;
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
 Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despairs day, but by thy volume's light!*

BEN JONSON.

Upon

P O E M S upon the A U T H O R.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous
Scenick Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*Those hands, which you so clapt, go now and wring,
You Britains brave; for done are Shakespeare's days;
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phæbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tiring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.*

HUGH HOLLAND.

To the Memory of
the deceased Author, Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

*Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy borse.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age—as Naso said
Of his,—thy wit fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though wist, until our bankrout stage be sped*

P O E M S upon the A U T H O R.

*(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake :
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire more feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.*

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

*We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tyring-room :
We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause : an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part ;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.*

J. M.

On worthy Master SHAKESPEARE,
and his Poems.

*A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent :
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality :
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live ;*

What

P O E M S upon the A U T H O R.

*What story coldly tells, what poets feign
 At second hand, and picture without brain,
 Senseless and soul-less shows : to give a stage,—
 Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
 Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
 Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
 Both smile and weep ; fearful at plots so sad,
 Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad
 To be abus'd ; affected with that truth
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
 At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
 Tortur'd and tickl'd ; by a crab-like way
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
 Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—
 —While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon
 Mankind by secret engines ; now to move
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;
 To strike up and stroak down, both joy and ire ;
 To steer the affections ; and by heavenly fire
 Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves :—*

*This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd
 But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
 Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain
 Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train ;—
 The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
 And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
 And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
 The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
 Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.*

These

POEMS upon the AUTHOR.

These jointly woo'd him, envying one another ;—
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother ;—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright :
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice :
Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purl'd : not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn ;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
They say, his body ; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give :
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades ; fed with ambrosial meat ;
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat :
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it ;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

POEMS upon the AUTHOR.

An Epitaph on the
admirable dramattick Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

*What needs, my Shakespeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.*

JOHN MILTON.

A LIST OF THE
 OLD EDITIONS
 OF
 SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Those in Quarto marked with Asterisks are in no former Tables. I know no one who has seen those in the Italic Characters, but find them in Mr. Pope's and Mr. Theobald's Lists, and in Dr. Warburton's, which is compiled from them.

- I. { 1. Midsummer Night's Dream, William Shakespeare, 1600.
 2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1600, James Roberts.
- II. { 1. Merry Wives of Windfor, William Shakespeare, 1602. T. C. for Arthur Johnson.
 2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1619, for D°.
 3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.
- III. { Much Ado about Nothing, William Shakespeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley.
- IV. { 1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakespeare, 1600. J. K. for Thomas Heyes.
 2. W. Shakespeare, 1600, J. Roberts.
 3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
 4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1652, for William Leake.

V. { 1. *Love's Labour Lost*, William Shakespeare, 1598,
W. W. for Cuthbert Burley.
2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1631, W. S. for John
Smethwicke.

VI. { 1. *Taming of the Shrew*, 1607, V. S. for Nich. Ling.
2. D^o. Will. Shakespeare, 1631, W. S. for John
Smethwicke.

*
VII. { 1. King Lear, William Shakespeare, 1608, for Na-
thaniel Butter.
2. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1608, for D^o.
3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1655, Jane Bell.

VIII. { 1. King John, 2 Parts, 1591, for Sampson Clarke.
2. D^o. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John
Helme.
3. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1622, Aug. Mathewes, for
Thomas Dewe.

IX. { 1. Richard II. William Shakespeare, 1598, Valen-
tine Simmes, for Andrew Wife.
2. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1608, W. W. for Mathew
Law.
3. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1615, for Mathew Law.
4. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.

* { 1. Henry IV. First Part, 1598, P. S. for Andrew
Wife.
2. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1599, S. S. for D^o.
3. D^o. 1604.

*
X. { 4. D^o. 1608, for Mathew Law.
5. D^o. W. Shakespeare, 1613, W. W. for D^o.
6. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1622, T. P. sold
by D^o.

* { 7. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1632, John Norton,
sold by William Sheares.
8. D^o. William Shakespeare, 1639, John Norton,
sold by Hugh Perry.

XI. { Henry IV. Second Part, William Shakespeare,
1600, V. S. for Andrew Wife and William
Aspley.
D^o. 1600. D^o.

XII. 1. Henry

XII. *

1. Henry V. 1600. Tho. Crede, for T. Millington.
2. D°. 1602, Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D°. 1608, for T. P.

XIII. XIV.

1. Henry VI. William Shakespeare, 1600, Val. Simmes, for Tho. Millington.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, no Date, W. W. for T. Millington.

XV.

1. Richard III. 1597, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wife.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1602, Thomas Creede, for D°.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, sold by Matthew Lawe.
5. D°. William Shakespeare, 1622, Thomas Purfoot, sold by D°.
6. D°. William Shakespeare, 1629, John Norton, sold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.

XVI.

Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII.

1. Troilus and Cressida, William Shakespeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Whalley, with a Preface.
2. D°. 1609, for D°.
3. *Do. no Date, Do.*

XVIII. *

1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
2. D°. 1599, Tho. Crede, for Cuthbert Burley.
3. D°. 1609, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, no Date, John Smethwicke.
5. D°. William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XIX. 1. Hamlet,

XIX. *

1. Hamlet, William Shakespeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, no Date, W. S. for D°.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XX.

1. *Othello*, William Shakespeare, no Date, Thomas Walkely.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1655, for William Leake.

➔ Of all the other Plays, the only authentick Edition is the Folio of 1623, from which the subsequent Folios never vary but by Accident or Negligence.

F O L I O E D I T I O N S.

I. Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original Copies. 1623. Fol. Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.

II. D°. 1632. Fol. Tho. Cotes, for Rob. Allot.

III. D°. 1664. Fol. for P. C.

IV. D°. 1685. Fol. for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley.

E D I T I O N S of SHAKESPEARE'S P O E M S.

I. Shakespeare's Poems, 1609, 4to.

II. D°. no Date, 8vo. for Bernard Lintot.

III. D°. 1640. 8vo. Tho. Cotes, sold by John Benfon.

IV. *Passionate Pilgrim*, Poems by D°. 1599, 8vo. small, for W. Jaggard, sold by W. Leake.

V. *Rape of Lucrece*, a Poem, 1594, 4to. Richard Field, for John Harrifon.

VI. D°. 1598, 8vo. P. S. for D°.

VII. D°. 1607, 8vo. N. O. for D°.

VIII. *Venus and Adonis*, a Poem, 1620, 8vo. for J. P.

P L A Y S

PLAYS ascribed to SHAKESPEARE, either by the Editors of the Two later Folios, or by the Compilers of ancient Catalogues.

1. Arraignment of Paris, 1584, Henry Marsh.
2. Birth of Merlin, 1662, Tho. Johnson, for Francis Kirkman and Henry Marsh.
3. Edward III. 1596, for Cuthbert Burby. 2. 1599. Simon Stafford, for D^o.
4. Fair Em *, 1631, for John Wright.
5. Loocrine, 1595, Thomas Creede.
6. London Prodigal, 1605.
7. Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608, Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson. 2. 1617. G. Eld, for D^o. 1626, A. M. for Francis Falkner. 4. 1631. T. P. for D^o. 5. 1655, for W. Gilbertson.
8. Mucedorus, 1598, for William Jones. 2. 1610, for D^o. 3. 1615. N. O. for D^o. 4. 1639, for John Wright. 5. No Date, for Francis Coles. 6. 1668, E. O. for D^o.
9. Pericles, 1609, for Henry Goffson. 2. 1619, for T. P. 3. 1630. J. N. for R. B. 4. 1635. Tho. Cotes.
10. Puritan, 1607, G. Eld.
11. Sir John Oldcastle, 1600, for T. P.
12. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Tho. Snodham.
13. Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, Tho. Cotes, for John Waterfon.
14. Yorkshire Tragedy, 1619, for T. P.

* *Fair Em*.

In Mr. Garrick's Collection, is a Volume, formerly belonging to King Charles I. which is lettered on the Back, SHAKESPEARE, Vol. I. This Vol. consists of Three Plays, viz. *Fair Em*, *The Merry Devil*, &c. and *Mucedorus*. There is no other Authority for ascribing *Fair Em* to our Author. STEEVENS.

THE
T E M P E S T.

VOL. I.

A

Persons Represented.

ALONSO, *king of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his brother.*

Prospero, *the rightful duke of Milan.*

Anthonio, *his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *son to the king of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian,

Francisco, } *lords.*

Caliban, *a savage and deformed slave.*

Trinculo, *a jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken butler.*

Master of a ship, boatswain, and mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an aiery spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers, } *spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the sea with a ship, afterwards an uninhabited island.*

T H E
I T E M P E S T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

On a ship at sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain².

M A S T E R.

Boatswain——

Boats. Here, master : what cheer ?

Mast. Good : speak to the mariners.—³ Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir. [Exit.

¹ *The Tempest.*] These two plays, *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer's Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense : or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea-Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakespeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays ; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*. WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakespeare may be supposed to have founded this play. The Rev. Mr. T. Warton had been informed, that it was taken

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle;—⁴ blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

from an Italian chemical romance called *Orcelia and Isabella*; but, on examining it, discovered no grounds for such a supposition.

The beauties of this piece could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity sometimes appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says: "If there be never a servant monster in the fair who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries." STEEVENS.

² In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

³ —*Fall to't yarely*,—] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. STEEVENS.

⁴ Perhaps it might be read, —*blow till thou burst, wind, if room enough*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, —*blow till thou burst thee, wind! if room enough*. Beaum. and Fletcher have copied this passage in *The Pilgrim*.

—————*Blow, blow west wind,
Blow till thou rive.* STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

⁵ *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling!—

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

They are louder than the weather, or our office.—Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

⁵ *Gonzalo.*] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island. JOHNSON,

6 THE TEMPEST.

Boats. ⁶ Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ⁷ set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're ⁸ merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chopp'd rascal:—'would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st ⁹ to glut him.

[*A con-*

⁶ *Lay her a-hold, a-held;—*] *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—set her two courses off to sea again,—*] The courses are the main-sail and fore-sail. This term is used by Raleigh, in his *Discourse on Shipping*. JOHNSON.

The passage, as Mr. Holt has observed, should be pointed, *Set her two courses; off, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *—merely—*] In this place signifies *absolutely*. In which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, Act 1. Sc. 3.

“*—*Things rank and gross in nature

“*Possess it merely.*”

So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

“*—*at request

“*Of some mere friends, some honourable Romans.*”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *—to glut him.*] Shakespeare probably wrote, *'englut him, to swallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI*.

“*—*Thou art so near the gulf

“*Thou needs must be englutted.*”

And

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!

¹ Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea, for an acre of barren ground, ² long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The enchanted island before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

And again in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present text may stand. JOHNSON.

¹ *Brother, farewell!*] All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters, but should be printed thus.

¹ *Sailor.* Mercy on us!

We split, we split!

² *Sailor.* Farewell, my, &c.

³ *Sailor.* Brother, farewell, &c. JOHNSON.

² —*long heath*,—] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*. WARBURTON.

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. ³ O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have com-
fort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very ⁴ virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, ⁵ that there is no soul—

No,

³ *Pro. No harm.*] I know not whether Shakespeare did not make Miranda speak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Prospero properly answers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when she speaks the words, *O, woe the day!*, supposes, not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm*.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —*virtue of compassion*—] *Virtue*: the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, *The virtue of a plant is in the extract.* JOHNSON.

⁵ —*that there is no soul*—] Thus the old editions read, but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no soul left*, without any notice of
the

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
⁶ Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance

the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no foil*, no stain, no spot; for so Ariel tells,

*Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before.*

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

—*no foul*—] Such interrupted sentences are not uncommon to Shakespeare: he sometimes begins a sentence, and before he concludes it, entirely changes the construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Out three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. Mr. Pope, without any reason, reads,
FULL *three years old.* STEEVENS.

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how
is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyssm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda—twelve years
since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, 7 thou his only heir
And prince's, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O my heart bleeds

To think o' the ⁸ teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio—
I pray thee, mark me;—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,

⁷ Perhaps—and thou *his only heir*. JOHNSON.
Perhaps we should read,

A prince's:—no worse issu'd. STEEVENS.

⁸ —teen—] Is sorrow, grief, trouble. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“——to my *teen* be it spoken.” STEEVENS.

Through all the signiories it was the first ;
 And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
 In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
 Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger ; being transported,
 And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
 Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom
⁹ To trash for over-topping ; new created
 The creatures that were mine ; I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em : having both the ¹ key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
 With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,
 Like a good parent, ² did beget of him

⁹ *To trash for over-topping ;—*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of Q. Elizabeth. STEEVENS.

¹ *Key* in this place seems to signify the key of a musical instrument, by which he set *Hearts to tune*. JOHNSON.

This doubtless is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal ; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is used as well to strike down the iron pins whereon the strings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch. HAWKINS.

² Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ*. JOHNSON.

A falsehood

A fallshood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact;—³ like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was, indeed, the duke; ⁴ out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,

³ —————like one,

*Who having, INTO truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,*

To credit his own lie,——] The corrupted reading of the second line has rendered this beautiful similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth?*] or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth,*] because if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie*. And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus:

—————like one

*Who having, UNTO truth, by telling OF T,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,——*

i. e. by often repeating the same story, made his memory such a sinner *unto* truth, as to give credit to his own lie. A miserable delusion, to which story-tellers are frequently subject. The Oxford Editor having, by this correction, been let into the sense of the passage, gives us this sense in his own words:

*Who loving an untruth, and telling't oft,
 Makes———* WARBURTON.

I agree with Dr. Warburton, that perhaps there is no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong, and that *unto* was the original reading. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically. STEEVENS.

⁴ ————*out of the substitution,*] Is the old reading. The modern editors, for the sake of smoother versification, read—*from* substitution. STEEVENS.

And

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
 5 So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
 me,

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute—
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembring how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business

⁵ *So dry he was for sway,*—] i. e. *So thirsty.* The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties.

Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not

(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! What trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have ⁶ deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

⁶ —deck'd the sea—] *To deck the sea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; so in some parts they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *muck'd*, the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Out of his charity, ⁷ who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: ⁸ 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way.— [*Aside.*] I know, thou canst not
choose.— [*Miranda sleeps.*]

⁷ —*who being then appointed, &c.*] Such is the old reading.
We might better read,

—*he being, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁸ —*'tis a good dulness,*] Dr. Warburton rightly observes,
that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought
upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect
would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is
attentive to his story. JOHNSON.

Come away, fervant, come : I am ready now :
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great mafter ! grave Sir, hail ! I
come

To anfwer thy beft pleasure ; be't to fly ;
To fwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds : to thy ftrong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Haft thou, fpirit,

9 Perform'd to point the tempeft that I bad thee ?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's fhip : ¹ now on the beak,
² Now in the wafte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the top-maft,
The yards, and bolt-fprit, would I flame diftinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precurfors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And fight out-running were not ; the fire, and cracks
Of fulphurous roaring, the moft mighty Neptune
Seem'd to befiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident fhake.

Pro. My brave fpirit !

Who was fo firm, fo conftant, that this coil
Would not infect his reafon ?

Ari. Not a foul

3 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

Some

9 *Perform'd to point*—] i. e. to the minuteft article.

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *now on the beak,*] The beak was a ftrong pointed
body at the head of the ancient gallies ; it is ufed here for the
forecaftle, or the bolt-fprit. JOHNSON.

² *Now in the wafte,*—] The part between the quarter-deck
and the forecaftle. JOHNSON.

³ *But felt a fever of the mad,*—] In all the later editions
this is changed to a *fever of the mind*, without reafon or autho-
rity, nor is any notice given of an alteration. JOHNSON.

If

Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
 "And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their ⁴ sustaining garments not a blemish,

If it be at all necessary to explain the meaning, it is this:
Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them. STEEVENS.

⁴ —sustaining—] i. e. Their garments that bore them up and supported them. So *K. Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

"In our sustaining corn."

Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read *sea-stained* garments; for (says he) it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Prospero which preserved, as it had wrecked them. Nor was the miracle, that their garments had not been at first discoloured by the sea-water, which even that *sustaining* would not have prevented, unless it had been on the air, not on the water; but, as Gonzalo says, "that their garments
 "being (as they were) drenched in the sea, held notwithstanding their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed
 "than stained with salt-water."

For this, and all such notes as are taken from the MSS. of the late Mr. Edwards, I am indebted to the friendship of Benjamin Way, Esq; who very obligingly procured them from the executors of that gentleman, with leave for their publication. Such of them as are omitted in this edition had been sometimes forestalled by the remarks of others, and sometimes by my own. The reader, however, might have been justly offended, had any other reasons prevented me from communicating the unpublished sentiments of that sprightly critic and most amiable man, as entire as I received them. STEEVENS.

This note of Mr. Edwards, with which I suppose no reader is satisfied, shews with how much greater ease critical emendations are destroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furnish alterations. JOHNSON.

But fresher than before. And, as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :
 The king's son have I landed by himself ;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
 The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o' the fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
⁵ From the still-vex'd Bermoothes. There she's hid ;
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon ⁶ the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;

⁵ *From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*—] Theobald says *Bermoothes* is printed by mistake for *Bermudas*. No. That was the name by which the islands then went, as we may see by the voyages of that time ; and by our author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *Woman Pleas'd*, says, *The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to wickel out a witch for the Bermoothes*. Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172. says, *that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them The Isle of Devils.*—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an enchanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes ; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water. WARBURTON.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio, &c.* 12°. In page 62. under the title of *Cases of Conscience*, is this.

34. "Whether Bermudas and the parliament-house lie under
 "one planet, seeing both are haunted with devils." PERCY.

⁶ ——— *the Mediterranean flote,*] *Flote is wave.* Flot. Fr.

STEEVENS.

Supposing

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.

⁷ What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
now,

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee,

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst pro-
mise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. ⁸ Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari.

⁷ *What is the time o' the day?*] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty may easily adjust it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season.*

Ari. *At least two glasses.*

Pro. *The time 'twixt six and now——* JOHNSON.

⁸ *Dost thou forget?*] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed*

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep;

⁹ To run upon the sharp wind of the north;

To do me business in the veins o' the earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth. Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

—Thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands.

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him*. Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntary allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Caufabon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness, therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *bate him rootedly*.—Of these trifles enough. JOHNSON.

⁹ *To run upon the sharp wind of the north;*] Sir W. Davenant and Dryden, in their alteration of this play, have made a very wanton change in the line, and read,

To run against, &c. STEEVENS.

Ari.

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea.
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. ' The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

' *The strangeness*—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing.

JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption; then by varying the action when he rises, and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again.

WARNER.

Mira.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee.

Come, thou tortoise! when?—

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
self

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

² *Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro.

² *Cal.* *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,*

Drop on you both!] Shakespeare hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholsome*. So Sir John Maundevill, in his travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.—*at alle tymes brennethe a vesselle of cristalle fulle of barwe for to zeven gode smalle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden away alle WYKKEDE eyes and corrupciouns.* It was a tradition, it seems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Seldon concurred in observing, that Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakespeare gave his language a cer-
tain

Pro. For this be sure, to-night thou shalt have
 cramps,
 Side-fitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
 Shall, ³ for that vast of night that they may work,
 All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em.

tain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakespeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others*—and again—*to practise distances is still a Caliban stile.* Note on *Milton's Paradise Lost*, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban stile* in Shakespeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than Shakespeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily illue in the same expressions.

As wicked dew,—] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed*; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous Bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

³ —for that vast of night that they may work,] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action. It has a meaning like that of *nox vasta*.

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former times, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belong'd to others. Among these we may suppose *urchins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakespeare alludes again in *K. Lear*. *He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock.* STEEVENS.

Cal,

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile,
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. ⁴ Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

⁴ *Abhorred slave*;] This speech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed by Mr. Theobald on Prospero. JOHNSON.

The modern editions take this speech from Miranda, and give it to Prospero; though there is nothing in it but what she may speak with the greatest propriety; especially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of Caliban, to enable him to make the attempt complained of. The poet himself shews he intended Miranda should be his tutorefs, when he makes Caliban say, "I've seen thee in her, my mistress shewed me, thee and thy dog, and thy bush;" to Stephano, who had just assured the monster he was the man in the moon. HOLT.

Took

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other. ⁵ When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. ⁶ But thy vile
 race

⁵ ——— *When thou DIDST not, savage,
 Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words to make them known.*]

The benefit which Prospero here upbraids Caliban with having bestowed, was teaching him language. He shews the greatness of this benefit by marking the inconvenience Caliban lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But sure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *show* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what Prospero would say:

——— *When thou COULDST not, savage,
 SHOW thy own meaning,*———

The following words make it evident,

——— *but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish,*———

And when once [*show*] was corrupted to [*know*] the transcribers would of course change [*couldst*] into [*didst*] to make it agree with the other false reading. There is indeed a sense, in which *Know thy own meaning*, may be well applied to a brute. For it may signify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind, which, it would seem, a brute hath not. Though this, I say, may be applied to a brute, and consequently to Caliban, and though to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet such a sense would be impertinent and absurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned speaker. Besides, Prospero expressly says, that Caliban had *purposes*; which, in other words, is, that he did *know his own meaning*. WARBURTON.

——— *When thou didst not, savage,*

Know thy own meaning,———] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant——— *When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *But thy wild race*] *Race*, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. In this sense we still say——— *The race of wine*; and Sir W. Temple has somewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

(Though

(Though thou didst learn) had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: ⁷ the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-feed, hence!

Fetch us in fewel; and be quick (thou we'rt best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!

I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*]
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

*Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage, and
Ariel invisible, playing and singing.*

A R I E L's S O N G.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands:

⁸ *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*

(The wild waves whist)

Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

[*Burden, dispersedly.*]

⁷ —*the red plague*—] I suppose from the redness of the body
universally inflamed. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*] As was anciently done
at the beginning of some dances.

The wild waves WHIST;

i. e. the wild waves being silent (or whist) as in Spenser's *Fairy
Queen*, B. 7. c. 7. l. 59.

So was the Titanes put down, and WHIST.

*Hark, bark! bowgh waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bowgh waugh.*

*Ari. Hark, bark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this musick be? i' the air, or
the earth? ———

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: ———but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

A R I E L's S O N G.

*9 Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.*

And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity:

*The winds with wonder WHIST,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd.*

So again, Phaër, in his translation of the second book of Virgil:

———*Conticuere omnes.*

“They whistled all.” STEEVENS.

9 Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commission Prospero had intrusted

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I hear it now above me.

intrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the sight of Miranda, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. Ariel sets about his business by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet, as odd as it appears, the poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. Prospero had said,

*I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.*——

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to secure this point, it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to Alonzo the father's knowledge. For Prospero was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon Alonzo's temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for Prospero as the author. On the other hand, to engage Ferdinand, without the consent of his father, was difficult. For, not to speak of his quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the sovereign, Ferdinand is represented (to shew it a match worth the seeking) of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his contracting himself without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made Ariel persuade him of his father's death to remove this remora. WARBURTON.

I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very successfully defended these songs from Gildon's accusation. Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance, they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

¹ *That the earth owes:—*] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own*. So in *Othello*:

“——that

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. ² Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May

“———that sweet sleep,
“ Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday.”

To use the word in this sense is not peculiar to Shakespeare.
I meet with it in B. and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*:

“ If now the beard be such, what is the prince,
“ That *owes* the beard?” STEEVENS.

² *Most sure, &c.*] It seems, that Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*,
hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil;
witness the *O Dea certe*. I presume we are here directed to
the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing
the songs of Ariel:

*Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!*——

And so *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable trans-
lation, that if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth
to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a
sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and exa-
mine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an
English reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil.

Hexameters

May know, if you remain upon this island ;
 And that you will some good instruction give,
 How I may bear me here : my prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
 If you be maid, or no ?

Mira. No wonder, Sir ;
 But, ³ certainly, a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,
 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How ? the best ?
 What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
 And, that he does, I weep : myself am Naples ;
 Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
 The king my father wreck'd.

Hexameters in our own language are almost forgotten ; we will
 quote therefore this time from Stanyhurst :

“ O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted ?

“ Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie resembleth.

“ ———No doubt, a goddesse !” Edit. 1583. FARMER.

³ ———*certainly, a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily
 imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than
 this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and
 plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches
 us the knowledge of ourselves ; and was an utter stranger to
 the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt
 the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination,
 that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities
 of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral
 lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess,
 as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature
 believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the
 author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she
 was a *created being*, a question which, if he meant it, he has
 ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried ; for after the
 dialogue which Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on
 pursuing his former question.

O, if a virgin,

I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

Mira.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke of Milan,

⁴ And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. —The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could ⁵ controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—at the first sight

[*Aside to Ariel.*

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good Sir,
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's power: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

⁴ *And his brave son, being twain.*] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

⁵ ——— *controul thee.*] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—

[*To Mirand.*] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—

Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him; for

⁶ He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: ⁷ come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

⁶ *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it means *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary, and as he is brave, it may be dangerous. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*come from thy ward* ;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble : I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on ; obey ; [*To Ferdinand.*]
§ Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works :——come on.
[*To Ariel.*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!——
Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. [*To Ferdinand.*] Come, follow : [*To Mir.*]
Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

§ *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] So Milton, in his
Masque at Ludlow-Castle :

“ Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaſter.” STEEV.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

GONZALO.

BEseech you, Sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our los : ¹ our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some failor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. ² Pr'ythee, peace.

¹ ———our hint of woe] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *hint* of woe. JOHNSON.

² *Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this speech of the king's,

*You cram these words into my ears against
The stomach of my sense,*

seems to Mr. Pope to have been an interpolation by the players. For my part, though I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion that it is interpolated. For should we take out this intermediate part, what would become of these words of the king,

—————*Would I had never
Married my daughter there !*

What daughter ? and where married ? For it is in this intermediate part of the scene only that we are told the king had a daughter named Claribel, whom he had married into Tunis. 'Tis true, in a subsequent scene betwixt Anthonio and Sebastian, we again hear her and Tunis mentioned ; but in such a manner, that it would be obscure and unintelligible without this previous information. THEOBALD.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. ³ The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir——

Seb. One :——tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have
spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wifelier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord——

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.——

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : the wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha !

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

Seb. Yet——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miss't.

³ *The visitor*——] Why Dr. Warburton should change *visitor* to *'vifer* for *adviser*, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice, but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. JOHNSON.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, ⁴ and delicate temperance.

Ant. * Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. ⁵ How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

⁴ —and delicate temperance.] *Temperance* here means *temperature*. STEEVENS.

* *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. STEEVENS.

⁵ *How lush, &c.*] *Lush*, i. e. of a dark full colour, the opposite to *pale* and *faint*. Sir T. HAMMER.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? ⁶ Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,

⁶ —Widow Dido!] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

My son is lost : and, in my rate, she too ;
 Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 Hath made his meal on thee !

Fran. Sir, he may live :

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
 The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
 He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss ;
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
 But rather lose her to an African ;
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
 By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
 Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your
 son,

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have
 More widows in them of this business' making,
 Than we bring men to comfort them :
 The fault's your own.

7 Than we bring men to comfort them :] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit? JOHNSON.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the los.

Gen. My lord Sebastian,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gen. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. ⁸ The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

⁸ *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended, WARBURTON,

Of its own kind, all ⁹ foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man : all idle ; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir ?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing
to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to
laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
thing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given ?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal ; you
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly : will you laugh me asleep, for
I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[*Gonz. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

⁹ —all foyzon,—] *Foison* or *foizon* signifies plenty, *ubertas*,
not moisture, or juice of grafs or other herbs, as Mr. Pope says.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you : wond'rous heavy——

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them ?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all as by consent ;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be : the occasion speaks thee ; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep : what is it thou didst say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving ;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep ; die rather : wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it ! ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on :

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir :

Although ¹ this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,
² For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade the king his son's alive ;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is

¹ —*this lord of weak remembrance,*—] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering ; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

² *For he's a spirit of persuasion,*—] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus :

*For he, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade.*

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king ;* or that, *He only professes to persuade, that is, without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.* JOHNSON.

Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce ³ a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ⁴ she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, ⁵ though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my discharge.

³ ——— *a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered, is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *she that from Naples*

Can have no note, &c.] Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. STEEVENS.

⁵ These lines stand in the old edition thus:

————— *though some cast again;*

And, by that destiny, to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,

In your and my discharge.

The reading in the later editions is without authority. The old text may very well stand, except that in the last line *in* should be *is*, and perhaps we might better say—*and that by destiny*. It being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON.

The modern editors published,

Is yours and my discharge.

I think we may safely retain the old reading in the last hemistich.

————— *what is yet to come,*

In yours and my discharge.

i. e. Depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

Seb.

Seb. What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?* ⁶ Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep was this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir, where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
⁷ Or melt e'er they molest. Here lies your brother,

⁶ ——*Keep in Tunis.*] There is in this passage a propriety lost, which a slight alteration will restore:

——*Sleep in Tunis,*

And let Sebastian wake! JOHNSON.

⁷ *Or melt e'er they molest.*—] I had rather read,
Would melt e'er they molest.

i. e. *Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest one, or prevent the execution of my purposes.* JOHNSON.

No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever: while you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for ay might put
⁸ This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll ⁹ take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
 And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with musick and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
 (For else his project dies) ¹ to keep them living.
 [*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

In the later editions, these lines are thus arranged:

*Ay, Sir, where lyes that?
 If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
 But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
 Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,
 Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
 Here lies your brother——*

This modern reading was quite arbitrary, as appears by the necessity of changing *twenty* to *ten*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *This ancient morsel,——*] For *morsel* Dr. Warburton reads *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously, yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say *a piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *——take suggestion,——*] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy.

JOHNSON.

¹ *——to keep them living.*] i. e. Alonzo and Antonio; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the Oxford

Editor

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take :

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware :

Awake ! awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king !

[They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho ! awake ? Why are you
² drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake you ?
 It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
 To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
 Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

Editor alters *them* to *you*, because in the verse before, it is said
 —*you his friend* ; as if, because Ariel was *sent forth to save his
 friend*, he could not have another purpose in sending him, *viz.*
 to *save his project* too. WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton and the Oxford Editor both mistaken.
 The sense of the passage, as it now stands, is this : He sees
your danger, and will therefore save *them*. Dr. Warburton has
 mistaken Antonio for Gonzalo. Ariel would certainly not tell
 Gonzalo, that his master saved him only for his project. He
 speaks to himself as he approaches,

*My master through his art foresees the danger
 That these his friends are in.*

These written with a *y*, according to the old practice, did not
 much differ from *you*. JOHNSON.

² ———drawn ?] Having your swords drawn. So in *Romeo
 and Juliet* :

“ What art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds ?”

JOHNSON.

And

And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero, my lord shall know what I have done.
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: a noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me.
Sometime like apes, * that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All³ wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

* ———*that moe, &c.*] i. e. Make mouths. So in the old
version of the Psalms:

“ ———making *moes* at me.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“ ———of mopping and *moeing*.” STEEVENS.

³ ———*wound*] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twisted about
me. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear
it sing i' the wind. Yond' same black cloud, yond'
huge one, ⁴ looks like a foul bumbard that would
shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before,
I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he
smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell.
A kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. A strange
fish! Were I in England now (as once I was) and
had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there
but would give a piece of silver. There would this
monster ⁵ make a man: any strange beast there makes
a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a

⁴ — looks like a foul bumbard—] This term again occurs in
The First Part of Henry IV.—"that swoln parcel of dropfies,
"that huge bumbard of sack"—and again in *Henry VIII.*
"And here you lie baiting of bumbards, when ye should do
"service." By these several passages, 'tis plain, the word
meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of
ordnance so called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture
of Theobald.—"The poor cattle yonder are passing away the
"time with a cheat loaf, and a bumbard of broken beer."

So in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619,—"they
"would have beat out his brains with bumbards."

So again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638.

"His boots as wide as the black-jacks,

"Or bumbards tofs'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a passage in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Love
Restor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about pro-
visions. "I am to deliver into the buttery so many firkins of
"aurum potabile, as it delivers out bumbards of bouge," &c.

SREEVENS.

⁵ — make a man:—] That is, make a man's fortune. So in
Midsummer Night's Dream—"we are all made men." JOHNSON.

lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see * a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under ⁶ his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shrowd, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As

* —a dead Indian.—] And afterwards—*Men of Inde*. Probably some allusion to a particular occurrence, now obscured by time. In *Henry VIII*. the porter asks the mob, if they think —some strange Indian, &c. is come to court. STEEVENS.

⁶ —his gaberdine;—] A gaberdine is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Ital. *gaverdina*.

proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take ⁷ too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, ⁸ cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!——

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle

⁷ —too much—] *Too much* means, *any sum, ever so much.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ —cat;—] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat speak.* STEEVENS.

will recover him, I will help his ague : come—⁹ Amen !
I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ;
¹ I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano ! if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed : how cam'st thou ² to be the siege of this moon-calf ? can he vent Trinculo's ?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke : —but art thou not drown'd, Stephano ? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm : and art thou living, Stephano ? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd !

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape ? How cam'st thou hither ? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither.

⁹ —Amen !—] Means stop your draught, come to a conclusion. *I will pour some, &c.* STEEVENS.

¹ *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.* STEEVENS.

See *Com. of Errors*, Act 4. and Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, 622. Ed. Urry.

“ Therefore behoveth him a ful long spoone,

“ That shall ete with a feend.”—— T. T.

For all the notes signed T. T. I am obliged to the author of *The Observations and Conjectures printed at Oxford*, 1766.

² —to be the siege of this moon-calf?—] *Siege* is a *stool of easement*, as Dr. Ph. Holland phrases it, in his translation of *Pliny's Natural History*. TOLLET.

I escap'd upon a but of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole but, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very shallow monster: ³ I afraid of him? a very weak monster: the man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle, And I will ⁴ kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

³ —*I afraid of him? a very weak monster, &c.*] It is to be observed, that Trinculo the speaker is not charged with being afraid: but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

⁴ —*kiss thy foot:—*] A sneer upon the papists for kissing the pope's pantofle. GRAY.

Ste. Come on then ; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster : a most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kifs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs : I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young ^s scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
me ?

Ste.

^s —*scamels*—] This word has puzzled the commentators ; Dr. Warburton reads *shamois*, Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *scamels*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*, therefore I have suffered *scamels* to stand. JOHNSON.

Theobald substitutes *shamois* for *scamels* ; which last word, he says, has possessed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *scamels* ; for in an old will dated 1593, I find the bequest of “ a bed of *scammel* colour ;” i. e. of the colour of an animal so called, whose skin was then in use for dress or furniture. This at least shews the existence of the word at the time and in Shakespeare's sense. WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *scammel* colour to be a mistake for *stammel* colour, i. e. of a light red colour. The *light, pale stammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* and is also there stiled *the light red*, and *fresh lusty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See also *stammel* in *Ainsworth's Dict.*

TOLLET.

In

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle! fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape * trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

In Jonson's *Underwoods*, see the following passage:

“Red-hood the first that doth appear

“In *stamel*, scarlet is too dear.”

And in Fletcher's *Woman-hater*:

“Humble herself in an old *stamel* petticoat.”

So in Middleton's *Masque of the World tofs'd at Tennis*:

“They wear *stammel* cloaks instead of scarlet.”

So in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

“Some *stamel* weaver, or some butcher's son.”

Again, in *The Turk turn'd Christian*, 1612.

“That fellow in the *stammel* hose is one of them.”

STEEVENS.

* ——— trencher,] The old copy reads *trenchering*.

STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

THERE be some sports are painful ; but their labour
 Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;
 And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such baseness
 Had ne'er like executor ; I forget :
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
 † Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now ! pray you,
 Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
 Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,

† The two first folios read :

Most busy-less, when I do it.

'Tis true this reading is corrupt ; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.

THEOBALD.

'Twill

'Twill weep for having wearied you : my father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me,

When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I have broke your ⁷hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,

⁷ —hest—] For *behest* ; i. e. command. STEEVENS.

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

* Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. ⁹ I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro.

* *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I am a fool,*

To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakespeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. † A thousand, thousand ! [*Exeunt.*

make her appear ignorant, that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears ; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such an expression of it, *folly*.

STEEVENS.

† *A thousand, thousand !*] It is impertinent to be for ever pointing out beauties, which the reader of taste will of course distinguish for himself ; and yet I cannot quit this scene without observing, that it is superior in its kind to any of those that pass between Romeo and Juliet ; and holds up the most captivating picture of juvenile affection that has been exhibited, even by Shakespeare himself. The prince behaves through the whole with a delicacy suitable to his birth and education ; and his unexperienced mistress pours forth her soul without reserve, without descending from the soft elevation of maiden dignity, and apparently derives her confidence from the purity of her intentions. STEEVENS.

Pro

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
 Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
 For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
 Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me:—when the but is out, we will
 drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
 and board 'em:—servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
 They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three
 of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state
 totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy
 eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
 brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
 sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. ² I swam,
 ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues,
 off and on.—By this light, thou shalt be my lieute-
 nant, monster, ³ or my standard.

² *I swam, &c.*] This play was not published till 1623. *Al-
 bumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a passage rela-
 tive to the escape of a sailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in
 both instances, a sneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando
 Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying tra-
 vellers:

“ ——— five days I was under water; and at length
 “ Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
 “ Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet,
 “ And thus in five days more got land.” Act 3. Sc. 5.

³ ——— or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.] Meaning,
 he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. We call
 fruit-trees, that grow without support, *standards*. STEEVENS.

Trin.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I am in case to jostle a constable: why, ⁴ thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

⁴ —*thou debosh'd fish thou,*—] I meet with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634.

“———See your house be stor'd

“With the *deboishest* roarers in this city.”

When this word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

Ari.

Ari. Thou ly'ft.

Cal. Thou ly'ft, thou jesting monkey, thou ;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee :
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more— [*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'ft,
But this thing dares not——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'ft, thou canst not.

Ste. ⁵ What a py'd ninny's this ? Thou scurvy patch !——

Cal. I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

⁵ *What a py'd ninny's this ?——*] This line should certainly be given to Stephano. *Py'd ninny* alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now supposed to repeat his offence. Upon which Stephano cries out,

What a py'd ninny's this ? Thou scurvy patch !——

Caliban, now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance :

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows. JOHNSON.

Trin.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'ft.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'ft brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. ⁶ Remember, First to possess his books: for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils (for so he calls them) Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasses Sycorax, As greatest does least.

⁶ ——— Remember,

First to possess his books, &c.] So in Milton's *Masque*:

“ Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,

“ And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,

“ And backward mutterings of dislevering power,

“ We cannot free the lady.”—— STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. Is it so brave a las?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be king and queen (save our graces!) and Trin-
culo and thyself shall be vice-roys.—Dost thou like
the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. ⁷ Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy like-
ness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

⁷ — Will you troul the catch,] Ben Jonson uses the word in
Every Man in his Humour:

“ If he read this with patience, I'll troul ballads.”
So Milton:

“ To drefs, to troul the tongue,” &c. STEEVENS.

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me ; then, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it, and
after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I wou'd I could
see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.*

Gon. ⁸ By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with wearineis,
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope ; and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks

⁸ *By'r lakin*,—] i. e. The diminutive only of lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! What were
these?

Seb. * A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note

* *A living drollery.*—] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name.

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. ⁹ Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe, ¹ that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we find,
² Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel

The

⁹ *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying. STEEVENS.

¹ ————*that there were mountaineers, &c.*] Whoever has the curiosity to know the particulars relating to these *mountaineers, &c.* may consult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde. STEEVENS.

² *Each putter out, &c.*] This passage alluding to a forgotten custom is very obscure: the *putter out* must be a traveller, else how could he give this account? the *five for one* is money to be received by him at his return. Mr. Theobald has well illustrated this passage by a quotation from Jonson. JOHNSON.

The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. ¹ Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps
his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device,
the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't, the never-furfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest*
Ye fools! I and my fellows [*draw their swords.*
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
² One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are

The ancient custom was this. In this age of travelling, it was customary for those who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*. "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put forth some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople." STEEVENS:

¹ Enter Ariel like a harpy, &c.] Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. 2.

————— "with that

"Both table and provisions vanish'd quite,

"With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard."

At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt

Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas

Diripiuntque dapes. Virg. *Æn.* 3. STEEVENS.

² One down that's in my plume:] The player-editors, who, in their preface, boast much of the corrections they had made, exhibit this passage thus:

"One dowle that's in my plumbe."——

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero :
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways ; whose wrath to guard you from
 (Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
 Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a ³ clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then to soft musick, enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and
 carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
 thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say : so ⁴ with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, on the single authority of this typographical blunder, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down. STEEVENS.

³ — *clear life* —] Pure, blameless, innocent. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *with good life,*] This seems a corruption. I know not in what sense *life* can here be used, unless for alacrity, liveliness, vigour, and in this sense the expression is harsh. Perhaps we may read, — *with good list*, with good will, with sincere zeal for my service. I should have proposed, — *with good lief*, in the same sense, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a substantive. *With good life* may however mean, with *exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange* of their particular and distinct parts. So we say, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they now are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)
 And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I'the name of something holy, Sir, why stand
 you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper: it did ⁵ bas's my trespass.
 Therefore, my son i'the ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
 guilt,

⁶ Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy
 May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.]

⁵ ——— *bas's my trespass.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough
 bas's found. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Like poison given, &c.*] The natives of Africa have been
 supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons
 with such art as not to take effect till several years after they were
 administered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they
 were subtle in their preparation. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Prospero's cell.**Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PROSPERO.

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends ; for I
 Have given you here ⁷ a third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live ; whom once again
 I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast ⁸ strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift : O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off ;
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
 And make it halt behind her.

⁷ — *a third of mine own life,*] Thus all the impressions in general ; but why is she only a *third* of his own life ? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a share in his affection : so that we may reckon her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he intend, that he loved himself twice as much as he did her ; for he immediately subjoins, that it was *she for whom he liv'd*. In *Othello*, when Iago alarms the senator with the loss of his daughter, he tells him,

“ Your heart is burst, you have lost *half* your soul.”

And *dimidium animæ meæ* was the current language with the Latines on such occasions. THEOBALD.

In consequence of this ratiocination Mr. Theobald printed the text, *a thread of my own life*. I have restored the ancient reading. Prospero, in his reason subjoined why he calls her the *third* of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *strangely stood the test.*] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder ; the sense is the same in the foregoing scene, with *observation strange*. JOHNSON.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my ⁹ gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that days celebration,
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring ' the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple

⁹ — *my gift,*—] My guest, first folio. JOHNSON.

¹ — *the rabble,*] The crew of meaner spirits. JOHNSON.

Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, ² *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow! —

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well. —

Now come, my Ariel; ³ bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly. —

† No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*To Ferdinand.*
Soft musick.

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;

² ——— *Come, and go* ———

Each one, tripping on his toe,] So Milton,

“Come, and trip it as you go

“On the light fantastic toe.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *bring a corollary,*] That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Collorary* means *surplus*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *No tongue;* —] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, “else,” as we are afterwards told, “the spell is marred.” JOHNSON,

Thy

Here on this grafs-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meffenger, that ne'er
Do'ft difobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy faffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffufeft honey drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ft crown
° My bofky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, † to this fhort-grafs'd green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And fome donation freely to eftate
On the blefs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her fon, as thou do'ft know,
Do now attend the queen : fince they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forfworn.

Iris. Of her fociety
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her fon
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whofe vows are, that no bed-right fhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain :
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
Her waspifh-headed fon has broke his arrows,

° *My bofky acres, &c.*] *Bofky* is woody. *Bofquet*, Fr. So Milton,

“ And every *bosky* bourn from fide to fide.” STEEVENS.

† — *to this fhort-grafs'd green?*] The old copy reads *fhort-graz'd green*. *Short-graz'd green* means *grazed fo as to be fhort*.

STEEVENS.

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. ² High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. ³ Earth's increase, and foyson plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;

[² *High queen of state,*] Mr. Whalley thinks this passage in
The Tempest,

High queen of state,

Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait,

a remarkable instance of Shakespeare's knowledge of ancient poetic story; and that the hint was furnished by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in spite of every thing he may say to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant address his lady; "Most inestimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majesty of Juno, the wisdom of Jove's braine-bred girle, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domestical habitation." FARMER.

³ *Earth's increase,*—] All the editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno; but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

Spring

*Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall sbun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
4 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet; now filence:
Juno and Ceres whisper feriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the 5 wandring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
6 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

4 *Harmonious charmingly:—*] Mr. Edwards would read,

Harmonious charming lay:—

For though (says he) the benediction is sung by two goddesses, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe this passage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the sake of the verse, made the words change places; and then the meaning is sufficiently obvious. STEEVENS.

5 *—wandring brooks,*] The modern editors read *winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. I suppose we should read *wandring*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

6 *Leave your crisp channels,—*] *Crisp*, i. e. curling, *winding*. Lat. *crispus*. So *Hen. IV.* Part 1. Act 1. Sc. 4. Hotspur speaking of the river Severn,

“And hid his *crisped* head in the hollow bank.” STEEV.

Enter

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd fickle-men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the spirits.*] Well done; —
avoid: — no more.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd fort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
2 Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff

As

² *Leave not a rack behind!* —] “The winds” (says lord Bacon) “which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.”

The

As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—³ Sir, I am vex'd ;
 Bear with my weaknes ; my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To fill my beating mind.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakespeare. So in the *Faithful Shepherdes* :

“ ——— shall I stay

“ In the middle air, and stay

“ The sailing rack.”——

Sir T. H. instead of *rack*, reads arbitrarily *track*. To *rack*, in this sense, is sometimes used as a verb. So in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596.

“ ——— like inconstant clouds,

“ That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,

“ Encrease and die.”—— STEEVENS.

³ —— Sir, I am vex'd ;

Bear with my weaknes ; my old brain is troubled :] Prospero here discovers a great emotion of anger on his sudden recollection of Caliban's plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the insignificance of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner ; and yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, at first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Prospero's circumstances. The plot of a contemptible *savage* and two drunken sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger. But if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is, *the sense of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to use. But these reflexions on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's ; and then these two working together, were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented.—That these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power*, and the *use of reason* ; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing. WARBURTON.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. Come with a thought :——I thank you :——
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the cell ; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare ⁴ to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
Lest I might 'anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drink-
ing ;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
⁵ Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick ; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd-

⁴ ——to meet with Caliban.] To meet with is to counteract ;
to play stratagem against stratagem.—The parson knows the tem-
per of every one in his house, and accordingly either meets with
their vices, or advances their virtues.

HERBERT'S Country Parson.

JOHNSON.

⁵ Thus Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught
in a Spell* :

“ But once the circle got within,
“ The charms to work do straight begin,
“ And he was caught as in a gin :
“ For as he thus was busy,
“ A pain he in his head-piece feels,
“ Against a stubbed tree he reels,
“ And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :
“ Alas, his brain was dizzy.

“ At

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes,* pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins : at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird :
Thy shape invisible retain thou still ;
The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither,
6 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,
Even to roaring : come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.]

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the 7 Jack with us.

“ At length upon his feet he gets,
“ Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets ;
“ And as again he forward sets,
“ And through the bushes scrambles,
“ A stump doth hit him in his pace,
“ Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
“ And lamentably tore his case

“ Among the briers and brambles.” JOHNSON.

* —pricking goss,—] I know not how Shakespear distinguished *goss* from *furze* ; for what he calls *furze*, is called *goss* or *gorse* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

6 For stale to catch those thieves.] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds. STEEVENS.

7 He has play'd *Jack with a lantern*] Has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire.

JOHNSON.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly; All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: see'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

⁸ *Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; ⁹ we know what belongs to a frippery:—O, king Stephano!

³ *Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in *Otello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. PERCY.

⁹ — *we know what belongs to a frippery:—*] A *frippery* was a shop where old cloaths were sold.

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropfy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? ¹ Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin ² under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, ³ put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd ⁴ to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste.

Beaumont and Fletcher use it in this sense, *Wit without Money*, Act 2.

“As if I were a running *frippery*.”

So in *Monsieur de Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606. “Passing yesterday by the *frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder.” STEEVENS.

¹ First edit. *Let's alone*. JOHNSON.

² ———— *under the line*:] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair.

EDWARDS' MSS.

³ ———— *put some lime, &c.*] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———— *to barnacles, or apes*] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

⁵ *A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo driven out roaring.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark.——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his *Virgilemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2. seems to favour this supposition:

“ The Scottish barnacle, if I might choofe,

“ That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose,” &c.

So Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604.

“ ——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,

“ Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose.”

“ There are” (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597. page 1391) “ in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon
“ do growe shell-fishes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water,
“ do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*, in the north of
“ England *brant geese*, and in Lancashire *tree geese*,” &c. For this extract from Gerard, I am indebted to Mr. Collins of Hampstead. STEEVENS.

⁵ *A noise of hunters heard.*——] Shakespeare might have had in view “ *Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France,
“ and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by un-
“ known huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns,
“ as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast.” See *A Treatise of Speeres* translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605. DR. GRAY.

Ari.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; ¹ and
time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, Sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,

¹ ————*and time*

Goes upright with his carriage.—] Alluding to one carrying
a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could
wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without
faltering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works
 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, ² that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
 quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part ; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : go, release them, Ariel ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. ³ Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
 and groves,

And

² ———that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they,———] *Passion* is a verb in Shakespeare. I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are. So in *The Gent. of Versna* :

“ Madam, 'twas Ariadne *passioning*

“ For Theseus' perjury,” &c.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Dumbly she *passions*, frantically she doateth.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Ye elves of hills, of standing lakes, and groves,*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid* : and it proves, says Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakespeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of

And ye, that on the sands ⁴ with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
⁵ (Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick (which even now I do)

of the ancients on the subject of enchantments. The original lines are these:

“Auræque, & venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
 “Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste.”

The translation of which by Golding is by no means literal, and Shakespeare hath closely followed it:

“Ye ayres and winds; ye *elves of hills*, of brookes, of
 “woods alone,

“Of *standing lakes*, and of the night approche ye everych
 “one.” FARMER.

⁴ ———with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune,—] So Milton, in his *Masque*:

“Whilst from off the waters fleet,

“Thus I fet my printless feet.” STEEVENS.

⁵ (Weak masters though ye be)—] The meaning of this passage may be; *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers,—though you possess them but in a low degree.* Spenser uses the same kind of expression, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 4.

“Where she (the witch) was wont her *spirights* to enter-
 “tain

“*The masters of her art*: there was she fain

“To call them all in order to her aid.” STEEVENS.

To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet found,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.]

Re-enter Ariel : after him Alonzo with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd ; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell stopp'd.——
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness ; so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes, that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; who, with Sebastian,
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me—Ariel,
Fetch

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;
I will dis-case me, and myself present,

[Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.

As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;

In a cowslip's bell I lie :

There I couch when owls do cry,

On the bat's back I do fly,

⁶ After summer, merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro.

⁶ *After summer, merrily.*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakespeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line :

There I couch when owls do cry.

Where? in the *cowslip's bell*, and *where the bee sucks*, he tells us : this must needs be in *summer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter* :

“ When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,

“ Then nightly sings the staring owl.”

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Lost*.

The consequence is, that Ariel *flies after summer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island, summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent on so long an errand

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel : I shall miss thee ;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art ;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. ⁷ I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here ; some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c. he speaks of his present situation only, nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty till the last couplet,

Merrily, merrily, &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that *after summer is past*, he rides upon the soft down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being.

Shakespeare, who, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are not less clamorous in summer.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *To drink the air*—] Is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *Henry IV.* JOHNSON.

I fear,

I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
(An if this be not all) a most strange story.

§ Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Pro-
spero

Be living and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain :—welcome, my friends all :—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

Pro. No :—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation :
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. § I am woe for't, Sir.

Alon.

§ *Thy dukedom I resign,——*] The dutchy of Milan being through the treachery of Anthonio made fendatory to the crown of Naples, Alonzo promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future. STEEVENS.

§ *I am woe for't, Sir.*] i. e. I am sorry for it. To woe, is often

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. ' As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in;

often used by old writers to signify *to be sorry*. So Chaucer.
See *The Court of Love*, p. 36.

“——— I wolde be wo,

“That I presume to her to writin so.” STEEVENS.

‘ *As great to me, as late;—*] My loss is as great as yours,
and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand
and Miranda playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. ² Yes, for a score of kingdoms. You should
wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [*Ferd. kneels.*
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?

² *Yes, for a score of kingdoms.*—] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the world; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewise Dr. Gray. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows:

*Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.* STEEVENS.

Your

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours ;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice ; nor thought, I had one : she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, Sir, stop ;

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither !

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
3 When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be't so, Amen !

3 When no man was his own.] For when perhaps should be read where. JOHNSON.

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us !
 I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our king and company : the next, our ship,
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen,
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
 And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd ; straightway, at liberty :
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done ?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } [*Aside.*
 be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of : some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind * with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
+ (Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, }

spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free:

[To Ariel.]

[Aside.]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Anthonio!
Will money buy them?

* ———with beating on
The strangeness, &c.] A similar expression occurs in one of
the parts of *Hen. VI.*

“ ———your thoughts

“ *Beat on a crown.*”

An allusion is, I believe, meant to falconry. STEEVENS.

+ (*Which to you shall seem probable*)] These words seem, at
the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with
which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus:
I will resolve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear
the story [of Anthonio's and Sebastian's plot] *shall seem probable*,
that is, *shall deserve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Surely Prospero's meaning is: “ I will relate to you the
“ means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends,
“ which means, though they now appear strange and impro-
“ bable, will then appear otherwise.” ANONYMOUS.

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be ^s true. This mis-shapen
knave——

His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. ⁶ And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin.

⁵ —true.—] That is, *honest*. A true man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a thief. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they find this grand LIQUOR that hath gilded them?*] Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the grand Elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakespeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

“How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?

“Yet coming from him, that *great med'cine* hath,

“With his tinct *gilded* thee.”

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chymists, sack was the only restorer of youth, and bestower of immortality. So Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*—“Canarie the very *Elixar* and spirit of “wine.”—This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says,—“A

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god; And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train, To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away: the story of my life, And the particular accidents gone by, Since I came to this isle: and in the morn

“pottle of Elixar at the Pegafus bravely caroused.” So again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act 3.

“—Old reverend sack, which, for ought that I can read
“yet,

“Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolemeus

“Did all his wonders by.”——

The phrase too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*—Duke. *Is she not drunk too?* Whore. *A little gilded o'er, Sir; old sack, old sack, boys!* WARB.

As the *Elixir* was a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
 Where I have hope to see the nuptials
 Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
 And thence retire me to my Milan; where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel—chick—
 That is thy charge: then to the elements } *Aside.*
 Be free; and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

*N*OW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell :
But release me from my bands,
7 With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant :
8 And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;

Which

7 *With the help, &c.*] By your applause, by clapping hands.

JOHNSON.

8 *And my ending is despair,*

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. . WARBURTON.

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular ; this the author of *The Revival* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention,

E P I L O G U E.

*Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.*

*As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!*

invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. JOHNSON.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

Persons Represented.

DUKE of Milan, *father to Silvia.*

Valentine, }
Protheus, } *the two gentlemen.*

Anthonio, *father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthino *, *servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

* *Panthino.*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Anthonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play always *Panthino*. STEEVENS.

T H E
1 TWO GENTLEMEN
O F
2 V E R O N A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

V A L E N T I N E.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus ;
³ Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather

¹ Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book 1. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

² It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the stile of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

³ It may very well be doubted, whether Shakespeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest.

HAMMER.

To

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakespeare's *worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and stile, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere*. How otherwise, says he, *do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar stile and manner from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling these by which critics know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye and the hand, the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakespeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions, it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in *words* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it

has

Than (living dully fluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ⁴ shapeless idlenefs.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seeft
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happinefs,
When thou doft meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my fucces.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? ⁵ nay, give me not the boots.

Val.

has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. JOHNSON.

³ *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:*] Milton has the same play on words:

“It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,

“They had their name thence.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — [*shapeless idlenefs.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *idlenefs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

⁵ — [*nay, give me not the boots.*] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play upon me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to sell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Do you know this? why boots at harvest?] Perhaps this expression took its origin from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

⁶ However, but a folly bought with wit;

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells; so eating love

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: now let us take our leave.

meet with the same expression in the old comedy called *Mother
Bombie*:

“What do you give me the boots?” STEEVENS.

⁶ *However, but a folly*—] This love will end in a *foolish
action*, to produce which you are long to spend your *wit*, or it
will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered
by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

At

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell !

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
7 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

8 *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you : saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

7 *Made wit with musing weak,—*] For *made* read *make*. *Thou, Julia, hast made me war with good counsel, and make wit weak with musing.* JOHNSON.

8 This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by Shakespeare, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in ; *Populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out ; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition.

POPE.

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed ; but that it was interpolated by the players seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry Baâ.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir: 'I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro.

'I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton;—] *Speed* calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because *Protheus* had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *lac'd mutton*? *Wenchers* are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And *Cotgrave*, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton*, *Une garse, putain, fille de joye*. And *Mr. Motteux* has rendered this passage of *Rabelais*, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Caillès coïpbes mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and lac'd mutton waggishly singing*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*. **THEOBALD.**

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, speaking of *Gabriel Harvey's* incontinence, says, *he would not stick to extoll rotten lac'd mutton*. So in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610.

“Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you.”
Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602.

“*Cupid* hath got me a stomach, and I long for *lac'd mutton*.”
So in *Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

“And I smelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well.”

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. ¹ Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she: ² did she nod? [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Again Heywood, in his *Love's Mistress*, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-me's, and "monfieur of mutton lac'd." STEEVENS.

¹ *Nay, in that you are astray;—*] For the reason Protheus gives, Dr. Thirlby advises that we should read, *a stray*, i. e. * a stray sheep; which continues Protheus's banter upon Speed.

THEOBALD.

² *—did she nod?*] These words have been supplied by some of the editors, to introduce what follows. STEEVENS.

Speed.

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains : what said she ?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ? could'st thou perceive so much from her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in ³ telling her mind. Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, ⁴ you have testern'd me :

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself : and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck ;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger :

I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

³ ———telling her mind.] The old copy reads *your* mind.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ———you have testern'd me:] You have gratified me with
² *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a sixpence. JOHNSON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Julia's chamber.**Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my
mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,

* Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as on all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

* *Should censure thus, &c.*] To censure means, in this place,
to pass sentence. So in *Othello*:

“ ——— to you, lord governor,

“ Remains the censure of this hellish villain.” STEEV.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*—Say, from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Protheus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, ^s a goodly broker !

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth ;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper ; see, it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminare. [Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view ?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

^s —a goodly broker !] A broker was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procurefs. JOHNSON.

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Ful. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
 That you might kill your ⁶ stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Ful. What is't that you
 Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Ful. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Ful. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Ful. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Ful. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
 Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Ful. As little by such toys as may be possible:
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Ful. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Ful. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Ful. Let's see your song:
 How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
 And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

⁶ ———stomach on your meat,] Stomach was used for passion
 or obstinacy. JOHNSON.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy. [Boxes her.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. ⁷ Indeed I bid the base for Protheus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation ! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !
Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words !
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia ;—unkind Julia !
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones ;
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ, *love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd ;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

⁷ *Indeed I bid the base for Protheus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base in musick* to a country exercise, *Bid-the base* : in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Protheus's passion.—He uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ To bid the winds a *base* he now prepares.”

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game :

“ ———Lads more like

“ To run the country *base*.” WARBURTON.

But

But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down :
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea !
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ :
Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,
 To the *sweet* Julia : that I'll tear away ;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names :
 Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
 Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. ^s I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc.

^s *I see you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery ; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. VII. "Whether there are any *month's minds*, and *anniversaries* ? Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. 2. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir Will. Laxton, who died the "last month (July 1556.) his hearse burning with wax, and "the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* vol. 3. p. 305. Dr. GRAY.

A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remonstrance ; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression. JOHNSON.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24. speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the "burials of the dead, also at *month's minds*, and longer times :"
 and in the churchwarden's accompts of St. Helens in Abington,

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see :
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, ⁹ what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
¹ Some, to discover islands far away ;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet :
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home ;

Berkshire, 1558, these *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of *month's minds*, they are sometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*. STEEV.

⁹ —*what sad talk*—] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*.
JOHNSON.

¹ *Some, to discover islands far away* ;] In Shakespeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickeringings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARB.

Which

Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world :
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time :
Then tell me whither were I best to send him ?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
² Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known ;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

² *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] The emperor's royal court is properly at Vienna, but Valentine, 'tis plain, is at Milan ; where, in most other passages, it is said he is attending the duke, who makes one of the characters in the drama. This seems to convict the author of a forgetfulness and contradiction ; but perhaps it may be solved thus, and Milan be called the emperor's court ; as, since the reign of Charlemagne, this dukedom and its territories have belonged to the emperors. I wish I could as easily solve another absurdity which encounters us, of Valentine's going from Verona to Milan, both inland places, by sea. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald discovers not any great skill in history. Vienna is not the court of the emperor as emperor, nor has Milan been always without its princes since the days of Charlemagne ; but the note has its use. JOHNSON.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company : with them shall Protheus go,
And, ³ in good time—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh ! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
Oh heavenly Julia !

Ant. How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor ;
Wishing me with him partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish ?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish :
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court :
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me :

³ ---in good time—] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*. JOHNSON.

So in *Rich. III.*

“ And, *in good time*, here comes the sweating lord.”

To-morrow be in readiness to go.

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :

No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.

Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning ;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :

I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

* Oh, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,

And, by and by, a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you ;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto :
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Ob, how this spring of love resembleth*] At the end of this verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore shall leave it to some happier critic. But I suspect that the author might write thus :

Ob, how this spring of love resembleth right,

The uncertain glory of an April day ;

Which now shews all the glory of the light,

And, by and by, a cloud takes all away !

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Changes to Milan.**An apartment in the duke's palace.**Enter Valentine and Speed.*

SPEED.

SIR, your glove——

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!*Val.* How now, firrah?*Speed.* She is not within hearing, Sir.*Val.* Why, Sir, who bad you call her?*Speed.* Your worship, Sir; or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.*Val.* Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?*Speed.* She that your worship loves?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling,
like

like a beggar at ¹ *Hallowmas*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd ² *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, ² none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

¹ — *Hallowmas*.—] That is, about the feast of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable. JOHNSON.

² — *none else would*:—] None else would be so simple. JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: Peace, here she comes.

Enter

Enter Silvia.

Speed. ³ Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even; here's a million of manners

Sil. ⁴ Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

³ *Ob excellent motion, &c.] Motion*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a *puppet-show*; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for* her. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jasper Maine,

“ _____ his mother came,

“ Who follows strange fights out of town, and went

“ To Brentford for a *motion*.” _____

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife, &c.*

“ _____ let me see him,

“ And if he be that *motion* that thou speak'ft of.”

Again; in *The Pilgrim*,

“ _____ Nothing but a *motion*?

“ A puppet pilgrim?” _____ STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sir Valentine and servant*,—] Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again below her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakespeare wrote. HAWKINS.

So in Marston's *What you will*, 1607,

“ Sweet sister, let's fit in judgment a little, faith upon

“ my *servant* Monsieur Laverdure.

“ *Mel.* Troth, well for a *servant*, but for a husband!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*,

“ Every man was not born with my *servant* Brisk's

“ features.” STEEVENS.

Sil.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet————

Sil. A pretty period! well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not; And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

[*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ; But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over: And if it please you, so: if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour: And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?

That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val.

Val. How now, Sir, what are you ^s reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself?

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often you have writ to her; and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,*

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir: tho' the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd

^s — reasoning [with yourself?] That is, *discoursing*, talking.
An Italianism. JOHNSON.

by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Julia's house at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake;
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[*Exit Julia.*]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Pantbino.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A street.**Enter Launce, leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the fourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; ¹ I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and ² I am the dog:—oh, the dog is me,

¹ — *I am the dog, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in a play of elder date than this. See *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

“ — you shall stand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and

“ I the page; you and the dog looking one upon

“ another: the page presents himself.” STEEVENS.

² — *I am the dog, &c.*] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself and I am me, the dog is the dog, and I am myself.* This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. JOHNSON.

and I am myself; ay, fo, fo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—oh that she could speak now!—³ like a wood woman! well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Pantbino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?—

Laun. ⁴ Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the

³ ——— *like a wood woman!*—] The first folios agree in *would-woman*; for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman*, i. e. Crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Lose the tide,*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—the *flood*. STEEVENS.

master,

master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

M I L A N.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant———

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of Cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia? you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health; What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To

To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And, ¹ not without desert, so well-reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir; this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

¹ — *not without desert,*—] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind: and, being
blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:

Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gen-
tleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus! mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. ² No: that you are worthless.

² No: that you are worthless.] I have inserted the particle
no to fill up the measure. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Servant.

³ *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit. Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome : I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs ; When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit Silvia and Thurio.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you ; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now ; I have done penance for contemning love ;

⁴ Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans ; With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

³ *Thur. Madam, my lord your father*—] This speech in all the editions is assigned improperly to Thurio ; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Silvia's answer is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the message ; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Whose high imperious*—] For *whose* I read *those*. I have contemned love and am punished. *Those* high thoughts by which I exalted myself above human passions or frailties have brought upon me fasts and groans. JOHNSON.

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow,
 O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord,
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is ⁵ no woe to his correction;
 Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:
 Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she: and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
 Yet let her be ⁶ a principality,
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
 She shall be dignified with this high honour,
 To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,

⁵ ——— *no woe to his correction;*] No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None to them, none to them.* JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *a principality,*] The first or principal of women. So the old writers use *state*. *She is a lady, a great state.* Latymer. *This look is called in states warlike, in others otherwise.* Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

Disdain to root the ⁷ summer-swelling flower ;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus : all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
⁸ She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine
own ;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after ;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay, more, our
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,

⁷ ————*summer-swelling flower* ;] I cannot help suspecting that the poet wrote *summer-smelling*. An *m* reversed might occasion the mistake. STEEVENS.

⁸ *She is alone.*] She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

Or as one nail by strength drives out another ;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

⁹ Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She's fair ; and so is Julia, that I love ;——
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold ;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.

O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;
And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I doat on her ¹ with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?

² 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzeled my reason's light :

But when I look on her perfections,

⁹ *Is it mine THEN, or Valentino's praise,*] Here Protheus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him. In all the old editions we find the line printed thus :

Is it mine, or Valentino's praise ?

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus :

'Is it mine EYE, or Valentino's praise ?

Protheus had just seen Valentine's mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums therefore heightening Protheus's idea of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, Valentine's praises, or his own view of her.

WARBURTON.

¹ —— *with more advice,*] With more prudence, with more discretion. JOHNSON.

² *'Tis but her picture——*] This is evidently a slip of attention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service. JOHNSON.

I believe Protheus means, that, as yet, he had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind. STEEVENS.

There

There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

A street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to ³ Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hostels say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not?
 * My staff understands me.

³ It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act iii. POPE.

⁴ *My staff understands me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem. B. VI.

“ —The

Speed. What thou say'st ?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and under-stand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match ?

Laun. Ask my dog : if he say, ay, it will ; if he say, no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover ?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how ?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee ; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why ?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go the ale-house with a Christian : wilt thou go ?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

“ ———The terms we sent were terms of weight,
 “ Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
 “ And stagger'd many ; who receives them right,
 “ Had need from head to foot well *understand*,
 “ Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
 “ To shew us when our foes stand not upright.” JOHNS.

SCENE

5 S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;
 To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn :
 And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear :
 ' O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do :
 But there I leave to love, where I should love :
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself :
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss,

⁵ It is to be observed, that in the first folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the scenes ; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Protheus is so proper in the street.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *O sweet-suggesting love, —*] To *suggest* is to *tempt* in our author's language. So again :

“ Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.”

The sense is. O tempting love, *if thou hast* influenced me to sin, *teach me to excuse it*. Dr. Warburton reads, *if I have sinn'd* ; but, I think, not only without necessity, but with less elegance. JOHNSON.

For

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.—
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
⁷ Myself in counsel, his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and ⁸ pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
⁹ As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Julia's house in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta;—gentle girl, assist me;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,

⁷ *Myself, who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel.* JOHNSON.

⁸ —*pretended flight*;] We may read *intended flight*. JOHNS.

⁹ I suspect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in filken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true love-knots:
To be fantastical, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them⁹ with a cod-piece,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so untaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances¹ as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

⁹ —with a cod-piece, &c.] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. STEEVENS.

¹ —of infinite—] Old edit. JOHNSON.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
 But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth;
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
 Only deserve my love, by loving him;
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note of what I stand in need of,
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not; but do it presently;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

D U K E.

SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
 We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit Thurio.*

Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
 But when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that,
 Which else, no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter :
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates :
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift ;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd) ;
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently :
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at ;

* —be not aimed at ;] Be not guessed. JOHNSON.

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher ² of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me a while ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near ; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.

² —of this pretence.] Of this claim made to your daughter.
JOHNSON.

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, ³ Sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, ⁴ the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

³ —*Sir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, instead of—*in Verona, here*—for the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth scene of act II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

⁴ —*the fashion of the time*—] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies.

JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear
it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? what's here?—To Silvia?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Sylvia nightly,
 And slaves they are to me, that send them flying :*
*Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying :*
*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
 While I, their king, that thither them importune,
 Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath bless'd them,
 Because myself do want my servant's fortune ;
 I curse myself, ⁵ for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord would be.
 What's here ? Sylvia, this night will I enfranchise thee :*
*'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
 Why, Phaëton (for thou art ⁶ Merops' son)
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world ?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?
 Go, base intruder ! over-weening slave !
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence :
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself :
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.*

[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?

⁵ ——— for they are sent by me,] For is the same as for that, *pace.* JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— Merops' son)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions ; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terra filius*, a low born wretch ; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON.

To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;
 And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,
 Is self from self : a deadly banishment !
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
 Unless it be, to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no musick in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon :
 She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 † I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom ;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death :
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho ! so-ho !——

Pro. What see'st thou ?

Laun. Him we go to find :

There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine ?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak ? Master, shall I strike ?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike ?

Launc. Nothing.

† *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom ;*] *To fly his doom,* used for *by flying,* or *in flying,* is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed ; if I go away, I destroy myself. JOHNSON.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launc. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news ;
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine ;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !
What is your news ?

Launc. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd ; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears ;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word, that thou
speak'st,

Have

Have some malignant power upon my life :
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate :
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an' if thou seest my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

⁸ *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have
 the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but
 that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives
 not

⁸ *Laun.* *I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to
 think my master is a kind of knave : but that's all one, if he be
 but one KNAVE.*] Where is the sense ? or, if you won't allow
 the speaker that, where is the humour of this speech ? Nothing
 had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was be-
 come double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The
 last word is corrupt. We should read

———*if he be but one KIND.*

He thought his master was *a kind of knave* ; however, he keeps
 himself in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a
 knave *but of one kind*, he might pass well enough amongst his
 neighbours. This is truly humorous. WARBURTON.

This

not now that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but ⁹ a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman : but what woman I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid : yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had goffips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. *Imprimis, she can fetch and carry* ; why, a horse can do no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore she is better than a jade. *Item, she can milk*, look you ; a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce ? what news with your mastership ?

Laun. ¹ With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word : what news then in your paper ?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in Shakespeare's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double villain* for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *a team of horse shall not pluck*——] I see how Valentine suffers for telling his love-secrets, therefore I will keep mine close. JOHNSON.

¹ In former editions it is,

With my mastership ? why, it is at sea.] For how does Launce mistake the word ? Speed asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his mastership at sea, and on shore too ? The addition of a letter and a note of apostrophe make Launce both mistake the word, and sets the pun right : it restores, indeed, but a mean joke ; but, without it, there is no sense in the passage. Besides, it is in character with the rest of the scene ; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

Laun.

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and ² St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis, she can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item, she brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item, she can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

² ——— *St. Nicholas be thy speed!*] St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks*.

WARBURTON.

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. For by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. At Salisbury cathedral is a monument of a boy bishop; and it is said that a custom formerly prevailed there, of choosing, from among the choristers, a bishop, who actually performed the pastoral functions, and disposed of such prebends as became vacant during his episcopacy, which lasted but a few days. It is thought that the monument above-mentioned was for some boy who died in office.—See *The Posthumous Works of Mr. John Gregory*, 4to. OXON. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589. “Methinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas’ night commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches.” STEEVENS.

Speed.

Speed. Item, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ³ she is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, she hath a ⁴ sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

³ —*she is not to be kiss'd fasting,*—] The old copy reads, —*she is not to be fasting,* &c. The necessary word *kiss'd* was first added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*sweet mouth.*] This I take to be the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats. JOHNSON.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crufts.

Speed. *Item, she is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item, ſhe will often ⁵ praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praised.

Speed. *Item, ⁶ ſhe is too liberal*

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. *Item, ⁷ ſhe hath more hair than wit—*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the falt hides the falt, and therefore it is more than the falt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. *And more faults than hairs—*

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible—

Speed. What then?

⁵ —praise her liquor.] That is, ſhe w how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

⁶ —ſhe is too liberal.] Liberal, is licentious and groſs in language. So in *Othello*, “Is he not a profane and very liberal counſellor.” JOHNSON.

⁷ —ſhe hath more hair than wit—] An old Engliſh proverb. See Ray's *Proverbs*:

“Buſh natural, more hair than wit.” STEEVENS.

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
‡ Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

‡ *Trenched in ice,*—] Cut, carved in ice. *Trencher,* to cut, French. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, ⁹ with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

⁹ —with circumstance,—] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore ¹ as you unwind her love from him,
Left it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this
kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay ² lime to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—

³ For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose

¹ —as you unwind her love—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. JOHNSON.

² —lime,—] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

³ For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;] This shews Shakespeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator. For under that of a
poet

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tygers tame, and huge Leviathans
 Forsake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert : to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick ;
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after supper ;
 And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it. † I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be understood his *system of laws* ; and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

WARBURTON.

† — *I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting.

JOHNSON.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

I O U T - L A W .

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.
 2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
 with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have
 about you;

1 *If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.*

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
 that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends——

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a pro-
 per man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose:
 A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

1 *If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.*] The old copy reads
 as I have printed it. Paltry as the opposition between *stand* and
sit may be thought, it is Shakespeare's own. The editors read,
 —— we'll make you, *Sir*, &c. STEEVENS.

3 *Out.*

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of ² Robin Hood's fat
friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it is an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of ³ awful men;
Myself was from Verona banished,

² *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *awful men*;] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities.

JOHNSON.

I think we should read *lawful* in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense. HAWKINS.

The author of *The Revival* has proposed the same emendation. STEEVENS.

For practising to steal away a lady,

* An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose ;—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want——

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you ;
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our con-
fort ?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee ;
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you ;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

* All the impressions, from the first downwards, *An heir and niece allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him : for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an *heiress*, and *near allied* to the duke ; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage-poets. THEOBALD.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer,
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
And, notwithstanding all her ¹ sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

¹ — *sudden quips,*] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense said to be *sudden*; that is, irascible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

Enter behind, the Host and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For ² beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

² — *beauty lives with kindness.*] Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

Host.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, *Host*, doth this *Sir Protheus*, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her ³ out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. *Sir Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At *Saint Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and music.*]

³ ——— out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. * You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night, I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

* *You have your wish; my will is even this,—*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wishes to *gain* her *will*: she tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, Sir;
5 But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus and Silvia.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis
almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

5 *But, since your falsehood shall become you well*] This is hardly
sense. We may read, with very little alteration,
But since you're false, it shall become you well. JOHNS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind :
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

*Silvia, above at her window.**Sil.* Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself :
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come ; to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd ;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd ;
¹ Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir

¹ *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists ; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should
be

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode :
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company ;
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;
 And on the justice of my flying hence ;
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not ; to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your ² grievances ;
 Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you ;
 Recking as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell ;
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship :
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
 look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a

be dress ; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a
 person in whom she could confide without injury to her own
 character. STEEVENS.

² — *grievances* ;] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. JOHNSON.
 puppy ;

puppy; one that I fav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him ¹ to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *what cur is that?* says another; *whip him out*, says the third; *hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for ² their servant? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I

¹ ——— to be a dog———] I believe we should read, *I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog indeed, to be, &c. JOHNSON.

² ——— their servant?———] The old copy reads, ——— his servant?——— STEEVENS,

bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please:—I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
son peasant, [*To Launce.*

Where have been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the dog
you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and
then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten
of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit Launce.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. ³ It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus,*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Protheus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas?—poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

³ *It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:*] Protheus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it,

It seems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token.

I should correct it thus,

It seems you lov'd her not, *nor love* her token. JOHNS.

This

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will.
 And now I am (unhappy messenger)
 To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
 † To carry that which I would have refus'd;
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

† *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;*] The sense is,
 To go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to
 praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON.

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Protheus hath forsook
her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil.

⁵ *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And PINCH'D the lily tincture of her face,*

That now she is become as black as I.] To *starve* the roses is certainly a very proper expression: but what is *pinching a tincture*? However *starved*, in the third line, made the blundering editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth: though they might have seen that it was a tanning scorching, not a freezing
air

Sil. How tall was she?

Ful. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all mens' judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;

Which

air that was spoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air so affect the whiteness of the skin as to turn it black. We should read,

And PITCH'D the lily-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*, as the following line has it:

That now she is become as *black* as I:

and we say, in common speech, *as black as pitch*.—By the roses being *starv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and losing their colour. WARBURTON.

This is no emendation; none ever heard of a face being *pitched* by the weather. The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch* when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra says of herself,

“ I that am with Phœbus' *pinches* black.” STEEV.

' ——— 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*

For Theseus' *perjury and unjust flight* ;] The history of this twice-deserted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the business of Shakespeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture like this, which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The subject of a picture of Guido (commonly supposed to be Ariadne deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus) may possibly have been hitherto mistaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous history critically, as well as the performance itself, will acquiesce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Fasts*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [Exit Silvia.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

(Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms
in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

- “ Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
“ Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
“ Inter captivas facie præstante puellas
“ Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
“ Flebat amans conjux, spatiatæq; littore curvo
“ Edidit incultis talia verba sonis.
“ Quid me desertis perituram, Liber, arenis
“ Servabas? potui dedoluisse semel.—
“ Ausus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, nostros
“ Tam bene compositum sollicitare torum, &c.

Ovid. Fast. l. iii. lin. 465.

In this picture he appears as if just returned from India,
bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm,
and whose presence only causes those emotions so visible in
the countenance of Ariadne, who has been hitherto represented
on this occasion,

————— as passioning

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij,
which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the same
master. The print is so common that the curious may easily
satisfy themselves concerning the propriety of a remark which
has perhaps intruded itself among the notes on this author.

To passion is used as a verb by writers contemporary with
Shakespeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598,
we meet with the same expression:

“ ——— what are thou passioning over the picture of
“ Cleanthes. STEEVENS.

I hope,

I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture. Let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
 Ay, but ² her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
³ My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

² — *her forehead's low,*—] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So in *The History of Guy of Warwick*, Felice his lady is said to have *the same high forehead as Venus*. JOHNSON.

³ *My substance should be statue in thy stead.*] It is evident this noun should be a participle *statued*, i. e. placed on a pedestal, or fixed in a shrine to be adored. WARBURTON.

Statued is, I am afraid, a new word, and that it should be received, is not quite evident. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.**Enter Eglamour.*

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we are ⁴ sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An apartment in the Duke's palace.**Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.*

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

⁴ — *sure enough.*] *Sure* is safe, out of danger. JOHNSON.
Pro.

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
“Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies’ eyes.”

¹ *Jul.* ’Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies’ eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv’d.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then
She’s fled unto that peasant Valentine;

¹ *Jul.* ’Tis true, &c.] This speech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given, in the old copy, to Thurio. Mr. Rowe restored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

And Eglamour is in her company.
 Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not:
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled,
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit Duke,

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I'll after; more to be reveng'd of Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The forest.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come, be patient; we must bring you
 to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
 But Moyfes and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

I *Out.* Come, I'll bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Out-laws' cave in the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
—What hallowing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

[*Val. steps aside.*

O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly possible
to point out four lines in any of the plays of Shakespeare,
more remarkable for ease and elegance, than these. STEEVENS.

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look :
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear !
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came ;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Protheus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none : better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro.

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form ;
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !——

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love ;

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man !
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

¹ The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most
curst !

'Mong'st all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me :
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid :
And once again I do receive thee honest.——
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd ;

¹ *The private wound, &c.*] I have a little mended the measure. The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hanmer, read,
The private wound is deepest, oh time most accurst.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,
² All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is
 the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
 a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect,
 was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see:

This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
 This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.]

Pro. How cam'ft thou by this ring? At my depart,
 I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
 And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
 And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
³ How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
 Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
 Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

² *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alledged. But our author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. POPE.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakespeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. HANMER.

³ *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

Such an immodest rayment ; ⁴ if shame live
 In a disguise of love :
 It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
 Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds ? 'tis true ; oh heaven!

were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error
 Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
 Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
 More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either :
 Let me be blest to make this happy close ;
 'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven,
 I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the duke.
 —Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
 Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death :
 Come not within ⁵ the measure of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again——

⁶ Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take

⁴ —if shame live] That is, if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love. JOHNSON.

⁵ —the measure——] The length of my sword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

⁶ Milan shall not behold thee.—] All the editions, *Verona shall not hold thee.* But, whether through the mistake of the first editors, or the poet's own carelessness, this reading is absurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milanese ; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Besides,

Take but possession of her with a touch ;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I—
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not :
I claim her not ; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs ;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd. I pardon them, and
thee ;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

sides, the scene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these circumstances, I ventured to adjust the text, as I imagine the poet must have intended ; i. e. Milan, *thy country shall never see thee again : thou shalt never live to go back thither.* THEOBALD.

Come,

Come, let us go ; we will ⁷ include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than
boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[⁸ *Exeunt omnes.*

⁷ ———include all jars] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *conclude*.

JOHNSON.

⁸ In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just ; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country ; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more ; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture ; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakespeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given ? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus* ; and it will be found more credible, that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest. JOHNSON.

T H E

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R .

Persons Represented.

S I R John Falstaff.

Fenton.

Shallow, *a country justice.*

Slender, *cousin to Shallow.*

Mr. Page, }
Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French doctor.*

Host of the Garter.

Bardolph.

Pistol.

Nym.

Robin, *page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a boy, son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ann Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with
Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

T H E
1 M E R R Y W I V E S
O F
2 W I N D S O R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.

S I R Hugh, persuade me not; I will make ³ a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slen.

¹ A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from some old translation of the *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it, was published in 1632, quarto. A something similar story occurs in *The Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*. Nott. 4^a. Fav. 4^a. STEEV.

² *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.] Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. Gildon says, he was very well assured,

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and ⁴ *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white luses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. ⁵ The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen.

our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy; an old quarto edition which I have seen, printed in 1602; which says in the title-page—*As it hath been divers times acted both before her majesty, and elsewhere.* POPE. THEOBALD.

³ —a *Star-chamber* matter of it.] Ben Jonson intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of such matters. See *The Magnetick Lady*, Act 3. Sc. 4.

“ There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,

“ To punish routs and riots.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Custalorum*.] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. The mistake was hardly designed by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Custos Rotulorum*.

It follows naturally:

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The luce*, &c.] I see no consequence in this answer. Perhaps we may read, *the salt fish is not an old coat*. That is, the *fresh fish* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *salt fish* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare, by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the same, shews he could not forget his old friend Sir Tho. Lucy, pointing at him under the character of Justice

Shen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. ⁶ The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva.

Justice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakespeare has here given us a distinguishing mark, whereby it appears that Sir Thomas was the very person represented by Shallow. To set blundering parson Evans right, Shallow tells him, the *luce* is not the *louse*, but the *fresh fish*, or pike, the salt fish (indeed) is *an old coat*. The plain English of which is (if I am not greatly mistaken) the family of the Charlotts had for their arms a *salt fish* originally; but when William, son of Walter de Charlott, assumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry III. he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable; for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her estates to the Percys, it was upon condition they joined her arms with their own. "Says Dugdale, it is likely William de Charlott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother." And I say further, it is likely he took the arms of the Lucys at the same time. SMITH.

The *luce* is a *pike* or jack.

"Many a fair partriche had he in mewe;

"And many a *breme*, and many a *luce* in stewe."

Chaucer's *Prol. of the Cant. Tales*, 351, 352.

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are represented as an instance, that "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three lucies hariant, argent." STEEVENS.

⁶ *The council shall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a statute made in the reign of K. Henry IV. (13 chap. 7.) by which it is enacted, "That the justices, three, or two of them, and the sheriff, shall certify before the king, and his counselle, all the deeds and circumstances thereof (namely the riot) which certification should be of the like force as the pre-

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Ann Page, ⁷ which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shen. Mrs. Ann Page? she has brown hair, and ⁸ speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Ann Page.

Shen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

“sentment of twelve: upon which certificate the trespassers
“and offenders shall be put to answer, and they which be
“found guilty shall be punished, according the discretion of
“the kinge and counselle.” Dr. GRAY.

⁷ —[which is daughter to master Thomas Page,] The whole set of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Christian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at least six several passages. THEOB.

⁸ *speaks SMALL like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweetness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as making her *speaking small like a woman* one of her marks of distinction; and the ambiguity of *small*, which signifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expression still more pleasant.

WARBURTON.

Shal.

Shal. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Mr. Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, ho? Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here is young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Shen. ⁹ How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotfale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

⁹ *How does your fallow greyhound? &c.*] Cotswold, a village in Worcestershire, or Warwickshire, was famous for rural exercises, and sports of all sorts. Shallow, in another place, talks of a stout fellow, a Cotswold man, i. e. "one who was a native of this very place, so famous for trials of strength, activity, &c. and consequently a robust athletic person." I have seen a poem, or rather a collection of poems, which I think is called *The Cotswold Muse*, containing a description of these games. WARTON.

Slou. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not ;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault :—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog ; can there be more said ? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here ?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd ; is not that so, master Page ? He hath wrong'd me ;—indeed, he hath ;—at a word, he hath ;—believe me :—Robert Shallow, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king ?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, ¹ and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter ?

Shal. Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait : I have done all this :—that is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. ² 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in council ; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John ; good worts.

¹ ———and broke open my lodge.] This probably alludes to some real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

² The old copies read, 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council. Perhaps it is an abrupt speech, and must be read thus : 'Twere better for you—if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at, 'Twere better for you, is, I believe, a menace.

JOHNSON.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your ³ coney-catching rascals, Bar-dolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. ⁴ You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. ⁵ How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol——

Pist. He hears with ears.

³ ——coney-catching rascals,——] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. Green, one of the first among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, published *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *You Banbury cheese!*] This is said in allusion to the thin carcase of Slender. The same thought occurs in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601.—“You are like a Banbury cheese——“nothing but paring.” So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

“I never saw *Banbury cheese* thick enough,

“But I have oft seen *Essex cheese* quick enough.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *How now, Mephostophilus?*] This is the name of a spirit or familiar in the old story book of Sir John Faustus, or John Faust. WARTON.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, He bears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two ⁶ Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

? I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word

⁶ —*Edward shovel-boards,*—] By this term, I believe, are meant brass castors, such as are shoveled on a board, with king Edward's face stamped upon them. JOHNSON.

One of these pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611.—“away slid I my man, like a *shovel-board shilling*,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I combat challenge of this Latin bilboe:*] Our modern editors have distinguished this word *Latin* in Italic characters, as if it was addressed to Sir Hugh, and meant to call him *pedantic blade*, on account of his being a schoolmaster, and teaching Latin. But I'll be bold to say, in this they do not take the poet's conceit. Pistol barely calls Sir Hugh mountain-foreigner, because he had interposed in the dispute: but then immediately demands the combat of Slender, for having charged him with picking his pocket. The old quartos write it *latten*, as it should be, in the common characters: and as a proof that the author designed this should be addressed to Slender, Sir Hugh does not there interpose one word in the quarrel. But what then signifies—*latten bilboe*? Why, Pistol seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. Monsieur Dacier, upon this verse in Horace's epistle *de Arte Poetica*,

“*Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vineta,*” &c.

says, *C'est une espece de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujourd'hui du leton.* “It is a sort of mountain-copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call *latten*.” THEOBALD.

After all this display of learning in Mr. Theobald's note, I believe our poet had a much more obvious meaning. *Latten* may

³ Word of denial in thy Labra's here ;
Word of denial. Froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours : I will say, ⁹ *marry trap*, with you, if you run the ¹ *nut-book's* humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an afs.

Fal. What say you, ² *Scarlet and John* ?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

may signify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in some counties is still pronounced as if there was no *b* in it ; and Ray, in his Dict. of North Country Words, affirms it to be spelt *lat* in the north of England.

Falstaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Word of denial in thy Labra's here ;*] I suppose it should rather be read,

Word of denial in my Labra's hear ;

that is, *hear* the word of denial in my lips. *Thou ly'st*.

JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adversary. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*marry trap*,—] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was *marry, trap!*

JOHNSON.

¹ —*nut-book's humour*—] Read, *pass the nut-book's humour*. *Nut-book* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant strain. In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* Dol Tearsheet says to the beadle, *Nutbook, Nutbook, you lie*. Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people. HANMER.

Nutbook is the reading of the folio, and the third quarto. The second quarto reads, *base humour*. STEEVENS.

² —*Scarlet and John* ?] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions ; but the humour consists in the allusion to *Bar-dolph's red face* ; concerning which see *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* WARBURTON,

Eva. It is his five senses : fie, what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass'd the 3 careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter mistress Ann Page with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within. [Exit Ann Page.]

Slen. O heaven ! this is mistress Ann Page.

Enter mistress Ford and mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met : by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome : come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exe. all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple, where have you been ? I must

³ —careires—] I believe this strange word is nothing but the French *carriere* ; and the expression means, that the common bounds of good behaviour were overpassed. JOHNSON.

—To pass the *carriere* was a military phrase. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1589. where, speaking of horses wounded, he says—" they after the first shrink at the " entering of the bullet doo pass their *carriere*, as though they " had verie little hurt." STEEVENS.

wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake ⁴ upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Ann Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us com-

⁴ —upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five weeks after Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is designed Simple should appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run: and therefore I have ventured to suspect our poet wrote Martlemas, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saints day, i. e. eleven days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by Sir Tho. Hanmer; but probably Shakespeare intended a blunder. JOHNSON.

mand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold, that ⁵ the lips is parcel of the mouth ; therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid ?

Sbal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope, Sir—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Sbal. That you must : will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Sbal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz ; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz : can you love the maid ?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another : ⁶ I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt : but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer ; save, the faul is in the 'ort *dissolutely* : the 'ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely* ; his meaning is good.

Sbal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

⁵ —*the lips is parcel of the mouth*;—] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—"parcel of the *mind*." STEEVENS,

⁶ —*I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content* :—] Certainly, the editors in their sagacity have murdered a jest here. It is designed, no doubt, that Slender should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved*, *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely* : but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment of all its *salt* and *humour*, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter.

Re-enter Ann Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Ann: 'would I were young for your sake, mistress Ann!

Ann. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Ann.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Ex. Shal. and Evans.*]

Ann. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Ann. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, firrah, for all you are my man; go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Ann. I may not go in without your worship: they will not fit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Ann. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, 7 three veney's for a dish

7 ——— [*three veney's for a dish, &c.*] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different set-to's, attacks, a technical term. So in B. and Fletcher's *Philaster*:—"thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at Wasters with a good fellow for a broken head." So in Chapman's comedy, *The Widow's Tears*, 1612. "So there's *venie* for *venie*, I have given it him." So in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609. "This was a pass, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *veny* let me use my skill." So in *The famous Hist. &c. of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605.—"for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet." So in our author's *Love's Labour Lost*:

"——— a quick *veney* of wit." STEEVENS.

of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Ann. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Ann. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen ⁸ Sackerfon loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, ⁹ that it pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. ¹ By cock and pye, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistrefs Ann, yourself shall go first.

Ann. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Ann. I pray you, Sir.

⁸ — Sackerfon—] *Seckerfon* is likewise the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — that it pass'd:—] *It pass'd*, or *this passes*, was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the excess, or extraordinary degree of any thing. The sentence completed would be, *This passes all expression*, or perhaps, *This passes all things*. We still use *passing well*, *passing strange*. WARBURTON.

¹ By cock and pye,—] See a note on Act 5. Sc. 1. *Hen. IV. P. II.* STEEVENS.

Slen.

Slon. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome :
you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt,

S C E N E II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way : and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet : give her this letter ; for it is a woman that altogethers acquaintance with mistress Ann Page ; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Ann Page : I pray you, be gone ; I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheefe to come.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter,——

Host. What says my bully Rock ? speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag : trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thour't an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host.

Hof. I have spoke; let him follow: ¹ let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Hof.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster. Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Pist. ² O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the ³ humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

¹ ——— *let me see thee froth, and lime:—*] This passage has passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me see froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Hof calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must suppose the Hof could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack. STEEVENS.

² *O base Hungarian wight, &c.*] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning,

“O base *Gongarian*, wilt thou the distaff wield?”

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *humour of it.*] This speech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the slight sketch in 1602. I mention it, that those who do not find it in either of the common old editions may not suspect it to be spurious. STEEVENS.

Nym.

Nym. The good humour is to steal ⁴ at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. ⁵ Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now ⁶ about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

⁴ ——— at a minute's rest.] Our author probably wrote,
———— at a *minim's* rest. LANGTON.

This conjecture seems confirmed by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, — *rests his minim*, &c. It may however mean, that, like a skillful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has rested his piece for a minute only. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Young ravens must have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *about no waste*; —] I find the same play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

“Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waiſt*;

“Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd.

“Where am I biggest, wife? in the waste, quoth she,

“For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see.”

And again in *The Wedding*, a comedy, by Shirley, 1626:

“He's a great man indeed;

“Something given to the *wast*, for he lives within *no*

“*reasonable compass*.” STEEVENS.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. ⁷ The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. ⁸ As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious ⁹ eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for ¹ that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course-o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did

⁷ *The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?*] I see not what relation *the anchor* has to *translation*. Perhaps we may read, *the author is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower after Falstaff has said,

Sail like my pinnacle to those golden shores.

It may be observed, that in the tracts of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be distinguished. JOHNSON.

² *As many devils entertain, &c.*] The old quarto reads,

As many devils attend her, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *eyliads*: —] This word is differently spelt in all the copies. I suppose we should write *oëillades*, French. STEEV.

¹ — *that humour*.] What distinguishes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff, is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakespeare such an incident seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the same peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece.

“ — his only reason for every thing is, that *we are all mortal*; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and “ that is, he will tickle the vanity of every thing.”

STEEVENS.

seem

seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; ² she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. ³ I will be 'Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To Robin.*
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exit Falstaff and Boy.*

² — *she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at queen Elizabeth's command, this passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impression on the people, when the intelligence of such a golden country was fresh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immense gain. THEOBALD.

³ — *I will be 'Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; —*] The same joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, act ii.

— I will bar no honest man my house, nor no Cheater. — By which is meant *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.

Pist. ⁴ Let vultures gripe thy guts! ⁵ for gord, and fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense

⁴ *Let vultures gripe thy guts!*—] This hemistich is a burlesque on a passage in *Tamburlaine*, or *The Scythian Shepherd*, of which a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— for gourd, and fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian dictionary, interprets *Pise* by *false dice, high and low men, high fullams and low fullams*. Johnson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon this cant term. *Who, he serve? He keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at fullam.*—As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another instrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*.—*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but GORDS or nine-pins.*

WARBURTON.

In the *London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of false dice.—“ I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, “ high men and low men, *fulloms*, stop cater-traies, and other “ bones of function.”

In *Monsieur D'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606, the *gord*, the *fullam*, and the *stop-cater tree*, are mentioned.

Green, in his *Art of Juggling*, &c. 1612, says, “ What “ should I say more of false dice, of *fulloms*, high men, lowe “ men, *gourds*, and brizled dice, *graviars*, *demies*, and con- “ traries?” STEEVENS.

Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with
 6 yellowness; for 7 the revolt of mine is dangerous:
 that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second
 thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Dr. Caius's house.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to
 the casement, and see if you can see my master, master
 Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any
 body in the house, here will be old abusing of God's
 patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at
 night, in faith, 8 at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.
 [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as
 ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I war-
 rant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst
 fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something
 peevish that way: but no body but has his fault; but
 let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

6 —yellowness;—] *Yellowness* is jealousy. JOHNSON.

7 —the revolt of mien—] I suppose we may read, *the revolt*
of men. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *this revolt of mine.* Either
 may serve, for of the present text I can find no meaning.

JOHNSON.

The revolt of mine is the old reading. Nym, who is about
 to quit his master, may be made to observe, with propriety,
 that the desertion of servants is dangerous to the interest of
 their masters. *Revolt of mien*, was there any authority for such
 a reading, would signify *change of countenance*, one of the
 effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy. STEEVENS.

8 —at the latter end, &c.] That is, when my master is in
 bed. JOHNSON.

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but ⁹ a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; ¹ a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

⁹ ——— a little wee face,] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, signifies very little.

“ The quene, astonysit ane little wee,

“ At the first sight beholding his bewte.”

Gawin Douglas's *Virg.* p. 32. edit. 1710.

Dr. GRAY.

So in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*. Com. 1631. “ He was nothing so tall as I, but a little wee man, and somewhat hutch-back'd.”

Again, in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600.

“ Some two miles, and a wee bit, Sir.”

Wee is derived from *wenig*. Dutch. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— a Cain-colour'd beard.] Thus the latter editions. I have restored *Cain* from the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a parallel expression in an old play called *Blurt Master Constable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602.

“ ——— over all

“ A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, Basilisco says,

“ ——— where is the eldest son of Priam,

“ That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?—

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605.

“ And let their beards be of *Judas* his own colour.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

“ That's he in the *Judas* beard.”—

In an age, when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry. STEEVENS,

Sim.

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well heaven fend Ann Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Ann is a good girl, and I wish——

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent: run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Wat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet ² *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vai à la Cour——la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez,* quickly: vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me!

² — *un boitier verd*; —] *Boitier* in French signifies a case of surgeon's instruments. DR. GRAY.

Qu' ay j' oublie ? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind,

Quic. Ah me ! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ? vil-laine, *Larron !* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a ?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet ? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick ; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue :—speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Ann Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la ; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh fend-a you ? Rugby, *baillez* me some paper : tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy :—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can : and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my master. I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that ? you shall find it a great charge : aud to be up early, and down late :—

but

but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Ann Page : but, notwithstanding that, I know Ann's mind——that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge : I vill cut his throat in de park, and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make :——you may be gone ; it is not good you tarry here : by gar, I will cut all his two stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a for dat : do you not tell-a me, dat I shall have Ann Page for myself ? by gar, I vill kill de jack priest ; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our weapon : by gar, I vill myself have Ann Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : we must give folks leave to prate ; what, the goujere !

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me ;——by gar, if I have not Ann Page, I shall turn your head out of my door :——follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Ann's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Ann's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, hoa ?

Quic. Who's there, I trow ? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman ; how dost thou ?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news ? how does pretty mistress Ann ?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest,
and

and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to all-cholly and musing: but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Ann loves him not; I know Ann's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mistress PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for ¹ though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me: By me

¹ ———— *though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:—*] This is obscure; but the meaning is, *though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.*—By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Osborne—*Conform their mode, words, and looks to these PRECISIANS.* And Maine, in his *City Match*,

“ ———— I did commend

“ A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman.”

WARBURTON.

—*precisian*,—] Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps Falstaff said, *Though love use reason as his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.* This will be plain sense. Ask not the *reason* of my love; the business of *reason* is not to assist love, but to cure it. There may however be this meaning in the present reading. *Though love*, when he would submit to regulation, may *use reason as his precisian*, or director in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for *his counsellor*. JOHNSON.

Thine

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him?—² I was then frugal of my mirth—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit ³ a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be

² —[*I was then frugal of my mirth, &c.*] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, If *I was not then frugal of my mirth.*

JOHNSON.

³ —[*a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.*—] What, Mrs. Page put down the whole species, *Unius ob noxam*, for a single offender's trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your anger. But 'tis a false charge against you. I am persuaded, a short monosyllable is dropped out, which, once restored, would qualify the matter. We must necessarily read—*for the putting down of fat men.* Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing scene, *I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye, &c.* And in the old quartos, Mrs. Page, so soon as she has read the letter, says, *Well, I shall trust fat men the worse, while I live, for his sake:* and he is called the *fat knight*, the *greasy knight*, by the women, throughout the play. THEOB.

—[*I'll exhibit a bill in parliament for putting down of MEN.*] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read—*for putting down of fat men.* But how is the matter mended? or the thought made less ridiculous? Shakespeare wrote—*for the putting down of MUM*, i. e. the fattening liquor so called. So Fletcher in his *Wild Goose Chase*: “What a cold I have over my stomach, “would I had some MUM.” This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character she had just before given him of *Flemish drunkard*. But the greatest confirmation of this conjecture is the allusion the words, in question, bear to a matter then publicly

I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle woman; take the honour: what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

licly transacting. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very shortly after. And we are informed by Sir Simon D'Ewes' *Journal*, that no home affair made more noise in and out of parliament at that time, than the suppression and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houses, strong liquors, and the drinkers of them. In the parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houses, "For suppressing the multitude of malsters," &c. Another, "To restrain the excessive making of malt, and disorderly brewing of strong beer." Another, "For regulating of inns, taverns," &c. In the next parliament, held 1601, was a bill, "For the suppressing of the multitude of ale-houses and tipling-houses." Another, "Against excessive and common drunkenness;" and several others of the same nature. Some of which, after much canvassing, were thrown out, and others passed into acts. WARBURTON.

I do not see that any alteration is necessary; if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might serve the turn. But surely Mrs. Ford may naturally enough, in the first heat of her anger, rail at the sex for the fault of one.

JOHNSON.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. ⁴ What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read—read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens' liking: and yet he would not swear; prais'd womens' modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,

⁴ *What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will HACK, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonsense of this speech is hardly to be matched. The change of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily removed. Read and point—*These knights will LACK, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had said, *I could be knighted*, meaning, *I could have a knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other sense, of conferring the title, and says, *What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will lack a title* [i. e. risk the punishment of degradation] *rather than not make a whore of thee.* For we are to observe that—and so thou shouldst not, is a mode of speech, amongst the writers of that time, equivalent to—*rather than thou shouldst not.* WARBURTON.

Upon this passage the learned editor has tried his strength, in my opinion, with more spirit than success.

I read thus—*These knights we'll hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The punishment of a recreant or undeserving knight, was to *hack* off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all these knights in a little time, by the usual form of *hacking* off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest. JOHNSON.

Hanmer says, to *hack*, means to turn hackney, or prostitute. I suppose he means—*These knights will degrade themselves, so that she will acquire no honour by being connected with them.* Perhaps the passage has been hitherto entirely misunderstood. To *hack*, is an expression already used in the ridiculous scene between Quickly, Evans, and the Boy, and signifies, *to do mischief.* The sense of this passage may therefore be, these knights are a riotous, dissolute sort of people, and on that account thou shouldst not wish to be of the number.

STEEVENS.

that

that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor ? How shall I be reveng'd on him ? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own greafe. Did you ever hear the like ?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of Page and Ford differs ! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter : but let thine inherit first ; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more) ; and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt ; for he cares not what he puts into the ⁵ pres, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, 'ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words ; what doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for, sure, unless he knew ⁶ some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

⁵ —*pres*,—] *Pres* is used ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*some strain in me*,—] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read, “ some stain in me,” but I think unnecessarily. A similar expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ With what encounter so uncurrent, have I

“ *Strain'd* to appear thus ?”

And again in *Timon* :

“ ——— a noble nature

“ May catch a *wrench*.” STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a ⁷ curtail-dog in some affairs.
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Aesteon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

⁷ —*curtail-dog*—] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound; and one method of disqualifying a dog, according to the forest laws, is to cut his tail, or make him a *curtail*. JOHNSON.

Pist.

Pist. The horn, I say : farewell.

Take heed ; have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or ⁸ cuckoo-birds do sing.

⁹ Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true : I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours : I should have borne the humour'd letter to her ; but ¹ I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. —He loves your wife ; there's the short and the long. —My name is corporal Nym ; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true : —my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. —Adieu ; I love not the humour of bread and cheese ; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[*Exit Nym.*

⁸ — *cuckoo-birds do sing.*] Such is the reading of the folio, and the quarto 1630. The quarto 1619 reads—*when cuckoo-birds appear.* The modern editors—*when cuckoo-birds affright.* For this last reading I find no authority. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Away, Sir corporal Nym.*—

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we should read thus :

Away, Sir corporal.

Nym. Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. JOHNSON.

¹ *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.—He loves your wife, &c.*] This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. *I have a sword, and it shall bite—upon my necessity, he loves your wife, &c.*—Having said his *sword should bite*, he stops short, as was fitting : for he meant that it should *bite upon the highway*. And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, *by his necessity*, that Falstaff loved his wife.

WARBURTON.

I do not see the difficulty of this passage : no phrase is more common than—*you may, upon a need, thus.* Nym, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters ; he has nobler means of living ; *he has a sword, and upon his necessity*, that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients*, his sword *shall bite*. JOHNSON.

Page. ² *The humour of it*, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. ³ I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

Enter

² *The humour of it*,—] The following epigram, taken from an old collection without date, but apparently printed before the year 1600, will best account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*.

Epig. 27.

Aske HUMORS what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare.
Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke;
Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke?
He hath a *humour* doth determine so.
Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
With scarfe about his necke, hat without band?
It is his *humour*. Sweet Sir, understand
What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest?
Only a *humour*. If you question why
His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye?
It is his *humour* too he doth protest.
Or why with serjeants he is so opprest,
That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day?
A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.
Object why bootes and spurres are still in season?
His *humour* answers: *humour* is his reason.
If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
It commeth of a *humour* to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore.
And every thing that he doth undertake,
It is a veine, for senceless *humour*'s sake. STEEVENS.

³ *I will not believe such a Cataian*,—] Mr. Theobald has here a pleasant note, as usual. "This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; though the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete." And then tells a long story of Martin Frobisher attempt-

Enter Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford.

attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black stone, as he thought, full of gold ore: that it proved not so, and that therefore Cataians and Frofishers became by-words for vain boasters.—The whole is an idle dream. All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jesuits themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton have both told their stories with confidence, I am afraid, very disproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That *Cataian* was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it signified a *boaster* or a *liar* has not been proved. Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, says of the Lady Olivia to her maid, “thy Lady’s a *Cataian*;” but there is no reason to think he means to call her *liar*. Besides, Page intends to give Ford a reason why Pistol should not be credited. He therefore does not say, *I would not believe such a liar*: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he says, *I would not believe such a Cataian on any testimony of his veracity*. That is, “This fellow has such an odd appearance; “is so unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, “that I cannot credit him.” To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So Pistol calls Slender in the first act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*. JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators are in the right, but am far from professing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakespeare, this expression—a *true man* is always put in opposition (as it is in this instance) to—a *thief*. So in *Hen. IV. Part I.*

“—now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*.”

The Chinese (anciently called *Cataians*) are said to be the most dextrous of all the nimble-finger’d tribe. Pistol was known

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; ⁴ very rogues, now they be out of service.

at Windfor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted. From the use Sir Toby Belch makes of the word, little can be inferred with any certainty. Sir Toby is drunk, calls Malvolio by the name of an old song, and talks, in short, nonsense. *Cathaia* is mentioned in *The Tamer Tamed*, of B. and Fletcher.

“ I'll wish you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*.”

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old bl. letter histories of that country. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Very rogues, now they be out of service.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its consequential signification, a *cheat*. JOHNSON.

Ford.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter ?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loth to turn them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How, now, mine Host ?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How, now, bully Rock ? thou'rt a gentleman : cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page ! Master Page, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice ; tell him, bully Rock ?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully Rock ?

[They go a little aside.]

Shal. *[To Page.]* Will you go with us to behold it ? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places : for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier ?

Ford. None, I protest : but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, ⁵ and tell him, my name is Brook ; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regress ; said I well ? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—⁶ Will you go an-heirs ?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, master Page ; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my ⁷ long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

⁵ —and tell him, my name is Brook ;—] Thus both the old quartos ; and thus most certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falstaff anon makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with such liquor. The players, in their editions, altered the name to *Broom*.

THEOBALD.

⁶ —Will you go AN HEIRS ?] This nonsense is spoken to Shallow. We should read, *Will you go ON, HERIS ?* i. e. Will you go on, master. *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master.

WARBURTON.

The merry Host has already saluted them separately by titles of distinction ; he therefore probably now addresses them collectively by a general one—*Will you go on, heroes ?* or, as probably—*Will you go on, hearts ?* He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder* ; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts*. Hanmer reads—*Mynheers. My brave hearts, or my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expresses the more soft and amiable qualities, the *Mores aurei* of Horace ; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honesty. STEEVENS.

⁷ —my long sword,—] Not long before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

See a note to the *First Part of K. Hen. IV.* p. 280. STEEV.

Host,

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool,⁸ and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*]

⁸ —and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty,—] No, surely; Page stood tightly to the opinion of her honesty, and would not entertain a thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventured to substitute a word correspondent to the sense required; and one, which our poet frequently uses to signify *conjugal faith*. THEOBALD.

—stand so firmly on his wife's frailty,—] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald had *no conception* how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had *no conception* how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phrase, *to stand firmly on*, to signify *to insist upon*; whereas it signifies *to rest upon*, which the character of a *secure fool*, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration. WARBURTON.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—⁹ I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and ¹ your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, ² and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget ³ lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

⁹ ——— [*I will retort the sum in equipage.*] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. That *equipage* ever meant stolen goods, I am yet to learn. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— [*your coach-fellow, Nym;—*] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning, but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow*. The following passage from B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, may justify the reading I have chosen. "—'Tis the swaggering *coach-horse* Anaides, that draws with him there." STEEVENS.

² ——— [*and tall fellows:—*] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant a stout, bold, or courageous person. In *A Discourse on Usury*, by Dr. Wilson, 1584, he says, "Here in England, he that can rob a man by the high-way, is called a *tall fellow*." Lord Bacon says, "that bishop Fox caused his castle of Nerham to be fortified, and manned it likewise with a very great number of *tall soldiers*." In *The Love of David and Bethsabe*, 1599, Joab enters in triumph, and says—"Well done *tall soldiers*," &c. So B. Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Is he so tall a man?" STEEVENS.

³ ——— [*lost the handle of her fan,—*] It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—⁴ A short knife and a thong—to your manor of ⁵ Pickt-hatch, go—you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will en-
fonce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your

at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. One of these is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610. “—she hath a fan with a *short silver handle*, about the length “ of a barber's syringe.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*A short knife and a thong*—] So Lear, “When cut-purses come not to *thongs*.” WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, seems the same with this recommended by Falstaff:

*He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
All kinds of gibberish he had learn'd to know;
And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
Would shew the people tricks at fast and loose.*

Theobald has *throng* instead of *thong*. The latter seems right.

LANGTON.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, says, “I had no other fence but my *short knife*, and a paire of *purse-strings*.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*Pickt-hatch*,—] A noted place for thieves and pick-pockets. THEOBALD.

Pickt-hatch is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So in B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“From the Bordello it might come as well,
“The Spital, or *Pickt-hatch*.” STEEVENS,

red

⁶ red lattice phrases, and ⁷ your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, Sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well on: mistress Ford, you say——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

⁶ ——red lattice phrases,——] Your ale-house conversation.

JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house. Hence the present *chequers*. So in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays, —— "A waterman's widow at the sign of the *red lattice* in "Southwark." STEEVENS.

⁷ ——your bold-BEATING oaths,——] We should read *bold-BEARING oaths*, i. e. out-facing. WARBURTON.

A *beating oath*, is, I think, right; so we now say, in low language, a *thwacking* or *swinging* thing. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; — mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heaven blefs them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford; — what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray! —

Fal. Mistress Ford; — come, mistress Ford —

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought into such a ⁸ canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk) and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels (in any such sort as they say) but in the way of honesty: — and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been ⁹ earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal.

⁸ — *canaries*, —] This is the name of a brisk light dance, and is therefore properly enough used in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So Nash, in *Piece Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, says — “ A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if she were dancing the *canaries* :” and our author, in *All's well*, &c. “ Make you dance *canary*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *earls, nay, which is more, pensioners*; —] This may be illustrated by a passage in Gervase Holles's *Life of the First Earl of Clare*. *Biog. Brit. Art.* HOLLES. “ I have heard the earl of Clare say, that when he was *pensioner* to the queen,

“ he

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of:—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very ¹ frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page has her hearty

“ he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000l. a year.” T. T.

¹ —*frampold*—] This word I have never seen elsewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, where a *frampul* man signifies a peevish troublesome fellow. JOHNSON.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same.

Lax. “ Coachman.

Coach. “ Anon, Sir!

Lax. “ Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?”

Ray, among his *South and East* country words, says, that *frampald* or *frampard* signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*, so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, speaking of Leander, says—“ the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth.”

So in *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619—“ 'tis so *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it.” So in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*, by John Day. “ I think the fellow's *frampell*,” &c. So in B. and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*:

“ Is Pompey grown so malapert, so *frampel*?”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ —I pray thee grow not *frampul* now.” STEEVENS.

commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick, indeed! but mistress Page would desire you² to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know

² — to send her your little page, of all loves:—] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more, than if he had said desires you to send him *by all means*.

It is used in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part I. 1635—“conjuring his wife, *of all loves*, to prepare cheer fitting,” &c.

any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. ³ This pink is one of Cupid's carriers: Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal.

³ In former editions,

This PUNK is one of Cupid's carriers:

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;

Give fire; she is my prize,——] *This punk is one of Cupid's carriers,* is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all punks Cupid's carriers? Shakespeare certainly wrote,

This PINK is one of Cupid's carriers:

And then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A pink is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word in his *Tamer Tamed*:

“ This PINK, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,

“ To hang her fights out, and defy me, friends!

“ A well known man of war”——

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common searterm. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his voyages, p. 66, says—
“ For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have
“ spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her
“ what we would;” for she had no close FIGHTS, i. e. if I understand it right, *no small arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon. So Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*,

“ Up with your FIGHTS,

“ And your nettings prepare,” &c.

But, not considering this, I led the Oxford editor into a silly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it,

“ Up with YOND' FRIGAT.” WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cleaths* hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and

close-

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways;—I'll make more of thy old body than I have done.—Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook; is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? ⁴ go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

close-fights are *bulkheads*, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*—"display'd their ensigns, up with all their feights, their matches in their cocks," &c.

So in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612—"lace the netting, and let down the *figh*ts, make ready the shot," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — go to, *via!*] This cant phrase of exultation is common in the old plays. So in *Blurt Master Constable*:

"*Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all," STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: ⁵ not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money, here, troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar (I will be brief with you); and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd

⁵ — not to charge you;—] That is, not with a purpose of putting you to expence, or being burthensome. JOHNSON.

every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

“ Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

“ Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.”

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's

wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had ⁶ instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for

⁶ — *instance and argument*—] *Instance is example.* JOHNSON.
the

the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave,⁷ and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbafon, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my Aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may

⁷ —and I will aggravate his stile;—] *Stile* is a phrase from the herald's office. Falstaff means, that he will add more titles to those he already enjoys. STEEVENS.

effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—⁸ Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to Windsor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his foul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir: he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master Doctor Caius.

⁸ —*Eleven o'clock*—] Ford should rather have said *ten o'clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient suspicion was not likely to stay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

Page. Now, good master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hof. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully? What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? ° my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack Priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Hof. Thou art a ¹ Castilian king Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear vitness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt

° — *my heart of elder?* —] It should be remember'd, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Castilian* —] Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cœur de lion*. JOHNSON.

Castilian and *Æthiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. STEEVENS.

of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace : you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice.—A word, monsieur² mock-water.

Caius. Mock vater ! vat is dat ?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman : scurvy-jack-dog-priest ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully—But first, master Guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there ; see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it,

All. Adieu, good master Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

² — *mock-water.*] The host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physick in that time ; yet I do not well see the meaning of *mock-water*. JOHNSON.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her; ³ cry aim, said I well?

Caius.

³ In old editions,

— *I will bring thee where Ann Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, CRY'D GAME, said I well?*] Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to *try'd game*; that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. Shakespeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *said I well?* i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for *to cry aim* signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, p. 255. *And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall CRY AIM, i. e. approve them.* And again in *King John*, Act 2. Scene 2.

“ It ill becomes this presence to CRY AIM

“ To these ill-tuned repetitions.”

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act 5. make the Duke say,

“ ——— must I cry AIME

“ To this unheard of insolence”——

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.— But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors, not knowing what to make of the phrase, *Cry aim*, read it thus:

“ ——— must I cry AI-ME,”

as if it was a note of interjection. So again Massinger, in his *Guardian*:

“ I will CRY AIM, and in another room

“ Determine of my vengeance”——

And again, in his *Renegado*:

“ ——— to play the pander

“ To the viceroy's loose embraces, and CRY AIM,

“ While he by force or flattery”——

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakespeare's language abound with these

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy adverfary toward Ann Page : faid I well ?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good ; vell faid.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Frogmore.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

I Pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick* ?

Simp. Marry, Sir, 't' the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way ; old Windfor way, and every way but the town way.

modern elegancies of speech, such as *mynheers*, *bull-baitings*, &c. WARBURTON.

We yet say, in colloquial language, that such a one is—*game*—or *game to the back*. There is surely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with such severity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in those days—a *profess'd buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his galantry, as he could have been by proclamation. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the Pitty-wary*,—] The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that answers to either name at Windfor. The author might possibly have written the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London. STEEVENS.

Eva.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my foul! how full of cholars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: 'pless my foul!

[Sings.

5 *By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses;
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By

5 *By shallow rivers, &c.]* This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the answer to it, the reader will not be displeas'd to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasure prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The

By shallow——'Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigals*——
When as I sat in Pablon;——*and a thousand vragrant poesies.*——*By shallow, &c.*

Simp.

The shepherds swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move*,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue;
 These pretty pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.
 But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come:
 The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields.
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
 Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies:
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
 Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee, and be thy love.
 What should we talk of dainties then,
 Of better meat than's fit for men?
 These are but vain: that's only good
 Which God hath blest'd, and sent for food.
 But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, and age no need;
 Then these delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

These two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakespeare, are, by writers nearer that time, disposed of, one to Marlow, the

* The conclusion of this and the following poem have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines both of his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—*By shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir: there comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson! Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master Parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

the other to Raleigh. These poems are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verses printed in Shakespeare's life-time, viz. in 1600, the first of them is given to Marlow, the second to a person unknown. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. I think you know him; master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mels of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Ann Page!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master Doctor.

Host. Difarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other mens humours. I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* Jack Rugby, mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ftog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same ⁶ scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you follow.

⁶ — scall, *scurvy*,—] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *scab* was afterwards.

Chaucer imprecates on his *scrivener*:

“ Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the *scalle*.”

JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir.—I am sick, 'till I see her.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles,

miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind ;—and Falstaff's boy with her !—Good plots !—they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife ; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acteon ; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search ; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there : I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot : I have good cheer at home ; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir ; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. ⁷ We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender ; I stand wholly for you : but my wife, master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar ; and de maid is love-a me ; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

⁷ *We have linger'd*—] They have not linger'd very long. The match was proposed by Sir Hugh but the day before.

Hof. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, ⁸ he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; ⁹ 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is ¹ of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poin. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance.

⁸ — *he writes verses, he speaks holy-day,*—] i. e. in a high-flown, fustian stile. It was called a *holy-day stile*, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *moralties*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*—“ I cannot woo in *festival terms*.” And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*—“ thou spend'st such *high-day wit* in “ praising him.” WARBURTON.

⁹ — *'tis in his buttons;*—] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they shall succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad success, by their growing, or their not growing there.

SMITH.

Greene mentions these *batchelor's buttons*, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*—“ I saw the *batchelor's buttons*, whose virtue “ is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worn “ them forty weeks under their aprons,” &c.

The same expression occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631.

“ He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?”

Again, in *The Constant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640.

“ I am a *batchelor*,

“ I pray let me be one of your *buttons* still then.”

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617.

“ I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* still.”

So in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607.

—“ he's my husband, he has no *batchelor's buttons* at “ his doublet.”

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632.

“ Go, go and rest on Venus' violets; shew her

“ A dozen of *batchelor's buttons*, boy.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *of no having;*—] *Having* is the same as *estate* or *fortune*. JOHNSON.

If he take her, let him take her simply ; the wealth I have, waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner : besides your cheer you shall have sport ; I will shew you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go ; so shall you, master Page ; and you, Sir Hugh.

Sbal. Well, fare you well : we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby ; I come anon.

Host. ² Farewell, my hearts : I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him : I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles ?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

Host. ² Farewell, my hearts : I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aside.*] *I think, I shall drink IN PIPE-wine first with him : I'll make him dance.—* To drink in pipe-wine, is a phrase which I cannot understand. May we not suppose that Shakespeare rather wrote ? *I think I shall drink HORN-PIPE wine first with him : I'll make him dance.*

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both senses ; but, for an obvious reason, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakespeare has frequent allusions to a *cuckold's horns*. *Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford 1766.*

Pipe is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogsheads. *Pipe wine* is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe* ; and the text consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. *Horn-pipe wine* has no meaning. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

*Ford's house.**Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and servants with a basket.**Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket—*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant.—What, Robin, I say.*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.[*Exeunt Servants.*]*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.*Enter Robin.**Mrs. Ford.* ³ How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you?*Rob.*

³ *How now, my eyas-musket,*—] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. I suppose from the Italian *Niasò*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically a *silly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais, un niais*. *Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here: and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, his be me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou

of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, *a troublesome stinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-musket* is very intelligible.

WARBURTON.

haft the right arched bent of the brow, ⁴ that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs.

* ——— that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VALIANT, or any Venetian attire.] The old quarto reads, *tire-wellet*, and the old folio reads, *or any tire of Venetian admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VAILANT, or any tire of Venetian admittance*. The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance of a *ship* (as Shakespeare says) *in all her trim*: with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying. Thus Milton, in *Samson Agonistes*, paints Dalila:

“ But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
 “ Female of sex it seems,
 “ That so bedeck’d, ornate and gay,
 “ Comes this way failing
 “ Like a stately ship
 “ Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 “ Of Javan or Gadier,
 “ With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 “ Sails fill’d, and streamers waving,
 “ Courted by all the winds that hold them play.”

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money*—
 “ She spreads fattens as the king’s ships do canvas every where,
 “ she may space her misen,” &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman’s head-dress. I suppose Shakespeare wrote *tire-voilant*. As the *ship-tire* was an *open* head-dress, so the *tire-voilant* was a *close* one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a *vail*. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts, and shoulders, were opened to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes, or below the chin.

————— or any Venetian attire.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here used for a woman’s head-dress: whereas it signifies the dress of any part. We should read therefore, *or any tire of Venetian admittance*. For the word *attire*, reduced by the aphæresis, to *tire*, takes
 a new

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John : my brows become nothing else ; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so : thou would'st make an absolute courtier ; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not ; nature is thy friend : come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury in simpling time ; I cannot : but I love thee ; none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

a new signification, and means only the head-dress. Hence *tire-woman*, for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech.—Your face is so good, says the speaker, that it would become any head-dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with Venetian point, or *which will admit to be adorned.* [Of Venetian admittance.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point.* WARBURTON.

This note is plausible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance* : but I am afraid this whole system of dress is unsupported by evidence. JOHNSON.

—of *Venetian admittance.*] i. e. of a fashion received from Venice. Dr. Warburton might have found the same reading in the quarto, 1630. Instead of *tire-valiant*, I would read *tire-volant*. Stubbs, who describes most minutely every article of female dress, has mentioned none of these terms, but speaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in loose folds. The word *volant* was in use before the age of Shakespeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, of which book the reader will find a sufficient account in a note in the first scene of the fifth act of *Love's Lab. Lost* :

“ —high *volant* in any thing divine.” STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will enconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.
[*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook-in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[*Afide.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand; be-think you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whitening-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy:—call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! go take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl-

staff? Look, ⁵ how you drumble : carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead ; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now ? whither bear you this ?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it ? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck ? I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ? ay, buck : I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys : ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out ; I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. ⁶ So now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented : you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. Up, gentlemen ; you shall see sport anon : follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France : it is not jealous in France.——

⁵ — *how you drumble :—*] If I was certain that there was no such word as *drumble*, I should propose to read, *fumble*. T. T.

⁶ — *So now uncape.*] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The allusion in the foregoing line is to the stopping every hole at which a fox could escape, before they dig for him. STEEVENS.

Page,

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—you use me well; master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford,

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva,

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. Ford! are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me—
My riots past, my wild societies :
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess, thy ⁷ father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, Sir :

⁷ ——— *father's wealth*] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet would now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

³ If opportunity and humblest suit
 Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.
 [*Fenton and Mistrefs Anne go apart.*]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Sbal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Sbal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Sbal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Sbal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Sbal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, ⁹ come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

³ *If opportunity and humblest suit*] Dr. Thirlby imagines, that our author with more propriety wrote:

If importunity and humblest suit.

I have not ventur'd to disturb the text, because it may mean, "If the frequent opportunities you find of solliciting my father, and your obsequiousness to him, cannot get him over to your party," &c. THEOBALD.

⁹ —*come cut and long-tail,*—] According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace,

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.

—Why how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to mistress Page.

was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore signify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. STEEVENS.

Fent.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

⁹ *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: good master
Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir:—she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a ¹ fool and a physician?
Look on, master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and
water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my
master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender
had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had
her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so
I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word;

⁹ *Anne.* *Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.*] Can we think
the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may
be sure the last line should be given to the procurefs, Quickly,
who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master
the Doctor. WARBURTON.

¹ — *fool and a physician?*] I should read *fool* or a *physician*,
meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

but speciously for master Fenton, Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Ex. Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse² as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, Sir: there's a woman below would speak with you.

² In former copies, —*as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies,*—] I have ventured to transpose the adjective here, against the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horses, a colt from a blind stallion loses much of the value it might otherwise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a *blind bitch*? The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies.* THEOBALD.

Fal.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir!

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me

me word to stay within : I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir !

Fal. Now, master Brook ? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife ?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you ; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir ?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, Sir ? Did she change her determination ?

Fal. No, master Brook : but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes to me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there ?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page ; gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket !

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket : ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins ; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good.

Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths, to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three ³ several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detect'd by a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compass'd like a good ⁴ bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my ⁵ kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have

³ — *several deaths*:] Thus the folio and the most correct of the quartos. The first quarto reads—*egregious deaths*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *bilbo*,—] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *kidney*;] *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falstaff means a man whose *kidnies* are as *fat* as mine. JOHNSON.

receiv'd

receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: adieu, you shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep?—master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the letcher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, ⁶ I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

⁶ ———*I'll be horn-mad.*] There is no image which our author appears so fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by some allusion to horned husbands. As he wrote his plays for the stage rather than the press, he perhaps reviewed them seldom, and did not observe this repetition, or finding the jest, however frequent, still successful, did not think correction necessary. JOHNSON.

7 ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing on his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head;—come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, firrah; hold up your head. Answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

⁷ This is a very trifling scene, of no use to the plot, and I should think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakespeare best knew what would please. JOHNSON.

Eva.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good William: what is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; *focative is, caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's case*! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he eaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast

enough of themselves; and to call horum: fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman art thou lunacics? haft thou no understanding for thy cafes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forfooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why; none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: ⁸ he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ⁹ *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—

⁸ —*he so takes on*—] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any passion. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*peer-out*,] That is, *appear horns*. Shakespeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas; three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.— But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John; unless you go out disguis'd.— How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too: run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exit Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—somebody call my wife:—youth in a basket!—Oh, you panderly rascals!—there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passeth! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks: this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passeth——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable: will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford ;
 ' this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity ; let me for ever be your table-sport ; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page ! come you, and the old woman down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman ! what old woman's that ?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have I not forbid her my house ? She comes of errands, does she ? We are simple men ; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure ; and such dawbery as this is ; beyond our element : we know nothing.—Come down, you witch ; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband ; good gentleman, let him not strike the old woman.

' ———*this wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged sister, says :

“ You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourself.”

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Falstaff in womens' cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] You hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ² ronyon! out! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; ³ I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealousy: if I ⁴ cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the

² —ronyon!—] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the ſame with *ſcall* or *ſcab* ſpoken of a man. JOHNSON.

³ —*I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.*] As the ſecond ſtratagem, by which Falſtaff eſcapes, is much the groſſer of the two, I wiſh it had been practiſed firſt. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been ſo deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would ſuffer him to eſcape in ſo ſlight a diſguiſe. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*cry out upon no trail,*—] The expreſſion is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the ſcent left by the paſſage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. JOHNSON.

warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we too will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll fawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: ^s they must come off; I'll fawce them, come.

[Exeunt.]

^s —they must come off;—] This never can be our poet's or his host's meaning. *To come off* being in other terms *to go scot-free*. We must read, *COMPT off*, i. e. clear their reckoning.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he fend you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

⁶ I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

To come off, signifies in our author, sometimes *to be uttered with spirit and volubility*. In this place it seems to mean what is in our time expressed by *to come down*, to pay liberally and readily. These accidental and colloquial senses are the disgrace of language, and the plague of commentators. JOHNSON.

To come off, is *to pay*. In this sense it is used by Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat*, act 4. sc. 2. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says—*Will you come off, Sir?* STEEVENS.

The phrase is used by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338. edit. Urry.

“*Come off*, and let me riden hastily,

“*Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie.*” T.T.

⁶ *I rather will suspect the sun with cold,*] Thus the modern editions.—The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will suspect the sun can be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour be betrayed to wantonness. Mr. Rowe silently made the change, which succeeding editors have as silently adopted. Surely Shakespeare would rather have said—*suspect the sun of cold*—if he had designed what is implied by the alteration. A thought of a similar kind occurs in *Hen. IV. Part I.*

“*Shall the blessed sun of heaven*

“*Prove a micher?*”

I have not, however, displaced Mr. Rowe's emendation, as a zeal to preserve old readings without distinction may sometimes prove as injurious to the author's reputation, as a desire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintness of phraseology then in use. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward : let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How ! to send him word they'll meet him in
the park at midnight ! fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the rivers ;
and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman : me-
thinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should
not come ; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall
have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when
he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ;
And there he blasts the tree, ⁷ and takes the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
You've heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :
But what of this ?

⁷ —and takes the cattle ;] To take, in Shakespeare, signifies
to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So in *Hamlet* :

“ No planet takes.”

So in *Lear* :

“ —Strike her young bones,

“ Ye taking airs, with lameness.” JOHNSON.

Mrs.

⁸ *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device ;——
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come,
And in this shape; when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus :

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouches, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
⁹ With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
¹ And, fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;

⁸ *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device ;——

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come,

And in this shape; when you have brought him thither,] Thus this passage has been transmitted down to us, from the time of the first edition by the players: but what was this shape, in which Falstaff was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious, the defect in this point must be owing to some wise retrenchment. The two intermediate lines, which I have restored from the old quarto, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter. THEOBALD.

⁹ *With some diffused song:—]* A *diffused song* signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. WARB.

By *diffused song* Shakespeare may mean such songs as mad people sing. Edgar in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to assume the appearance of a travelling lunatic, declares his resolution to *diffuse his speech*, i. e. to give it the turn peculiar to madness.

STEEVENS.

¹ *And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;]* The grammar requires us to read,

And, fairy-like TOO, pinch the unclean knight. WARB.

This

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight
with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the
fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.*² That filk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eaton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook:
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

This should perhaps be written *to-pinch*, as one word. This
use of *to* in composition with verbs, is very common in Gower
and Chaucer, but must have been rather antiquated in the time
of Shakespeare. See Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, B. 4. fol. 7.

“ All *to-tore* is myn araie.”

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169.

“ ———mouth and nose *to-broke*.”

The construction will otherwise be very hard. T. T.

² *That filk will I go buy;—and in that time*] Mr. Theobald
referring *that time* to the time of buying the filk, alters it to
tire. But there is no need of any change: *that time* evidently
relating to the time of the mask with which Falstaff was to be
entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dia-
logue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARB.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page,
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well-mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff, from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his ³ standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Antropophaginian* unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

³ — *standing-bed, and truckle-bed*;—] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *truckle, truckle, or running bed*. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle-bed the servant. So in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor*:

“ He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,

“ While his young master lieth o'er his head.” JOHNS.

Host.

Hof. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd : I'll call. Bully-knight! Bully-Sir John! speak from thy lungs military : art thou there? it is thine Hof, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine Hof?

Hof. Here's a ⁴ Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman : let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hof, an old fat woman even now with me ; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, ⁵ mussel-shell ; what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself ; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

⁴ — *Bohemian-Tartar*—] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypsie* ; but I believe the Hof means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *mussel-shell* ;—] He calls poor Simple mussel-shell, because he stands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Hof. Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly, Sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hof; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hof. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain; do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Hof?

Hof. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-

cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hofts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of hofes and money. I tell you for good will, look you : you are wife, and full of gibes and v'louting-ftocks ; and 'tis not convenient you fhould be cozen'd : fare you well.
[Exit.]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoft de Jarterre* ?

Hoft. Here, mafter Doctör, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany* : by my trot, der is no duke, dat the court is know, to come. I tell you for good will ; adieu.

[Exit.]

Hoft. Hue and cry, villain, go ! affist me, knight ; I am undone : fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !

[Exit.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd ; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it fhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens' boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creft-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd fince I forswore myself at ^s *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to fay my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistrefs Quickly.

Now, whence come you ?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and fo they fhall be both bestow'd ! I have suf-

* —*Primero*.—] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

fer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the ⁷ action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, ⁸ what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]

⁷ — *action of an old woman,*—] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falstaff to counterfeit the action of an *old woman*, in order to escape being apprehended for a *witch*? Surely, one would imagine, this was the readiest means to bring him into such a scrape: for none but *old women* have ever been suspected of being *witches*. The text must certainly be reitor'd, a *wood woman*, a *crazy*, *frantick woman*; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or mischievous subtlety of a *witch* in her. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reasonable enough, JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. Falstaff, by counterfeiting such weakness and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an *old woman*, averted the punishment to which he would otherwise have been subjected, on the supposition that he was a *witch*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *what ado is here to bring you together!*—] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism.

JOHNSON.
SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy,

I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak ; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton ; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page ; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chuser) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at ; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir John Falstaff Hath a great scene ; the image of the jest

[Shewing a letter.

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host ; To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ; The purpose why, is here ; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton Immediately to marry : she hath consented :—now, Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match, And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are talking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests ;
 Her father means she shall be all in white ;
 And in that dress when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me :
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar.
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
 Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling.—Go.—I'll hold.
 This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd
 numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in
 odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—
 Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I
 can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head,
 and mince.

Enter

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.— [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

P A G E.

COME, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slend.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! ⁹ No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? ¹ and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very

⁹ —No MAN means evil but the devil,—] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, No ONE means. WARBURTON.

¹ —and the Welch devil Evans?] The former impression: and the Welch devil Herne? But Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or sagacity of our editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discover'd the blunder of this passage. THEOBALD.

instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Falstaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windfor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windfor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. ² Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the ³ fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[The women run out.

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr; Quickly, and others, dress'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

² *Divide me like a brib'd-buck, —*] Thus all the old copies, mistakingly: it must be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a buck sent for a bribe.

THEOBALD.

³ *— fellow of this walk, —*] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

To the keeper the *shoulders* and *kumbles* belong as a perquisite. GRAY.

You

4 You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy
toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates fluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall
die:

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you
find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,

4 You ORPHAN-heirs of fixed destiny,] But why orphan-heirs?
Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless
the poet wrote,

You OUPHEN heirs of fixed destiny,

i. e. you *elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works
of destiny. They are called, in this play, both before and
afterwards, *oupbes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termina-
tion of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon *Alpenne*,
lamiæ, *dæmones*. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as
wooden, *woollen*, *golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without
plausibility, as the word *oupbes* occurs both before and after-
ward. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine,
the address in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by
birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their
real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. A
few lines from Spenser will sufficiently illustrate this passage:

“ The man whom *heavens* have ordaynd to bee

“ The spouse of *Britomart* is *Arthegall*.

“ He wonneth in the land of *Fayerce*,

“ Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all,

“ To *elves*, but sprong of seed terrestriall,

“ And whilome by false *Faries* stolen away,

“ Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall, &c.”

Edit. 1590. B. 3. St. 26.

FARMER.

5 Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
 But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
 shins.

Quic. About, about;
 Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out.
 Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room;
 That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
 6 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy

5 RAISE *up the organs of her fantasy*;] The sense of this speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not recommended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakespeare makes one, on his lying down, say,

*From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Protect us heaven!*

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise up the organs of her fantasy;

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

REIN up the organs of her fantasy;

i. e. curb them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

So in *The Tempest*:

“ Give not dalliance too much the REIN.”

And in *Measure for Measure*:

“ I give my sensual race the REIN.”

To give the rein, being just the contrary to rein up. The same thought he has again in *Macbeth*:

“ ——Merciful powers!

“ Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

“ Gives way to in repose.” WARBURTON.

6 *In state as wholesome,*—] The Oxford editor, not knowing the meaning of *wholesome*, has altered it to,

In site as wholesom,

and

7 Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
 The severall chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower :
 Each fair instalment coat, and severall crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the garter-compass, in a ring :
 The expresseure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
 8 In emerald-tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;

and so has made the wish a most absurd one. For the site or situation must needs be what it is, till the general destruction. But *wholsom* here signifies *integer*. He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of 'perfection, which the following words plainly shew,

———— as in state 'tis fit. WARBURTON.

7 *Worthy the owner, AND the owner it.*] And cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it ; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another,

———— AS the owner it.

For, sure he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing *to be*, which his complaisance must suppose actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARB.

8 *In emerald-tufts, flowers PURPLE, blue, and white ;*

Like saphire, pearl, AND rich embroidery,] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompar'd. To remedy this, the editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparision, read, *AND rich embroidery* ; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to saphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus instead of mending one false step they have made two, by bringing *saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet :

In emerald-tufts, flowers PURPLED, blue, and white ;

Like saphire, pearl, IN rich embroidery,

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the green-sword, like saphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenser :

“ ——— she was yclad,

“ All in a silken camus, lilly-white,

“ PURFLED upon, with many a folded plight.”

Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee ;
 Fairies use flowers for their ⁹ charactery. }
 Away ; disperse : but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in
 order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay ; I smell a man ¹ of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
 lest he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy
 birth.

Quic. ² With trial-fire touch me his finger-end ;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
 Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !—

The change of *and* into *in*, in the second verse, is necessary. For flowers worked, or *purpled* in the grass, were not like saphire and pearl simply, but saphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shewn above. WARBURTON.

⁹ ——— *charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *of middle earth.*] Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station. JOHNSON.

² *With trial-fire, &c.*] So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* :

“ In this flame his finger thrust,
 “ Which will burn him if he lust ;
 “ But if not, away will turn,
 “ As loth unspotted flesh to burn.” STEEVENS.

About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme :
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. ³ It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

The S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
4 Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villainy :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

⁵ During this song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; Slender another way, and he takes away a fairy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

³ *Eva.* *It is right, indeed,—*] This short speech, which is very much in character for Sir Hugh, I have inserted from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Lust is but a bloody fire,*] So the old copies. I once thought it should be read,

Lust is but a cloudy fire,

but Sir T. Hanmer reads with less violence,

Lust is but i' the blood a fire. JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unnecessary. *A bloody fire,* means *a fire in the blood.* In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* Act 4. the same expression occurs :

“ Led on by *bloody youth,*” &c.

i. e. sanguine youth. STEEVENS.

⁵ *During this song,—*] This direction I thought proper to insert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne, the hunter, serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit

⁶ See you these husbands? do not these fair oaks

Become the forest better than the town?] What oaks, in the name of nonsense, do our sagacious editors make Mrs. Page talk of? The oaks in the park? But there was no intention of transplanting them into the town.—*Talis inscitæ me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first folio reads, as the poet intended, yokes: and Mrs. Page's meaning is this. She speaks to her own, and Mrs. Ford's husband, and asks them, if they see the horns in Falstaff's hand; and then, alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the question, whether those yokes are not more proper in the forest than in the town, i. e. than in their families, as a reproach to them? THEOBALD,

may

may be made a Jack-a-lent⁷, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you:

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without

⁷ —how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,—] A Jack o' Lent appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*; 1659.

“ ———-throwing cudgels

“ At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks.”

Again, *The Wild Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I would be married sooner to a monkey;

“ Or to a *Jack of Straw*.”

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Tamer Tam'd*:

“ ———-if I forfeit,

“ Make a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins

“ For untagg'd points, and counters.”——

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ ———-on an Ash-wednesday;

“ Where thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent*;

“ For boys to hurl three-penny throws at thee.”

STEEVENS:

scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight ?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of flax ?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man ?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan ?

Page. And as poor as Job ?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife ?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles ?

Fal. Well, I am your theme ; you have the start of me ; I am dejected ; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel ; ⁸ ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me : use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander : over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

⁹ *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends :

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

⁸ ——— *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me :—*] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read :

——— *ignorance itself has a plume o' me :*

That is, I am so depressed, that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness. Of the present reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am so enfeebled, that *ignorance itself* weighs me down and oppresses me. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Mrs. Ford.* *Nay, husband,—*] This and the following little speech I have inserted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I presume, was by the players. Sir John Falstaff is sufficiently punished, in being disappointed and exposed. The expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the conclusion too tragical a turn. Besides, it is *poetical justice* that Ford should sustain this loss, as a fine for his unreasonable jealousy. THEOBALD.

Ford.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

[*Afide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. What ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

* — *laugh at my wife,*—] The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

JOHNSON,

Page.

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

² *Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!——
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:——Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

² *Page.* *Well, what remedy?——*] In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope observes, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only sentiment of which I regret the omission, occurs at this critical time, when Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, mistress Page, I must be bold with you,*

'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs. Page. [Aside.] *Although that I have miss'd in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.*

——*Here Fenton, take her.*——

Eva. *Come, master Page, you must needs agree.*

Ford. *I' faith, Sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.*

Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*

And yet it doth me good the Doctor miss'd.

Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that

by

by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakespeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him, who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at an end. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

Fast treated 13 July 1982



