

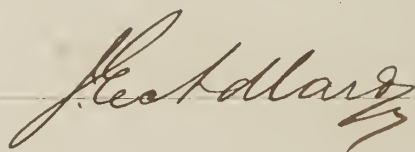
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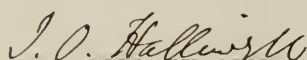
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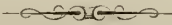
ALL THE
ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO EACH PLAY;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY
JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ. F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITÉ DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS, ETC.

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A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

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. The three last-named plates afford very good examples of the differences between the first three folio editions, and will enable possessors of imperfect copies to ascertain the edition to which they belong.

Measure for Measure.

EARLY EDITIONS.

(1). In the folio edition of 1623 ; in the division of Comedies, pp. 61-84, sigs. F1—G6 v^o.

(2). In the folio edition of 1632. The pagination and signatures are the same as in the above.

(3). In the folio edition of 1664. The pagination and signatures are the same as in the above.

(4). In the folio edition of 1684 ; in the division of Comedies, pp. 55-76, sigs. E4—G2 v^o.

INTRODUCTION.

THE principal incident in this play, the infamous conduct of Angelo, has been related of a variety of persons in different ages; but the primary source of the plot adopted by Shakespeare is found in the novels of Giraldi Cinthio, *Ecatommithi*, 1565. In the novel of that writer, Juriste, governor of Inspruck, a man renowned for wisdom and justice, sentenced a youth named Lodovico to death for violation. Epitia, sister of Lodovico, a virgin of exquisite beauty and highly accomplished, deeply loved her brother, and determined to attempt his deliverance. Kneeling in tears before the feet of Juriste, and pleading her brother's cause with pathetic eloquence, her graceful beauty, rendered still more attractive by her position, enraptured the stern judge who had previously laughed to scorn the power of love. In the excess of tumultuous passion, he makes the same proposal to her which Angelo does to Isabella. It is rejected with indignation, but Epitia is not proof against the tears and entreaty of her brother, and reluctantly yields to the wishes of Juriste under the solemn promise of marriage. What was her agony, then, to find that his vows were forgotten, and that Lodovico was executed, notwithstanding the sacrifice she had made. She appeals to the emperor of the Romans, before whom Juriste is convicted, compelled to marry her, and then sentenced to death. Epitia now sues for her husband's life; forgets her wrongs in the character of a wife; and, having obtained her prayer, continues the faithful partner of Juriste, who, on his part, is presumed to be reformed by her unexampled virtue and generosity.

It may readily be imagined that a tale like the preceding, although unsuitable for the audience of a very refined age, would be likely to attract the attention of our early dramatists, as containing the material for much effective situation. The Italian

novelist, indeed, had made the story the subject of a drama as well as of a romance, under the title of *Epitia*, which was published, with his other tragedies, at Venice, in the year 1583. Five years before the appearance of this work, George Whetstone, an English poet of some note, had published his 'Promos and Cassandra,' a play founded on Cinthio's novel, but comprising several variations adopted by Shakespeare. This production, which is in two parts, had not been performed before the year 1582, as appears from a marginal note in the *Heptameron*, printed in that year; nor is there any reason for supposing that it was ever publicly acted. The prose history of Promos and Cassandra, in Whetstone's *Heptameron of Civill Discourses*, 1582, merely condenses the circumstances of the play by the same author into a brief narrative, the following curious note occurring at the commencement:—"This historie, for rarenes therof, is lively set out in a commedie by the reporter of the whole worke, but yet never presented upon stage." The name of Isabella, the reporter of the tale, is conjectured to have suggested the appellation of the character in the following play; but the reader may be cautioned not to draw too rapid conclusions from trivial coincidences of this kind, it being a matter of doubt whether either of the prose stories was known to Shakespeare. Both the latter, however, are exceedingly interesting in connexion with the present enquiry into the source of the plot, and are essential to our collection of materials. I reprint, therefore, the original novel of Giraldi Cinthio, precisely as it stands in the early edition of the *Ecatommithi*; adding, in the second place, Whetstone's prose history from the *Heptameron*. The first tale bears the following title,—“Juriste e mandato da Massimiano, Imperadore, in Ispruchi, ove fà prendere un giovane violatore di una vergine, e condannalo à morte: la Sorella cerca di liberarlo: Juriste da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla Sorella: Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna; poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso: la donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente.” It is worthy of remark that, in the original edition of the second tale here reprinted, the English one from the *Heptameron*, numerous marginal notes occur; but as these, with the exception of the one above quoted, merely refer to the subject of the narrative, it was not considered necessary to retain them.

(1). Anchora che Matea paresse alle Donne degna di ogni gran pena, e per la ingratitude vsata verso quella Reina, e per lo dishonesto congiungimento col Fratello, Nondimeno à gran fatica tennero le lagrime, quando sentirono le parole, ch'ella, poco auanti la morte, hauea dette, e le pregarono tutte requie. Ma di Acolasto, e di Fritto non ne hebbe nè huomo nè Donna compassione, e alcuno di loro si marauigliò, che Iddio tanto sostenuti gli hauesse. Ma dissero gli huomini maturi, che Iddio lascia gli rei viui tra buoni, perche quelli siano a questi come vno essercitio continuo, e quasi speroni à ricorrere à lui. Oltre, che gli tolera anco la sua Maestà, per vedere se volessero volgere la mente à miglior uita. Ma, quando gli uede ostinati nel male operare, tale dà loro finalmente, il gastigo, quale costoro l'haueano hauuto. Et, tacendo già ognuno, disse Fulua, Deurieno i Signori, che sono posti da Iddio à gouerno del Mondo, non meno punire la ingratitude, quall' hora uiene loro à notitia, che puniscano gli Homicidi, gli Adulteri, i Ladronecci, i quali quantunque siano delitti graui, sono forse di minor pena degni, che la Ingratitude. Dalla qual cosa spinto Massimiano il Grande dignissimo Imperadore, uolle ad un tratto punire la Ingratitude, e la Ingiustitia di vn suo ministro, e ne sarebbe seguito l' effetto, se la bontà della Donna, contra la quale lo ingrato si era mostrato ingiustissimo, non l'hauesse, con la sua cortesia, dalla pena liberato, come mi apparecchio di dimostrarui. Mentre questo gran Signore, che fù raro esempio di Cortesia, di Magnanimità, e di singolare Giustitia, reggeua felicissimamente lo Imperio Romano, mandaua suoi ministri, à gouernare gli stati, che fioriuano sotto il suo Imperio. Et, fra gli altri, mandò al Gouerno d' Ispruchi vn suo familiare, che molto caro gli era, chiamato Iuriste. Et prima, che là il mandasse, gli disse. Iuriste, la buona opinione, che io hò conceputa di te, mentre al mio seruigio sei stato, mi fà mandarti Gouernatore di così nobile Città, quale è Ispruchi, sul quale reggimento, molte cose ti potrei commandare, Ma tutte in vna le voglio restringere, laquale è, che serui inuiolabilmente la Giustitia: Se bene haucessi a giudicare contra me medesimo, che tuo Signor sono, e ti auiso, che tutti gli altri mancamenti, ò siano per ignoranza, ò pur per negligenza commessi (anchora che da questi, voglio, che quanto più ti fie possibile ti guardi) ti potrei perdonare, ma cosa fatta contra la Giustitia appresso me non ritrouerebbe perdono, Et, se forse tu non ti senti di deure essere tale, quale io ti desidero (perche ogni huomo, non è buono ad ogni cosa) rimanti di pigliare questo maneggio, e restati più tosto quì in Corte, oue caro ti hò, à tuoi usati vffici, che coll'essere Gouernatore di questa Città, mi inducesti à far quello contra te, che, non senza mio gran dispiacere, miconuerebbe di fare per debito di Giustitia, quando tu la Giustitia non seruasti. Et qui si tacque. Iuriste, uie più lieto dell'ufficio, à che il chiamaua lo Imperadore, che buon conoseitore di sè stesso. Ringratiò il suo Signore dell'amoreuole ricordo, et gli disse, ch'egli era da sè animato alla conseruation della Giustitia, Ma che tanto più la conseruerebbe hora, quanto le parole sue gli erano state come vna facella, che uie più à ciò fare l'haueua acceso. Et che gli daua l'animo di riuscir tale in questo gouerno, che sua Maestà non haurebbe se non cagion di lodarlo. Piacquero allo Imperatore le parole di Iuriste. e gli disse veramente non haurò se non cagion di lodarti, se così buoni saranno i fatti, come son buone le parole. Et fattegli dare le lettere patenti, che già erano espedita, là il mandò. Cominciò Iuriste à reggere la Città assai prudentemente. e con molta diligenza, usando gran cura, e molto studio in fare, che giusta si stesse l'una, e l'altra bilance, non meno ne giudicii, che nelle dispensationi de gli Vffici, e nel premiare le Virtù, e punire i Vitii. Et duro gran tempo, che, con tale temperamento, si acquistò maggior gratia appresso il suo Signore, e si guadagnò la beniuolenza di tutto quel popolo. Et si poteua riputare felice fra gli altri, se con tal maniera fosse continuato in quel gouerno. Auenne, che un Giouane della terra Vieo chiamato, fè forza ad vna Giouane Cittadina di Ispruchi, onde ne fù fatta

querela al Iuriste. Et egli di subito il fece prendere, e confessata, ch'egli hebbe la violenza fatta alla vergine, il condannò, secondo la legge di quella Città, che voleua, che tali fossero condannati alla pena della testa, se bene anco si disponessero à pigliarla per Moglie. Haueua questi vna Sorella, che Vergine era, e non passaua diciotto anni. La quale, oltre ch'era ornata di estrema bellezza, haueua vna dolceissima maniera di fauellare, e portaua seco vna presenza amabile, accompagnata da donnesca honestà. Costei, ch'Epitia hauea nome, sentendo essere condannato à morte il Fratello, fu soprapresa da grauissimo dolore. e deliberossi di volere vedere, s'ella potesse, se non liberare il Fratello, almeno ammollirgli la pena, e, essendo ella stata sotto la disciplina, insieme col Fratello, di uno huomo antico, e hauea tenuto in casa il Padre suo, ad insegnare ad ambedue loro Philosophia, anchora che il Fratello male vsata l'hauesse, se n'andò ad Iuriste. e il pregò ad haueere compassione à suo Fratello: e per la poca età, però ch'egli non passaua sedici anni, la quale, il faceua degno di scusa, e per la poca esperienza, e per lo stimolo, ch'Amore gli haueua al fianco, Mostrandogli, ch'era opinione de' più saui, che l'Adulterio, commesso per forza d'Amore, e non per fare ingiuria al Marito della Donna, meritaua minor pena, che chi per ingiuria il faceua: et che il me desimo si deueua dire, nel caso del suo Fratello, il quale non per ingiuria, ma spinto d'ardente amore, quello fatto haueua, per cui condannato egli era: e che, in amenda dell'errore commesso, egli era per pigliare la Giouane per Mogliere, Et, quantunque la legge disponesse, che ciò non giouasse à chi le Vergini violasse, Poteua egli nondimeno, come prudente, ch'egli era, mitigare quella seuerità, la quale portaua seco più tosto offesa, che Giustitia, essendo egli in quel luogo, per l'auttorità hauuta dallo Imperatore, la legge viua, la quale auttorità ella voleua credere, che gli hauesse data sua Maestà, perche egli coll' Equità si mostrasse più tosto clemente, che aspro. Et, che se questo temperamento si deueua vsare in caso alcuno, si deueua egli vsare nè casi d'Amore, quando spetialmente rimaneua saluo l'honore della Donna violata, come era egli per riuuere nel caso di suo Fratello, il quale, era prontissimo à prenderla per Moglie, e ch'ella credea, che tale fosse stata costituita la legge più per porre terrore, che, perche ella fosse seruata, che le pareua vna crudeltà, il volere colla morte punire quello peccato, che con sodisfazione dell'offeso poteua essere honoreuolente, e santamente emendato, Et, aggiungendo à queste, altre ragioni, cercò d'indurre Iuriste à perdonare à quel Meschino, Iuriste, cui non meno dilettaua gli orecchi il dolce modo di fauellare di Epitia, che gli delectasse la sua gran bellezza gli occhi, fatto insieme vago di vederla, e di vdirla. La indusse à replicargli il medesimo vn'altra volta, La Donna, pigliando da ciò buouo augurio, quello istesso gli disse, con vie maggiore efficacia, che prima. Onde se ne rimase, e dalla gratia del fauellare di Epitia, e dalla rara bellezza, come viuto, e, tocco da libidinoso appetito, voltò la mente à commettere in lei quello errore, per lo quale haueua condannato Vieo alla morte. Et, le disse, Epitia, di tanto hanno giouato le ragioni à tuo Fratello, che oue diman gli deueua essere tagliata la testa, si differirà la essecutione insino à tanto, che habbia considerate le ragioni, che addotte mi hai, e, se tali le ritrouerò, che ti possano dare libero il tuo Fratello, lo ti darò tanto più volentieri, quanto me ineresce hauerlo veduto condotto à morte, per lo rigore della dura legge, che così hà disposto. Prese da queste parole Epitia buona speranza, e lo ringratiò molto, ch'egli così cortese le si fosse mostrato. e gli disse, di deuergli essere eternamente obligata, Pensandosi di non ritrouarlo meno cortese in liberarle il Fratello, che cortese l'hauesse ritrouato in prolungargli il termine della vita: e gli soggiunse, che ella fermamente speraua, che, s'egli consideraua le cose dette, con liberarle il Fratello, la farebbe pienamente contenta: e egli le disse, che le considererebbe, e che (quando senza offendere la Giustitia il potesse fare) non mancherebbe di adempire il suo desirio; Tutta piena di speranza si partì Epitia, e se n'andò al Fratello, e tutto quello gli disse, che con

Iuriste ella fatto hauea, e quanto di speranza ella ne hauea conceputa nel primo ragionamento: Fu ciò, in quello estremo caso, molto grato à Vieo. e la pregò à non mancare di sollecitare la sua liberatione, e la Sorella gli promise ogni suo officio. Iuriste, che la forma della Donna hauea nell'animo impressa, voltò ogni suo pensiero, come lasciuo, ch'egli era, à potersi godere di Epitia. e perciò attendeua, eh'ella un'altra volta gli ritornasse à parlare. Ella, passati tre giorni, vi ritornò, e tutta cortese gli dimandò quello, che gli hauesse deliberato. Iuriste, sì tosto, che la vide, si sentì venir tutto fuoco, e le disse. Ti sii bella Giouane, ben venuta: Io non son maneato di uedere diligentemente ciò, che potessero operare le tue ragioni, à fauore di tuo Fratello, e ne hò create delle altre anhora, perche tu ri manesti contenta: Ma ritrouo, che ogni cosa conchiude la morte sua: Perche vi è una legge uniuersale, che quando un pecca non per ignoranza, ma ignorantemente, non può hauere alcuna seusa il suo peccato, perche deuea sapere quello, che deono sapere tutti gli huomini vniuersalmente à uiuer bene, e chi con questa ignoranza pecca, non merita nè seusa, nè compassione. Et, essendo in questo caso tuo Fratello, il quale deuea molto ben sapere, che la legge uolea, che chi uiolaua la Vergine meritasse morte, se ne dee morire, nè io gli posso di ragione usar misericordia. Egli è uero, che quanto à te, alla quale desidero di far cosa grata, quando tu (poi che tanto ami tuo Fratello) uogli essere contenta di compiacermi di te, Io son disposto di fargli gratia della uita, e mutare la morte in pena men graue. Diuenne tutta fuoco nel uiso à queste parole Epitia, e gli disse, la uita di mio Fratello mi è molto cara, ma uic più caro mi è l'honor mio, e più tosto con perdita della uita cercherei di saluarlo, che con perdita dell'honore, Però lasciate questo uostro dishonesto pensiero. Ma, se per altra uia posso ricuperare il mio Fratello, che compiacerui, il farò molto uolentieri. Altra uia, disse Iuriste, non ui è, che quella, che detta ti hò, nè ti deureste mostrartene eosì schifa, perche potrebbe ageuolmente auenire, che tali sariano i nostri primi congiungimenti, che mia moglie diueresti. Non uoglio, disse Epitia, porre in pericolo l'honor mio, e perche in pericolo? disse Iuriste, forse che tal sei tu, che non ti puoi pensare, che così debba essere. Pensai ben sopra, e ne aspetterò per tutto domane la risposta. La risposta ui dò io insino ad hora, disse ella, che non mi pigliando uoi per moglie, quando pure uogliate, che la liberation di mio Fratello da ciò dependa, gittate al uento le parole. Replicolle Iuriste, eh'ella ui pensasse, e gli riportasse la risposta, considerando diligentemente chi egli era, quello, ch'egli poteua in quella Terra, e quanto potesse essere utile non pure a lei, ma à qualunque altro essergli amico, hauendo egli, in quel luogo, in mano la Ragione, e la Forza. Si partì Epitia da lui tutta turbata, e se n'andò al Fratello, e gli disse ciò, che fra lei, e Iuriste era auenuto, conchiudendogli, ch'ella non uoleua perdere l'honore suo, per saluare à lui la uita. Et, piangendo, il pregò à disporsi à tollerare patientemente quella Sorte, che, ò la necessitè de' Fati, ò la sua mala Fortuna gli apportaua. Quì si diede à piangere, e à pregare la Sorella Vico, ch'ella non uolesse consentire alla sua morte, potendo nella guisa, che proposta le haueua Iuriste, liberarla. Vorrai tu forse disse Epitia, uedermi la mania sul collo, e troncato quel capo, che teco è di un medesimo ventre, e da un medesimo Padre generato, e teco insino à questa età cresciuto, et nelle discipline teo nutrito, gittato à terra dal Ma nigoldo: Ah! Sorella, possa tanto in te, le ragioni della Natura, del sangue, e l'amorcuolezza, che è sempre stata fra noi, che tu potendo, come puoi, mi liberi da così uituperoso, e miserabile fine, hò errato, il confesso, Tu Sorella mia, che puoi correggere l'error mio, non mi essere auara del tuo aiuto, hatti detto Iuriste, che ti potrebbe pigliare per moglie, et perche non dei tu pensare, che così debba essere? Tu bellissima sei, ornata di tutte quelle gratie, che à Gentildonna può dar la Natura, sei gentilesca, e auenente, hai una mirabile maniera di fauellare, il che fà, che non pure tutte queste cose insieme, ma ciascuna per sè, ti può far cara, non dirò ad Iuriste, ma allo Imperadore

del Mondo: Però non hai da dubitar punto, che Iuriste per moglie nò sia per prenderti, e così, saluo il tuo honore, fie salua insieme del tuo Fratello la uita. Piangeua Vieo queste parole dicendo, e insieme seco piangeua Epitia, la quale, hauendo abracciata al collo Vieo, non prima la lasciò, che fù costretta (uinta da pianti del Fratello) di promettergli, che ad Iuriste si darebbe, poi che così à lui pareua, quando gli uolesse saluare la uita, e la mantenesse nella speranza di pigliarla per moglie. Conchiuso questo frà loro: il giorno appresso se n'andò la Giouane ad Iuriste, e gli disse, che la speranza, ch'egli le hauea da ta di pigliarla per moglie, dopo i primi congiungimenti, e il desiderio di liberare il Fratello non pur dalla morte, ma da qualunque altra pena, ch'egli, per l'errore da lui commesso, meritasse, l'haueua indotta à porsi tutta in suo arbitrio, e che per l'uno, e per l'altro ella era contenta di darglisi, ma soura tutto ella uoleua, ch'egli le promettessi la salute, e la liberta del Fratello, Iuriste uie più di ogn'altro huomo si tenne felice, poiche di sì bella, e leggiadra Giouane deueua godere, e le disse, che quella medesima speranza egli le daua, che prima le hauea data, e che il fratello libero dalle carcere le darrebbe, la mattina appresso, ch'egli con lei stato si fosse, così hauendo cenato insieme Iuriste, e Epitia se n'andarono poscia à letto, et si prese il Maluagio della Donna compiuto piacere, Ma, prima ch'egli andasse à giacersi colla Vergine, in uecce di liberare Vieo, commise, che subito gli fosse tagliata la testa. La Donna bramosa di veder il Fratello libero, non uide l'hora, che apparisse il giorno, et le parue, che mai tanto non tardasse il Sole à menare il giorno, quanto quella notte. Venuta la mattina, Epitia seioltasi dalle braccia di Iuriste, il pregò, con dolcissima maniera, che gli piacesse di adempire la speranza, ch'egli data l'haueua di pigliarlasì per Moglie, e che fra tanto, le mandasse libero il Fratello. Et egli le rispose, che gli era stato carissimo l'essere stato con esso lei, e che le piaceua, ch'ella hauesse conceputa la speranza, ch'egli l'hauea data, et che à casa il Fratello le manderebbe. Et eosi detto, fè chiamare il Prigioniere, e gli disse. Vanne alla Prigione, e tranne fuori il Fratello di questa Donna, e conduglie le à casa. Epitia, ciò udito, piena di molta allegrezza à casa se n'andò, aspettando libero il fratello, Il Prigioniere fatto porre il corpo di Vieo sopra la barra, gli mise il capo à piedi, e coperto lo di panno negro, andando egli auanti, il fè portare ad Epitia. Et entrato in casa, fatta chiamare la Giouane, questo è disse, il Fratel uostro, che ui manda il Sig. Governatore libero dalla prigione, et, così detto, fè scoprir la barra, Et le offerse il Fratello in quella guisa, c'hauete vdito. Io non credo, che lingua potesse dire, nè comprendere humana mente quale, e quanto fosse l'affanno, e il cordoglio di Epitia, veduto offerirsi quel Fratello in quella guisa morto, ch'ella aspettaua con somma allegrezza di uedere uiuo. e assoluto da ogni pena, Mi eredo ben Donne, che uoi crediate, che tale, e tanto fù il dolore della misera Donna, che auanzò ogni spetie di ambaseia. Ma ella lo chiuse entro il core, Et, oue qualunque altra Donna si saria messa à piangere, e à gridare, ella, cui la Philosophia hauea insegnato qual debbia essere l'animo humano in ogni fortuna, mostrò di rimanersi conenta, Et disse al Prigioniere, Tù dirai al tuo Signore, e mio, che quale gli è piaceiuto di mandarmi il Fratello mio, tale io l'accetto, et che, poi ch'egli non ha voluto adempire il voler mio, Io mi rimango contenta, ch'egli habbia adempito il suo, et così il suo uolere faccia mio pensandomi, ch'esso giustamente fatto habbia quello, che fatto egli hà, e gli mi raccomanderai, offerendogli prestissima a sempre piacerle. Riferì ad Iuriste il Prigioniere ciò, che Epitia detto gli haueua, dicendogli, ch'ella segno alcuno di discontentezza, non hauea dato, à così horribile spettacolo. Restò fra sè contento Iuriste ciò udendo, e venne in pensiero di potere hauere non altrimenti la Giouane à voglia sua, che s'ella fosse sua moglie, e le hauesse egli uiuo offerto Vieo. Epitia, partito il Prigioniere, fe sopra il morto fratello, dirottissimamente piangendo, lunga, e dolente querela. Maledicendo la crudeltà di Iuriste, e la simplicità sua, che prima gli si fosse data, ch'hauesse hauuto libero

il suo Fratello. Et, dopo molte lagrime, fe dare sepoltura al morto corpo. Et, ridottasi poscia sola nella sua stanza, spinta da giustissimo sdegno cominciò à dir seco. Dunque tolcerai tu Epitia, che questo Ribaldo ti habbia tolto il tuo honore, e per ciò ti habbia promesso di darti libero, e viuo il Fratel tuo, e poscia lo ti habbia in sì miserabile forma offerto morto? Tolererai tù, ch'egli di due tali inganni, fatti alla tua simplicità, si possa uantare, senza haerne da te medesima il debito gastigo? Et accendendo con tali parole sè alla vendetta, Disse. La mia semplicità hà aperta la uia à questo scelerato di arrecare à fine il suo dishonesto desiderio, uoglio io, che la sua lasciua mi dia il modo di uendicarmi, e se bene il far uendetta, non mi darà il mio Fratello uiuo, mi sarà ella nondimeno un passamento di noia, e, in tanta turbatione di animo, quasi sù questo pensiero si fermò. Aspettando, che Iuriste di nuouo la mandasse à dimandare, per giacersi con lei; oue andando, haueua deliberato portar seco celatamente il coltello, e, ueggiando, ò dormendo, come prima tempo se ne uedesse suenarlo. Et se il destro se ne uedesse leuargli la testa, e portarla al Sepolchro del Fratello, e all'ombra sua sacrarla. Ma pensando poi sopra ciò più maturamente, uide, che, anchora che le uenisse fatto di uccidere il Frodolente, si potrebbe ageuolmente presumere, che ella, come dishonesta Donna, e per ciò ardità ad ogni male, ciò hauesse fatto per ira, e per sdegno più tosto, che perche egli le fosse mancato di fede. Onde essendole noto quanta fosse la Giustitia dell' Imperadore, il quale allhora era a Villaco, deliberossi di andarlo à ritrouare, e dolersi appresso sua Maestà della ingratitudine, e della ingiustitia usatale da Iuriste. Portando ferma opinione, che quell'Ottimo, e Giustissimo Imperadore farebbe portare giustissima pena à quel Maluagio e della ingiustitia, e della ingratitudinc sua. Et uestitasi di habito lugubre, messasi tutta sola segretamente in camino, se n'andò a Massimiano, e, fattagli chiedere udienda, e ottenutala, gli si gittò à piedi, e accompagnando col dolente habito la mesta uocc, gli disse. Sacratissimo Imperadore, mi hà spinta auanti la Maestà Vostra, La fiera ingratitudine, e la incredibile ingiustitia, che mi hà Iuriste usata, Gouvernatore in Ispruchi di Vostra Cesarea Maesta. Sperando, ch'ella adopererà in guisa la sua Giustitia, che à niun misero uenne mai meno, che come mi hò da dolere infinitamente di Iuriste, per lo torto, ch'egli mi hà fatto, di cui non fù mai udito il maggiore, non si anderà altiero di hauermi, come mi hà, mi seramente assassinata, siami lecito usare questa parola inanzi à vostra Maestà, laquale anchora, che paia aspera, non agguaglia nondimeno la crudele, e non mai più udita onta, che mi hà fatto questo mal'huomo. facendomisi ad un trato conoscere, e ingiustissimo, e ingratisimo. Et quì, dirottamente piangendo, e sospirando narrò à sua Maestà, e come Iuriste sotto speranza di pigliarla per moglie, e de liberarle il Fratello, le hauea leuata la Virginità, e poscia le hauea mandato il Fratello suso vna barra morto colla testa à piedi. E qui sì mise gran grido, e allargo sì gli occhi al pianto, che commosse in guisa, e l'Imperatore, e gli altri Signori, che à torno sua Maestà erano, che se ne stauano, per la pietà, come luomini adombrati. Ma, anchora che Massimiano molta compassione le hauesse. Nondimeno hauendo data una delle orecchie ad Epitia (la quale alfin delle parole egli fe leuare in piedi) serbò l'altra, per Iuriste, et mandata la Donna à risposarsi, Mandò subito à chiamare Iuriste, commettendo, e al Messo, e à tutti gli altri, che iui erano, che, per quanto era lor cara la gratia sua, di ciò non dicessero ad Iuriste parola. Iuristè, che ogn'altra cosa si haurebbe più tosto pensata, che Epitia fosse andata allo Imperadore, ui uenne tutto lieto, et, giunto alla presenza di sua Maestà, fatta che gli hebbe riuerenza, le chiese ciò, ch'ella da lui uolesse, Hora, Hora il saprei, disse Massimiano. Et di subito fe chiamare Epitia. Iuriste veduta iui colci, cui sapeua egli di hauere grauemente offesa, uinto dalla conscienza, in guisa si smarrì, che abbandonato da gli spiriti vitali, cominciò tutto à tremare. La qual cosa veggendo Massimiano, tenne certo, che la

Donna nulla meno del vero detto le hauesse. Et riuoltosi verso lui, con quella seuerità, che à così atroce caso si conueniua, odi, disse, di che si duol di te questa Giouane. Et commise ad Epitia, che quello dicesse, di che ella si lamentaua. La quale per ordine tutta la historia gli narrò, e al fine, come prima dolente, all' Imperadore chiese Giustitia: Iuriste sentita l'accusa, volle lusingare la Donna, dicendo, Io non haurei mai creduto, che voi, che tanto amo, foste venuta à così accusarmi auanti sua Maestà, Non consentì Massimiano, che Iuriste lusingasse la Giouane, et disse non è tempo di fare quì l'appassionato, rispondi pure alla accusa, ch'ella ti hà data. Iuriste allhora lasciato quello, che gli potea far danno. Egli è vero disse, che hò fatta tagliare la testa al Fratello di costei, per hauere egli rapita, e fatto forza ad una Vergine, e ciò hò io fatto, per non uiolare la Santità delle leggi, e per scruare quella Giustitia, che tanto raccomandata mi haueua la Maestà uostra, senza offesa della quale egli uiuo non potea rimanere. Qui Epitia, e se così ti parca, che uolesse la Giustitia, per che mi prometesti tù di darlomi uiuo, e sotto questa promessa, dandomi speranza di pigliarmi per moglie, mi priuasti della Virginità mia, se meritò mio Fratello sentire per vn peccato solo la seuerità della Giustitia, tu per due uie più di lui tel meriti. Rimase quì come muto Iuriste. Onde lo Imperadore, Parti disse Iuriste, che questo sia stato serbare la Giustitia, ò pure hauerla offesa talmente, che l'hai poco meno, che uccisa? con l'hauere vsata la maggiore ingratitudine verso questa gentil Giouane, ch'usasse mai Scelerato alcuno? ma non te n'andrai lieto, credilo à me, Cominciò quì Iuriste à domandar mercede, et Epitia, allo incontro, adimandar Giustitia: Conosciuta da Massimiano la Semplicità della Giouane Donna, e la maluagità d'Iuriste. Pensò subito, come potesse serbare l'honore alla Donna, e Seruare parimente la Giustitia, e tra sè resolutosi di quanto uoleua fare, volle, ch'Iuriste sposasse Epitia. Non uoleua consentirlo la Donna, dicendo, ch'ella non potea pensare di deuer mai hauer da lui se non sceleragini, e tradimenti. Ma volle Massimiano, che di quello ella fosse contenta, ch'egli hauea deliberato, Sposata la Donna, si credete Iuriste, che fosse messo fine à suoi mali. Ma altrimenti auenne. Imperoche, data licenza Massimiano alla Donna, che all'albergo si riducesse, voltatosi verso Iuriste, che iui cra rimasto: e gli disse. Due, sono stati i tuoi delitti, e ambidue molto graui, L'uno, l'hauer uituperata questa Giouane, con tale inganno, che si dee dire, che le habbi fatta, forza, l'altro l'hauerle ucciso, contra la fede datale, il suo Fratello, il quale, anchora che meritasse la morte, era nondimen degno (poi che à uiolar la Giustitia ti eri disposto) che più tosto tu mantenessi la fede alla sua Sorella, poi che la tua dissoluta lasciuiua à promettergliela, sulla fede, te haueua ridotto, che, fatta à lei vergogna, mandargliela, come mandato glie le hai, morto. Però, poi che al primo peccato hò proueduto, con l'hauer ti fatta sposare la uiolata Donna, in emenda del secondo uoglio, che così sia à te tagliata la testa, come al suo fratello la facesti tagliare. Quanto graue fosse il dolore di Iuriste, vdiata la sentenza dello Imperadore si puo più tosto imaginare, che pienamente narrarlo, Fù adunque dato Iuriste à Sergenti, perche, la mattina appresso, egli fosse, secondo il tenore della setenza, ucciso. La onde Iuriste, del tutto à morir disposto, non attendeua altro senone, che il Manigoldo à guastarlo andasse. Fra questo tempo Epitia, che così ardente era stata contra lui, vdiata la sentenza dello Imperadore, Mossa dalla sua naturale benignità, guidicò, che non fusse cosa degna di lei, che dappoi che l'Imperadore hauea voluto, che Iuriste suo Marito fosse, e ella per talc l'hauea accettato, consentisse, che gli fosse per sua cagione data morte. Parendole, che ciò le potesse essere più tosto attribuito ad appetito di vendettà, e à crudeltà, che à desiderio di Giustitia. Per la qual cosa piegando tutto il pensiero alla salute del Cattiuello, se n'andò allo Imperadore, e hauuta licenza di parlare, così disse. Sacratissimo Imperatore, la ingiustitia, e la ingratitudine, che vsata mi haueua Iuriste, me indussero à chiedere Giustitia contra lui da uostra Maestà. La quale,

come Giustissima, à due delitti commessi da lui hà giustissimamente proueduto, all'uno, che fù il tormi con inganno la Virginità mia, col far, ch'egli per moglie mi prenda, all'altro, che fu l'hauermi ucciso il Fratello, contra la fede datami, col condannarlo à morte. Ma, come, prima, che sua moglie fussi, deuca desiderare, che vostra Maestà à quella morte il condannasse, alla quale ella giustissimamente condannato l'hà, così hora, poi che à lei piaciuto è, che, col Santo vincolo del matrimonio, io sia ad Iuriste legata, mi terrei se alla sua morte consentissi, meritar nome di spietata, e crudel donna, con perpetua infamia, Il che sarebbe effetto contrario alla intention di Vostra Maestà, la quale, colla sua Giustitia, hà cercato l'honor mio, Però, Sacratissimo Imperadore, accioche la buona intention di vostra Maestà il suo fine conseguisca, e l'honor mio senza macchia se ne rimagna. Pregoui, humilissimamente, e con ogni riuerenza, à non volere, che per la sentenza di uostra Maestà, la spada della Giustitia scioglia miseramente quel nodo, col quale hà piaciuto à lei con Iuriste legarmi, Et, oue la sentenza di uostra Maestà, hà dato chiaro segno della sua Giustitia, in condannarlo alla morte, così hora le piaccia, come di nuouo affettuosamente la prego, fare manifesta la sua Clemenza col donarlomi uiuo, Non è, Sacratissimo Imperatore, punto minor loda, a chi tiene il gouerno del Mondo, come hora, vostra Maestà dignissimamente il tiene, l'usare la clemenza, che la Giustitia: che oue questa mostra, che i vitii gli sono in odio, e perciò dan loro gastigo, Quella lo fa simglientissimo à gli Iddii Immortali. Et io, se questa singolar gratia otterrò dalla benignità vostra, per lo benigno atto, vsato verso me, humilissima Serua di vostra Maestà, pregherò, sempre con diuota mente Iddio, che degni conseruare à lunghi, e à felici anni la Maestà vostra, accioch'ella possa lungamente vsare la Giustitia, e la Clemenza sua à beneficio de mortali, e ad honore, e immortal gloria sua. Et qui pose fine Epitia al suo parlare. Parue cosa marauigliosa à Massimiano, ch'ella, posta in Oblio la graue ingiuria riceuta da Iuriste, per lui si caldamente pregasse. Et gli parue, che tanta bontà, ch'egli vide in quella Donna, meritasse ch'egli, per gratia le concedesse colui uiuo, che era stato à morte, per Giustitia condannato. Onde fatto chiamare Iuriste dinanzi à sè, in quell'ora, ch'egli attendeua di essere condotto a morte, gli disse. Ha potuto, reo huomo, tanto nel cospetto mio la bontà di Epitia, che, oue la tua sceleragine meritaua, di essere punita, con doppia morte, non, che con vna, ella mi hà mosso à farti gratia della vita. La qual vita, Io voglio, che tu conoschi da lei. Et poscia, ch'ella si contenta di viuer teco, con quel legame congiunta, col quale io con lei volli, che ti legasti, son contento, che tu, con lei ti uiua, Et se sentirò mai, che tu meno, che da amoreuolissima, e cortesissima moglie la tratti, io ti farò prouare quanto sarà il dispiacere, che mi farai. Et, conquiste parole presa lo Imperatore, Epitia per mano, ad Iuriste la diede, Ella, e Iuriste insieme, resc gratie à sua Maestà, della gratia loro concessa, e del fauor fatto, et Iuriste, considerata quanta verso lui fosse stata la cortesia de Epitia, l'hebbe sempre carissima. onde ella con lui felicissimamente visse il rimanente de gli anni suoi. (The above is taken verbatim from ed. 1565, ii. pp. 415-430.)

(2). *The rare Historie of Promos and Cassandra, reported by Madam Isabella.*—

At what time Corvinus, the scourge of the Turkes, rayned as kinge of Bohemia, for to well governe the free cities of his realme, hee sent diuers worthy majestrates. Among the rest, he gave the Lorde Promos the lieutennauntship of Julio; who in the beginning of his government, purged the cittie of many ancient vices, and severely punished new offenders. In this cittie, there was an olde custome (by the suffering of some majestrates, growne out of use) that what man so ever committed adulterie, should lose his head; and the woman offender should ever after be infamously noted by the wearing of some disguised apparrell: for the man was helde to bee the greatest offender, and therefore had the severest punishment. Lorde

Promos, with a rough execution, revived this statute, and in the hiest degree of injurie brake it hymselfe, as shall appeare by the sequell of Andrugioes adventures. This Andrugio, by the yeelding favour of fayre Polina, trespassed against this ordinaunee, who through envie was accused, and by Lorde Promos condemned to suffer execution. The wofull Cassandra, Andrugioes sister, prostrates her selfe at Lorde Promos feete, and with more teares then wordes thus pleaded for her brothers lyfe. Most noble Lorde, and worthy judge, voutehsafe mee the favour to speake, whose case is so desperate, as unlesse you beholde mee with the eyes of mercie, the frayle trespasse of condemned Andrugio, my brother, will bee the death of sorrowfull Cassandra, his innocent sister. I wil not presume to excuse his offence, or reproeche the lawe of rigor; for in the generall construction, hee hath done most evill, and the law hath judged but what is right: but, reverent judge, pardon the necessitie maketh mee here tel that your wisdome already knoweth. The most soveraigne justice is crowned with laurell, although shee bee gyrt with a sword, and this priveledge shce giveth unto her administrators; that they shall mitigate the severitie of the law, according to the quallyty of the offensee. Then, that Justicee bee not robbed of her gracious pittie, listen, good Lorde Promos, to the nature of my brothers offensee, and his able meanes to repayre the injurie. Hee hath defyled no nuptiall bed, the stayne wherof dishonoureth the guyltlesse husband: hee hath committed no violent rape, in whieh act the injured mayde can have no amends. But with yeelding consent of his mistresse, Andrugio hath onlye sinned through love, and never ment but with marriage to make amendes. I humbly beseeche you to accept his satisfaction, and by this example you shall be as much beloved for your clemencye, as feared for your severitie. Andrugio shalbe well warned, and hee with his sister, wofull Cassandra, shall ever remayne your Lordships true servantes. Promos eares were not so attentive to heare Cassandras ruethful tale, as his eyes were settled to regarde her excellent beautie. And Love, that was the appointed headsmen of Andrugio, became now the soveraigne of his judges thought. But because he would seeme to bridle his passions, he answered: fayre damsell, have patience, you importune me with an impossybylytie: he is condemned by lawe, then without injurie to lawe, he can not be saved. Princes and their deputies prerogatives (quoth she) are above the lawe. Besides, lawe, truelie construed, is but the amends of injurie; and where the faulte may be valued, and amendes had, the breache of lawe is sufficiently repayed. Quoth Lorde Promos: your passions mooveth more then your proofes, and for your sake I wyll reprove Andrugio, and studie how to do you ease without apparent breache of lawe. Cassandra, comforted, with humble thankes recyved his favoure, and in great haste goeth too participate this hope with her dying brother: but oh, that auethorytie should have power to make the vertuous to doo amisse, as well as throughe correction to enforce the vicious to fall unto goodnesse. Promos is a witnes of this priveledge, who not able to subduc his ineontinent love, and (withal) resolved that Cassandra would never be overeome with fayre words, large promises, or riche rewardes, demaunded the spoyle of her virginitie for raunsome of her brothers lybertie. Cassandra ymagyned at the first, that Lorde Promos used this speache but to trie her behaviour, answered hym so wisely, as, if he had not ben the ryvall of vertue, he could not but have suppressed his lewve (*sic*) affection, and have subscribed to her just petition: but to leave circumstaunees, Promos was fiered with a vicious desyre, which must be quenched with Cassandraes yeldyng love, or Andrugio must dye. Cassandra, mooved with a chaste disdayne, departed with the resolution, rather to dye her selfe, then to stayne her honour; and with this heavie newes, greeted her condemned brother. Poore man, alas, what should he do! Life was sweete; but to be redeemed with his sisters infamie could not but be alwayes unsaverie. To perswade her to consente was unnaturall: too yealde to death was more greevous. To choose

the leaste of these evylles was difficult: to studie long was daungerous. Fayne would he lyve, but shame cloased his mouth when he attempted to perswade his sister. But necessytie, that maistereth both shame and feare, brake a passadge for his imprysoned intent. Sweete Cassandra (quoth he), that men love is usuall, but to subdue affection is impossyble; and so thornie are the motions of incontinent desire, as to finde ease the tongue is only occupied to perswade. The purse is ever open to entice, and wheare neither words nor giftes can corrupt (with the mightie) force shall constrayne, or dispyght avenge. That Promos do love is but just: thy beautie commaundes hym: that Promos be refused is more just, because consent is thy shame. Thou maiste refuse and lyve; but he beyng rejected, I die: for, wantyng his wyll in thee, he wyll wreake his teene on mee. This is my hard estate: my lyfe lieth in thy infamie, and thy honour in my death. Which of these evylles be leaste I leave for thee to judge. The wofull Cassandra answered, that death was the leaste; whose darte we can not shunne, when honour, in deathes dispyght, outlyveth tyme. It is true, (quoth Andrugio), but thy trespasse wyll be in the leaste degree of blame; for in forced faultes justice sayth, there is no intent of evyll. Oh Andrugio, (quoth she), intent is now adayes lytle considred: thou art not condemned by the intent, but by the strickt worde of the law: so shall my crime bee reproched, and the forced cause passe unexeused; and such is the venome of envye, one evill deede shall disgrace ten good turnes, and in this yeelding, so shall I be valued: envye, disdain, spight, mallice, selaunder, and many moe furies will endeavour to shame mee, and the meanest vertue wyll blush to help to support my honour; so that I see no lybertie for thee but death, nor no ease for mee but to hasten my ende. O yes (quoth Andrugio), for if this offence be known thy fame will bee enlarged, because it will lykewise bee knowne that thou receavedst dishonor to give thy brother lyfe; if it be secreat, thy conscience wyl be without scruple of guiltinesse. Thus, knowne, or unknowne, thou shalt be deflowred, but not dishonested, and for amends wee both shall lyve. This further hope remaineth; that as the gilliflower both pleaseth the eye and feedeth the sence, even so the vertue of thy ehist behaviour may so grace thy bewty, as Promos filthie lust may bee turned into faithfull love, and so move him to salve thy honour in making thee hys wife, or for conscience forbear to doe so heynous an injurie. Sovereigne maddame, and you, faire gentlewomen (quoth Isabella), I intreate you in Cassandras behalfe, these reasons well wayed, to judge her yeelding a constrainte, and no consent; who, werie of her owne life, and tender over her brothers, with the teares of her lovely eyes bathed his cheekes, with this comfortable sentene. Lyve, Andrugio, and make much of this kisse, which breatheth my honour into thy bowels, and draweth the infamie of thy first trespasse into my bosome. The sharpe incounters betweene life and death so occupied Andrugios senees, that his tongue had not the vertue to bid her fare well. To greeve you with the hearing of Cassandras secreate plaints were an injurie, vertuous ladies, for they concluded with their good fortune, and everlasting fame; but for that her offence grew neyther of frayltie, free wyl, or any motion of a woman, but by the meere inforcement of a man, because she would not staine the modest weedes of her kynde, shee attired her selfe in the habit of a page, and with the bashfull grace of a pure virgin, shee presented wicked Promos Andrugioes precious ransome. This devill in humaine shape, more vicious then Hyliogabalus of Rome, and withall, as cruell as Denis of Sicyll, receaved this juell with a thousande protestations of favour. But what should I say? in the beginnyng of his love Promos was metamorphosed into Priapus: and of a feende what may we expect but vengeaunce heaped upon villany? And therefore, let it not seeme straunge, that after this helhound had dishonoured Cassandra, hee sent his warrant to the gayler pryvely to execute Andrugio, and, with his head crowned with these two briefes, in Promos name to present Cassandra:

Fayre Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,
From pryson, loe, he sendes thy brother free.

This was his charge, whose eursed wyll had ben exeuted, had not God, by an especiaall providence, at the howre of his death, possessed Andrugio with the vertues of the two brave Romanes, Marcus Crassus and Marius, the one of whiche by the force of his tongue, and the other by the motions of his eyes, caused the axe to fall out of the headsmans hand, and mollyfyed his eruell mynde. With lyke compassion, the gayler (in hearinge Andrugios hard adventure) left his resolution; and uppon a solempne othe to live unknowne, yea, to his deare sister, he gave him life, and in the dead of the night, betooke him to God, and to good fortune: which done, this good gayler tooke the head of a yonge man newe executed, who somewhat resembled Andrugio, and, according to lewde Promos eommaundement, made a present thereof to Cassandra. How unweleome this present was, the testimonie of her former sorowes somewhat discover; but to give her present passion a true grace were the taske of Prometheus, or such a one as hath had experience of the anguishes of hell. O! quoth shee, sweete Andrugio, whether shall I firste lament thy death, exelaime of Promos injurie, or bemone my owne estate, deprived of honour? and which is worse, cannot die but by the violence of my owne hands. Alas! the least of these greefes are to heavie a burden for a man, then all, joynd in one poore womans heart, can not be eased but by death; and to be avenged of injurious fortune, I wil forthwith cut my fillet of life. But so shall Promos lewdnesse escape unpunished: what remedie? I am not of power to revenge; to eomplayne, I expresse my owne infamie, but withal proclaime his vilanie: and to heare his lewdnes reprov'd woulde take away the bitterness of my death. I will goe unto the king, who is just and mereifull: hee shall heare the ruthfull events of Promos tyrannie; and to give him example of vengeaunce, I will seale my eomplaintes with my dearest bloode. Continuing this determination, Cassandra buried her imagined brothers heade, and with speed jorneyed unto king Corvinus court; before whose presence when shee arrived, her mourninge attyre, but especially her modest countenaunce, moved him to beholde her with an especiaall regarde. Cassandra (uppon the graunt of audieence) with her eyes overcharged with teares, reported the alreadie discoursed accidentes with suche an apparaunce of greefe, as the king and his attendants were astonied to heare her; and sure had shee not been happily prevented, shee had concluded her determination with ehist Lueretias destiny. The king eomforted her with many gracious words, and promised to take such order, that (although he could not be revived) her brothers death should fully be revenged, and her crased honour repayred withoute blemyshe of her former reputation. Cassandra, upon these comfortable wordes, a lytell sueeoured her afflicted hart, and with patience attended the justice of the king; who with a ehosen companie made a progresse to Julio, and entred the town with a semblaunce of great favour towards Promos, by that colour to learne what other corrupte majestates ruled in the cittie: for well he knewe that byrdes of a feather would flie together, and wiked men would joyne in affection to boulster each others evil. After this gracious king had by heedfull intelligence understoode the factions of the people, unlooked for of the magistrates, he caused a proclamation to be published, in which was a clause, that if anie person coulde charge anie magistrate or officer with anie notable or haynous offence, treason, murder, rape, sedition, or with any such notorious crime, where they were the judges of the multitude, hee woulde himselfe bee the judge of them, and doe justice unto the meanest. Uppon this proclamation it was a hell to heare the exclamations of the poore, and the festered consciences of the rich appeared as lothsome as the river of Stix. Among manie that eomplained, and received judgement of eomfort, Cassandras proesesse was

presented, who, lead betweene sorrow and shame, accused Promos to his face. The evidence was so playne, as the horreur of a guiltie conscience reaved Promos of all motions of excuse; so that holding up his hande among the worst degree of theeves, the litle hope that was leaft moved him to confesse the crime, and with repentance to sue for mercy. O! (quoth the king) such espetial mercy were tyrannic to a common wealth. No, Promos, no: Hoc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri: you shall be measured with the grace you betowed on Andrugio. O God! (quoth hee) if men durst bark as dogges, manie a judge in the world would be bewrayed for a theefe. It hehoveth a prince to know to whom hee committeth authoritie, least the sword of justice, appointed to chasten the lewde, wound the good; and where good subjects are wronged, evill officers receive the benefit, and their soveraignes beareth the blame. Well, wicked Promos, to scourge thy impious offences, I heere give sentence, that thou foorthwith marry Cassandra, to repayre her honour by thee violated, and that the next day thou lose thy head, to make satisfaction for her brothers death. This just judgement of the good kinge in the first point was foorthwith executed; but sacred is the authoritie, that the vertues of the good are a sheelde unto the lewde: so swecte Cassandra, who (simply) by vertue overcame the spight of fortune, in this marriage was charged with a new assault of sorrow, and preferring the dutie of a wife before the naturall zeale of a sister, where she before prosecuted the revenge of her brothers death, shee now was an humble suter to the kinge for her husbands lyfe. The gracious kinge sought to appease her with good words, but hee could not do her this private favour without injurie unto the publyke weale; for though (quoth he) your sute be just, and the bounden dutie of a wife, yet I in fulfillyng the same should do unjustly, and (generally) injure my subjects: and therefore, good gentlewoman, have patience, and no doubt vertue in the ende will give you power over all your afflictions. There was no remedie: Cassandra must departe out of hope to obtayne her sute; but as the experience is in dayly use, the dooinges of princes post through the world on Pegasus backe, and as theyr actions are good or badde, so is their fame. With the lyke speede the kynges justice, and Promos execution was spred abroad, and by the tonge of a clowne was blowen into Andrugioes eares, who tyll then lyved lyke an outlawe in the desart wooddes. But upon these newes, covertly in the habyt of an hermyt, by the divine motion of the sowle who directes us in thinges that be good, and the flesshe in actions of evyll, Andrugio goes to see the death of his capitall enemy; but, on the other parte, regardyng the sorrow of his sister, he wished him lyfe as a friende. To conclude, as well to geve terrour to the lewde, as comfort to his good subjectes, the kyng (personallie) came to see the execution of Promos; who, garded with officers, and strengthened with the comfortable perswasions of his ghostly fathers, among whom Andrugio was, meekely offered his lyfe as a satisfaction for his offences, which were many more then the lawe tooke knowledge of: and yet, to say the trueth, suche was his repentance, as the multitude did both forgeve and pittie him; yea, the king wondred that his lyfe was governed with no more vertue, consideryng the grace he showed at his death. Andrugio, behouldyng this ruethful spectacle, was so overcome with love towardes his sister, as, to give her comfort, he franckly consented anew to emperill his own life; and followinge this resolution, in his hermyts weede, upon his knees he humblye desired the kinge too give hym leave to speake. The kyng (gratiously) graunted hym audience. Wherupon (quoth he), regarded soveraigne, if lawe may possibly be satisfied, Promos true repentance meritteth pardon. Good father (quoth the king) he can not live, and the lawe satisfied, unlesse (by miracle) Andrugio be revived. Then (quoth the hermyt) if Andrugio lyve, the law is satisfied, and Promos discharged. I (quoth the king), if your praier can revive the one, my mercie shall acquite the other. I humbly thanke your Majestie

(quoth Andrugio); and discoveryng himselfe, shewed the providence of God and the meane of his escape: and tendrynge his sisters, comfort above his owne safetie, hee prostrated him selfe at his Majesties feete, humblye to obey the sentence of his pleasure. The kinge uppon the reporte of this straunge adventure, after good deliberation, pardoned Promos, to keepe his worde, and withall, houldyng an opinyon that it was more benefitall for the citezens to be ruled by their olde evell governour, new refourmed, then to adventure uppon an newe, whose behaviours were unknowne; and to perfect Cassandras joye, he pardoned her brother Andrugio, with condition that he should marrie Polina. Thus, from betweene the teethe of daunger every partie was preserved, and in the ende establyshed in their hartes desire.

It is by no means improbable that the first of these tales was known to Shakespeare, even although he has adopted alterations introduced by Whetstone into his Promos and Cassandra; and there appear to be a few minor indications which lead to the conclusion that the Italian drama on the subject, as well as the novel, had been perused by the great dramatist. Cinthio's tragedy of Epitia, as previously observed, was not published, however, till some years after the appearance of Whetstone's drama. In the latter, the youth is sentenced for the lesser crime of seduction, and he is saved, as in Measure for Measure, by the substitution of another head; but the great improvement, by which the tale is so much purified, is the introduction of Mariana, an incident for which we are indebted to Shakespeare himself. The substitution of Mariana in the garden-house not only reconciles the reader to the development of the story, but softens his indignation at the infamy of Angelo, and removes what would otherwise be considered the glaring inconsistency of Isabella's intercession. The sojourn of the Duke in the city in disguise is also one of Shakespeare's introductions.

As the play of Promos and Cassandra is reprinted at the end of the notes, carefully re-collated with a copy of the original edition preserved in the British Museum, it is scarcely necessary to enter at length into the question of the extent of Shakespeare's obligations to Whetstone. The chief aim of the editor of the present work is directed to the accumulation of authentic materials, rather than to offer to the reader discussions on points of this description, especially in cases where an attentive perusal of those materials will convey a better knowledge of the subject than could be obtained from any critical analysis, however elaborate. There is sufficient evidence that the great dramatist was acquainted with the elder play, but the similarities to be traced between that drama and Measure for Measure are not of striking importance. A few of the most curious are mentioned in the notes; and it is worthy of remark that Shakespeare appears to

have taken the idea of the title of his comedy from a couplet in the first part of Whetstone's play, in which a person who deceives others is said to deserve "himselſe lyke measure to receyve," a passage which would naturally suggest the adoption of the old proverb of *Measure for Measure*, which occurs in *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599, and is alluded to by Shakespeare in the Third Part of Henry VI.

Malone is of opinion that in the speech of the Duke in the first act, commencing, "I love the people," &c., there is an allusion to the great dislike of James I. to popular applause; and as the play was acted before that sovereign soon after his accession to the throne, it certainly is not impossible that an apology of this kind for a reserve which does not appear to have well pleased the English public, would have been highly relished by the king. James had exhibited early in life a fondness for the "life removed." As early as the year 1586, he is thus described by a contemporary,—“Generally, he seemeth desirous of peace, as appeareth by his disposition and exercis; viz., his great delight in hunting, his private delight in enditing poesies, and in one or both of these commonly he spendeth the day, when he hath no public thing to do; his desire to withdraw himself from places of most access and company, to places of more solitude and repose, with very small retinue.” A similar taste pervaded his movements after he had ascended the throne of these realms; and in his progress from Edinburgh to London, “he was faine,” observes the writer of *A True Narration of the Entertainment of his Royall Majestie*, 1603, “to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and dayly accesse of peoples comming.” In his “publick appearance,” observes Wilson, “especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses.” There is something still more definite in the account which Sir Simonds d’Ewes gives of the king’s conduct in his progress to Parliament in the year 1621,—“In the King’s short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable; First, that he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and three-fold on all sides to behold him, ‘God bless ye! God bless ye!’ *contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a plague on such as flocked to see him*: Secondly, that though the windows were filled with

many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland: Thirdly, that he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador; and fourthly, that looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies in yellow bands, he cried out aloud, 'A — take ye, are ye there?' at which being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenly from the window." This graphic account certainly confirms the possibility of Malone's conjecture, which, however, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is not founded on evidence. If it be admitted, another passage may be produced which also tends to the same conclusion,—“and even so the general,” &c. The other arguments adduced by Malone respecting the chronology do not appear to be of any importance; and, indeed, the principal one, an imitation of a passage in *Measure for Measure* by Barksted, in 1607, is rendered of little value by the recent discovery that the play was performed at Whitehall, before the Court, on December 26th, 1604, the following entry occurring in the original account-book preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House,—“On St. Stevens night in the hall a play ealed Mesur for Mesur.” The author's name is recorded as *Shaxberd*, a curious evidence of the scribe's ignorance of the poet's real appellation. The discovery of this curious entry was made by Mr. P. Cunningham, and it was published in his *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 8vo. Lond. 1842, p. 204. A facsimile of this important notice, the earliest mention of the comedy known to exist, is here given from the original manuscript; and the probability is that the play itself was written not long previously to the date of this performance. The entry occurs in the book of accounts that extend from October, 1604, to October, 1605, the title in the MS. being, “The Aecompte of the Office of the

By his Ma^{ty}s
of Soliers.
On St. Stevens night in the
Hall at Whitehall ealed
Mesur for Mesur.
Shaxberd.

Revelles of this whole yeres Charge in anno 1604, untell the last of Octobar, 1605." It is clear, therefore, that Measure for Measure was performed before the Court a few days previously to the close of the year 1604; but it was not printed before its appearance in the collective edition of 1623. The allusions to "these blaek masks," in the second act, is a strong testimony in favour of the opinion that the comedy was written with a view to its performance at Court; for if, as is very probable, the masks alluded to are those of the audience, Shakespeare would scarcely have been likely so to have flattered an ordinary assemblage at a public theatre.

In Measure for Measure, Shakespeare has infinitely purified a barbarous tale, which the taste of the age authorised as a legitimate subject for dramatic representation; and he has converted it into a generic history of the ever-continuing struggle between chastity and incontinence. As far as a narrative of the kind could possibly be made subservient to the purposes of a moral, that end has been in an extraordinary degree accomplished by this singular composition, which exhibits, in an outline of wonderful power, how frequently is the impulse of temptation irresistible to a mind that relies upon its own strength for protection. The prayers of Angelo came from his lips, not from his heart, and he fell a victim to a passion which he would otherwise either have stifled in its conception, or sought to gratify by lawful means. There are indications which appear to suggest that the Duke himself, notwithstanding his openly expressed commendations of the Deputy's qualities, has some secret misgivings that "power may change purpose," and that Lord Angelo may not surrender his trust with an unscathed conscience. It is not, indeed, impossible that the Duke is throughout intending to make trial of Angelo, and that he was induced to this by his knowledge of the history of Mariana, his acquaintance with her melancholy story appearing to be incompatible with a sincerely high estimation of him. At all events, whether this be the case or not, there can scarcely be a doubt but that the main action of the drama depends on the temptation and fall of Angelo, and that these are the incidents selected by the poet for the development of his intention, to which the other transactions of the comedy, including the noble advocacy of the sagacious and eloquent Isabella for her brother, are merely accessories. The author has rendered the story subservient to the inculcation of

mercy towards offenders of the class to which Claudio belonged, on the ground that, were the secrets of all hearts known, the severe interpreter of the laws of chastity would not infrequently be involved in the penalties of the judgment that he passes on the errors of others; and he has accomplished this object, without leaving on the mind the slightest trace of sympathy with the offence that is pardoned.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the Deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

PROVOST.

THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*
PETER, }

A JUSTICE.

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*

CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*

MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Gaoler, Officers, and Attendants.

SCENE, VIENNA.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know¹ that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
You let it work.² The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms³
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul⁴
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power; What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.⁵

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,⁶
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,⁷ as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.⁸
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves:⁹ for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us,¹⁰ 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues:¹¹ nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.¹² But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;¹³
Hold, therefore, Angelo:¹⁴ [*Handing him the Commission.*]
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy¹⁵ in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question,¹⁶ is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice¹⁷
Proceeded to you: therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself,¹⁸ and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know¹⁹

What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,²⁰
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:²¹
Though it do well,²² I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Vienna.*

Enter LUCIO²³ *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace,²⁴ but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment²⁵ to command the captain, and all the rest, from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.²⁶

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion,²⁷ or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace,²⁸ despite of all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.²⁹

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.³⁰ Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech, I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation³¹ comes! He has purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars³² a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.³³

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow:³⁴ Impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?³⁵

Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Over. Nay, but I know 't is so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopp'd off.³⁶

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Over. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and GENTLEMEN.*

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,³⁷ what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what 's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.³⁸

Over. But what 's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.³⁹

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation,⁴⁰ have you?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs⁴¹ of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Over. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed:⁴² they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Over. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Over. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Over. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?⁴³ Let 's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison: and there 's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, GAOLER,⁴⁴ *and* OFFICERS;
LUCIO, *and* two GENTLEMEN.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.⁴⁵—
The word of heaven—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,⁴⁶
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,—
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,⁴⁷—
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.⁴⁸—What 's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again

Lucio. What, is 't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—Lucio, a word with you.
[*He takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.—
 Is leebery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me :—Upon a true contract,⁴⁹
 I got possession of Julietta's bed ;
 You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
 Save that we do the denunciation lack⁵⁰
 Of outward order : this we eame not to,
 Only for propagation of a dower⁵¹
 Remaining in the eoffer of her friends ;
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
 Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,⁵²
 With charaeter too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
 And the new deputy now for the duke,—
 Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ;⁵³
 Or whether that the body public be
 A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 He ean command, lets it straight feel the spur ;
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in :—But this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour,⁵⁴ hung by th' wall
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,⁵⁵
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me :—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tiekle⁵⁶ on thy
 shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
 Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
 I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind serviee ;
 This day my sister should the eloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation ;⁵⁷
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
 Implore her in my voice,⁵⁸ that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,⁵⁹
 Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of
 the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition;⁶⁰ as
 for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry⁶¹ should be
 thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.⁶² I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love⁶³
 Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
 Of burning youth.

Friar. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
 How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;⁶⁴
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,⁶⁵
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep.⁶⁶
 I have delivered to lord Angelo
 (A man of stricture,⁶⁷ and firm abstinence)
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland:
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this.

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,⁶⁸)
 Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;⁶⁹
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey.⁷⁰ Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stiek it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use ;⁷¹ in time the rod
 Becomes more moek'd than fear'd ;⁷² so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;⁷³
 The baby beats the nurse,⁷⁴ and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your graee
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleased :
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
 Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
 Sith 't was my fault to give the people seope,
 'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,⁷⁵
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo impos'd the offiee ;
 Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,⁷⁶
 And yet my nature never in the fight,
 To do me slander.⁷⁷ And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me⁷⁸
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,⁷⁹
 At our more leisure⁸⁰ shall I render you ;
 Only this one:—lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ;⁸¹ searee confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
 If power echange purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Nunnery of St. Clare.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of St. Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*

Isab. Who 's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit FRANCISCA.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.⁵²

Lucio. 'T is true. I would not. Though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing,⁵³ and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,⁵⁴ 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover⁵⁵ have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,⁵⁶
That from the seedness⁵⁷ the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison ; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.⁸⁸

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand,⁸⁹ and hope of action : but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,⁹⁰
Governs lord Angelo: a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge⁹¹
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use⁹² and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions), hath pick'd out an act,⁹³
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example : all hope is gone,
Unless you have the graec⁹⁴ by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so

Seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd him already,⁹⁵

And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For 's execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor
Ability 's in me to do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the pow'r you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs⁹⁶
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother⁹⁷
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Since I am put to know.*

For *put*, Mr. Wheeler's annotated third folio, and Pope, read *not*, and the Perkins manuscript, *apt*. Several instances of *put*, in the sense of *obliged* or *constrained*, occur in Shakespeare; in *Cymbeline*, *Coriolanus*, and *2 Henry VI*. "My limbs were *put* to travel day and night," Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, ap. Steevens. "To *put* gently into one's mind, *instillare aliquid alicui*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

² *You let it work.*

The original reads,—*And let them work*, the pronoun *them* undoubtedly referring to *science*, by that interchange of the singular and plural which has been elsewhere noticed. Even the conjunction *and* may possibly be justified, but in the absence of direct evidence on the point, and in deference to the universal opinion that the text is corrupt, the alteration above given has been made, involving only in reality the conjectural emendation of one monosyllable, *it* and *them* being so frequently interchangeable, the substitution of the former may be adopted as merely one example of an acknowledged system of minor grammatical modernization. The meaning of the speech is clearly this,—To unravel the mysteries of government to you would be simply affectation, since I know, or am given to understand, that your own knowledge of the subject surpasses any advice it is in my power to offer; it then only remains for me to enjoin that you employ it (your knowledge) according to your ability and your moral worth. It may be observed that instances of *and*, used very licentiously, occur in *Cymbeline* and *Coriolanus*; so that it is by no means impossible that the first folio correctly represents Shakespeare's own language. So, again, in the present act,—“bore many gentlemen, myself being one, in hand, *and* hope of action,” where we should now read *with*.

Some of the conjectural emendations of this passage may be worth preserving. “*Put* that to your sufficiency,” Rowe and Pope. “Then no more remains, To your sufficiency, as your worth is able, But that you let them work,” Wheeler MS. “But *task* to your *sufficiency*,” Dent MS. “But that to your sufficiency *you add Due diligence*, as your worth is able,” Theobald. “But that to your sufficiency *you join A will to serve us*, as your worth is able,” Hanmer. “But that sufficiency, as your worth is able,” Steevens, who justifies the omission of the two words by his system of metrical construction. “But that to your sufficiency *you put A zeal as willing* as your worth is able,” Tyrwhitt; a reading, observes Steevens, supported by the following passage,—“enough will is not put to thy abilitie,” Chapman's *Homer*. “But that *your* sufficiency, as your worth, *be* able,” Monck Mason.

“Then no more remains, To your sufficiency your worth is able, And let them work,” T. Hull’s MS. comments. “But to your sufficiency your worth *be added*,” Seymour. This is similar to the suggestion of Mr. Collier’s annotator. “But *add* to your sufficiency your worth, And let them work,” Perkins MS. “But *thereto* your sufficiency, as your worth is able,” S.W. Singer. Malone was strongly of opinion that a line, or rather two half lines, have been omitted by the printer, several instances of a similar negligence occurring in the early folios. Chalmers in his Supplemental Apology, p. 405, suggests, “I let them work,” reading it thus, —“Then no more remains (for me), but that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, I let them (your science, sufficiency, worth,) work;” Becket, “but that your sufficiency be, as your worth is stable;” and Jackson, “but *state* to your sufficiency.”

“I cannot understand that by the word, *sufficiency*, in this place is meant, as Warburton interprets it, ‘authority or delegated power;’ nor do I believe that it is ever used in that signification. It means in general abilities of every kind, and I take it to comprehend on this occasion all the moral virtues of an able governor; integrity, courage, steadiness, resolution, vigilance, diligence, &c. To all these taken together the Duke bids Escalus add his own science, that is, his skill in the arts of government, as that by which they were all to be directed, and, as opportunities should arise, called forth into action. ‘As your worth is able,’ means, As your good understanding and disposition will enable you to do.”—*Heath*.

“That the passage is more or less corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is lost, as Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after some other editor (Rowe), will amend the fault. There was probably some original obscurity in the expression, which gave occasion to mistake in repetition or transcription. I therefore suspect that the author wrote thus:

—Then no more remains,
But that to your *sufficiencys* your worth is *abled*,
And let them work.

“Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencys* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unusual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uses it in the same sense, or nearly the same, with the Duke. As for *sufficiencys*, D. Hamilton, in his dying speech, prays that Charles II. may exceed both the *virtues* and *sufficiencys* of his father.”—*Johnson*. The best support of Dr. Johnson’s reading is perhaps found in the use of *able* as a verb in King Lear. “The following passage, in King Henry IV. Part I., which is constructed in a manner somewhat similar to the present when corrected, appears to me to strengthen the supposition that two half lines have been lost:

Send *danger* from the east unto the west,
So *honour* cross it from the north to south,
And let them *grapple*.

“*Sufficiency* is skill in government; ability to execute his office. And let them work,—a figurative expression;—Let them ferment.”—*Malone*.

³ *The terms for common justice you are as pregnant in.*

Terms mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, written in Henry the Eighth’s time, was in Shakespeare’s days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law.—*Blackstone*. *Terms* of

the law are explained by Jacob to be, “artificial or technical words, and terms of art particularly used in and adapted to the profession of the law.”

The later editions all give it, without authority—“——the terms of justice,—” and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* signify *bounds* or limits. I rather think that the Duke meant to say that Escalus was *pregnant*, that is, *ready* and knowing in all the forms of the law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times set apart* for its administration.—*Johnson*.

⁴ *We have with special soul elected him.*

By the words *with special soul elected him*, I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart*. A similar expression occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: “—with *private soul*, did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.” Again, more appositely, in the *Tempest*: “—for several virtues have I lik’d several women, never any with so *full soul*, but some defect,” &c.—*Steevens*.

Steevens has hit upon the true explanation of the passage; and might have found a further confirmation of it in *Troilus and Cressida*, where, speaking of himself, *Troilus* says: “ne’er did young man fancy *with so eternal, and so fix’d a soul*.” To do a thing with all one’s soul, is a common expression.—*M. Mason*.

This seems to be only a translation of the usual formal words inserted in all royal grants:—“De gratia nostra speciali, et ex mero motu—.”—*Malone*.

The common reading is, ‘with special soul;’ where the *soul* is put for one of its principal faculties, the judgment; or, at least for one of its principal operations, deliberation.—*Heath*. Warburton suggested to read, *special roll*, and Dr. *Johnson*, *special seal*.

⁵ *I come to know your pleasure.*

“I come to know your Grace’s pleasure,” ed. 1632.

⁶ *There is a kind of character in thy life.*

Either this introduction has more solemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot discover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man’s *life* informs the observer of his *history*? Might it be supposed that Shakespeare wrote this?—“There is a kind of character in thy *look*.” *History* may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper.—*Johnson*.

Shakespeare must, I believe, be answerable for the unnecessary pomp of this introduction. He has the same thought in *Henry IV. Part II.*, which affords some comment on this passage before us:

There is a history in all men’s lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas’d:
The which observ’d, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, &c.—*Steevens*.

Monck Mason considers that the words *character* and *history*, in the text, should be transposed; and that such a transposition is justified by the passage in *Henry IV.*—“The progress of thy life has marked upon thy countenance and exterior, a character, which clearly denotes what thou art.”—*Seymour*.

⁷ *Are not thine own so proper.*

One of Shakespeare’s Latinisms. (*Proprius*, Lat.)

⁸ *Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.*

Hanmer reads, *them on thee*. The meaning of the original text appears to be this,—Thyself and thy endowments are not so exclusively your own, belonging to

yourself, that either you are to waste your exertions upon your own virtues, or that they are to be solely exercised for your own advantage. Or, as the pronoun was frequently used somewhat capriciously,—you are not to employ your own gifts for selfish purposes. There is a slight ambiguity, which is either to be explained philosophically or grammatically.

⁹ *Not light them for themselves.*

Part of this speech seems to have been suggested by the Scriptural passages,—“Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Also, again,—“The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

¹⁰ *For if our virtues did not go forth of us.*

Every one perceives that the poet here alludes to the narrative in the Gospel, where Jesus is conscious “that *virtue* had *gone out of him*,” when the woman was cured of an *issue* of blood by *touching* his garment. Would the reader believe that these latter words, *issue—touch*, are used in the preceding lines, though they are applied by the poet to the operations of intellect?—*Whiter*.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae
Celata virtus.—*Horat.* iv. 9, ap. Theobald.

So in *Pastor Fido*, our virtues are said to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

Questa parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non è nostra virtù, ma vien dal cielo:
Esso la dà come a lui piace, e toglie.

And *Persius* says the same of knowledge, in that well-known quaint line,

Seire tuum nihil est, nisi te seire hoc sciat alter.

The above two extracts are taken from *Dodd*.

¹¹ *Spirits are not finely touch'd, but to fine issues.*

That is, elevated minds are not endowed with superior qualities, but, as *Johnson* observes, to “great consequences,” and “for high purposes.”—*Whiter*.

¹² *Both thanks and use.*

The passage ending with these words is one of the finest in the play, expressing man's responsibility in unequalled language. *Use* is, interest of money. “Use or commoditie of a thing in the meane time, or usurie that riseth in the meane time,” *Baret's Alvearie*, 1580. The term continued in use till a late period, for it occurs in some verses in *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1732.—Nature expects both gratitude for her favours, and returns for them from the persons on whom they are bestowed.

¹³ *To one that can my part in him advertise.*

“Spoken after a string of fine apothegms, all tending to set forth and advance this one truth—that man is not exclusive proprietor of his own *belongings* or gifts, is not born for himself only: but I am telling this truth, says the speaker, to one who can well discern that I have a *part in him*, a claim to be partaker with general nature in the benefit of his endowments; and, upon saying these words, tenders him a commission that is to put them in exercise,” *Capell*. Or, perhaps,

as Rann observes, is well apprised of the part I have in him, of my claim to his services; or, of all that I could wish to impart to him.

This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern; *my part in him* signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise*; i. e., who knows what appertains to the character of a deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression the Oxford editor seems sworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakespeare's characteristic marks; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to—"To one that can, in my part me advertise." A better expression, indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakespeare's.—*Warburton*.

I know not whether we may not better read—"One that can, my part to him advertise." One that can *inform himself* of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him.—*Johnson*.

To *advertise* is used in this sense, and with Shakespeare's accentuation, by Chapman, in his version of the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*:

Or, of my father, if thy royal ear
Hath been *advértis'd*—.—*Steevens*.

I believe the meaning is—I am talking to one who is himself already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office;—of that *office*, which I have now delegated to him. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

It is our *part*, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.—*Malone*.

To one that can already declare or make known all those precepts which I would impart to him: in this sense advertisement seems to be used in *Much ado about Nothing*:—"My griefs cry louder than advertisement."—*Seymour*.

¹⁴ *Hold, therefore, Angelo.*

Hold is here, as elsewhere, equivalent to, *take it, take this, &c.* The duke is offering the commission to Angelo. Falstaff says, "Hold, sirrah," when he gives the letters to Robin. This expression is very common in old plays. The stage-direction is correctly given in Hanmer's edition.

¹⁵ *Mortality and mercy in Vienna.*

That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy. These are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play.—*Douce*.

¹⁶ *Though first in question.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, first called for, first appointed. Capell explains it differently,—the years of Escalus, or the offices he had held, or both, entitled him to have been first considered.

¹⁷ *We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice.*

For *leaven'd*, Warburton reads *levelled*, and Heath suggests that the true reading is, "with a prepar'd *unleaven'd* choice," using the term *unleaven'd* in the sense of, unbiassed, uninfluenced. Pope transposes the words *leaven'd* and *prepared*. "*Leaven'd choice*," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this: *I have proceeded to you with choice*, mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened*, it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is, therefore, a choice not hasty, but considerate;

not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it suits better with *prepared* than *levelled*."

¹⁸ *That it prefers itself.*

The haste prefers itself, takes the preference even of the matters of needful value. Rapidity is of more importance to me than anything else.

¹⁹ *And do look to know.*

———— I looke
Within this weeke, to bee but halfe the thing
You see me now; the rest lopt off.

Maine's Amorous Warre, 1648.

²⁰ *Your scope is as mine owne.*

Scope, that is, your amplitude of power.—*Dr. Johnson.*

²¹ *But do not like to stage me to their eyes.*

So, in one of Queen Elizabeth's speeches to Parliament, 1586: "We princes, I tel you, are set on *stages*, in the sight and viewe of all the world," &c. See the Copie of a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earle of Leycester, &c. 4to. Lond. 1586, p. 16.—*Steevens.*

²² *Though it do well.*

"By this I understand,—Tho' it may be politically usefull in a Regent, to shew himself to his subjects occasionally."—MS. Notes by T. Hull.

²³ *Enter Lucio.*

"One Luzio, a roysting roague in favour with the king," is mentioned in Turberville's *Tragical Tales*, f. 103. Malone thinks this may have suggested the name to Shakespeare.

²⁴ *Heaven grant us its peace.*

Malone thinks that this passage helps to show the play was written in 1603, when there was some prospect of peace, but the war not ended, the bawd lamenting afterwards that what with *the war*, what with the sweat, she was custom-shrunk. The peace with Spain was proclaimed in August, 1604. The sweat, unless the venereal disorder so termed was meant, may possibly allude to the great plague of 1603.

²⁵ *Why, 'twas a commaundment.*

In the first folio, there is a mark of interrogation after the word *why*, but, as Mr. Dyce observes, this is very common in early books, even when it is merely used emphatically. Instances occur in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies*, fol. Lond. 1647, p. 102, &c.

²⁶ *Doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.*

Amongst the very numerous graces to be found in the religious works of Shakespeare's time, it is rare to discover any that exactly bear out the description of the one alluded to in the text. The following, however, from the *French Schoole-Maister*, 12mo. 1612, fol. 104, may be selected, the rather as it also affords an illustration of a grace "in metre:"—

Almightie God, that men and all dost guide,
Blesse these our meates and gifts thou dost provide,
That thy good grace that all the world doth fill,
May us thy servants keepe and succour still.

Preserve thy Church, and James our king ;
Grant perfect peace in England still be seene.

“What grace before meat is known which contains a petition for peace? Our correspondent has searched in vain for one which satisfactorily answers to Lucio’s description. The only one that he has found which contains the word ‘peace,’ and he is not at all clear that that is the one referred to, is as follows: ‘Good Lord, blesse us, blesse all thy creatures, send down thy holy spirit into our hearts, so to direct us, that we may looke for the spirituall food of our soules, and finally everlasting peace, through thy sonne Jesus Christ. Amen.’ This occurs in a very scarce little book, entitled, ‘Short questions and answeares concerning the summe of Christian Religion.’ The edition of this book which has fallen under his notice is dated, London, printed by John Dawson, 1623, 8vo; but it is clear, from the prefatory admonition addressed ‘To Christian Parents and godly householders,’ that the work was originally written ‘under the rule and government of our mercifull Queene’ Elizabeth.”—*Notice to Corresp. in Gent. Mag.*

Mr. Wheeler’s annotated copy of the third folio reads,—“in the thanksgiving *after* meat.” The Dent folio makes the same alteration, but, most probably, without necessity. It is, however, worthy of remark that in the graces at the end of Robert Hill’s *Pathway to Prayer and Pietie*, 12mo. Lond. 1609, the only one in which there is a petition for peace is the following “Grace after meate:”

“We beseech thy Majestie, eternall God and gracious Father, to make us truly and unfainedly thankfull unto thee, for all those mercies that we have received, and for all those judgements that wee have escaped, both temporall, concerning this life, and eternal, concerning that life to come: for thy gracious providence this day past, for our comfortable, and peaceable, and cheerefull meeting together in thy feare at this time, and for all thy good creatures bestowed upon us, for the comforting and refreshing of these feeble and weake bodies of ours. Now wee humblie intreate thee, that, as thou hast fed them with that food, which is convenient and necessarie for the same, so it would please thee to feede our soules with that food which perisheth not, but endureth to eternall and everlasting salvation; so as we may seek to passe through these things temporall, that finally we lose not things eternall. Blesse with us thine universall Church, our Kings and Qucenes Majestie, the Prince, and their Realmes. O Lord, continue thy truth and peace amongst us, with the pardon and forgiveness of all our sinnes, this day, at this time, and heretofore committed against thee, through Christ our Lord and blessed Saviour. Amen.”

Another metrical grace, from the French Schoole-Maister, may also be added, as showing that a prayer for peace existed in both graces:

Our bodies, Lord, with foode that wontest to fill,
Our hearts do fede with thy word and sacred will,
That when we come into thy heavenly place,
Among thy saints we may behold thy face:
Defend our Church and King with thy right hand,
And aye preserve thy peace within this land.

²⁷ *In any proportion.*

Proportion, says Warburton, is *measure*, referring to the previous question. This speech is assigned, in the first folio, to Lucio, but Heath and Ritson consider that it should be spoken by the second gentleman. There does not appear to be an absolute necessity for any alteration.

²⁸ *Grace is grace.*

The discussion is whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. He

replies, a dozen times at least. The first then asks, if he heard it in metre. Lucio gives him a wider scope, and says, in any proportion (measure), or in any language; and the first gentleman, still more liberal, adds, "in any religion." Lucio approves of this, and says, Grace is grace in all religions, notwithstanding religious controversy.

²⁹ *There went but a pair of sheers between us.*

A common proverbial phrase, signifying, says Johnson, we are both of the same piece.

The same expression is likewise found in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a pair of sheers* betwixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, and glossing, makes the difference."—*Malone*. So, in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "There went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between them."—*Steevens*.

His brother, Ingratitude, though there *went but a paire of sheeres* betweene them, was as ugly in shape, and as blacke in soule.—*Dekker's Strange Horse Race*, 1613.

He consists of shreds and remnants, yet oftentimes there goes but a *paire of sheeres* betwixt him and a gentleman: for many gentlemen consist of outside, in which the taylor's man takes part.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

Must but a bare *payre of sheeres passe* betweene noble and ignoble, betweene the generous spirit and the base mechannick? shall we be al co-heires of one honor, one estate and one habit?—*Hic Mulier, or the Man Woman*, 1620.

There went but a *paire of sheeres* betweene him and the pursivant of hell, for they both delight in sinne, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it: onely the divell is more cunning, for hee pickes a living out of others gaines.—*The Overbry Characters*, 1626.

He gives himselfe an honest good report,
And to himselfe he is beholden for 't:
Yet 'twixt the greatest knave and him, I weene,
Ther's thus much ods, *A pair of sheers between.*
Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

And some report that both these fowles have seene
Their like, that's but a *payre of sheeres betweene.*—*Ibid.*

³⁰ *As thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*

The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topik of our author's jocularly. Lucio finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakspeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious.—*Johnson*.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. Thus in *Henry VI. Part I. Act 1*: "*Pill'd* priest, thou liest."—*Steevens*.

³¹ *Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.*

There is the greatest difficulty in arranging this dialogue satisfactorily. If the first folio be followed, the second speech of the First Gentleman does not agree with the context. Theobald divides the speech in the text into two, giving the above line to Lucio, and the remainder, commencing, "I have purchas'd," to the First Gentleman. This arrangement destroys the point of Lucio in calling the bawd Madam Mitigation, the antithesis between that appellation and the purchase

of the diseases being evidently intentional. Pope gives the two first speeches of Lucio to the First Gentleman, but the first of them is clearly in the lively style of Lucio, and cannot judiciously be taken from him. As, therefore, no substitution of speakers removes the difficulty, I have ventured to substitute *he has* for *I have*, in the first speech, in allusion to the First Gentleman, whom Lucio is evidently bantering. The dialogue is arranged exactly as follows in the folio of 1623:—

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

It is worthy of remark that the address of *Madam* was formerly applied to persons of doubtful reputation. Thus in the Witt's Recreations, 1654,—

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine
Mistook a painted *Madam* for a signe.
That in a window stood ; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no wooden sign was painted,
But Madam Meretrix : yea, true, said he,
Yet 'tis a little sign of modesty.

³² *To three thousand dollars a year.*

A quibble between *dollars* and *dolours*. See other instances of the same play upon words in vol. i, pp. 397, 412. In the first folio, the word in the text is printed *dollours*, as above.

³³ *A French crown more.*

Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that scab which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. To this our author likewise makes Quince allude in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all; and then you will play bare-faced." For where these eruptions are, the skull is carious, and the party becomes bald.—*Theobald*. So, in the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606:—"I may chance indeed to give the world a bloody nose; but it shall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other poets *French crowns*." Again, in the dedication to Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt Is Up*, 1598:—"never metst with any requital, except it were some few *French crownes*, pil'd friers crownes."—*Steevens*.

"More seeming friendship is to be had in *an house of transgression* for a *French crown*, though it be a *bald one*, than at Belinsgate for a boxe o' th'care."—*Vox graculi, or Jack Dawe's Prognostication*, 4to, 1623, p. 60, ap. Douce.

³⁴ *Thy bones are hollow.*

After all this, there buddeth out and appere smalle holles and sores, whiche tourne themselfe into cankers and phistuls, or continual sores; and the more they putrifie, the more they diminishe the bone. And whan the bones be putrified and corrupte, the patient, throughe long continuance of sicknes, waxeth leane, for the fleshe consumeth awaye, and there remayneth but on'y the skyn to cover the bones wythall.—*Of the Wood called Guaiacum, that healeth the Frenche Pockes*, 12mo. Lond. 1539.

³⁵ *Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?*

“The author of the facetious Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium* has named one of Cornelius’s strumpets *Sciatica*. She thus speaks of herself;—In lectulo meo ægrè me vertere potui; podagram, chiragram, et *hip*-agram (si ita dicere liceat) nocte quotidie sensi.”—*Douce*. This comedy was published at London, 1638, 12mo.

³⁶ *His head to be chopped off.*

Thus the four early folios read, and they are no doubt right, the omission of the auxiliary verb being of common occurrence. Another instance occurs in the first act of *All’s Well that Ends Well*. Rowe, in 1709, reads, *his head is to be*, &c.

³⁷ *What with the sweat.*

This may either allude to the plague, or sweating-sickness, or to the “hollow” disease above mentioned. The context, however, would imply that the former complaint is meant, and although people were cured of the latter by sweating, I do not recollect any instance of that disease being called the sweat. Stevens refers to the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

You are very moist, sir: did you *sweat* all this, I pray?
You have not the *disease*, I hope.

Compare also *Maine’s Citye Match*, 1639, p. 54:

Why, sir, I thought it duty to informe you,
That you were better match a ruind bawd,
One ten times cured by *sweating* and the tub.

³⁸ *What has he doue?—Clo. A woman.*

The clown here plays on the double meaning of the verb *to do*. See a similar quibble in *Titus Andronicus*. Hence the name of *Over-done* in the present drama. *Mistress Overdo* is the name of a character in Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*, produced in the year 1614.

And never love thy wife a whit the worse,
For which, I wis, thou art beholding to her;
Nor seeme for this to frown, brawle, sweare, and curse,
Because she hath a little beene a *doer*.—*Pasquils Night-Cap*, 1612.

Yet Kate is knowne, and Francis too,
Wenches that will not sticke to *doe*.

Freeman’s Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

I urged him to speak; But he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and naves; At last
(To fit his element) my theam I cast
On tradesmens gains; that set his tongue a going;
Alas, good sir (quoth he) There is no *doing*
In Court nor City now: she smil’d and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lic.

Donne’s Poems, p. 91.

³⁹ *Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.*

Peculiar river, that is, says Malone, a river belonging to an individual, not public property. The metaphor in the text is again used in the *Winter’s Tale*, and a grosser example occurs in *Loerine*. “*Peculiar, privatus*,” Huloet’s *Abcedarium*, 1552.

⁴⁰ *You have not heard of the proclamation.*

There may possibly here be an allusion to one of the proclamations, which were issued in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, against the rapid increase of buildings in the metropolis. "During the whole reign of Elizabeth," observes Chalmers, "it was a policy, which her councils continually enforced, to prevent the increase of London. In the 35th of Elizabeth, a bill was passed for restraint of buildings in London. On the 7th of July, 1580, a proclamation was issued commanding all persons to desist from new buildings: On the 22d of June, 1602, this proclamation was renewed, and enforced. After the accession of King James, the same policy was pursued. A proclamation, against inmates, and for the pulling down of *new erected* buildings, was issued on the 16th of September, 1603; but it had as little effect upon interest, and fashion, as any former edict. On the 1st of March, 1604-5, a similar proclamation was issued, but with as little effect. A fresh proclamation was issued on the 12th of October, 1607, which was enforced by prosecutions in the Star Chamber: yet the building spirit of the town was not to be repressed, even by the Star Chamber. In 1614, more proclamations were, therefore, issued: and from this year, is said to have begun a reformation in the buildings." The proclamation of 1603 is here added, for as it is likely the play was produced soon after that date, it is possible there may be some allusion to the subject in the passage in the text:—

*A Proclamation against Inmates and multitudes of dwellers in strait roomes and places in and about the City of London: And for the rasing and pulling downe of certaine new erected buildings:—*Whereas it falleth out by wofull experiance, that the great confluence and accesse of exeessive numbers of idle, indigent, dissolute and dangerous persons, and the pestering of many of them in small and strait roomes and habitations in the City of London, and in and about the suburbs of the same, have bene one of the chiefest occasions of the great plague and mortality, which hath not onely most extremely abounded in and about the said City, and suburbs thereof, and especially in such strait roomes and places, and amongst persons of such qualitie, but also from thence hath most dangerously overspread, and infected very many principall, and other parts of this realme, (which Almighty God cease at his good pleasure), his Majesty, tendering the safety of his loving subjects, and minding, as much as in him lyeth, to avoyd the continuance or renewing of such mortalitie, doeth, by the advice of his Privy Councell, not onely straitly require and command that his Majesties good and profitable orders and directions already published for the staying (if God so please) of the same infection be carefully, speedily, and duely executed, but also doeth straitly prohibit and forbid that no new tenant or inmate, or other person or persons, be admitted to inhabite or reside in any such house or place in the said City, suburbs, or within foure miles of the same, which have bene so infected, during the continuance of this plague and mortalitie, in or about the sayd City, nor after, untill such time and as it shal be thought safe and expedient by the principall officers there for the time being, That is to say, if it be within the said city, by the Alderman of the Ward, or his deputie; if without, then by the next justice of the peace. Wherein his Majesty straitly doeth charge and require every of the said Aldermen, and their deputies, and every justice of the peace to whom it shall appertaine, that they take especiall care that none of the foresaid roomes, houses, or places be hercafter pestered with multitudes of dwellers, or with any inmates. And that such of the said roomes, houses, or places as by proclamation heretofore published, are ordered or appointed to be rased or pulled downe, shall forthwith, the same being now voyd, or as the same shall hereafter become voyde, be raised and pulled downe accordingly, and being once pulled downe, that they or any of them at any

time afterwards, suffer not any of the same to be newly erected, as they will answer the contrary at their uttermost perill. Given at his Majesties Mannor of Woodstocke, the 16 day of September, in the first yeare of our Reigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the seven and thirtieth. Anno Dom., 1603.

⁴¹ *All houses in the suburbs of Vienna.*

The Clown means by *houses*, houses of resort, which were perhaps emphatically termed *the houses*. The following notes are from the commentators.

This will be understood from the Scotch law of James's time concerning *luieres*: "that comoun women be put at the *utmost endes of townes*, queire least perill of fire is." Hence Ursula the pig-woman, in Bartholomew-Fair: "I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft *wench of the suburbs*, do!"—*Farmer*.

So, in the Malcontent, 1604, when Altofront dismisses the various characters at the end of the play to different destinations, he says to Macquerelle the bawd: "thou unto the *suburbs*." Again in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:—"Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in *the suburbs*." See Martial, where *summaniana* and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes.—*Steevens*. The licensed houses of resort at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee of Chastity. (*Anon.*)

Tyrwhitt proposes that we should read bawdy-houses; but in this colloquy between the bawd and her tapster, the distinction seems superfluous; and there is, perhaps, more humour and character in its omission: no other kind of houses was in the clown's thoughts.—*Seymour*.

⁴² *They shall stand for seed.*

In Sir Giles Goose-cappe, 1606, there is a thought not much unlike this. "*Goose-cap*, I am sure it was some years ago, ten miles thither, and I hope it is more now. *Slidd*. Do not miles grow, think you, as well as other animals?"—*Grey*.

⁴³ *What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?*

Thomas, or Tom, was the vulgar generic name applied to any tapster. Sometimes, Tom Toss-pot, as in Like Will to Like, 1568. "You, *Tom Tapster*, that tap your small cans of becre to the poore," Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, ed. 1620, ap. Dyce. "As well as *Tom Tapster* can tell a penny is the price of a pot of ale," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

⁴⁴ *Enter Provost, Claudio, Gaoler, and Officers.*

A critic named White, in some MS. notes lately printed, observes on the original stage-direction, where *Juliet* is in the place of *Gaoler*, as here printed: "For what purpose *Juliet* is introduced does not appear. She makes her entrance and her exit without uttering a word. It has been observed that what Claudio says is too indelicate to be spoken of her when present:—'Upon a true contract I got possession of Julietta's bed,' it is not only indelicate, but what follows is absurd:—*You know the lady*—— I have little doubt that by a mistake, Juliet was printed for Jailor. Claudio, on entering, says—

"Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed."

It is very unlikely that Juliet should be present when her lover is being taken to prison, and not utter a single exclamation of any kind. Claudio's speech to Lucio seems decisive as to this, even although it may be considered as spoken to him aside. Rowe very properly does not commence a new scene here.

⁴⁵ *Pay down for our offence by weight.*

That is, pay the full penalty, a metaphor taken from bartering by weight, which is or ought to be exact. In the next line, I have ventured to change the plural *words* to the singular, thus clearing up a most obscure passage. Compare Romans, ix. 15, 18. The decree of Heaven is always just, though it may appear to fall capriciously, severely on some, whilst others escape; and the meaning is the same, even if *it will* means, *it will have mercy*. The text here is a paraphrase of Scriptural language, so that a proposed correction, *the sword of heaven*, is wholly unnecessary.

⁴⁶ *So every scope by the immoderate use.*

Mr. Wheler's annotated copy of the third folio reads, "So *liberty* by the immoderate use." It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is a capricious alteration.

⁴⁷ *Like rats that raven down their proper bane.*

"I ravynne, I eate hastily or gredyly, *je briffe*," Palsgrave. "To ravine, devour, eat greedily," Cotgrave in v. *Bauffrer*. Reed cites for this use of the word, Wilson's Epistle to the Earl of Leicester, prefixed to his Discourse upon Usurye, 1572, "For these bee the greedie cormoraunte wolfes indeede that *ravyn* up both beaste and man." Steevens refers to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632,—"ravenest like a bearc." Compare also the Psalms,—“as a ravening and a roaring lion.” The same critic also quotes the following passage in Chapman's Revenge for Honour,—

Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallowed
The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
And can rest then much less until they burst.

Topsell, in his Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, fol. Lond. 1607, says,—“The roots of the bramble tree, mingled with butter, breade, or honey, elecampaine, and sea onions, scamoney, wild sparradge, arsenicke, mugwort, otherwise cald mouse-wort, mingled with lard in small peeces, with auri-pigment, killeth wolves and mice; and in some countries, for the better dispersing of the poyson, set drinke beside the same, whereof as soone as they tast, they swel and die, but I have seen them die without drinking at all. Flesh cut into little peeces, and fried with butter in a frying pan, and afterwards, when it is colde, adde halfe so much soft pitch thereto, and mingle it together, rowling up the flesh in the pitch; then distribute it upon little boords, and set it in the place and places whereunto the mice do much resort, and water beside it, and when that they have tasted of it a little, they are so cagerly athirst, that they drinke and dye.” He says afterwards, speaking of rats,—“they are killed by the same poysons and meates that the common mice are killed, except wolfe-baine, for if they eate thereof, they vomit it up againe, and are safe.”

———No: here Ile lurke,
And in a dove-like shape *raven* upon doves.
Decker's Whore of Babylon, 4to. 1607.

⁴⁸ *As the morality of imprisonment.*

The old copy reads *mortality*. The error is corrected by Davenant, and in Mr. Wheler's annotated folio.

⁴⁹ *Upon a true contract.*

In a Werke for Housholders, by a professed Brother of Syon, Richarde Whitforde, 1537, is the following caution. “The ghostely enemy doth deceyve

many persones by the pretence and coloure of matrimony in private and secrete contractes. For many men, when they can nat obteyne theyr unclene desyre of the woman, wyll promyse mayage, and ther upon make a contracte promyse, and gyve faythe and trowth eehe unto other, saying, 'Here, I take the, Margery, unto my wyfe, and therto I plyght the my troth.' And she agayne unto him in lyke maner. And after that done, they suppose they maye lawfully use theyr unclene behavyoure, and sometyme the aete and dede dothe folowe, unto the greate offensee of God and their owne souls. It is a great jeopardy therefore to make any suche contractes, specially amonge them selfe seerectly alone without recordes, which muste be two at the lest." In Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*, i. App. p. 57, among the Interrogatories for the doctrine and manners of mynisters, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is the following, which clearly implies the then use and abuse of betrothing: "28. Whether they have exhorted yong folke to absteyne from privy contracts, and not to marry without the consent of such their parents and fryends as have auctority over them, or no." In the *Christen State of Matrimony*, 1543, p. 43, we read: "Yet in thys thyng also must I warne everye reasonable and honest parson to beware that in contractyng of mayage they dyssemble not, nor set forthe any lye. Every man lykewyse must esteme the parson to whom he is hand-fasted none otherwyse than for his owne spouse, though as yet it be not done in the church ner in the streate. After the handfastyng and makyng of the contracte, the churchgoyng and weddyng shuld not be differred to longe, lest the wickedde sowe hys ungracious sede in the meane season. Into this dyssh hath the dyvell put his foote, and mengled it wythe many wycked uses and coustumes. For in some places thier is such a maner, wel worthy to be rebuked, that at the handfasting ther is made a greate feaste and superfluous bancket, and even the same night are the two handfasted personnes brought and layed together, yea certan wekes afore they go to the church." The above note is entirely extracted from Brand. There cannot be a doubt but that, in Shakespeare's time, the ceremony of betrothment was usually supposed to confer the privilege of matrimonial union. Claudio obtained possession of Julietta on "a true contract;" and provided marriage was celebrated within a reasonable time afterwards, no criminality could be alleged after the contract had been formally made. So, likewise, the Duke tells Mariana it was no sin to meet Angelo, for he was her "husband on a pre-contract." The story would be more properly analysed by representing Claudio's error as venial, and Angelo's strictness so much the more severe, thus involving a greater antithesis in his fall.

⁵⁰ *Save that we do the denunciation lack.*

One of Shakespeare's Latinisms. *Denunciation* is here used in the sense of publication or declaration. So in Bishop Hall's *Cases of Conscience*, eited in Todd's *Johnson*, mention is made of "this publick and reiterated denunciation of banns before matrimony."

But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation* that this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for pricc thereof, an enemy's head.—*Raleigh's History of the World*.

⁵¹ *Only for propagation of a dower.*

Propagation, literally, increase. We delayed to celebrate our marriage, merely because we desired to add to our means from a portion in the hands of friends, whose favour we were first anxious to secure. Perhaps a better meaning is found in the other ordinary sense of *propagate*, to promote. Malone suggests *prorogation*, and Jackson, *procuration*, which last reading does not quite suit the context,

the marriage being postponed solely because the dower was not at the time procurable. Davenant alters the line to,—“Only for the assurance of a dowry.”

This singular mode of expression certainly demands some elucidation. The sense appears to be this: “We did not think it proper publickly to celebrate our marriage; for this reason, that there might be no hindrance to the payment of Julietta’s portion, which was then in the hands of her friends; from whom, therefore, we judged it expedient to conceal our love till we had gained their favour.” *Propagation* being here used to signify *payment*, must have its root in the Italian word *pagare*.—*Edinburgh Magazine for November, 1786.*

I suppose, says Steevens, the speaker means—for the sake of *getting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage. The verb—to *propagate*, is, however, as obscurely employed by Chapman, in his version of the sixteenth book of Homer’s *Odyssey*:

——to try if we,
Alone, may *propagate* to victory
Our bold encounters—.

Again, in the fourth *Iliad*, by the same translator, 4to. 1598:

——I doubt not but, this night,
Even to the fleete to *propagate* the Greeks’ unturned flight.—*Steevens.*

This singular mode of expression has not been satisfactorily explained. The old sense of the word is ‘promoting, enlarging, increasing, spreading.’ It appears that Claudio would say: ‘for the sake of *promoting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage.’ Shakespeare uses ‘to *propagate* their states,’ for to *improve* or *promote* their conditions, in *Timon of Athens*.—*Singer.*

⁵² *The stealth of our most mutual entertainment.*

“*Mutual*, a word scarce susceptible of comparison, is put superlatively; and with good effect, as it exculpates Claudio from being a corrupter or ravisher,”—*Capell.*

⁵³ *The fault and glimpse of newness.*

The fault and glimpse, that is, in the phraseology of the time, the faulty glimpse. See vol. i. p. 282. Whether it be the faulty glimmer of novelty, in other words, a fault accompanying the outburst of new authority. Dr. Johnson suggested to read either *flash* for *fault*, or, “Whether it be the fault or glimpse.” Another suggestion is *foil* for *fault*, and *guise* for *glimpse*.

“In one of yours, you are of opinion it should be *limpse*. Yow will give me leave to object, that I am afraid the word cannot be defended by any authority; and then to observe, that I believe the text, as it is, may be explained into sense. A glimpse, you know, is a short, obscure, glimmering light. And Claudio seems to think that the Deputy’s severity against him is from the fault of newness; and the *little insight* he has in his duty, from being so *fresh in the office*. Thus I understand the *glimpse* of newness. Glimpse, you know, is a word of our author’s, both in the genuine and metaphorical acceptation.”—*Theobald’s Letters.*

⁵⁴ *Which have, like unscour’d armour, hung by the wall.*

“*Le procès est accroché*, hangs by the wall,” Cotgrave. Lord Strafford, observes Malone, in the conclusion of his Defence in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:—“It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before

myself.—Let us rest contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not awake those *sleeping* lions, to our own destruction, by raking up a few *musty records that have lain so many ages by the walls, quite forgotten and neglected.*”

⁵⁵ *And, for a name.*

That is, to establish his reputation as a strict judge. A critic lately construed this as a phrase meaning, as we say, for the name of the thing. This shows that two opinions may be given on even the simplest passages.

⁵⁶ *Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders.*

Tickle, tottering, easily overturned. “Tyekyll, nat stedy,” Palsgrave, 1530. “Considering it stode then but in very *tickle* termes,” North’s Plutarch, 1579. “Lords of Asia have stood on *tickle* terms,” Marius and Scilla, 1594, ap. Steevens. “Upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial,” Widowes Teares, 4to. Lond. 1612, ap. Steevens.

And lyke the swanne he soong before his deathe,
Whiche maie suffise to prove the *tyckell* trust
That can be buylt upon our fading breathe.

Gascoigne’s Grief of Joy, 1576.

⁵⁷ *And there receive her approbation.*

That is, enter on her *probation*, or *noriciate*. So again, in this play:—“I, in *probation* of a sisterhood.” Again, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608:

Madam, for a twelvemonth’s *approbation*,
We mean to make the trial of our child.—*Malone.*

⁵⁸ *Implore her, in my voice.*

“Implore her, in my *name*,” Mr. Wheler’s annotated third folio.

⁵⁹ *There is a prone and speechless dialect.*

Prone is sometimes used for, prompt, ready; and Malone’s interpretation of the present passage seems the best,—significant, expressive. For *prone*, Dr. Johnson suggested *por’r*, and *prompt*; and Davenant changes the word to *sweet*. A metaphorical use of *prone*, inclining, supplicating, may possibly be intended.

Prone, I believe, is used here for *prompt, significant, expressive*, (though speechless,) as in our author’s Rape of Lucrece it means *ardent, head-strong*, rushing forward to its object:—“O that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!” Again, in Cymbeline: “Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw any one so *prone*.”—*Malone.*

“*Prone*, prone, readie, nimble, quicke, wheeme, easily moving,” Cotgrave. “For use of war so *prone* and fit,” Gorges’ Luean, vi. “Prone or apt,” Howell’s Lex. Tet. 1660. “A prone and speechless dialect,” is equivalent to, a ready dumb-moving style or manner. “There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,” Troilus and Cressida.

⁶⁰ *Which else would stand under grievous imposition.*

Imposition, that is, an imposed penalty. Dr. Johnson once proposed to substitute the word *inquisition*.

⁶¹ *Who I would be sorry.*

So the original copy, in consonance with the grammatical usages of the time. We should now read, “which I should be sorry.”

Extracts from "Measure for Measure", selected from a Manuscript Common-place-book of the seventeenth Century, exhibiting some examples of the unauthorized alterations in the text which were common at that period.

Our Soul cannot but yield you
publike thanks, for running more
requital. Angelo. You make my
bonds still greater. Duke. O! your
desert speaks loud, and I should
wrong it, to looke it in the ward of
repent before, when it deserves
with characters of brass, a forted
residence against the tooth of Time,
and razure of Oblivion. Measure for M.

The miserable have no other re-
medy but only hope. Measure for Meas.

Will ye over weigh your owne report
attribution, that you shall strife in
your owne reports, and smell of tulum
ny. Measure for Measure

I must then thy oathes, though they
would Iworn down each particular Saint
wore testimonies strong enough, against
his worth and credit, that's fault in ap-
probation. Ed.

Heaven in my mouth, as if I did but
only show his name; and in my heart I
strong and swelling evill of my contem-
ptions. Measure for measure.

You make my bonds still greater. O! your
desert speaks loud, and I should
wrong it, to looke it in the wards of repent
before, when it deserves in characters
of brass, a forted residence against the
tooth of Time, and razure of Oblivion.
Measure for measure.

O! I was then (not changing heart
with habit) I am still; O! I wish to
your favorites. Measure for measure.

When I would pray and think, I
think and pray to severall subjects:
Heaven hath my empty words, whilst
my invention not hearing my tongue,
answers on Gabel: Heaven in my
mouth, as if I did but only show
his name, and in my heart the strong
and swelling evill of my contem-
ption. Ed.

It's not prepar'd for Death. Even
for our Kitim we fill the Fowls of
heaven: Shall we serve Heaven with
less respect, then we do ministers to
our gross selves? Ed.

O! you blessed Ministers above, &
keepe me in patience, and with ripe-
ness time unfold the evill, which is here
swapt up in seeming goodness. Measure for M.

Having affaires to Heaven, intends
you for a Joynt Embassador, where
you shall be an everlasting Leigon.
Measure for measure.

O! fond Fathers having bound the
threatning twigs of Birth, only to
stitch it in the childrens fight, for
terror not to use; in time the Gods
more mott'd then fears: So our Dou-
tless, dead to infliction, to themselves
are dead, and liberty plants justice by
the nose. Measure for Measure.

O! Marble to my teares, is wash'd
with them but melts not. Measure for M.

Thy self and thy deservings, are
not thine owne so proper as to waste
thy self upon the virtues they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we with ourselves do,
not light them for themselves. Measure for M.

There is so grates a favour on good-
nes, that the dissolution of the world
must sure it. Measure for Measure

There is written in your brow some
stancy and honesty; if I read it not
true my antient skill. boquiles me, but
in the boldnes of my turning I will lay
my self in hazard. Measure for measure.

To die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!
This sensible warm motion to become a
knaded clod! and the delighted Spirit
to bathe in fiery floods, or to reside in
thrilling regions of thrilled ice! to be
imprison'd in the viewless winds, and
blowne with restless violence round
about the pendant world! Or to be
worst then worst of those that lawless
and untortaine thought imagine, 'tis
too horrible! The worst and most
loath'd wordly life, that age, athe,
penury, and imprisonment can lay on
Nature, is a Paradise to what we off
fears of death. Ed.

⁶² *Thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.*

Tick-tack, touch and take. A similar playful use of this phrase occurs, as Steevens observes, in the interlude of *Lusty Juventus*,—

What a hurly burly is here!
Smicke smacke, and all this gere!
You will to *ticke tacke* I fere,
If you had time.

and another instance may be seen in a catch in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, ed. 1632, sig. Dd. 3,—

1. At laugh-and-lie-downe if they play,
2. What asse against the sport can bray?
3. Such tick-tackke has held many a day.

Ce mot est formé par Onomatopée, du bruit que font les dez quand on les pousse sur le tablier. M. de Saumaise sur l'histoire Auguste, pag. 468. Quod ad hunc vero tabulæ lusum attinet, duodecim scriptorum, sciendum est omnino eundem esse, paucis mutatis, cum eo quem vulgo tric-tracum appellamus. On prononçoit anciennement tic tac; les Allemans prononcent encore de la sorte.—*Menage Etymol. in voc.*

I am perswaded he is one of my fellow horn-makers, and now he must go to the tavern to play a game at *tick-tack*; I dare not speak out. But it is no matter, for while she is playing one game, he can take two pipes of tobacco in the kitchen.—*Hey for Horn Fair*, 1674.

Tick-tack itself is a game at the tables, a kind of variation of back-gammon. It is thus fully described in the *Compleat Gamester*, 8vo. Lond. 1721, pp. 53—55:—

“All your men must stand on the ace point, and from thence play forward; but have a care of being too forward, or so, at leastwise, that doublets reach you not. Secure your sice and cinque-point, whatever you do, and break them not, unless it be when you have the advantage of going in, which is the greatest advantage you can have next to



a hit; for your adversary's eleventh point standing open, you have, it may be, the opportunity of going in with two of your men, and then you win a double game. A hit is but one, and that is, when you throw such a cast, that some one of your men will reach your adversary's unbound; but sometimes, though it hits, it will not pass by reason of a stop in the way, and then it is nothing. Sometimes it is good going over into your adversary's tables; but it is best for an After-Game. Playing close at home is the securest way; playing at length is both rash and

unsafe ; and be careful of binding your men when you lie in danger of the enemy. Moreover, if you see you are in danger of losing a double game, give your adversary one ; if you can, it is better doing so, than losing two. Here note, if you fill up all the points of your second table with your own men, you win two, and that you may prevent your adversary from doing so (if you are in danger thereof) if you can, make a vacant point in his tables, and it is impossible for him to do it. This is the plain game of *Tick-Tack*, which is so called from *Touch* and *Take*; for if you touch a man, you must play him, though to your loss ; and if you hit your adversary, and neglect the advantage, you are taken with a *why-not*, which is the loss of one : likewise if you are in, and your cast is such that you may also go into your adversary's eleventh point, by two other men, and you see it not, either by carelessness or eager prosecution of a *hit*, which is apparent before your eyes, you lose two irrecoverably. Besides, it is a very great oversight, as your men may stand, not to take a point when you may do it. Now some play this game with toots, boveries and flyers : *Toots* is, when you fill up your table at home, and then there are required small throws ; for if you get over with a sice, you have no benefit of toots. *Boveries* is, when you have a man in the eleventh point of your own tables, and another in the same point of your adversary's directly answering. *Flyers* is, when you bring a man round the tables, before your adversary hath got over his first table, to the effecting of which there is required very high throwing on your side, and very low throwing on his."

Allusions to the game are exceedingly numerous, but seldom of much importance. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed., p. 36 ; Taylor's *Motto*, 12mo. Lond. 1622, sig. D. 4 ; *Apollo Shroving*, 12mo. Lond. 1627, p. 49 ; *Poems on State Affairs*, ed. 1705, p. 53. Tick-tack is the subject of several pictures by Teniers, one of which, partially copied in the engraving in the preceding page, represents the interior of a village hostelry, where a gallant cavalier and a shrewd old bourgeois are playing a species of backgammon. Two other figures of both the ranks described, form the spectators ; and in the back-ground is seen a clever military group, standing in conversation, and drinking by the fire. Heywood, in his *Philocothonista*, 1635, makes mention of, "certaine gentlemen using much to our tavernes, some of them affecting *tables*; their custome was still, when they met, to play at Irish or tietaek." Irish was another game at the tables. "In this lande I did see an ape plaie at *ticke-tacke*, and after at Irishe on the tables, with one of that lande," Bullein's *Dialogue*, 1573.

Both *ticktacke* and the Irish game are sportes but made to spende ;
I wote not, I, to what availe these trifling games do tende.

Verses by G. Turberville, pref. to the Booke of Falconrie.

Now, readers, your assistance I must crave,
To play at noddy ; to turne up a knave.
My foe at *tick-tack* playes exceeding well :
For bearing, (sirs,) beleeve't, he bears the bell.

Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619.

The rip-rap-riffe-raffe, thwiek thwaek stout baboon
Gripes in his downy cluteh the spungy oake,
And young Andromeda at night rings noone,
Whilst Asdrubal at tick-tack lost his cloake,
Prometheus covering the numbranoes head,
And Typhon tumbles through the solid ayre.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

You woud have me be an informer of unlawfull games, as *tick-tack*, whipper-ginny, and in-and-in.—*All's Lost by Lust*, 1633.

In Hall's *Horæ Vacivæ*, 1646, p. 149, are the following observations on the game of tick-tack. "*Tick-tack* sets a man's intentions on their guard. Errors in this and war can be but once amended."—*Brand*.

Who askt the banes 'twixt these discolour'd mates?
A strange grottesco this, the Church and States
(Most divine *tick-tack*) in a pye-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hew.

Cleveland's London Diurnall, 1647.

Mill.—Sir *Walter*! What a fright am I in? are you sure he did not see me?
—*Townly*.—No, nor me neither; he was very busie playing at *tick-tack* with one of the drawers.—*Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681.

Cun. I did not throw one main in two hours; I lost three sets at back-gammon, and a *tout at tricktrack*, all ready mony; the rude fellows have frighted the roses from your cheeks.—*Sedley's Bellamira*, 1687.

Now men at dice and cards do play
Their mony and their time away,
At Irish, *Tick-tack*, most at Thrice,
At Passage, Hazard, Plays at Dice,
At Trey-trip, Doublets, Draughts or Chess,
Their Mony runs with carelesness,
A Noddy, Novum, Mumchance, Mischance,
Thus they their mony make to dance.

Poor Robin's Almanack, 1694.

I hope, from this hasty caution I have given you, you'll have enough of these kind of ordinaries; however, for your better satisfaction, we'll step thither again, and see what the rest of 'em are doing in the other parts of the house: Why, there are some playing at Back-Gammon, some at Trick Track, some at Picket, some at Cribidge, and, perhaps, at a by-table in a corner, four or five harmless fellows at Put.—*The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum, or his Companion for the Town*, Svo. Lond. 1699.

It is worthy of remark that the game was formerly a fashionable one, and it is recorded of Catharine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., that when she was young (MS. Bodl., in Bernard. Cat. 8590),—

With stoole and needyl she was not to seeke,
And other practisingis for ladyes meete;
To pastyme at tables, *ticktack*, or gleeke.

In this game all your men are set on the ace-point, and so plaid forward to fill your tables, but with this care, that an unbound man be not hit in the way by one of the adversaries men: which if he doe not, but that you fill all the points of your second table with your owne men, you have won two. Much more might be said as to the craft of the play, which cannot be discovered but from observation.—*Holme's Acad. Arm., MS. Addns.*

⁶³ *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love.*

Think not that a breast *completely armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes fluttering without force.—*Johnson*.

"A *dribber*, in archery, was a term of contempt which perhaps cannot be satisfactorily explained. Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 32, observes: "—if

he give it over, and not use to shoote truly, &c., he shall become of a fayre areher a starke squirter and *dribber*." In the second sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, the same term is applied to the dart of Cupid :

"Not at the first sight, nor yet with a *dribbed* shot,
Love gave the wound, &c."—*Steevens*. In the edition of 1591, it is printed *dribling shot*, the folio editions reading as above. Another instance of the teelmeical term is found in the early MS. poem on the Stanley family—

Arrowes were wont to have xij. inches of feather,
Nowe but six, and flyes but in fayre wether ;
Then arrowes were wont to pricke theyre enemies bloud,
Now are they gladd to pricke xxij. roode ;
Arrowes were wont to flee to your enemies payne,
And nowe, God wotte, they flee for luere and gaine ;
Then not gyberabes nor such crafty invention,
Nor false shooting booty to make dyssention,
They drewe to the hard head, not there shutt lybbing,
Shoote at long outmarkes ; now fall we to drybinge.

The term in the text seems to be used in the metaphorical sense of *insignificant*, as in the following passage. "One besought a worshipfull gentleman to be a meanes for him to a Bishop to forgive him a certaine *dribling* debt : The gentleman answered : His power is to binde not to loose," Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 4to. Lond. 1614.

⁶⁴ *How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd.*

That is, a life of retirement, a life remote, or removed, from the bustle of the world. So, in the Prologue to Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, in the MS. copy in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge :

——I was not sent to court your wonder
With distant worlds, and strange *removed* climes.—*Steevens*.

⁶⁵ *And held in idle price to haunt assemblies.*

When neither of these vertues are *in price*,
Then thou didst boldly shew them, what a vice
It was for subjects to provoke their King,
By their rebellion their owne deaths to bring.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁶⁶ *And witless bravery keep.*

Bravery, fine dress. The particle *and*, omitted in the first folio, is supplied in the edition of 1632. "To furnish them against Christmas for feasting, gaming, and bravery," Wilson's *History of Great Britain*, 1653. In the comedy of *Eastward Hoe* by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, the word is again met with :—"Well said, sweete Syn, bring forth my *bravery*." In Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1574, "To see the costlinesse, and the curiositie ; the excesse and the vanitie ; the pomp and the *braverie*." The term continued in use to a very recent period. In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1740, mention is made of a gallant, who "will go to show his bravery in Hyde-Park."

Former editors read *keeps*, but the use of the plural substantive with the singular verb is so common in the early editions of Shakespeare, it could not be retained without offending the taste of modern readers. *Keep*, i.e. reside. We again have, "this habitation where thou *keep'st*." It is still in provincial use, and in America. Where do you keep now? i.e. where is your place of business?—Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, p. 193.

⁶⁷ *A man of stricture, and firm abstinence.*

Stricture is here licentiously used for *strictness*, the latter word being substituted by Davenant. Warburton makes two words of it, *strict ure*, or, strict use or practice, but the metre clearly shows the first explanation is correct.

⁶⁸ *The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds.*

For *steeds* the old copy has *weeds*, which clearly seems to be a misprint. The correction was first publicly made by Theobald, but it is also found, in an earlier hand, in Mr. Wheeler's annotated copy of the third folio. The second folio reads, "for headstrong," which seems to be merely a modernization.

⁶⁹ *Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep.*

The last word is printed *slip* in the early folios, the same error also occurring in a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as printed in ed. 1623, and in the other early editions. In the latter instance, no question can arise as to the word being a misprint. The emendation in the text is fully supported by the passages adduced by the commentators, and a similar image occurs in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Gildon reads *sleep* in his alteration of this play, 1700; and also *nineteen* for *fourteen*; and both emendations had been previously made by Davenant.

"For *fourteen* I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. The reason will be obvious to him who recollects what Claudio has said in a foregoing scene. I have altered the odd phrase of "letting the laws *slip*:" for how does it sort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *sleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords exactly too with the simile. It is the metaphor too, that our author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other passages of this play:—"The law hath not been dead, though it hath *slept*;—'Tis now *awake*.' And, so again:—"but this new governor *awakes* me all the enrolled penalties"—and for a name, now puts the *drowsy* and neglected act freshly on me."—*Theobald*.

"The latter emendation may derive its support from a passage in *Hamlet*:

——"How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all *sleep*?"

"If *slip* be the true reading, (which, however, I do not believe,) the sense may be,—which for these fourteen years we have suffered to *pass unnoticed, unobserved*; for so the same phrase is used in *Twelfth-Night*:—"Let him *let* this matter *slip*, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet." Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correspond with a speech of Claudio's in a former scene, but without necessity. Claudio would naturally represent the period during which the law had not been put in practice greater than it really was."—*Malone*.

Theobald's correction is misplaced. If any correction is really necessary, it should have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing scene, says *nineteen* years. I am disposed to take the Duke's words.—*Whalley*.

⁷⁰ *That goes not out to prey.*

The passage in the Book of Job, iv. 11, probably suggested this image,—“the old lion perisheth for lack of prey.”—*Knight*.

⁷¹ *For terror, not to use.*

The second folio reads *error*, instead of *terror*. In the previous line, the Dent annotated copy has,—“only *do* stick it.”

⁷² *Becomes more mock'd than fear'd.*

Becomes is not in the old copy. It was added by Pope, the word being probably suggested by Davenant's alteration. "Till it in time become more markt than fear'd," Law against Lovers, Works, 1673, p. 279. If the old reading be substantially correct, we may perhaps rather print,—“in time the rod's more mock'd than fear'd,” provided the next reading, “our *most just* decrees,” of the Perkins MS., be not also adopted.

⁷³ *And liberty plucks justice by the nose.*

That is, th' Antipodes of England. The people there are contrary to us: As thus;—here, Heaven be prais'd!, the magistrates governe the people: there the people rule the magistrates.—*Brome's Antipodes*, 1640.

⁷⁴ *The baby beats the nurse.*

“This allusion,” says Steevens, “was borrowed from an ancient print entitled the World turn'd Upside Down, where an infant is thus employed.” Such a print, of comparatively modern date, is well known; but is there one of the kind, as early as the time of Shakespeare? There is an old chap-book, and also a tract published in the seventeenth century, each bearing the same title. Mr. Fairholt suggests to me that Brome may have been thinking of the passage in the text when he writes, in his whimsical play of the Antipodes, 1640, speaking of the inhabitants of the lower world:—“But there the women overrule the men: If some men faile here in their power, some women slip their holds there: As parents here, and masters, command, there they obey the childe and servant.”

⁷⁵ *We bid this be done, when evil deeds, &c.*

Qui non prohibet eum prohibere potest, jubet.

⁷⁶ *Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home.*

“After rising up, the exeecutioner knelt down, and desired him to forgive him: which, with an embraec, he protested he did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token, by lifting up his hand; and then fear not, said he, but *strike home*.”—Letter dated 1618.

⁷⁷ *Never in the fight, to do me slander.*

Me is printed *in* in the first folio, these two words being frequently misprinted in early English works. “Do me no slander, Douglas,” Henry IV. If the first folio can possibly be right, the meaning may be this,—and yet my nature never in the contest, to work in slander, to carry out the decree with the certainty of being censured on all sides. That *fight* is the correct word seems evident from the context, in apposition to *ambush*, and *strike home*; but several critics have suggested *sight*, and in the next line Hammer reads, “to do *it* slander,” that is, so that any one may be able to fix the slander upon it. Dr. Johnson suggests *sight*, and, *So doing slandered*, and yet my nature never suffer slander, by doing any open acts of severity. The Perkins MS. has,—“And yet my nature never in the *sight*, to *draw on* slander;” and the Dent annotated copy has the same reading, with the exception that *in* is retained as in the original.

⁷⁸ *How I may formally in person bear me.*

The last word is omitted in the first edition. Pope reads,—“*my* person bear.” Perhaps the word which I have inserted in the text, had dropped out while the sheet was at press. A similar phrase occurs in the Tempest:—“some good instruction give, how I may *bear me* here.” Sir W. Davenant reads, in his alteration of the play:—“I may in person a true fryar seem.” The sense of the passages as

Henley observes, is—"How I may demean myself, so as to support the character I have assumed."—*Stevens*.

⁷⁹ *More reasons for this action.*

"*Moe* reasons," ed. 1623, and no doubt rightly; but the older word is too discordant to modern ears to be retained.

⁸⁰ *At our more leisure shall I render you.*

More is here used for *greater*, as it frequently is by the writers of Shakespeare's time. Thus Spenser, *Shep. Cal.* June, ver. 29,—"*Doe* make them musick for their *more* delight."

————— though she's a treasure
Might be dispos'd of to a *more* advantage
Of Carthage strength.—*Nabbes' Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637.

⁸¹ *Stands at a guard with envy.*

That is, stands on his defence against the assaults of envy. Dr. Johnson says, "stands on terms of defiance."

⁸² *Make me not your story.*

In other words, make or invent not your story, do not deceive me. Lucio answers her,—What I tell you is true; I would not deceive you. The redundant pronoun is of constant occurrence. Davenant reads *scorn* instead of *story* (omitting the two first words of the next speech), and Malone,—"*Sir*, mock me not—your story." Taylor, the Water-Poet, uses an idiom similar to that in the text, when he says of Coriat,—"*Thou art the theme I write my story at.*"

Perhaps only, "Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story;" do not make me the subject of your drama. Benedick talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own scorn. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—"You would not *make* me such an *argument.*" After all, the irregular phrase (*me*) that, perhaps, obscures this passage, occurs frequently in our author, and particularly in the next scene, where Escalus says: "Come *me* to what was done to her."—*Make me* not your story, may therefore signify—"invent not your story on purpose to deceive me." "It is true," in Lucio's reply, means—"What I have already told you is true."—*Stevens*.

I have no doubt that we ought to read,—"*Sir*, *mock* me not :—your story." So, in *Macbeth* :—"Thou com'st to use thy tongue :—*thy story* quickly." In *King Lear*, we have—"Pray, do not *mock* me." I beseech you, *sir*, says Isabel, do not play upon my fears; reserve this idle talk for some other occasion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's subsequent words,—"*Tis true,*"—i. e. you are right; I thank you for remembering me :—which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no meaning, are then pertinent and clear. Pope was so sensible of the impossibility of reconciling them to what preceded in the old copy, that he fairly omitted them. What Isabella says afterwards fully supports this emendation :—"You do blaspheme the good, in *mocking* me."—*Malone*.

The phrase, to *make a lie*, meaning, to tell a lie, was of constant occurrence. It occurs in *Revelations*, xxi. 27, and xxii. 15. So, likewise, Latimer, in his sermon on the epistle read in the church the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity: "Ye parentes, when ye heare one of your children to *make a lye*, take him up and give him three or four good stripes, and tell him that it is naught: and when he *maketh an other lye*, give him six or eight stripes, and I am sure, when you serve him so, he will leave it: for it is a common saying: *Vexatis dat intellectum*, correction geveth understanding. But we see now a dayes that parentes rejoyce when their

children can *make a pretty lye*: they say he will be a pretty witty fellow, he can *make a pretty lye*.”

⁸³ *With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest.*

The lapwing was considered emblematic of deceit. “The false lapwing, alle full of trechirie,” Chaucer, ed. Urry, p. 416. “And lapwinges that wel conith lie,” *ibid.* p. 188. The farther from her nest, the louder her plaintive cry. “Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,” *Comedy of Errors*. The next line in the latter comedy is decisive as to the meaning of, “tongue far from heart.” The intention of Lucio is simply this,—though it is my customary evil habit to be deceitful to maidens, to jest with them, my language being farthest from expressing my real feelings; though I sport with all other virgins so, I hold you, &c; you are one of the few exceptions to my ordinary practice.

⁸⁴ *Fewness and truth.*

That is, in few words and in truth.

⁸⁵ *Your brother and his lover have embrac'd.*

Lover was formerly applied as a term to a woman, as well as to a man. Thus, as Capell observes, one of his poems, containing the lamentation of a deserted maiden, is entitled, “A *Lover's* Complaint.” So, in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, ap. Malone, “—he spide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his *lover's* husband, to whom he had revealed these escapes.” “He chanced to put his twining arme about his lover,” *Pasquil's Night Cap*, 1612.

The term was applied to the female sex, not only in Shakespeare's time, but even to a very late period. Lady Wortley Montague, in a letter to her husband, speaking of a young girl who forbade the banns of marriage at Huntingdon, calls her *lover*. See her *Works*, vol. i. p. 238.—*Douce*.

And thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy *lover* that ever bestrod horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman: and thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword.—*History of Prince Arthur*, 1634.

⁸⁶ *As blossoming time.*

Mason's comment on this is very clear, but in deference to the names of the critics who have suggested difficulties in the original text, the following notes are here reprinted.

As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read—“*At blossoming time*,” that is, As they that feed grow full, so her womb now *at blossoming time*, at that time through which the seed time proceeds to the harvest, her womb shows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*, the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe.—*Johuson*.

Instead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, instead of *brings*, *bring*. *Foizon* is *plenty*. So, in the *Tempest*:—“nature should bring forth, of its own kind, all *foizon*.” *Teeming foizon* is *abundant produce*.—*Steevens*.

This sentence, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is apparently ungrammatical. I suspect two half lines have been lost. Perhaps, however, an imperfect sentence was intended, of which there are many instances in these plays:—or, *as* might have been used in the sense of *like*. *Tilth* is *tillage*. So, in our author's third Sonnet:

For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?—*Malone*.

This passage seems to me to require no amendment; and the meaning of it is this: “As blossoming time proves the good tillage of the farmer, so the fertility of

her womb expresses Claudio's full tith and husbandry." By *blossoming time* is meant, the time when the ears of corn are formed.—*M. Mason*.

⁸⁷ *That from the seedness the bare fallow brings.*

Seedness, seed-time, is a word of unusual occurrence. It is, however, still in use in some parts of Yorkshire, and, in Herefordshire, the time of sowing the land is called *seeduy*.

Now in the middle space of the bow (which, as I said before, carrieth a large round bent, and which is fiftene daies journey of a nymble and light appointed footman) are seated the Alani of Europe, and the Costobocæ, and infinit nations of the Scythians, which in length reach out as farre as the lands that stretch forth without an end: of which some few feed upon corne and fruits of the earth, all the rest wandering in scattering wise over the vast wildernesse (which never felt the plough, nor know what *seeduesse* is, but lye desert, and subject to many frosts) feed after the filthy manner of wild beasts.—*The Roman Historie of Ammianus Marcellinus, tr. by P. Holland, 1609.*

⁸⁸ *Expresseth his full tith and husbandry.*

Tith, tillage, cultivation. "Tilthe and tillage, *idem*; Tylthe of lande called sommer fallow, *vernactum*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "Land full of tith, and in hearty good plight," Tusser. "Tilt, or tith, in husbandry, as land kept in tilt," Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033.

⁸⁹ *Bore many gentlemen in hand.*

To bear in hand, that is, to make to believe, to persuade. "I beare in hande, I threp upon a man that he hath done a dede, or make hym byleve so, *Je fais accroyre*," Palsgrave, 1530. "He that wyll kyll his neyghbours dogge beareth folkes in hande he is madde," *ibid.* Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "*with hope of action*," but see p. 35.

⁹⁰ *With full line of his authority.*

With full extent; with the whole length.—*Dr. Johnson.*

⁹¹ *But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge.*

Rebate, to blunt metal, to make blunt or obtuse. From the French *rebatre*. "Their swords were bent and rebated," Ammianus Marcellinus, tr. Holland, 1609. "No forcable intent but by a face so faire is soone rebated," Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609. "Might our love rebate this sharpe edge of your bitter wrath," Weakest Goeth to the Wall, 1618. "They shall fight at barryers with rebated swords," History of Palmerin, n. d. "The continual poring whereon doth serve but to dull and rebate their apprehensions," History of Francion, 1655. "A formall and premeditated duell with a wooden dagger and rebated rapier," Osborne's Advice to a Son, 1658. "Our laws of Sicilie are so well rebated with clemencie and mercie," Brome's Queen and Concubine, 1659.

⁹² *To give fear to use.*

Dr. Johnson explains this,—to intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by custom.

⁹³ *Hath pick'd out an act.*

In a copy of the Gesta Romanorum in MS. Harl. 2270, a volume of the fifteenth century written on paper, there is a tale the story of which is connected with a law of the Emperor Lampadius that whoever violated a virgin, without making atonement to her father within a certain time, should suffer death. Shakespeare intrenches somewhat on probability in representing Claudio as sentenced to death

for a mere case of cohabitation before marriage, and after contract. In the old English law, 13 Edw. I., if a man ravish a woman, married, maid, or other, where she did not consent either before or after, he shall have judgment of life and member; and if a man ravish a woman, married or other, albeit she consent after, yet he, being attainted thereof, shall have like judgment as before: Wingate's Abridgement, ed. 1666, p. 458.

⁹⁴ *Unless you have the grace.*

That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So, when she makes her suit, the Provost says,—Heaven give thee moving graces!—*Dr. Johnson.*

⁹⁵ *Has censured him.*

Censure, to judge, is the ordinary use of the word by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. *Has*, for *he has*, the personal pronoun being frequently omitted. Malone suggests that we may read *h'as*, the contracted form of *he has*, which occurs in several other plays. The Dent annotated copy reads,—“has censure in him.”

⁹⁶ *All their petitions are as freely theirs.*

“All their requests are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themselves could wish,” Malone. The second folio reads *truly* for *freely*. The verb *owe*, to possess, is of exceedingly common occurrence.

⁹⁷ *But to give the Mother.*

The Mother is, of course, the superior of the nunnery.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, OFFICERS, and other ATTENDANTS, the PROVOST¹ at the back of the Stage.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death.² Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father:
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood³
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,⁴
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,—
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve,⁵ have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
 To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
 That thieves do pass on thieves?⁶ 'T is very pregnant,⁷
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offense,
 For I have had such faults;⁸ but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all;
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:⁹
 Some run from brakes of vice,¹⁰ and answer none;
 And some eondemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, OFFICERS, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a
 commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common
 houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the
 matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable,
 and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring
 in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they
 not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they
 are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void
 of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to
 have.

Escal. This comes off well;¹¹ here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name?
 Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.¹²

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;¹³ one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,¹⁴ which, I think, is a very ill-house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest¹⁵ before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.¹⁶

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means:¹⁷ but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [To ANGELO.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes;¹⁸ sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time¹⁹ stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence;²⁰ your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes,²¹ but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, crack-ing the stones of the 'foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past eure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to eomplain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourseore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower ehair,²² sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes,²³ where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,²⁴ and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the eause;
Hoping you 'll find good eause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit* ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, onee more.

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her onee.

Elb. I beseeeh you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseeeh your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseeeh you, sir, look in this gentleman's faee:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his faee?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseeeh you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his faee?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I 'll be suppos'd upon a book,²⁵ his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an 't like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity?²⁶—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal!²⁷ I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet! thou art to continue.²⁸

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To FROTH.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [To the CLOWN.]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.²⁹

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master

Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them.³⁰ Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*—Come you hither to me, master Tapster; what's your name, master Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you;³¹ so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order³² for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay.³³ If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let Carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade. [*Exit*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness³⁴ in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.— [*Exit ELBOW.*
What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.³⁵

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Merey is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:³⁶

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit SERVANT.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream !
 All sects, all ages, smack of this vice ; and he
 To die for 't—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
 Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
 Under your good correction, I have seen,
 When, after execution, judgment hath
 Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
 Do you your office, or give up your place,
 And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
 What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
 She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
 To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
 Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
 And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
 If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit SERVANT.*]
 See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
 Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
 There shall be order for 't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. 'Save your honour!³⁷ [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while.³⁸—[*To ISAB.*] You are welcome:
 What 's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
 Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am
 At war 'twixt 'will' and 'will not.'³⁹

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
 And not my brother!⁴⁰

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
 Why, every fault 's condemn'd, ere it be done:
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,
 To fine the faults,⁴¹ whose fine stands in record,
 And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat
 him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
 You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
 To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.⁴²

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
 As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 't is too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To ISABELLA.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again.⁴³ Well, believe this,⁴⁴
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's trunchcon, nor the judge's robe,
 Becomes them with one half so good a grace
 As mercy does. If he had been as you,
 And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
 But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

[*Aside.*

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;⁴⁵
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment,⁴⁶ should
But judge you as you are?⁴⁷ O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.⁴⁸

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him:
He 's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season;⁴⁹ shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:⁵⁰
'Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did th' edict infringe,⁵¹
Had answer'd for his deed: now 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,⁵² that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But where they live, to end.⁵³

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,⁵⁴
Which a dismiss'd offeree would after gall;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.⁵⁵

Lucio. That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does,⁵⁶ Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,⁵⁷
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,⁵⁸
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man,⁵⁹
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,⁶⁰—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep:⁶¹ who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.⁶²

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He 's coming,⁶³ I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:⁶⁴
Great men may jest with saints:⁶⁵ 't is wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is

Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.⁶⁶—

Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn baek.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,⁶⁷

Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,

As fancy values them; but with true prayers,

That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,

Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,⁶⁸

From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: 't is well; away. [Aside to ISABEL.]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [Aside.]

Where prayers cross.⁶⁹

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour! [Exeunt LUCIO, ISAB., and PROV.]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—

What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,⁷⁰

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense⁷¹

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there?⁷² O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again.

And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy,⁷³ that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.⁷⁴ [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What 's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits⁷⁵
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,⁷⁶
 Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
 And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you:⁷⁷ stay a while, [To JULIET.
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
 And try your penitence, if it be sound,
 Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,⁷⁸
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing we would not spare Heaven,⁷⁹ as we love it,
But as we stand in fear:

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.⁸⁰
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! Benedicite!⁸¹

[*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,⁸²
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'T is pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,⁸³ hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious;⁸⁴ yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain.⁸⁵ O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools,⁸⁶ and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:⁸⁷
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'T is not the devil's crest.⁸⁸

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Ser. One Isabel, a sister,
 Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens! [*Exit* Servant.
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,⁸⁹
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds;⁹⁰
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,⁹¹
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
 Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be,
 As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When? I beseech you that, in his reprieve,
 Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fic, these filthy vices! It were as good
 To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness,⁹² that do coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid:⁹³ 't is all as easy⁹⁴
 Falsely to take away a life true made,⁹⁵
 As to put mettle in restrained means,⁹⁶
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.⁹⁷

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,⁹⁸
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.⁹⁹

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.¹⁰⁰

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,¹⁰¹
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.¹⁰²

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so crafty;¹⁰³ and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax itself: as these black masks¹⁰⁴
Proclaim an enshield beauty¹⁰⁵ ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.¹⁰⁶

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (As I subscribe not that,¹⁰⁷ nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,¹⁰⁸) that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-building law;¹⁰⁹ and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;¹¹⁰
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing have been sick for,¹¹¹ ere I 'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
 Better it were a brother died at once,¹¹²
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom,¹¹³ and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
 I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die;
 If not a foedary,¹¹⁴ but only he
 Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;¹¹⁵
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them.¹¹⁶ Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.¹¹⁷

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,¹¹⁸) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.¹¹⁹

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;¹²⁰ and you tell me
That he shall die for 't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,¹²¹
Which seems a little fouler than it is,¹²²
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!¹²³—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't.
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud,
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you,¹²⁴ and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.¹²⁵ I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:¹²⁶
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;¹²⁷
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,¹²⁸
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!—
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,¹²⁹
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,¹³⁰
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity!
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*]

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *A Justice, Provost, Officers.*

“The Provost here,” observes Douce, “is not a military officer, but a kind of sheriff or gaoler, so called in foreign countries.” In the Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605, sig. F 2, the keeper of the prison is called the provost. According to Mr. Pyc, the keeper of the Savoy prison was always called Provost. The Provost Marshal was a different officer.

² *Than fall, and bruise to death.*

Fall is here used as an active verb, to let fall, to make to fall. “The executioner falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,” *As You Like It*. “As easy may’st thou fall a drop of water,” *Comedy of Errors*. “Our new-fangled gentry have fall’n their haughty crests,” *Rowe’s Jane Shore*. Other instances occur in the *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, &c. “Such needy robes should wrap the shoulders of necessity, when winter falls the leafe,” *Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

³ *Or that the resolute acting of your blood.*

The four folios read *our*, generally altered to *your*, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Knight defends the old reading by observing that *our blood* may mean, our nature, the nature of man. *Your* is misprinted *our* in other places.

⁴ *Which now you censure him.*

That is, which now you censure him *for*. These elliptical expressions are very common. See vol. i, p. 275.

⁵ *May, in the sworn twelve.*

One of Shakespeare’s anachronisms, an English jury in a German court of justice.—*Douce*.

⁶ *What know the laws, that thieves do pass on thieves?*

How can the Law know that thieves pass judgment on thieves? If there are thieves amongst the jury, the Law is not cognisant of the fact. “Though well we may not pass upon his life without the form of justice,” *King Lear*.

⁷ *’Tis very pregnant.*

It is plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note.—*Johnson*.

⁸ *For I have had such faults.*

Because, by reason, that I have had such faults.—*Johnson.*

⁹ *Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.*

There is a peculiarity in this line in the first folio, it being printed entirely in Italics, as if it were a quotation, or a proverbial phrase. The line may, perhaps, be found in some contemporary poem; but the early printers were so capricious in their arrangement and use of Italic type, that the circumstance of the line being so distinguished is not conclusive evidence that it is a quotation.

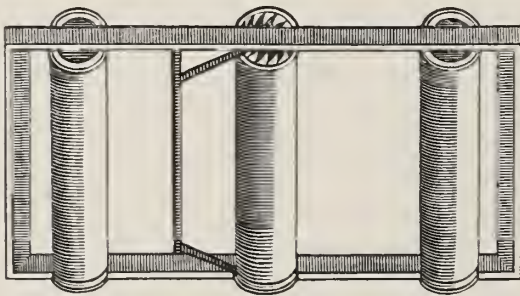
¹⁰ *Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none.*

The old copy reads *brakes of Ice*, corrected by Rowe. It has been remarked by Mr. Dyce that the early printers were very apt to mistake words that commenced with the letter *v*. Brakes were engines of torture, so that the meaning is—Some escape from the punishments due to their crimes, and offer no explanation or defence of their conduct, while others are condemned for a single error. “And with a cole rake Brose them on a brake,” Skelton’s *Why Come ye Nat to Courte*, ap. Dyce, ii. 57. “I brake on a brake or payne bauke, as men do mysdoers to confesse the trouthe,” Palsgrave, *ib.* ii. 371. “The false murdrer was braked thrise or ever he wolde confesse the trouthe,” Palsgrave, 1530.

Steevens observes that it appears from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. “The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Excester’s daughter, by means of which pain he shewed many things,” &c. “When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, (says Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, vol. iv. chap. xxv. pp. 320, 321,) and other ministers of Henry VI., had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture, which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter’s Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.” See Coke’s

Instit. 35, Barrington, 69, 385, and Fuller’s *Worthies*, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine still (in the time of Steevens) remains in the Tower. It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it. The middle one of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the



powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords to begin confession. The accompanying engraving of this fragment of the machine is copied from one given by Steevens.

We can not, as yet, gett the pyth of his credence, wherby I am advised to morowe ones to go (to) the Towre, and see hym sett in the *brakes*, and, by tourment, compelled to confesse the truth.—Letter dated 1539, *State Papers*, i. 602.

The Dent annotated copy, and Rowe, read,—“Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none.” This reading was adopted by most of the early editors. Capell proposed,—“Some run from brakes of justice, answer none,” on the supposition that *Ice*, in the original manuscript, was a contracted form of *Justice*.

Steevens suggested that *brakes* might possibly be put for *breaks*,—"Some run from breaks (fractures) of ice;" that is, some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty. The term *brake* had a great variety of meanings. It was applied to a thicket, a trap, a snaffle for horses, to a strong wooden frame in which the feet of young and vicious horses were confined by farriers, preparatory to their being shod, and also to some kind of military engine. The first meaning may possibly be considered to suit the context in the passage in the text, supposing the latter to refer to the thorny paths of vice, from which, thick-set as they are, some escape without punishment. "The rough brake that virtue must go through," Henry VIII. "Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward," Prov. xxii. 5. There is something to countenance this explanation in an eloquent passage in the Underwoods,—

Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is loved: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and, at last,
Crush'd in the snaky brakes that he had past!

Notices of other meanings of the word may be seen in Nares, p. 56, and in my Dictionary of Archaic Words, i. 205. *Brakes*, construed *traps*, would also make good sense. See Skelton, ed. Dyce, ii. 169. To *answer none*, to give no answer. There is a similar idiom still current in the provinces. It is *none* too late, that is, not at all too late, Forby, ii. 234.

¹¹ *This comes off well.*

The same phrase is employed in Timon of Athens, and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is—This is well delivered, this story is well told.—*Steevens*.

¹² *He's out at elbow.*

I know not whether this quibble be generally understood: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The constable, in his account of master Froth and the Clown, has a stroke at the Puritans, who were very zealous against the stage about this time: "Precise villains they are, that I am sure of: and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have."—*Farmer*.

¹³ *A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd.*

Parcel-bawd, that is, partly a bawd. "I have no hopes ever to make him stand nearer a woman than the people do to the stake at a bear-baiting, unless I can make him parcel-drunk," Flora's Vagaries, 1670.

¹⁴ *And now she professes a hot-house.*

A hot-house, an old English term for a bagnio, and a "very ill house" was frequently kept under the pretence of its being a hot-house. There is a curious allusion to this practice in Mill's Night Search, 1640, p. 88,—

She kept a hot-house, which did bring her gold,
Under pretence; but 'twas too hot to hold.

Ben Jonson has an epigram on the subject, and after remarking that such an house was now called a hot-house, says it may still be an ill-house, for "th'are *synonima*," Workes, ed. 1616, p. 770; and again to the same effect in Every Man out of his Humour, fol. ed. p. 99. Nash, in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596, gives testimony of a similar kind. The reader may also be referred to the following notice in the 'Articles of the Charge of the Wardmote

Inquest,' Stow's Survey of London, fol. Lond. 1633, p. 676,—“Also if there be any house wherein is kept and holden any hot-house, or sweating-house, for ease and health of men, to the which be resorting or conversant any strumpets or women of evill name or fame, or if there be any hot-house or sweating ordained for women, to the which is any common recourse of young men, or of other persons of evill fame and suspect conditions.” It also appears that there was an order against the reception of persons in hot-houses at night. These articles are repeated in Calthrop's Reports, 1670. A very loose poem in Wit at a Venture, or Clio's Privy-Garden, 12mo. Lond. 1674, entitled ‘the Virtue of a Hot-house,’ tells the same tale, but it will not bear a quotation.

As artificiall baths are very requisite for leane and dry melancholick bodyes: so are stoves or hot-houses for phlegmatick, and all such as are of a moyst and grosse habit of body: for they mightily procure sweat, consume crudities, strongly dry, enleane, and corroborate such bodies. But let such as have feeble spirits, and that are weak by nature, utterly refraine them, because they quickly exhaust feeble spirits, and cause swooning. Stoves are in little use with us, but with the Germans and other Northern nations very much. The Turks bestow so great cost upon their hot-houses, as the ancient Romans did about their artificiall warme baths: for in Constantinople you may behold large and stately stoves, and many sweating in them at once.—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637.

'Twere wisdom in you to have him to the bath, and stew him; he will make a most rare codling; a wife is too violent a *hot house* for him.—*The Wizard*, a Play, 1640, MS.

Notices of hot-houses are common, and a large number of extracts would not be of much value. The following references, however, may be worth giving:—“The baines or hot-house,” Nomenclator, 1585; Raynalde's Birth of Man-kinde, otherwyse named the Woman's Booke, 4to. Lond. 1598, p. 135; Returne from Pernassus, 1606; Westward Hoe, 1607; Goulart, ed. Grimston, 1607, quoted by Steevens; Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 216; Ammianus Marcellinus, ed. Holland, 1609, in a marginal note; Barrough's Method of Physick, 1624; Anchorani Porta Linguarum, 8vo. 1640, p. 102; The Humorists, 1671, p. 7; Garth's Dispensary; Puritan, ed. Malone, p. 598, &c.

¹⁵ *Whom I detest before heaven.*

Detest, used blunderingly for *protest*, has previously occurred in the Merry Wives of Windsor, in one of Mrs. Quickly's speeches. See vol. ii. p. 276. Monck Mason suggests that Elbow, in both instances, uses *detest* for *attest*, that is, to call witness.

¹⁶ *For it is a naughty house.*

It is the common sentence and judgement of lawjers that he hathe an uncertaine father, and a *naughty* mother, whiche is not borne in matrimony.—*Cornelius Agrippa's Commendation of Matrimony*, translated by David Clapam, 1545.

¹⁷ *Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means.*

Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable.—*Johnson*.

¹⁸ *Longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes.*

Stewed prunes were universally the signs of a house of bad fame. You shall know a bawd, says Lodge, in his Wits Misericie, 1596, p. 38, “by a *dish of stew'd*

pruins in the window." See further on this subject in the Notes to Henry IV. *Prunes* is spelt *prewyns* in the first folio.

¹⁹ *Which at that very distant time.*

"In Pope's edition it is, 'which at that very *instant* time,' which I suppose is right; for the poet through this whole dialogue places the absurdity of expression to the account of the constable, not of the tapster, whose character is that of impudent impertinence," Heath's Revisal.

Her walke was very solitary and shady, with a faire spring or well adjoining to it, and thither, at that very instant time, certaine Sicilian young gentlemen, which came from Naples, had made their retreat.—*Boccacio's Decameron*, *English translation*, ed. 1625.

²⁰ *A fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence.*

Most probably an earthenware dish, those of wood being generally termed fruit-trenchers. The latter were frequently ornamented with figures and posies. Fruit-dishes of earthenware were not generally used till late in the sixteenth century. The one here represented is taken from a print by Abraham Bosse, 1633, where some ladies are introduced frying apple-fritters. The dish contains apples, some cut in slices, the peel laying beside them. Holme, in his *Academy of Armory*, the unpublished portion, gives a curious list of dishes, according to their sizes;—"A platter, if large; a dish, which (is) of a lesser sort; a midleing dish; a broth dish, deeper bottomed then flesh dishes; a bason is almost halfe round in the concave or belly, and narrow or broad, or noe brime at all; a sallett dish; a trencher plate, or plate; a sawser."



A large number of ornamented fruit-trenchers, or wooden fruit-dishes, have been preserved to this day, one specimen of which is here engraved. Puttenham has a curious notice of them in his chapter on posies,—“There be also other like epigrammes that were sent usually for new yeares giftes, or to be printed or put upon their banketting dishes of suger plate, or of march-paines, and never contained above one verse, or two at the most, but the shorter the better: we call them posies, and do paint them now-a-dayes upon the backe sides of our fruite trenchers of wood.” Some specimens are of a very elaborate character, but the present one better suits the possible application to the passage in the text.



²¹ *They are not China dishes, but very good dishes.*

China or porcelain ware, the former term being often applied to the porcelain of Italy as well as to that which came from China, was much esteemed in Shakespeare's time. It is very likely that Venetian porcelain was passed off as real china, and the china dishes to which the Clown alludes were not improbably of the ornamental ware generally termed Majolica. Thus Minsheu, in a marginal note in his *Pleasant and Delightfull Dialogues in Spanish and English*, 1599, p. 12,

glosses *China mettall* as "the fine dishes of earth painted, such as are brought from Venice;" and, in his edition of Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, p. 193, he describes porcelain as, "a kinde of earthen vessell painted, *costly fruit dishes of fine earth painted.*" Compare, also, Florio's Worlde of Wordes, ed. 1598, p. 285,—"*Porcellana*, a kinde of fine earth called Porcelane, whereof they make fine China dishes, called Porcellan dishes." The beautiful colouring of this ware is gracefully alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his masque of Pan's Anniversary, which was presented at Court in the year 1625; and Heywood, in his Philocothonista, 1635, observes of drinking-pots that "the most curious and costly, either for workmanship or mettall, are brought from China." Fine porcelain ware is thus alluded to in the curious poem, A Herrings Tayle, 1598,—

Not Samian clay (potters chiefe pride) can match with this,
Nor seene through porcelaine, that so long tempring is.

"Oriental porcelain was known in Europe at a very early period: the first positive mention of it occurs in an inventory of effects of the queen of Charles Le Bel, king of France, who died 1370: 'Item, un pot à eau de pierre de *porcelaine*, à un couvercle d'argent et bordé d'argent doré, pesant j marc, iiij ounces, xvij estellins, prisié xiiij fr. d'or.' Although we have so early a record of it in France, I am not aware of its being noticed in England earlier than the reign of Henry VIII; at least, not so as to be identified. Among the original letters edited by sir Henry Ellis, we read of a present of 'iiij potts of erthe payntid callyd porseland.' It is also distinctly spoken of in 1587, as a present to queen Elizabeth, mounted in silver and gold: 'Item, one cup of grene *pursselyne*, the foote, shanke, and cover, silver guilte, chased like droppes. . . . Item, one cup of pursselyne th'one side paynted red, the foote and cover silver guilte. . . . Item, one porrynger of white *porselyn*, garnished with golde, the cover of golde, with a lyon on the toppe thereof, 38 oz.' Ben Jonson says: 'Ay, sir! his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often.' The following vessels, from an inventory of the jewels, etc., in the Castle of Edinburgh, 1578, were probably China ware: 'Twa flaconis of *layme* anamalit with blew and quheit, and ane all blew.' And in another account of the queen of Scot's 'moveables' under 'vesshelis of glasse,' 1562: 'Item, a figure of ane doig maid in quhite *laym*. . . . j. basing and lair with aips wormes and serpents. . . . One lawer with a cowp and a cover of copper enamallit.'" —*Arch. Jour.*

During the reign of Elizabeth, several Spanish carracks were taken, a part of whose cargo was *China ware of porcelaine*. In the time of Cromwell, a duty of twenty shillings was paid on every dozen China dishes under a quart, and of sixty on those of a quart and upwards (Oliverian acts, 1657).—*Douce*.

"In 1615, Elkington speaks of China ware as forming part of the cargo of the ship New Year's Gift, taken at Bantam in that year. Among the effects of Lady Dorothy Shirley, 1620, are mentioned a case of glasses,—*purslin stuffe*, *Chinie stuffe*, two dozen of *purslen dishes*, &c.," Marryat's History of Pottery, p. 104. "Item, one stone juggle covered and bounden with silver guilt, iiij. *li*. iiij. *s*.—Item, one *pursland boule* with a guilt foote and a guilt cover, xlv. *s*." Inventory of the Goods of the Countess of Leicester, 1634-5. "Item, sixe *pursland fruit dishes*," *ibid.*, MS. roll on vellum.

Marco Polo, the Venetian, was the first European traveller on record who penetrated into China. He mentions the vast extent to which the manufacture of porcelain was carried at the time of his residence in the celestial empire, during the thirteenth century, and states, 'that of this place, Kinsai, there is nothing further to be observed, than that cups or bowls, and dishes of porcelain wares, are

there manufactured. The process was explained to be as follows:—They collect a certain kind of earth, as it were, from a mine, and, laying it in a great heap, suffer it to be exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, for thirty or forty years, during which time it is never disturbed. By this means it becomes refined, and fit for being wrought into the vessels above mentioned. Such colours as may be thought proper are then laid on, and the ware is afterwards baked in ovens or furnaces. Those persons, therefore, who cause the earth to be dug, collect it for their children and grandchildren.'

We are not thoroughly resolved concerning *Porcellane* or *China* dishes, that according to common belief they are made of earth, which lyeth in preparation about an hundred years under ground; for the relations thereof are not only divers, but contrary; and authors agree not herein. Guido Pancirollus will have them made of egg-shells, lobster-shells, and gypsum, laid up in the earth the space of eighty years: of the same affirmation is Scaliger, and the common opinion of most. Ramuzius, in his Navigations, is of a contrary assertion; that they are made out of earth, not laid under ground, but hardened in the sun and winde the space of fourty years. But Gonzales de Mendoza, a man imployed into China from Phillip, the second King of Spain, upon enquiry and ocular experience delivered a way different from all these. For enquiring into the artifice thereof, he found they were made of a chalky earth; which beaten and steeped in water, affordeth a cream or fatnesse on the top, and a gross subsidence at the bottom; out of the cream or superfluitance, the finest dishes, saith he, are made; out of the residue thereof the courser; which being formed, they gild or paint, and not after an hundred years, but presently commit unto the furnace. This, saith he, is known by experience, and more probable then what Odoardus Barbosa hath delivered, that they are made of shels, and buried under earth an hundred years. And answerable in all points hereto, is the relation of Linschotten, a diligent enquirer, in his Oriental Navigations. Later confirmation may be had from Alvarez, the Jesuit, who lived long in those parts, in his relations of China. That Porcellane vessels were made but in one town of the province of Chiamsi: that the earth was brought out of other provinces, but for the advantage of water which makes them more polite and perspicuous, they were only made in this; that they were wrought and fashioned like those of other countries, whereof some were tinted blew, some red, others yellow, of which colour only they presented unto the King. Now if any enquire, why, being so commonly made, and in so short a time they are become so scarce, or not at all to be had, the answer is given by these last relators, that under great penalties it is forbidden to carry the first sort out of the countrey. And of those surely the properties must be veriefied, which by Scaliger and others are ascribed to China-dishes; that they admit no poyson, that they strike fire, that they will grow hot no higher then the liquour in them ariseth. For such as passe amongst us, and under the name of the finest, will only strike fire, but not discover Aconite, Mercury, or Arsenick; but may be useful in dysenteries and fluxes beyond the other.—*Brown's Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, 1658.

Vitel. You have hirde a shop, then?

Gazet. Yes, sir, and our wares,

Though brittle as a maydenhead at sixteene,

Are safe unladen; not a christall crackt,

Or china dish needs sodring.—*Massinger's Renegado*, 1630.

The finest China mettall's broken soon;

The nightingal's sweet pipe's soon out of tune.

El. ad fin. *Jacombe's Moses his Death*, 1656.

Of these kind of clay or earthen-weare, ealled Tickney weare, there are divers kinds, as China, eounterfct China, white tickney, and mugen weare, both red, blaek, and yellow.—*Holme's Acad. Arm.*, MS. Add.

This town is dearer then Jerusalem,
 After a years siege; they would make us pay
 For day-light, if they know to measure
 The sun-beames by the yard. Nay, sell the very
 Aire too, if they could serve it out in fine
 China-bottels. If you walk but three turnes
 In the High-street, they will ask you mony
 For wearing out the pebles.

Davenant's Neues from Plymouth, 1673.

Enter Lady Fidget with a piece of China in her hand, and Horner following.—*La. Fid.* And I have been toyling and moyling, for the pretti'st piece of China, my dear.—*Hor.* Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I eou'd.—*Squeam.* Oh Lord, I'le have some China too, good Mr. Horner, don't think to give other people China, and me none, eome in with me too.—*Hor.* Upon my honour I have none left now.—*Squeam.* Nay, nay, I have known you deny your China before now, but you shan't put me off so, come.—*Hor.* This lady had the last there.—*La. Fid.* Yes, indeed, Madam, to my eertain knowledg he has no more left.—*The Country-Wife*, 4to. 1675, p. 70. Compare the same play, p. 66.

Eli. But Madam, will you provide us lodgings on oecasion.—*Tour.* The richest in the town, the costliest hangings, great glasses, *China dishes*, silver tables, silver stands, and silver urinals—And then these gallants are the elosest lovers, so good at keeping a seeret.—*Lee's Princess of Cleve*, 1689.

The China-houses of a later period, and their character, scarcely come within the scope of this enquiry. See, however, Sedley's *Bellamira*, 1687, and various plays of the latter part of the seventeenth century. There is a curious passage in Mill's *Night's Scareh*, 1640, which proves that Shakespeare was not writing at random in mentioning China dishes in connexion with a house of bad eharacter. A bawd thus addresses a girl who resisted seduction:—

But stay, you queane, there's something else behind,
 And that, I think, which will not please your mind.
 Nay, never stare, nor put it off with pishes;
 Thou'st lost and melted me ten pewter dishes,
 And *broke my China ware*; thou paulty elfe,
 Thou'lt nere be worth an earthen dish thyself.

²² *Sitting, as I say, in a lower chair.*

“Every house,” says Steevens, “had formerly, among its other furniture, what was called a low ehair, designed for the ease of sick people, and occasionally oecupied by lazy ones: of these conveniences I have seen many, though, perhaps, at present they are wholly disused.” Low chairs are occasionally mentioned in old inventories. “One high chaire and low chair, and four little stooles,” MS. Inventory, 1628. “Item, a lardge seat with two longe quishions, 1 high chayre, ten high-backe chaires, 2 lowe cheyres, 2 lowe stooles, one foote stoole, one cannopy, valens, and eurtens, 1 longe earpett, and one cupbord earpett, all of greene imbroyderd,” Inventory of the goods of the Countess of Leicester, taken in 1634-5. The subjoined representation of a woman seated in a low chair is taken by Mr. Fairholt from a French print by Abraham Bosse, 1633.

The barbers, in the *Devils Charter*, a Tragædie containing the Life and Death of Pope Alexander the Sixt, 1607, operate on a nobleman, and commence by requesting him to sit on a "low chaire."

Lower, in the text, is used merely, by an ordinary license, instead of *low*. Thus, in the *Witty Apothegms*, 12mo. 1669, one anecdote commences as follows,—“Themistocles, in his *lower* fortune, was in love with a young gentleman, which scorned him.”

²³ *'Twas in the Bunch of Grapes.*

The custom of distinguishing rooms by fanciful names was very usual in the time of Shakespeare, and is not yet entirely obsolete. The Bunch of Grapes was formerly a common sign for an inn. There is preserved, in the City of London Museum, a token, dated 1669, of “Thomas May at y^e Bunch of Grapes in Rederife.” A tavern, so called, is mentioned in *Gil Blas*.



²⁴ *It is an open room, and good for winter.*

An open room was, possibly, a room leading into an outer gallery, and unprotected by windows or lattices. Such a room would of course be “good for summer,” and hence the absurdity of poor Froth’s observation. It has been proposed to read *windows* for *winter*, an alteration which completely destroys the humour, which was evidently intentional. At the same time, the ordinary meaning of *open*, airy, would make perfect sense; and it is a mere impression that the term, an open room, was applied to any particular sort of room. Erasmus, in a letter to one of Wolsey’s physicians, complains of the construction of English houses, the windows of which, he observes, admitted unwholsome currents of air.

²⁵ *I’ll be supposed on a book.*

The Clown’s mistake for “deposed.”—*Malone*.

²⁶ *Justice, or Iniquity?*

These two substantives are printed in Italics in the first folio. The old vice, *Iniquity*, is well described by Ben Jonson, and forms the subject of another note. The critics generally think there is here an allusion to two dramatic personages. It is possible that such is the case, but still a plain interpretation will suit the context;—which is the wiser here, the official who alledges the charge, or the criminal himself?

These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost.—*Johnson*.

“Justice, or Iniquity?,” the Constable or the Fool. Escalus calls the latter *Iniquity*, in allusion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb-shews. *Justice* may have a similar allusion, which I am unable to explain. *Iniquitie* is one of the personages in “the pretie enterlude of Kyng Daryus;” and in the First Part of King Henry IV., Prince Henry calls Falstaff,—“that reverend *Vice*, that grey *Iniquity*.”—*Ritson*.

²⁷ *O thou wicked Hannibal!*

Either the constable’s mistake for *cannibal*, or a ludicrous misapplication of

the name of the Carthaginian general. "Some bilbow blades he meetes withall, and those, either for feare of an affront, or purposely to make them his champions upon occasions of quarrell, he makes guard le corpse, and these can humour him to an haire, call him their Annibal, and that title payes for all," Brathwait's Survey of History, 1638, p. 328.

There is, however, a passage in Webster's Dutchess of Malfi, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 211, which shows that, in all probability, the constable uses the name in mistake for *cannibal*, one of the characters employing the very expression, "*O, ricked cannibal! a fire-lock in 's eod-piece.*"

²⁸ *Thou art to continue.*

Perhaps Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes the Clown is to *continue in confinement*; at least, he conceives some severe punishment or other to be implied by the word.—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *Mistress Over-done.*

A similarly formed supposititious name occurs in Powell's Art of Thriving, 12mo. Lond. 1635, p. 3,—“amongst the rest, myselfe made shift for so much money as wherewith to abate the fury of Mistrisse *Overcount*, mine hostesse, and so I departed likewise.”

³⁰ *They will draw you, and you will hang them.*

Escalus, playing on the terms of drawing and hanging, observes to Froth that tapsters will drain him till he will be reduced to hang or depend upon them. Froth, in his next speech, takes the words literally. It is just possible that by “you will hang them,” Escalus means to say that Froth, in his simplicity, will reveal the secrets of the prison-house, and bring them to punishment.

³¹ *Your bum is the greatest thing about you.*

An allusion to the ridiculous fashion of the large trunk hose, the upper part of the breeches being made exceedingly full, and bombasted out with wool, rags, &c. A partial adoption of this fashion appears to have obtained at a very early period, for Chaucer condemns something of the kind in his very curious observations on costume in the *Persones Tale*; but the custom that is alluded to in the text did not come absolutely into vogue till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It seems to have declined for a time, at least in degree, at the end of the sixteenth century; but the absurdity was revived in full splendour about the period when *Measure for Measure* is supposed to have been written. Harrison and Stubbes complain sadly of the money lavished upon this portion of the dress by nearly all classes of society. The former, writing about the year 1580, exclaims,—“what should I saie of their doublets with pendant eodpeeses on the brest full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundrie colours, their gallicaseons to beare out their bums, and make their attire to sit plum round, as they terme it, about them?” In another place he says that “we men doe seeme to bestowe most cost” upon this part of their costume, which was often richly adorned with expensive work. “Tyro's round breeches have acliffe behind,” Tyro's *Roaring Megge*, 1598, ap. *Steevens*. “Sometimes I have seen Tarlton play the clowne, and use no other breeches than such sloppes or slivings as now many gentlemen weare; they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they bee of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill: this absurd, clownish, and unseemely attire only by custome now is not misliked, but rather approved,” Wright's *Passions of the Minde*, 1601, ap. Fairholt. In MS. Harl. 367 is an amusing poem, of about this date, in which the writer complains that the farmers lose the tails of their cattle owing to the hair being required for the stuffing of the hose. It is entitled, “A lamentable Com-

plaint of the pore Countrymen againste great hose, for the losse of their Cattelles Tails," and the following extracts may be selected as bearing on the present subject:—

For proude and paynted parragones, and monstrus breched beares,
 This realme almost hath cleane destroyed, which I reporte with teares.
 And chefely those of eache degrec, who monstruse hose delyghte,
 As mounsters fell, have done to us most grevus hurte and spyte . . .
 As now of late in lesser thinges, to furnyshe forthe theare pryde,
 With woolc, with flaxe, with hare also, to make thear bryches wyde.
 What hurte and damage doth ensew, and fall upon the poore,
 For want of woll and flax of late, which mounstrus hose devore.
 But heare hath so possessed of late the bryche of every knave,
 That not one beast nor horse can tell, whiche waye his tale to saufe.—
 But now noe mayne, nor tayle of beaste, can longe time here abyde;
 Therefore great neade wee have in time some healpe for to provide.
 And that with speede to take awaye, great bryches as the cause
 Of all this hurte, or ealse to make some sharpe and housome lawes.—
 Alasse! good man, his happe was hardde, thus comynge out of Wayles,
 Whcare he had hasarded his beaffes, and here to lose theare tayles!
 And all to stuffe and furnyshe forthe our foule disgeysed hose,
 Which never ganed any manne, but makethe manye lose.
 So that in fyne the charytie, whiche Chrysten men should have,
 By dyvers wayes is blemysed, to boulster breaches brave.
 But now for that noe remedye as yet cann wel be founde,
 I wolde that suche as weare this heare, weare well and trewly bounde,
 With every heare a louse to have, to *stuffe thear bryches* oute;
 And then I trust they wolde not weare, nor beare *suche baggs* about.

This poem is printed at length in Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Ballads on Costume*, 1849; but the above verses are sufficient to illustrate the fashion alluded to in the text. The best account is that

given in Bulwer's *Pedigrce of the English Gallant*, 1653, p. 541:—"At the time when the fashion came up of wearing trunk-hose, some young men used so to stuffe them with rags, and other like things, that you might find some that used such inventions to extend them in compasse with as great eagernesse as the women did take pleasure to weare great and stately verdingales, for this was the same affectation, being a kind of verdingall breeches. The author of the *Spanish Gallant* tels us a story of what happened to one that thought he excelled so



much in this fashion, that he stuffed a follado of velvet that he did weare with branne, and being set in scemely manner amongst some ladies, to whom he desired to shew his bravery and neatnesse, as he was talking merrily of something that pleased him, he was so exceedingly taken with delight that possessed him, that he could not take notice of a small rent which was made with a naile of the chaire he sat upon, in one of his two pockets of branne (who though the harme was but in his hose, yet he found it after in his heart;) for, as he was moving and stroaking himselfe with much gallantry, the bran began to drop out by little and little, without his perceiving it, but the ladies that sat over against him and saw it (it being by his motion like meale that commeth from the mill, as it grindeth) laughed much at it, and looked one upon another; and the gallant, supposing

that his good behaviour, mirth, and sporting, was pleasing to them, laughed with the ladies for company; and it so much pleased him, that the more he strove to delight the company, the more the mill did grind forth the branne: the laughter by little and little encreased, and he appeared as confident as a man that had shed much blood by a wound, untill he espied the heape of branne, which came out of his hose, and then he began to recall himselfe, and dissembling his shame, he tooke his leave and departed, to mend the mischief that lay in ambush for him, as the proverbe goes, you may find out blood by the footsteps. Better profit than this did a prisoner make of the linings of his breeches, who, being to go before the judge for a certaine cause he was accused of, it being at that time when the law was in foree against wearing bayes stuffed in their breeches, and he then having stuffed his breeches very full, the judges told him that he did weare his breeches contrary to the law; who began to excuse himselfe of the offence, and endeavouring by little and little to discharge himselfe of that which he did weare within them, he drew out of his breeches a paire of sheets, two table cloaths, ten napkings, foure shirts, a brush, a glasse, and a combe, night-caps, and other things of use, saying, all the hall being strewed with this furniture, your Highnesse may understand that because I have no safer a storehouse, these poekets do serve me for a roome to lay up my goods in, and though it be a straight prison, yet is it a storehouse big enough for them, for I have many things more of value yet within it: and so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at, and they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his store-house, but that he should rid the hall of his stuffe, and keep them as it pleased him." The woodcut in the preceding page is a reduced copy of one given by Bulwer in illustration of this subject. Randal Holme, in an unpublished work written towards the close of the seventeenth century, gives a similar account, from which it will suffice to quote the following extract:

About midle of Q. Eliz. raigne the slops or trunke-hose, with pease-eod-bellied doublets, were much esteemed, which yonge men used to stuffe with rags and other like things, to extend them in compasse with as great eagernes as women did take pleasure to weare great and stately verdingales, for this was the same in effect, being a kind of verdingall breeches.—*MS. Harl.* 2014.

Our bumeast hose, our trebble double ruffes,
 Our sutes of silke, our comelie garded capes,
 Our knit silke stockes, and Spanish leather shooes,
 Yea, velvet serves oft times to trample in,
 Our plumes, our spangs, and all our queint aray,
 Are pricking spures provoking filthie pride,
 And snares unseene which lead a man to hell.

The Steele Glasse, by George Gascoigne, 1575.

There are bouldsters likewise for the buttocks as wel as the breast, and why forsooth? the smaller in the wast, the better handled.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 4to. Lond. 1596, p. 15.

Strutt quotes the following curious note from MS. Harl. 980: "Memorandum, that over the seats in the Parliament House there were certain holes, some two inches square, in the walls, in which were placed posts to uphold a scaffold round about the House within, for them to sit upon who used the wearing of great breeches stuffed with hair like woolsaeks; which fashion being left the eighth year of Elizabeth, the scaffolds were taken down and never since put up." The date on this memorandum is not very perfect, but I think it is anno 33 Eliz., or A.D. 1591.

And for false cards and dice, let my great slops
 And his big-bellied dublet both be sereht,
 And see which harbors most hipoerisie.

Nobody and Somebody, with the Historie of Elydure, n. d.

Now art thou like the wide breech, doublet strait,
 But er't be long, thou wilt estranged be,
 Like the French quarter slop, or the gorbelly,
 The long-stokt hose, or close Venetian.

Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598.

The fashion was greatly in vogue about this period (1598), for Gervase Markham, in his *Rodomonth's Infernall*, published in that year, says in his dedicatory epistle,—“the body of the worke must needs be faire, and onely the deformitie in his English apparell; and no wonder, for I protest the translation was finisht and forth of my hands above a dozen yeares agone, a time wherein bumbasted breeches and straite whale-bon'd dublets had neither use nor estimation.”

³² *If your worship will take order for the drabs.*

Take order, that is, take measures. So, in *Othello*,—“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.”—*Steevens*.

³³ *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay.*

A bay is any division of a building, denoted by prominent architectural features of the same kind. Thus the spaces between the buttresses or pilasters would be termed bays. “*Chaa*s is the space and length betweene beame and beame, wall and wall, in building, or a bay of building,” Cotgrave. According to a writer of the last century, “*bay*, when used alone, and particularly in the text, means a *division of a house*: to explain this, I must acquaint you with the original manner of building with us in England: it was thus,—a long building was made, and then divided into rooms with partition-walls to three or more divisions: every one of these was called a *bay*, and even to this day with us in Nottinghamshire (though houses are now built otherwise), when a new house is spoke of as built or to be let, the common question is, how many *bays* has it, or how many *bays* of building; and all outhouses, as barns, stables, are only thus distinguished by bays.” *Steevens* quotes the following lines in illustration from *Hall's Satires*,—

His rent in faire respondence must arise,
 To double trebles of his one yeares price;
 Of *one bayes* breadth, God wot, a silly eote,
 Whose thatched spars are furr'd with sluttish soote.

Pope reads, “after three pence a *day*,” but, with the ordinary acceptance, this would not make a good meaning, for, considering the value of money in the sixteenth century, the rent of three-pence a day would not convey that sense of desolation which is evidently intended. The architectural term *bay* was sometimes written *day*, as in a will quoted in a *Journey through England*, Svo. 1724, where the word is applied, with some license, to the space between the mullions of a window.

³⁴ *By your readiness in the office.*

By *the* readiness, ed. 1623. Corrected by Pope. Mr. Collier defends the old reading, interpreting it,—“by the readiness you showed in the office.”

³⁵ *I pray you home to dinner with me.*

Eleven o'clock was the usual dinner hour in Shakespeare's time, and the man-

ners of his own country and day are introduced into this play, although the scene is laid at Vienna. Harrison, in his Description of England, written about the year 1580, says, "the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, do ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at five, or betwecne five and six at afternoone; the merchants dine and sup seldome before twelve at noone and six at night, especially in London; the husbandmen dine also at high noone, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the tearme, in our universities, the scholers dine at ten." The Earl of Worcester, at Ragland Castle, before the Civil Wars, dined exactly at eleven o'clock (Antiq. Repert., iv. 307). In the Historie of Captaine Stukely, 1605, Old Stukely calling on Master Newton at one o'clock, the latter says,—“will you abroad so soone, sir, after dinner?” and again, Old Stukely observes, “’tis past dinner time in the hall an hower ago.”

³⁶ *Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.*

“One should no more trust an infamous detractor, then a wilde and untamed horse, and though sufferance may seeme to be a certaine consent and recognition of errour, or somewhat inclining thereto, so as some supposed it to be a kinde of distributive justiee, to be as it were a rocke to bad men, and an harbour and port to the good,” Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612. The same sentiment is again used,—“sparing Justice feeds Iniquitie,” Allot’s England’s Parnassus, 1600, from Shakespeare.

³⁷ *Save your honour!*

Your honour, which is so often repeated in this scene, was in our author’s time the usual mode of address to a *lord*. It had become antiquated after the Restoration; for Sir William Davenant, in his alteration of this play, has substituted *your excellence* in the room of it.—*Malone*. Whitney concludes the Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of Leicester, prefixed to his Emblems, 1586,—“Your Honour’s humble and faithfull Servant, Geoffrey Whitney.”

³⁸ *Stay a little while.*

It is not clear why the Provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out.—*Johnson*. The entrance of Lucio and Isabella should not, perhaps, be made till after Angelo’s speech to the Provost, who had only announced a lady, and seems to be detained as a witness to the purity of the deputy’s conversation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Isabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reason to think he departs before.—*Ritson*. *Stay a little while*, is said by Angelo, in answer to the words, *Save your honour*; which denoted the Provost’s intention to *depart*. Isabella uses the same words to Angelo, when she *goes out*, near the conclusion of this scene. So also, when she offers to retire, on finding her suit ineffectual: “Heaven keep your honour!”—*Malone*.

³⁹ *At war ’twixt ‘will’ and ‘will not.’*

That is, for which I must not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breast betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of such a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter.—*Malone*. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposes to read, “For which I must *now* plead, but *yet* I am at war, &c.”

⁴⁰ *Let it be his fault, and not my brother.*

That is, let his fault be condemned or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer.—*Malone*.

⁴¹ *To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record.*

To *fine* means, I think, to pronounce the *fine* or sentence of the law, appointed

for certain crimes. Theobald, without necessity, reads *find*. The repetition is much in our author's manner.—*Malone*. Theobald's emendation may be justified by a passage in King Lear:—"All's not *offence* that indiscretion *finds*, and dotage terms so."—*Stevens*. The "recorded law" is mentioned in the present act.

⁴² *Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.*

This declaration of proud austerity implies—I have made my will subservient to my duty; and my wisdom infallibly prescribing what my duty is, I can only will to do what is equitable and right.—*Seymour*.

⁴³ *May call it back again.*

The word *back* was first inserted in the folio edition of 1632.

⁴⁴ *Well, believe this.*

Well seems to be here merely a strong expletive. Theobald omits the comma, explaining it,—Be thoroughly assured of this; but the examples produced by that critic are not of a similar construction.

⁴⁵ *Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.*

All the souls that were, that is, all the souls that ever existed. Warburton proposed to read, *that are*.

⁴⁶ *If He, which is the top of judgment.*

"The Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains," Isaiah, ii. 2. The top of Sion, Judith, ix. The sentiment is scriptural; see Matthew, vii. 1, 2; Luke, vi. 37; Romans, ii. 1, 3; Galatians, vi. 1. Mr. Dyce has observed that the expression in the text occurs in the Sixth Canto of the Purgatorio,—*chè eima di giudicio non s'avvalla, &c.*

The changes which two centuries and a half have made in the subtle distinctions respecting the usages of words, the real meaning of which continue the same, is very curious. Thus the expression in the text would now be thought something too ignoble for the grandeur of the passage. Formerly *top* was continually used for the highest place or rank, in serious composition. "Considering, then, that the variable disposition of humane things is to be readie to fall when they are at the highest, and that vertue and vice are come to their *top* and perfection," Of the Interchangeable Course, or Variety of Things in the whole World, written in French by Loys le Roy, and translated into English by R. A., 1594.

And of mercy there is no hope at all, except we do as we read of a woman, which, when she stood before Alexander the Great, and was condemned, she said, I appeal from thee, O King. Alexander, wondering at her, said, Thou art a mad woman: dost thou not know that every appellation is from a lower judge to a higher? but who is above me? Then said she, I know thee to be *above thy laws*, and that thou may give pardon, and therefore I appeal from justice to mercy, and for my faults desire pardon.—*Bishop Pilkington*.

In old English, the term *top* was frequently applied to the *head*. The top of judgment would therefore be simply, with this interpretation, the head of judgment. So in MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, fol. 76,—

But syr James had soche a ehopp,
That he wyste not, be my *toppe*,
Whethur hyt were day or nyght.

⁴⁷ *If He should but judge you as you are.*

But nowe to speake of the inestimable price and value of *mercy*. Lette governours which knowe that thei have received their power from above, revolve in their

myndes in what perylle thei them selfe bee in daiely, if in God were not abundance of mercy, but that as scone as thei offende him greuously, he should immediately strike them with his moste terrible darte of vengeaunce. All be it unneath any houre passeth, that men deserve not some punishment.—*Elyot's Boke named the Governor*, 1531, ap. White.

⁴⁸ *Like man new made.*

That is, literally, like a new man. Reflect, says Isabella, on the event, were the Almighty to judge you as you are, without the pardon of a fault; O, think of that, and mercy will proceed from your lips, as from those of a regenerated soul—from one who, in the language of Scripture, has been “born again.” Heath properly explains it,—if you allow this consideration its due weight, you will find mercy breathing within your lips, as if a new man were formed within you, so totally different will your sentiments be from those which have the ascendant over you at present. “I will put a new spirit within you,” Ezekiel; “and make you a new heart and a new spirit,” *ibid.* “Therefore, if any man be in Christ, let him be a new creature,” 2 Corinth., v. 17. “Pure as a new baptized soule,” Beaumont, ap. White.

Like man *new made*, that is, you will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation.—*Malone*. I incline to a different interpretation:—And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life.—*Holt White*.

⁴⁹ *Even for our kitchens we kill the fowl of season.*

The fowl of season, that is, when it is in season, not prematurely. A similar phrase occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (notes, vol. ii. p. 406).

⁵⁰ *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.*

Holt White refers to the maxim of law,—“dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam.”

⁵¹ *If the first that did the edict infringe.*

Pope reads, *first man*; and Tyrwhitt, *if he*, but the original text is quite in consonance with the license of Shakespeare's construction and metre. Mr. Knight justly observes that the “necessary retardation of the original adds to the force of the line.”

⁵² *And, like a prophet, looks in a glass.*

See further, on the subject of prophesying glasses, in the notes to the fourth act of *Macbeth*.

⁵³ *But, where they live, to end.*

That is, evils are now from this time forward not to be permitted to increase by degrees from one vice to another, but wherever they are conceived, they are to be at once suppressed. The old copy reads *here* for *where*, a common misprint; and Hanmer suggested *ere*. “But there to end, where he was to begin,” *Coriolanus*. “And where I did begin, there shall I end,” *Julius Cæsar*.

⁵⁴ *For then I pity those I do not know.*

This, observes Dr. Johnson, was one of Hale's memorials,—“When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country.”

⁵⁵ *But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.*

The observation by Steevens, that Isabella here alludes to the savage conduct

of giants in ancient romances, appears at first sight to be trivial; but, without some such explanation, the passage in the text is without point. The allusion is clearly to the tyrannical use of giant power generally attributed to all giants.

⁵⁶ *Could great men thunder as Jove himself does.*

This fine sentiment, observes Douce, which nevertheless contains a very obvious fault in the mode of expressing it, appears to have been suggested by the following lines in Ovid's *Tristia*, lib. ii., a poem that Shakespeare might have read in Churchyard's translation:—

Si quoties peccant homines sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

So oftentimes as mortall men in sinfull faultes be found,
If Jove should strike, he might in time lacke shot wherewith to wound.

The Three First Bookes of Ovid's de Tristibus, &c., Lond. 1578.

⁵⁷ *For every pelting, petty officer.*

Pelting, that is, paltry. See notes to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

⁵⁸ *Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak.*

Gnarled, knotty. *Knorre*, nodus, Teut. “*Nodus*, a knotte, a knourle, a joint,” Eliot's *Cooper*, 1584. Chaucer has *knarry*, full of knots,—

Wyth knotty knarry barrein treys old,
Of stubbis sharpe, and hideous to behold.

Kennett, in his MS. Glossary, has, “to knur or knor, to play at knur or knor, a game among the boys in Yorkshire with a little round chees-ball, which they call a knur, struck from one to another with little bandy sticks call'd knur-sticks or knurl-sticks, from *knor*, a not in a tree,” MS. Lansd. 1033. “Knottyshe, knorisshe, or full of knottes,” Palsgrave, 1530. “A gnarre or gnurre, a hard knot in wood,” Minsheu. “*Nodo*, a knot or a knob, a knurre,” Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. “*Neud*, a knot, a knob or hard bunch, a joynt in staulkes, a knarre or knurle in trees,” Cotgrave.

Use men like wedges, one strike out another,
Till by degrees the tough and *knurly* trunke
Be riv'd in sunder.—*Antonio's Revenge*, 1602.

There is much affinity, observes the late Mr. Douce, between the above lines and these in Persius, Sat. ii.:

Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyus ilex
Sulfure discutitur sacro, quam tuque domusque?

⁵⁹ *But man, proud man!*

This is the reading of the first folio. “O But man! proud man!,” ed. 1632, repeated in eds. 1664, 1684. The alteration appears to have been made with the idea of amending the metre.

⁶⁰ *His glassy essence.*

A similar image occurs in a rare poem, the *Crucifixe*, or a Meditation upon Repentance, by C. Lever, 4to. 1607,—

O you that gull the poys'ned cup of pleasure,
And spend your time in nothing but expending,
You in whose lap, if lust let fall his treasure,
You entertaine vile shame with much commending,
And thinke your glassie lives shall ne're have ending.

⁶¹ *As make the angels weep.*

The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is Rabbinical. "Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri."—*Grotius ad S. Lucam*, ap. Theobald, ed. 1733, i. 338.

⁶² *Would all themselves laugh mortal.*

The construction is obscure, but the meaning seems to be simply this. Man plays such fantastic tricks in the sight of Heaven, that make the angels weep; but were the angels endued with our spleens (passions, humours), they would, being entirely mortal, laugh instead of weeping. Theobald explains it—if the angels were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality. Another explanation is,—Angelic spirits weep over those errors or delinquencies which weak unfeeling mortals turn into ridicule.

In needy sequences, perhaps, our heart will in itself take truee with this mischaunce, or if it doe not, yet attend our *spleene*, it will be better for ye.—*The History of the two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

⁶³ *He's coming, I perceiv't.*

If they see but a fair maid laugh, or shew a pleasant countenance, use some gracious words or gestures, they apply it all to themselves as done in their favour; sure she loves them, she is willing, coming, &c.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1652.

⁶⁴ *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.*

That is, it is not in human nature for us to judge our fellow creatures by the character of our own actions. Warburton altered *ourself* to *yourself*, but the original text is confirmed, as Malone observes, by a passage in the fifth act,—“If he had so offended, he would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, and not have cut him off.”

⁶⁵ *Great men may jest with saints.*

The mighty, who can with such sinnes dispence,
In steede of shame do honors great bestow;
A worthy author doth redeeme th' offence,
And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow:
The majesty that doth descend so low
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein,
And being sacred sanctifies the sinne.

Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, ed. 1601.

⁶⁶ *And 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it.*

That is, in other words, her eloquence is so great, her address so noble, my sense (passion) increases in proportion as I admire it. *Sense* is used in other places in this drama in exactly the same signification. Some would interpret *breed with* in the North country sense, to resemble, to be of the same accord. Davenant alters the text thus,—“She speaks such sense as with my reason breeds such images, as she has excellently form'd,” *Law against Lovers*, 1673, p. 287.

Warburton would persuade us that *bleeds* is ‘a very sensible word,’ but, *breeds*, which is the reading of the first folio, hath no meaning in it. The very contrary of this appears to me to be the truth. It is plain from the context and the whole progress of the play, that Isabella had moved no compassion in the breast of Angelo, which indeed might have been properly expressed by the word, *bleeds*: but she had excited lust there, which was even then teeming with new conceptions and designs, as is properly hinted by the word *breeds*.—*Heath*. The word *breeds*

is used in the *Tempest*, in nearly the same sense as here:—"Fair encounter of two most rare affections!—Heavens rain grace on that which *breeds* between them!"—*Malone*. The sentence signifies, Isabella does not utter *barren* words, but speaks such sense as *breeds* or *produces a consequence* in Angelo's mind. Truths which *generate* no conclusion are often termed *barren* facts.—*Holt White*. I understand the passage thus:—Her arguments are enforced with so much good sense, as to increase that stock of sense which I already possess.—*Douce*.

⁶⁷ *Not with fond shekels of the tested gold.*

Shekels is spelt *sickles* in the first folio. This is merely the old form of the word, which is spelt *sicle* and *sycle* in Coverdale's Bible, and *sicle* in the old MSS. of Wickliffe. "*Siglus*, a sicle, being an olde Persian coyne, and secmeth to be nine-pence in value of our monie," Nomenclator, 1585. "Here in Athens the father hath suffred his sonne to bee hanged for forty *sickles*, and hee worth four hundred talents," Lodge's *Catharos*, 1591, quoted by Collier. The specimen of the Jewish shekel, here engraved, is selected from Mr. Akerman's *Numismatic Illustrations of the New Testament*.



A *Bekangh shekel*, *dimidius siclei*, an half shekel; it was worth in our money one shilling three pence: it was, for distinction of the Shekel, called the common shekel, and weighed a quarter of an ounce, in gold 15s. A *shekel*, or *sicle of the Sanctuary*; it contained precisely half an ounce of silver or gold. This was called *Keseeph*, or *Silgha*; which to distinguish it from the Kings Shekel, upon the one side was to be seen the measure or pot wherein they kept manna in the Sanctuary, with this superscription, *The Sicle of Israel*; and on the other side the Rod of Aaron flourishing, with this inscription, *Holy Jerusalem*; it is worth in our money two shillings six pence, and in gold 30 shillings: but after the coming of our Saviour, the converted Jews changed their shekel, and on the first side stamped the image of Christ, with the Hebrew letters *Jod* and *Schin* at the mouth of the image, and the letter *Vau* in the pole, which three letters made his name *Jesu*. On the reverse side there was no picture, but the whole rundle was filled with this inscription in Hebrew characters, which in English was thus, *Messias the King cometh with Peace, and the Light of Man is made Life*; but in some coins for the latter clause of that inscription is read, *God is made Man*. The Kings shekel was less than the Shekel of the Sanctuary; it was worth in English money, one shilling ten pence halfpenny; in gold, 22 shillings six pence; yet Holyoake, in his *Dictionary*, values it to no more than the half of the sicle of the Sanctuary, viz. one shilling three pence; this must be the common sicle.—*Holme's Academy of Armory*, 1688.

That so I might have given thee, for thy paines,
Tenne silver *sickles* and a golden wast.

The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, 1599.

Fond, foolish, trifling, insignificant. According to Steevens, the term here means, valued or prized by folly. *Tested*, attested, proved to be pure. So Lydgate, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, fol. 7,—

As golde in fyre is fynid by assay,
And at the *teest* sylver is depurid.

⁶⁸ *Prayers from preserved souls.*

The nuns are so called, their souls being aptly said to be preserved from the

temptations of the world. Warburton fancifully thought the metaphor was taken from preserved fruits. The passage quoted by Steevens from the Amorous Warre, 1648, p. 52, does not appear very applicable, but the expression applied to the ladies being the same, and somewhat peculiar, it may just be worth giving,—“You do not reckon us ’mongst marmalade, quinces, and apriots, or take us for ladies preserved?” Callias rather prettily answers,—“No, ladies; yet I hope ’tis no offence to say y’ are each of you a various banquet, where a breathing sweetnesse feasts the spectatours, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding.”

⁶⁹ *Where prayers cross.*

Angelo apparently means to say,—Amen to your prayer that I may be safe, for I am in that road of temptation, where my own prayers are of no avail, or are counteracted. The devil could not cross a prayer after the Amen was said. “Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer,” Merchant of Venice. Dr. Johnson proposed to read,—*which your prayers cross.*

The petition of the Lord’s Prayer—“lead us not into temptation”—is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow’s meeting, being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart.—*Henley.* Where my honour and my cupidity are at variance, where my solicitations or prayers to obtain possession of Isabella’s beauties, must be crossed or thwarted by this prayer of her’s, for the safety of my honour.—*Seymour.*

⁷⁰ *Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower.*

I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet.—*Johnson.*

⁷¹ *Can it be that modesty may more betray our sense.*

Compare the lines in Promos and Cassandra, commencing,—“I do protest her modest wordes hath wrought in me a maze.”

⁷² *And pitch our evils there.*

The metaphor is in allusion to the desecration of the temple by the erection of *foricæ* (2 Kings, x. 27). There is a similar use of the word in the second act of Henry VIII.,—“Nor build their evils on the graves of great men,” a passage which is sufficient to condemn the proposed conjecture of *offals* in the Perkins MS. Adhering to the original text, although there cannot be much doubt of the gross though forcible metaphor that was in the author’s mind, yet, having regard to the use of *evils* as *vices* just previously, it is natural to conclude that at least the double meaning of the term was referred to, the whole passage being emblematical:—Having spare ground enough (alluding to light women), why desire to invade the sanctuary of purity with our evil actions?

One of Sir John Birkenhead’s queries confirms the above use of the word:—“Whether, ever since the House of Commons has been locked up, the Speaker’s chair has not been a *close-stool*? Whether it is not seasonable to stop the nose of my *evil*?”—*Two Centuries of Paul’s Church-Yard*, 8vo. no date.—*Malone.*

⁷³ *O cunning Enemy.*

Enemy, says Douce, is here used for the devil.

⁷⁴ *I smil’d, and wonder’d how.*

As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet.—*Johnson.*

⁷⁵ *The afflicted spirits here in the prison.*

“By the which he also went, and preached unto the spirits that are in prison,”
1 Peter, iii. 19.

⁷⁶ *Who falling in the flames of her own youth.*

The old copies read, *falling in the flaws*, the last word being spelt *flaws* in the third and fourth folios, but there can be little doubt that *flames* is the correct reading. The letters *m* and *w* are very often misprinted for each other in old English plays. Davenant, in 1673, has the passage as follows:—“who in her flames of youth has blister’d her fair fame.” To *fall in*, to fall into, the phraseology of the time. “Though a man have ben never so synfull, yet let hym nat fall in dispayre,” Palsgrave, 1530. “I am fallen in this offence,” Cymbeline. Shakespeare has *flaming youth* in Hamlet; and Greene, in his *Never Too Late*, 1616, says,—“he measured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders.”—*Steevens*. Blister’d her report, i. e., disfigured her fame.—*Idem*. Mr. Knight retains *flaws*, storms, gusts, on the plea that Shakespeare, “in the superabundance of his thought, makes one metaphor run into another.” It is true that the change of metaphor is not a sufficient reason for the alteration; but the phrase, to fall into flaws, is in itself scarcely admissible. Mr. Knight’s observation is, however, in the main, correct; and perhaps no author has indulged in a more licentious and vague use of metaphors than Shakespeare, so that any emendations made with the object of correcting them must generally be received with the utmost caution. It is curious to observe that the dramatist, in some instances, involuntarily makes use of a metaphorical expression that has no relation whatever to the context. Thus in the *Tempest*,—“the strongest oaths are *straw* to the *fire* i’ the blood,” the literal meaning of which would be unsuited to the speaker’s intention. Prospero evidently means to say that the strongest oaths are as brittle as straw compared to, or placed in competition with, the fire in the blood.

Tis true, fair Celia, that by thee I live;
That every kiss and every fond embrace
Forms a new soul within me, and doth give
A balsam to the wound made by thy face.
Yet still methinks I miss—that bliss—
Which lovers dare not name;
And only then described is,
When *flame* doth meet with *flame*.

Cotgrave’s Wits Interpreter, 8vo. Lond. 1671, p. 164.

⁷⁷ *I have provided for you.*

The Provost, addressing Juliet, means that he has secured her accommodation for her accouchement.

⁷⁸ *But lest you do repent.*

Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Pope, read: “——But repent you not.” *But lest you do repent* is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœniteat*,—and means, repent not on this account.—*Steevens*. I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke’s speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet’s answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this: “Take care, *lest you repent* (not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,) *as that the sin hath brought you to this shame*.” Accordingly, Juliet’s answer is explicit to this point: “I do repent me, *as it is an evil*, and take the shame with joy.”—*Tyrwhitt*. Because the orthography of the first folio

is *least*, that word is literally adopted by Mr. Collier; but *lest* is almost always spelt *least* in old English books, and another example occurs in the next act.

⁷⁹ *Showing we'd not spare Heaven, as we love it.*

That is, showing we would not scruple to offend Heaven, because we love Heaven, but only in proportion as we are afraid of its decrees. The Perkins MS. reads *serve* for *spare*, and the latter word was changed by Pope into *seek*, both alterations being unnecessary, and, indeed, somewhat at variance with the context, for the Duke is not speaking of serving, but of offending, Heaven. In Davenant's Law against Lovers, the Duke's speech appears as follows:

If, daughter, you repent that sin, because
It brings you shame, it is a common and
An erring grief, which looks more at ourselves,
Than towards Heaven; not sparing Heaven for love,
But fear.—*Works*, ed. 1673, p. 288.

The elliptical use of the verb *spare* is still in common use, generally, but not always, preceded by a noun implying injury or destruction. "The rough seas, that spare not any man," that is, spare not to injure any man, Pericles, act ii.

⁸⁰ *There rest.*

That is, keep yourself in this temper.—*Johnson*.

⁸¹ *Grace go with you!*

Ritson imagines that this should be spoken by Juliet, the Duke answering, *Benedicite!* Steevens adopts this regulation, reading, "*May* grace go with you." There is no necessity for altering the original, and, moreover, the observation is scarcely of that humble character which would pervade any such speech addressed by Juliet to the assumed friar.

⁸² *O, injurious love.*

Love here, as in other instances, is merely used in the sense of *kindness*. "Injurious love" is nearly equivalent to the very common phrase, mistaken kindness. O, injurious kindness, which spares my life, a burden to me worse than death, whose very comfort in the love of Claudio is still a dying horror. 'Tis pity of him, that is, of Angelo, that he should be so severe. Hammer proposed to read, *injurious law*.

⁸³ *Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue.*

Invention, that is, imagination. "The brightest heaven of invention," Henry V. "To invent, to imagine," Baret, 1580. Warburton proposed to read *intention*. Compare with this speech the soliloquy in Promos and Cassandra, commencing,—"Do what I can, no reason cooles desire."

⁸⁴ *Grown sear'd and tedious.*

Sear'd, dry, withered, here used metaphorically. "Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age," Lover's Complaint. The folios generally read *feared*, the meaning of which would be, as explained by Johnson—"what we go to with reluctance may be said to be feared." According to Mr. Collier, a copy of the first folio, in the possession of Lord Ellesmere, reads *sear'd*.

The ground, undect with natures tapestry,
Seemes barrayne, sere, unfertill, fructles, dry.
The Raigne of King Edward the Third, 1596.

The divill is wisse with me when I seald it,
 And cauteriz'd this conscience now seard up.
The Devils Charter, a Tragædie, 1607.

⁸⁵ *Which the air beats for vain.*

That is, vainly, in vain, to no purpose. Some would read *for vane*, which the air beats about as a weathercock.

⁸⁶ *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls.*

Here Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.—*Johnson.*

⁸⁷ *Blood, thou art blood.*

Pope reads, “thou art *but* blood;” and Malone, “thou *still* art blood.” The original is more forcible, although either of the proposed emendations are more consonant to modern ears. *Blood* is used for passion, temperament of body. “We see in it, as it is,” observes Capell, “a charge brought by the speaker against himself, or his *blood*, and the evil spirit acquitted by him of having any hand in his sin’s occasion; the sense of his expressions, and their connection too with what has preceded, may appear in this paraphrase:—Blood, thou art blood as well in me as in others; place, and outward appearance, have no allaying effect on thy inflammable quality: no more then of giving horns to the devil, or of calling him—bad angel, and man’s leader into sins of this sort; his blood is his leader; and the horn his own crest, and not the devil’s, and to be born by him in signal of what he is—his own tempter:—Horns being an instrument of mischief in animals, the devil is made to wear them by fabulists as a spirit of mischief.”

⁸⁸ *'Tis not the devil's crest.*

The meaning of this and the previous line is this:—If we place the figure of an angel on, or in place of, the devil’s horn, it will nevertheless not be the devil’s crest; the mere alteration of the emblem will not change his nature, and give him a right to the new distinction. In other words, mere outward appearance is no criterion of the character of the heart. There was formerly a somewhat peculiar use of the verb *to write*, c. g.,—“As soone as he came to write full and perfit man,” Markham’s Honour in his Perfection, 1624. “James, your man, writes on your pillow, &c.; my eies are witnesses to their adulterie,” History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609. Hanmer proposes to read, “Is’t not the devil’s crest?,” and Dr. Johnson, *'Tis yet the devil's crest*, both in mis-apprehension of the meaning intended. Warburton explains the passage thus,—Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent; but even if the reader inclines to this interpretation, the original text may stand, and be literally interpreted,—If we put an angel in the place of the horn, the latter is no longer the devil’s crest. The first interpretation seems to be countenanced by a passage in Macbeth,—Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, yet grace must still look so; and again in All’s Well that ends Well,—good alone is good, without a name: vileness is so: the property by what it is should go, not by the title.

Wee would hold it to be no faithfull part of a subject, to make choice of no liverie but his, who is a profest foe to his soveraigne. And what, I pray you, doe wee, when wee attire our selves in the habiliments of Pride; not only outwardly in gorgeous apparell, choicest perfumes, and powdred locks, but likewise inwardly, in

putting on the spirit of Pride, attended by scornfull respects, disdainfull eyes, and haughtie lookes? Can wee be truly termed subjects? May wee, wearing the Devil's crest, partake of the seamlesse coat of Christ? May wee expect a crowne after death, that oppose him who wore a thorny crowne, to crowne us after death? No; as the souldier is known by his colours, the servant by his cognizance, the sheepe by his marke, and coine by the stampe; so shall wee be knowne by our colours if wee be Christs souldiers, by our crest or cognizance if his followers, by our marke if his sheepe and lambkins, by our stampe or superscription if his coine or starling. O know, by how much wee are the humbler, by so much to our beloved are wee the liker! Let us resemble him then in all humilitie, that afterwards wee may reigne with him in glory.—*Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

This passage, as it stands, appears to me to be right, and Angelo's reasoning to be this: "O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiser souls to your false seeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or constitutions of those who possess, or assume you. Though we should write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that crest." It is well known that the crest was formerly chosen either as emblematic of some quality conspicuous in the person who bore it, or as alluding to some remarkable incident of his life; and on this circumstance depends the justness of the present allusion. My explanation of these words is confirmed by a passage in Lyly's *Midas*,—"Melancholy! is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? Thou shouldst say, heavy, dull, and doltish: melancholy is the *crest* of courtiers."—*M. Mason*.

⁸⁹ *Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?*

Both hope and dreade at once my harte doth tuch.—*Prom. Cassand.*

⁹⁰ *So play the foolish throngs with one that swoonds.*

This, and the next two lines, are supposed by Malone to be imitated or paraphrased by William Barksted, in his *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis*, 1607:—

And, like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a siekly man;
When he's discern'd to *swoune*, strait by and by
Folke to his *helpe* confusedly have ran,
And seeking with their art to feteh him backe,
So many *throng* that he the *ayre* doth laeke.

Swoonds, that is, swoons; the old word, which should not be altered. Mr. Knight prints *swoons* here, and yet retains *swoounded* in *Titus Andronicus*, v. 1. It is extremely difficult for an editor to be consistent in all these minutiae, modern critics having corrected the text so capriciously.

⁹¹ *The general, subject to a well-wish'd king.*

The later editions have, *subjects*; but the old copies read: "The *general subject* to a well-wish'd king.—" The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general subjects* has no sense at all, and *general* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*; so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *subject* to a king. So, in *Hamlet*:—"The play pleased not the *million*: 'twas eaviare to the *general*."—*Johnson*. Malone observes that the use of this phrase, *the general* for the *people*, continued so late as to the time of Lord Clarendon: "as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer,"—Hist. b. v. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation:—"The *general, subject* to a well-wish'd king, &c.," i. e., the *generality* who are *subjects*, &c. Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects*: "So nightly toils the

subject of the land.” Again,—“The lists and full proportions, all are made out of his *subject*.”—The *general subject*, however, may mean the *subjects in general*. So, in *As You Like It*,—“Wouldst thou disgorge into the *general world*.”—*Steevens*.

⁹² *As to remit their saucy sweetness.*

“*Friand*, saucie, lickorous, daintie-mouthed, sweet-toothed,” *Cotgrave*. *Sweetness* has, in this passage, a wanton meaning.

Sweetnes finally (in some measure to sweeten and abate the tediousness of this long chapter) makes the lines hang loose, flagging, and languishing, yet not altogether without vigor, but as it were without spirit and sense, &c.—*Lomatius on Painting*, by *Haydock*, 1598.

⁹³ *That do coin heaven's image, in stamps that are forbid.*

He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die, my Lord; and will your sacred selfe
Comit high treason against the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden mettel.

The Raigne of King Edward the Third, 1596.

⁹⁴ *'Tis all as easy.*

Either there is here an ellipsis of the former part of the speech, joined to a very loose kind of construction, Angelo meaning to say,—it is quite as easy to pardon one who takes away a life true made, as to forgive one who puts mettle &c.; or, the ordinary meaning of *easy* cannot be admitted. “These faults are easy,” easy of forgiveness, allowable, Henry VI. If *easy* can be construed *allowable*, the text is readily explained. It seems an absurdity to make Angelo say that the crime of murder is as easily committed as that of adultery, and such an interpretation is at variance with the context.

⁹⁵ *Falsely to take away a life true made.*

Falsely is the same with dishonestly, illegally; so *false*, in the next line but one, is illegal, illegitimate.—*Dr. Johnson*.

⁹⁶ *As to put mettle in restrained means.*

Metal was formerly often spelt *mettle*, as in two instances in *Lever's Crucifixe*, 1607,—“not form'd in mettle, or with curious paint . . . nor mettle, paint, nor wood.” The latter orthography is now only used when the metaphorical meaning of the word is intended, which is clearly the case in the present instance, although *Dr. Johnson* considers that the metaphor is continued, to put metal in forbidden moulds, and *Steevens* suggests to read, *in restrained mints*. The text here adopted seems to be confirmed by a similar expression in *Timon of Athens*,—“who in spite put stuff to some she-beggar, and compounded thee, poor rogue hereditary.” *Malone* once suggested to read, *restrained moulds*. “That mettle, that self-same mould that fashioned thee,” *Richard II*. *Metal* and *mettle* are used indistinguishably in the early folios.

Means is here used for *medium*, or *object*; and the sense of the whole is this: ‘’Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child.’ The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw, is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—*to make a false one*—evidently referring to *life*, show that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural, and not in a metaphorical sense.—*Malone*.

Howbeit, from the teeth downward as base a *mettled* coward as ever was coy'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle.—*The Devils Charter*, 1607.

⁹⁷ *'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.*

Murder and adultery are equally criminal in the religious law, but the latter is considered by mortals a sin of inferior moment. By the Levitical law, they were both punishable by death. "Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, and so doth yours," King John. Dr. Johnson proposed to transpose the words *heaven* and *earth* in the passage in the text.

⁹⁸ *Or, to redeem him.*

The first folio reads, *and* to redeem him. The correction was made by Sir William Davenant in 1673. It is just possible the original is another example of the licentious use of the word *and*, noticed at p. 35.

⁹⁹ *I had rather give my body than my soul.*

Isabella does not understand the drift of Angelo's last speech, and therefore merely answers generally that she would rather die than imperil her hopes of eternal happiness; or, more literally, she would rather forfeit her body for her brother, than endanger her soul. She is now being completely mystified by the course of argument which is pursued by Angelo. I can scarcely think, with Douce, that "it is Isabella's purpose to give an evasive or ambiguous answer to Angelo's strange question."

¹⁰⁰ *Stand more for number than for accompt.*

Involuntary sins, crimes committed in spite of our own will, or to which we are compelled without our own sanction or knowledge, are so trifling in the sight of Heaven, that they add to the number indeed of our faults, without materially increasing our liability. The idea is probably borrowed from the following lines in *Promos* and *Cassandra*,—

Justice will say thou dost no crime commit,
For in fore'd faults is no intent of ill.

¹⁰¹ *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul.*

The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there might "not be a charity in sin to save this brother." Isabella answers, that "if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin." Angelo replies, that if Isabella would "save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent."—*Johnson*.

¹⁰² *And nothing of your answer.*

A harsh elliptical construction, meaning apparently,—and nothing of those sins for which you have to answer. Dr. Johnson proposes,—And nothing of *yours*, answer; that is, you, and whatever is yours, be exempt from penalty. Tyrwhitt places a comma after *your*, and considers that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*.

¹⁰³ *Or seem so, crafty.*

Davenant alters *crafty* to *craftily*, but this seems merely a modernization, the adjective frequently being used for the adverb by Elizabethan writers.

¹⁰⁴ *As these black masks.*

Alluding, as previously observed (p. 19), to the masks of the audience, unless it be thought that the phrase is idiomatic, and that *these* has no particular application. Thus, in *Henry IV.*, "*these* vile guns," where the pronoun is perhaps redundant, or rather put for the article; and Davenant reads, "as *a* black mask often proclaims a cover'd beauty more, than beauty does itself, when openly

displaid." Allusions, however, to the masks of the audience were not unusual. See an instance in the conclusion of the *Beggar's Bush*, Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, ix. 104; and a notice of black masks in the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. The fact of *Measure for Measure* having been performed at Court, countenances the supposition, first suggested by Tyrwhitt, that the masks of the spectators are here alluded to. With respect to the mask itself, see observations upon it in vol. ii. pp. 156-7. Even children wore masks. In some MS. accounts, dated 1603, is the following entry—"For a maske for the childe, 00. 01. 00." The annexed very interesting engraving is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a woodcut in one of the Roxburghe ballads of the seventeenth century, here copied on a reduced scale. It represents a mercer in his shop, addressing his customers,—“Here be your new fashions, mistris;” and, in his right hand, he holds a black mask edged with lace. Early engravings of this description are of the greatest degree of rarity.



¹⁰⁵ *Proclaim an enshield beauty.*

An enshield beauty, observes Steevens, is a shielded beauty, a beauty covered or protected as with a shield. Tyrwhitt suggested to read *enshell'd*, or *in-shell'd*. See *Coriolanus*.

¹⁰⁶ *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*

“That is, his offence is of such a nature as to render him *accountable* for it in a court of judicature; or, is such as subjects him to a trial at law. For *accountant* (which in strict and literal propriety, is used of persons) being here used of a *thing*—the *offence* committed,” Spec. Dict. A. *Pain*, penalty, punishment.

¹⁰⁷ *As I subscribe not that.*

Subscribe, agree to; a common meaning of the word, but now nearly obsolete. Steevens refers to the old play of *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly ascribed to Marlowe,—“Subscribe to his desires.” So, in the *History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609,—“she knowes me, and this constant accident subscribes to't.”

¹⁰⁸ *But in the loss of question.*

Question is here, as elsewhere, used in the sense of conversation. *Question*, to converse, occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, &c. *Loss of question*, that is, idleness of conversation. *Loss of time*, a common and similar phrase, occurs in a corresponding passage in *Coriolanus*, act iii, and is equivalent to waste or useless application of time. Angelo observes, I merely mention this, or any other similar suggestion, by way of supposition, as a matter of idle conversation. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *toss*, and the Perkins MS. notes have *force*, instead of *loss*, but surely no alteration is necessary. Heath suggested, *list of question*; and Mr. Singer possesses a copy of the second folio in which *losse* is altered to *loose*.

“*Loss*, simulatio, dolus, a fiction by way of supposition; *loss* vel *los*, callidus, dolosus; vid. Junium et Lye in *leasing* et *losingcours*. Admit no other way to save his life, as I subscribe (that is, prescribe or insist upon) not that, nor any other, but in the loss of question, that is, by way of fiction, or putting a case which may have no reality, or by way of trial in order to puzzle you; not with any real

intention of taking any advantage of your answer; not as a real proposal, but by way of question," MS. Glossary, the writer of which accepts the ordinary meaning of *question*, in which case the meaning would rather be,—in the way of idle supposition.

"But, beyond all reasonable doubt, Shakspeare meant, by 'loss of question,' the *casus quæstionis* of the logicians. Isabella is *the respoudent*, who maintains the *quæstio*; Angelo the opponent, by whose reasoning the '*quæstio cadit*;' consequently the latter declares that his hypothetical case has for its sole object 'the loss of question:' that is, the refutation of the arguments urged by Isabella in favour of a remission of her brother's condemnation."—A. E. B.

¹⁰⁹ *From the manacles of the all-building law.*

Theobald, and most editors, read *all-binding*, but the metaphorical application of the verb *to build*, to grow or increase as a building does, is probably what was intended by Shakspeare. So, in the Comedy of Errors,—“shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?”—where *building* stands in the sense of *growing*. Platt uses the phrase, “a building word,” in the sense of, a word or promise causing him to build or work. In short, *building* is used in any signification implying increase or active growth. The all-building law is, therefore, the ever active, the ever growing law, a law which is never completed or built, but which is always throwing out new efforts, which is ever building. The following interesting remarks on the passage in the text are extracted from a paper on the subject in a recent periodical:—“The word *building* has always been a stumbling-block to editors. Johnson first proposed to read *binding*, and his successors have adopted it, and such is now the generally received reading. Mr. Collier's old corrector is also in favour of the same change. I have always felt convinced, however, that *building* was the word which Shakspeare wrote. That which answers to it in the A.-S. is *bytling*, *bytleing*, a building; *bytlian*, to build; which are inflected from *byth*, *biotul*, a hammer or mallet (whence our *beetle*); so that the strict meaning of the verb is *firmare*, *confirmare*, to fasten, close, or bind together. This will give much the same meaning to *building* as that implied in the proposed substitute, *binding*. Not having met with the word used in this peculiar sense by any old writer, I could not venture to maintain the reading of the folio on these grounds, which I have just mentioned, alone. At length, however, I have been successful, and I am now able to quote a passage from a work published very shortly before this play, entitled:—The Jewell House of Art and Nature, faithfully and familiarly set downe according to the Author's owne experience, by Hugh Platte, of Lincolnes Inne, gentleman; London, 1594—in which this word *building* is used in precisely the same sense as that which I defend. In 'the Preface of the Author,' the following passage occurs:—‘I made a condicionall promise of some farther discoverie in arteficiall conceipts, then either my health or leisure would then permit: I am now resolved (notwithstanding the unkind acceptation of my first fruits, which then I feared and hath since falne out, is a sufficient release in law of the condition) to make the same in some sort absolute (though not altogether according to the fulnesse of my first purpose), and to become a *building* word unto me.’ I apprehend that this parallel instance is all that is wanting to preserve, for the future, the reading of the first folio unimpaired.”—“The all-holding law,” Grey's Notes, vol. i. p. 115. This reading seems to have been first suggested by Rowe in 1709. The *all-building law*, observes Mr. Keightley, “means the law that builds, maintains, and repairs the whole social edifice, and is well suited to Angelo, whose object was to enhance the favour he proposed to grant.”

¹¹⁰ *Or else to let him suffer.*

To is redundant. See examples in vol. i. p. 274.

¹¹¹ *That longing have been sick for.*

So the four folios, generally printed *I have*, and so altered in Mr. Wheler's annotated third folio. The suppression of the personal pronoun is so very common, there cannot be a doubt of the correctness of the old reading.

¹¹² *Better it were, a brother died at once.*

Dr. Johnson proposed to read *for once*, which would imply that we could die *more than once*. To die *at once*, means to die without any more ado, or to die with a stroke.—*White*.

¹¹³ *Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon.*

Ignomy was frequently written for *ignominy*, as in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Henry IV.*, &c. "Bewitch'd with scandalous ignomy," Lord Cromwell. The second folio reads *ignominy* in the line in the text.

Oh, wherefore staine you vertue and renowne
With such foule tearmes of *ignomy* and shame?

The Weakest Goeth to the Wall, 4to. Lond. 1618.

Sir William Davenant's alteration of these lines, observes Malone, may prove a reasonably good comment on them :

Ignoble ransom no proportion bears
To pardon freely given.

¹¹⁴ *If not a fædary, but only he.*

The old copy has *fedarie*, but the meaning and etymology appear to be clearly indicated by the repetition of the word in *Cymbeline*, where it is spelt "fædarie" in ed. 1623. It is, in all probability, a Latinism (from *fædus*), and is synonymous with *federary* in the *Winter's Tale*, an accomplice, a confederate. The old law term *feodary* (which is substituted in ed. 1632) is a different word, and is altogether unsuited to the context of the present passage, which may thus be explained—if, indeed, we are not all frail, let my brother die, if he have no confederate, if he only of all men possesses and follows your weakness, the criminal course you are now pursuing. This is on the supposition that Isabella now comprehends the tendency of Angelo's ambiguous discourse. For *thy*, in the next line, Rowe substituted *by*, and Malone suggests we may read *this*. The passage is so difficult, that, although I am convinced *feodary* is not meant, the following notes may be worth extracting.

This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. "Now," says Angelo, "we are all frail;"—"Yes," replies Isabella; "if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined.—*Warburton*. Again, in the Prologue to *Marston's Sophonisba*, 1606: "For seventeen kings were Carthage *foedars*." M. Mason censures me for not perceiving that *feodary* signifies an *accomplice*. Of this I was fully aware, as it supports the sense contended for by *Warburton*, and seemingly acquiesced in by Dr. Johnson.—Every *vassal* was an *accomplice* with his lord; that is, was subject

to be executor of the mischief he did not contrive, and was obliged to follow in every bad cause which his superior led.—*Steevens*.

¹¹⁵ *As the glasses where they view themselves.*

“I know the rest of women may be frail, brittle as glasses, but my Evadne stands a rock of Parian marble, firm and pure,” Randolph’s *Jealous Lovers*, 1646.

¹¹⁶ *Men their creation mar in profiting by them.*

That is, men debase their nature when they take advantage of woman’s weakness. Women, may Heaven help them!

¹¹⁷ *And credulous to false prints.*

That is, easily accessible to false impressions. “A ruff *printed* at Madrid,” in other words, neatly impressed or puckered, is mentioned in the *Inconstant Lady*. “How easy is it for the proper false, in women’s waxen hearts to set their forms,” *Twelfth Night*.

¹¹⁸ *Than faults may shake our frames.*

Since, I presume, we are made to be no stronger, than that faults may shake our frames; in other words, we are not created so strongly as not to be susceptible to evil doing.

¹¹⁹ *Let me entreat you speak the former language.*

Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before.—*Johnson*. Warburton reads, *formal language*.

¹²⁰ *My brother did love Juliet.*

Compare the lines in *Promos* and *Cassandra* which commence as follows,—“If that you love, as you say,” &c.

¹²¹ *I know your virtue hath a licence in’t.*

I know your virtue assumes an air of licentiousness which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.—*Edin. Mag.* 1786.

¹²² *Which seems a little fouler than it is.*

Renowned lord, you use this speech I hope your thrall to trye;
If otherwise, my brother’s life so deare I will not bye.—*Prom. Cass.*

¹²³ *Seeming, seeming!*

Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue.—*Dr. Johnson*.

¹²⁴ *My vouch against you.*

Vouch seems simply to mean, testimony; but Dr. Warburton suggests the following refined explanation:—“the calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has something fine; *vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another; so that, by this, he insinuates his authority was so great, that his denial would have the same credit that a vouch or testimony has in ordinary cases.”

¹²⁵ *And smell of calumny.*

This metaphor, observes Steevens, is taken from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease.

¹²⁶ *And now I give my sensual race the rein.*

Race, disposition. “But thy vile race,” *Tempest*. The word in *Temple*,

quoted by Johnson (Dictionary), seems to be used in a similar or rather cognate sense. "Would you have me spend the floure of my youth, as you do the withered race of your age," Lilly's *Euphues*. "Do not give dalliance too much the rein," *Tempest*; spelt *raigne* in ed. 1623, p. 14.

¹²⁷ *Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite.*

May appears to have imitated the present scene in his, *Heire a Comedie* as it was Acted by the Company of the Revels, 1620, published in 1633. The following extract is taken verbatim from the old quarto edition, with the exception of the metrical arrangement not being preserved:—

King. Now, Ladie, what would you doe to save the life of him you love so dearelie?

Leu. I cannot thinke that thought I would not doe, Lay it in my power, and beyond my power I would attempt.

King. You would be thankfull then to me, If I should grant his pardon.

Leu. If ever I were thankfull to the Gods for all that I call mine, my health and being, could I to you be unthankfull for a gift I value more then those, and without which these blessings were but wearisome.

King. Those that are thankfull studie to requite a curtesie, would you doe so? would you requite this favour?

Leu. I cannot, sir, for all the service I can doe your Grace is but my dutie, you are my Sovereigne, and all my deedes to you are debts not merites. But to those powers above that can requite, that from their wastlesse treasures heape rewards, more out of grace then merits on us mortalls, to those Ile ever pray that they would give you more blessings then I have skill to aske.

King. Nay, but, Leucothoe, this lies in thy power to requite, thy love will make requitall; wilt thou love me?

Leu. I ever did, my Lord. I was instructed from my infancie, to love and honour you, my Sovereigne.

King. But in a neerer bond of love.

Leu. There is no neerer nor no truer love then that a loyall subject beares a prince.

King. Still thou wilt not conceive mee, I must deale plaine with you, wilt thou lie with me, and I will seale his pardon presentlie; nay more, Ile heape upon you both all favours, all honours that a Prince can give.

Leu. Oh mee unhappie! In what a sad dilemma stands my choice? Either to lose the man my soule most loves, or save him by a deed of such dishonour as he will ever loath me for, and hate to draw that breath that was so baselic kept. Name anie thing but that to save his life; I know you doe but tempt my frailtie, sir; I know your royal thoughts could never stoop to such a foule dishonourable act.

King. Bethinke thy selfe, there is no way but that; I sweare by Heaven never to pardon him but upon those conditions.

Leu. Oh! I am miserable.

King. Thou art not, if not wilfull; yield, Leucothoe; It shall be secret; Philocles, for his life, shall thanke thy love, but never know the price thou paidst for it; be wise; thou heardst me sweare, I cannot now shew mercie, thou maist save him; and if he die, tis thou that art the Tyrant.

Leu. I should be so, if I should save him thus; Nay, I should be a traytor to your Grace, betray your soule to such a foe as lust; But since your oath is past, deare Philocles, Ile shew to thee an honest crueltie, and rather follow thee in spotlesse death, then buy with sinning a dishonour'd life.

There is also a story in connexion with this subject, in Sir John Harington's

Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, fol. Lond. 1633, "Of a Cuckold that had a chaste Wife:"—

When those Triumvirs set that three mans song,
Which stablished in Rome that hellish trinity,
That all the towne, and all the world did wrong,
Killing their friends, and kinne of their affinity
By tripartite Indenture, parting Rome,
As if the world for them had wanted roome,
Plotyna, wife of one of that same hundred,
Whom Anthony prescrib'd to lose their life,
For beauty much, for love to be more wondred,
Su'd for her spouse, and told she was his wife.
The Tyrant pleasant to see so faire a suter,
Doth kisse her, and imbrace her, and salute her.
Then makes, nay mockes a love too kinde, too cruell:
She must to save her husband from proscription,
Grant him one night her husbands chiefest Jewell.
And what he meant, he shew'd by lewd description:
Vowing, except he might his pleasure have,
No meanes would serve her husbands life to save.
Oh motion! loving thoghts, no thoghts, but thornes.
Either he dies, whom she esteemes most dearly:
Or she her selfe subject to thousand scornes.
Both feares do touch a noble matron neerely.
Loe, yet an act, performed by this woman,
Worthy a woman, worthy more a Romane:
To show, more then her selfe, she lov'd her Spouse,
She yeelds her body to this execution.

¹²⁸ *Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes.*

The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakespeare. I find it in Moses his Birth and Miracles, by Drayton:—"Most part by water, more *prolixious* was," &c. Again, in the dedication to Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt Is Up*, 1598:—"rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbarism," &c. Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:—"well known unto them by his *prolixious* sea-wandering." *Prolixious blushes* mean what Milton has elegantly called "sweet reluctant *delay*."—*Steevens*.

¹²⁹ *Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood.*

Prompture, suggestion, temptation, instigation.—*Dr. Johnson*.

¹³⁰ *Such a mind of honour.*

Mind of honour, that is, honourable mind. See examples of this mode of construction in vol. i. p. 281.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death;¹ either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep:² a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,³)

That dost this habitation,⁴ where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death's fool;⁵

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,

Are nurs'd by baseness.⁶ Thou art by no means valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm.⁷ Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more.⁸ Thou art not thyself,⁹

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,¹⁰

And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,¹¹

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,¹²
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,¹³
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age:¹⁴
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged,¹⁵ and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied old;¹⁶ and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths:¹⁷ yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life:¹⁸ Let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak,¹⁹ where I may be conceal'd.
 [*Exeunt DUKE and PROVOST.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed:²⁰

Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:²¹
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed;²²
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a dctermin'd scope.²³

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour²⁴ from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprchension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.²⁵

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness?²⁶ If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.²⁷

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,²⁸—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast,²⁹ he would appear
A pond as dcep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?³⁰

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely gards? Dost thou think, Claudio,

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still.³¹ This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,³²
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,³³
When he would foree it?³⁴ Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.³⁵

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable,³⁶ he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary triek
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

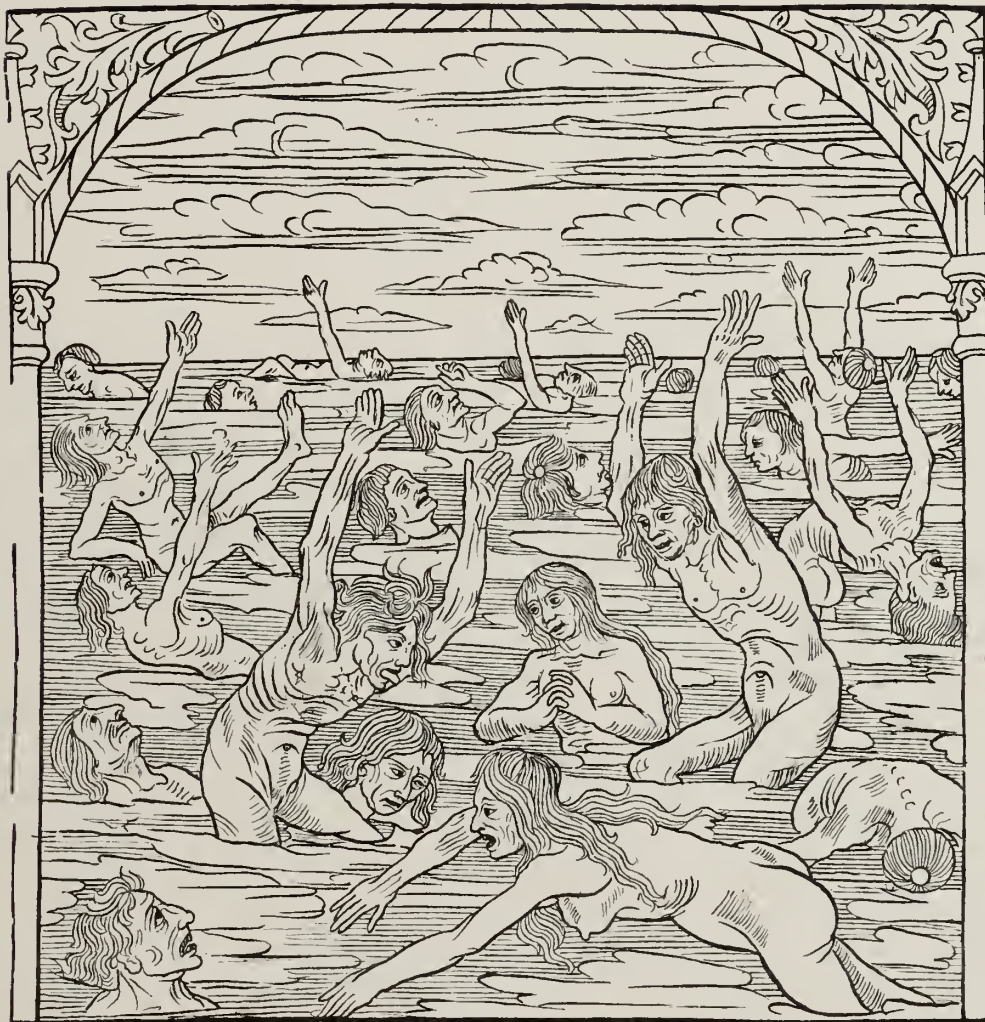
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;³⁷
To lie in cold obstruction,³⁸ and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded elod; and the delighted spirit³⁹
To bathe in fiery floods,⁴⁰ or to reside
In thrilling region⁴¹ of thiek-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,⁴²
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and ineertain thought⁴³
Imagines howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.⁴⁴

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

*Illustration of the ancient Belief of condemned Spirits residing (see p 137)
"in thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice", from the original engraving given
in Pynson's Edition of the Kalender of Shepherdes, published in the year 1506.*

CSecondely sayde Iasarus I sawe a flode off colone yce in the whiche enuy
ous men & women were plongyd vnto the nauyll & than sodenly came acolde
wynde ryght great that blew and dyd depe downe all the enuyous men &
women into the colde water that nothyng was lene of them



Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness⁴⁵
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:⁴⁶
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to praetise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution⁴⁷ with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there:⁴⁸ farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*

Re-enter PROVOST.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.⁴⁹

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty,⁵⁰ makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.⁵¹—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good: a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously⁵² do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.⁵³ Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederiek, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederiek was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of

his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband,⁵⁴ this well-sceming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation,⁵⁵ which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,⁵⁶—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.⁵⁷ The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange,⁵⁸ resides this dejected Mariana. At

that place call upon me ; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar*; *to him* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and* OFFICERS.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.⁵⁹

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world,⁶⁰ since, of two usuries,⁶¹ the merriest was put down, and the wors'er allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambskins too,⁶² to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father.⁶³ What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock,⁶⁴ which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to eram a maw, or clothe a baek,
From such a filthy vice; say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches⁶⁵
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.⁶⁶

Can'st thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a

whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!⁶⁷

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist;⁶⁸ a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,⁶⁹ to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drown'd i' the last rain?⁷⁰ Ha? What say'st thou, trot?⁷¹ Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way?⁷² Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel,⁷³ thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath caten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.⁷⁴

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence;⁷⁵ it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?⁷⁶

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.⁷⁷

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.⁷⁸ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.⁷⁹—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:⁸⁰

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, CLOWN, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; othersome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.⁸¹

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice,⁸² and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite,⁸³ friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stoek-fishes:—But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative;⁸⁴ that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a eodpieee to take away the life of a man! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the serviee, and that instructed him to merey.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women;⁸⁵ he was not inelin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and

his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish:⁸⁶ the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his.⁸⁷ A shy fellow was the duke:⁸⁸ and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject⁸⁹ held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.⁹⁰

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,⁹¹ must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.⁹²

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you: and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.⁹³ But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Cans't thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.⁹⁴ I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent⁹⁵ will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not

build in his house-caves,⁹⁶ because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.⁹⁷ Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.⁹⁸ He 's now past it;⁹⁹ yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic:¹⁰⁰ say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calunny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, MISTRESS OVERDONE, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Over. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition,¹⁰¹ and still forfeit in the same kind?¹⁰² This would make Mercy swear, and play the tyrant.¹⁰³

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Over. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob:¹⁰⁴ I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother

Of gracious order, late come from the see,¹⁰⁵
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous¹⁰⁶ to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking; there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd:¹⁰⁷ much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.¹⁰⁸

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed—justic.¹⁰⁹

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner! Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROV.*

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,¹¹⁰

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,¹¹¹

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!¹¹²
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!¹¹³
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things:
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Be absolute for death.*

Be determined to die, without any hope of life. Horace,—The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome.—*Dr. Johnson.*

² *I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep.*

Keep, as Steevens observes, meant formerly, to preserve, to care for; but the word is here used in its ordinary sense, in contrast with *lose*. In the next line but one, it is the verb *keep*, to dwell. That *dost* this, that is, thou that dost this, &c. Warburton unnecessarily proposed to read, “that none but fools would *reck*,” that is, care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. Malone thinks that Steevens’ explanation is supported by the following lines in Webster’s *Dutchess of Malfy*, 4to. Lond. 1623,—

Of what is’t *fools* make such vain *keeping*?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping;
Their *life* a general mist of error;
Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Keep, I believe, has here an emphatic sense; not a wish *to possess*, as Dr. Johnson says, nor, as Mr. Steevens, *care for*, but *guard, embrace, hold fast*. Dr. Young, in the *Brothers*, calls life “a dream which ideots hug;” and this I take to be the sense implied here.—*Seymour.*

And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get;
What doe I lose, that have but life to lose?
Daniel’s Tragedie of Cleopatra, 1601.

³ *Servile to all the skiey influences.*

Skiey is not a common word. Mr. Dyce refers to Copley’s *Fig for Fortune*, 1596,—“As whilom Phaeton in his skyey carte.” *Skyish* occurs in *Hamlet*.

⁴ *That dost this habitation.*

Hanmer changed *dost* to *do*, without necessity or authority. The construction is not, “the skiey influences that do,” but, “a breath thou art, that dost.”—*Porson.*

⁵ *Merely, thou art death’s fool.*

See a copious note on this subject in the annotations on *Pericles*, where it is again alluded to.

⁶ *Are nurs'd by baseness.*

Shakespeare meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.—*Johnson*.

This is a thought which Shakespeare delights to express. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—“—our dungy earth al'ke feeds man as beast.” Again:—“the dung, the beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.”—*Steevens*.

⁷ *The soft and tender fork of a poor worm.*

The fork is merely the single sharpened end, the soft and tender insertion of the common earth-worm—“the worm shall feed sweetly on him.” So, in *Lear*, the term *fork* is applied to the single point of an arrow.

⁸ *Yet grossly fear'st thy death, which is no more.*

Shakespeare is here certainly only speaking of the sense of death, the parting of the soul from the body. The opinion of some of the commentators that there is the slightest intimation at variance with a belief in the immortality of the soul, is disproved by several other speeches in this same play, and, indeed, the very notion of sleep presumes the power to wake again. Warburton refers to the following passage in Cicero:—“Habet somnum, imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, et dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit, cum in ejus simulaero videas esse nullum sensum.”

⁹ *Thou art not thyself.*

Dr. Johnson explains this,—“Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance; thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being.” The Scriptural phrase, we die daily, is, indeed, physically true, the elements of which the body is composed being in a constant state of transition.

¹⁰ *For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get.*

All things follow but the course of their owne nature, saving onely man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he strives to things supernaturall, meane-while he looseth his owne naturall felicitie.—*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, by Sir P. Sidney, 1599.

¹¹ *Thy complexion shifts to strange effects.*

That is, thy temperament alters to strange events or conclusions, as inconstant as the moon. Johnson proposes to read *affects*, affections or passions of the mind. There may, however, be a more recondite meaning in the text, and it may not be irrelevant to quote the following from Berthelet's edition of Bartholomeus, fol. Lond. 1535,—“Under the moone is conteyned sykenesse, losse, fere and drede, and dommage: therfore aboute the chaungynge of mans bodye the vertue of the moone werketh principallye; and that fallethe through the swefte-nesse of his mevyng, and for that he is nyghe to us, and also for the privy power and myghte that is kyndelye in the moone: and therfore a phisicyon knowethe not perfyghtlye the chaungyng of sykenes, but if he knowe the effectes and werkynge of the moone in mannes bodye.” In support of Dr. Johnson's suggestion, it may be observed that *effect* was sometimes misprinted for *affect*, an instance occurring in an old copy of the *Return from Parnassus* now before me,—“he that

loves to live in an od corner here at London, and *effect* an odde wench in a nooke."

¹² *For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows.*

Steevens refers to the following simile, which occurs in Churchyard's Discourse of Rebellion, 1570 :

Rebellion thus, with paynted vizege brave,
Leads out poore soules (that knowes not *gold* from glas)
Who beares the packe and burthen *like the asse*.

There is a similar comparison in Whitney's Emblems, In Avaros :

This caitiffe wretche with pined corpes lo heare,
Compared right unto the foolishe asse,
Whose backe is fraighte with cates and daintie cheare,
But to his share commes neither corne nor grasse;
Yet beares he that which settes his teeth on edge,
And pines himself with thistle and with sedge.

Whitney's description of an ass bearing cates, it may be observed, corresponds with English customs; but an ass bearing ingots is an Eastern image, and was probably derived from the Scriptures. See Isaiah, xxx. 6.—*Malone*.

It vexes me no more to see such a picture, than to see an ass laden with riches; because I know, when he can bear no longer, he must leave his burthen to some other beast.—*Old Fortunatus*, 1600.

¹³ *For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire.*

So the fourth folio of 1685, but the three earlier editions of 1623, 1632, and 1664, read, "which do call thee, fire." It has been stated there is one copy of the edition of 1632, in which the passage is printed as in the fourth folio.

¹⁴ *Thou hast nor youth, nor age.*

This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.—*Johnson*.

Quæ vero ætas longa est? aut quid omnino homini longum? nonne modo pueros, modo adolescentes, in cursu a tergo insequens, nec opinantes assecuta est senectus.—*Cicero*.

¹⁵ *Thy blessed youth becomes as aged.*

That is, thy youth, blessed with all the qualities essential to enjoyment, becomes like age from want of the means to purchase pleasure, and ignominiously begs alms of palsied eld; while, when you are old and wealthy, you have neither desire (heat, affection) nor strength (limb nor beauty) to make your riches subservient to your enjoyments. There is a similar idea, as Malone observes, in King Lear,—“This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them.” There is a similar expression, “thy best of youth,” in Beaumont, ed. Dyce, xi. 482. Warburton suggests to read,—“For *pall'd*, thy *blazed* youth becomes *assuaged* ;” Dr. Johnson,—“*blasted* youth ;” White,—“becomes *enag'd* ;” Smith,—“becomes *unaged*,” or, “becomes *non-aged* ;” and the Perkins MS.,—“*boasted* youth.” All

these alterations seem as unnecessary as Warburton's reading of *bounty* for *beauty*, which occurs shortly afterwards. Edwards justly observes that by *limb* and *beauty* are denoted power, strength. "Now nature's pencil, and the hand of time, give life and limb to generation's act," Middleton's *Family of Love*, 1608.

"Some people may not be able to understand how the period of youth can, in one and the same breath, be called *blessed*, and yet miserable as old age. They look on that as a contradiction. Such people ought never to read poetry. At any rate, they ought first to learn that the poet is privileged, nay, is often bound to declare as actual that which is only potential or ideal. Thus, he may say that *blessed* youth is a *miserable* season of existence, meaning thereby that misery over-spreads even that time of life which *ought to be*, and which *ideally* is, the happiest in the pilgrimage of man. The manuscript corrector has but an obtuse perception of these niceties, and hence he substitutes *boasted* for *blessed*—converting Shakespeare's language into mere verbiage."—*Anon.*

¹⁶ *And doth beg the alms of palsied eld.*

Eld, that is, old age. The following passage, curiously illustrative of this word, is taken from a MS. of the fifteenth century, the *Four Humours of Man*,—"Also ther ben foure ages in the which every humour hath beyng thorou licnesse, that is, childhod, youthe, manhod, and *elde*. Childhod is fro the tyme that he is bore til he be twenty-fye wyntir *eld*, and that age is hoot and moist: youthe is fro twenty fye yeer to thirty fye or to fouerti wyntir old, and that age is hoot and drye: manhod is from thirty fye or fouerti wynter til he be fifti or sixti yeer *eld*, and that age is coold and drie: *elde* lastith from fifti yeer or sixti until the lyves ende, and that age is coold and moist."

Art thou hym that, saide he thane,
That slew Gollerothirame?
I had no brothir bot hym ane,
Whenne he was of elde.

The Romance of Sir Perceval of Galles, 2044.

That she might change for every trifling toy
Reverenced old *eld*, some spruce youth to enjoy.

The Newe Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

¹⁷ *Lie hid more thousand deaths.*

For this Sir T. Hanmer reads,—*a thousand deaths*. The meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned.—*Johnson*. "Moe thousand," ed. 1623.

¹⁸ *And, seeking death, find life.*

Monck Mason censures this sentiment as now used by Claudio, on the ground that the Duke says nothing on the subject; but, as Boswell observes with much judgment, Claudio's answer is the inference which the Duke intended should be drawn from his arguments.

¹⁹ *Bring me to hear them speak.*

The following are Mr. Knight's judicious observations on the readings of the old copies:—"The reading of the original folio is,—'Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd.' This is clearly an error; for the Duke does not desire that Claudio and his sister should hear him speak, but that being concealed he should hear them. The second folio corrects this manifest error, and at the same time creates another error:—'Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them.' This is the usual reading; yet it is clearly wrong;

for the Duke and the Provost go out to the place of concealment, whilst Claudio and his sister remain. The transposition of the pronouns in the original line gives the meaning."

²⁰ *Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.*

"The meaning is, that the comfort she brought him was in its own nature, and in reality, good and advantageous to him, though the words in which she was about to express it would sound harsh and uncomfortable in his ears. What follows sufficiently ascertains this interpretation: for she immediately goes on to give him notice, that he was with all speed to set out to take possession of the happiness reserved in heaven," Heath's Revisal. Dr. Johnson reads, *in deed*, and Hammer, *in speed*. The first reading is explained by Isabella meaning that she brings something better than words of comfort—she brings an assurance of deeds. Blackstone suggests that *indeed* should commence the next paragraph.

²¹ *Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.*

Isabella's first address to her brother, revealing her agonizing intelligence, is strictly true to nature, which seeks so often to disguise the intensity of feeling under the semblance of parable. A leiger is a resident ambassador at a foreign court, a term strictly suitable to the sense of the present passage. The word was also occasionally applied to any English agent resident abroad, as in the play of Lord Cromwell, where a "leiger for the English merchants" is mentioned.

The word *leiger* is thus used in the comedy of Look About You, 1600:—"Why do you stay, Sir?—Madam, as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love." Again, in Leicester's Commonwealth: "a special man of that hasty king, who was his *ledger*, or agent, in London," &c.—*Steevens*.

Joll. Welcome! Men o' war, what news abroad in town?—*Cut.* Brave news, I faith; it arriv'd but yesterday by an Irish priest, that came over in the habit of a fish-wife; a cunning fellow, and a man o' business; he's to lie *leiger* here for a whole Irish college beyond-sea, and do all their affairs of state. The captain spoke with him last night at the Blew Anchor!—*Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663.

This piece of wit was revived in the story of Dennis Bond, who died the day before Oliver Cromwell. Upon which 'twas said, that Cromwell gave Bond to the devil for his appearance the day following. There is an image not much unlike it, in a poem of Skelton's (Poet Laureat to King Henry VIII.) intit'led, Why come ye not to Court?, Works, edit. 1736, p. 164.—*Dr. Grey*.

The following lucid note on this speech is given by Mr. Knight:—"The commentators appear to have overlooked that the use of the word *leiger* is distinctly associated with the image of an *ambassador* in the preceding line. A leiger ambassador was a resident ambassador—not one sent on a brief and special mission. There is a passage in Lord Bacon which gives us this meaning distinctly: '*Leiger ambassadors*, or agents, were sent to *remain* in or near the courts of those princes or states, to observe their motions, or to hold correspondence with them.' The same association of ideas is carried forward in the word *appointment*, which Steevens explains as preparation for death. But the word especially belongs to an ambassador, as we find in Burnet: 'He had the *appointments* of an ambassador, but would not take the character.'"

²² *Therefore your best appointment make with speed.*

Appointment, that is, preparation as for a journey, which to-morrow you set on. "I appoynte or decke one in aparayle," Palsgrave, 1530. "Furnished, garnished, wel appoynted with all necessaries," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "Your

lodging is decently appointed," Antipodes, 1638, ap. Steevens. "*Instructus ad mortem contemnendum*, perfectly appointed to contemne death," Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584.

²³ *To a determin'd scope.*

"A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped," *Johnson*. Compare a fine passage in Beaumont and Fletcher,—

————— there is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one,
As puts thee in worse bondage.

²⁴ *Would bark your honour.*

A metaphor from stripping trees of their bark.—*Douce*. "I barke a tree, or pyll of the rynde of barke of it; he is a foole that wyll sell his okes for fuell afore they be barked," Palsgrave, 1530.

²⁵ *Finds a pang as great as when a giant dies.*

Shakespeare's meaning here has been the subject of considerable discussion, but his intention seems to be clearly this,—The sense or feeling of the horror of death mainly consists in the contemplation of it; the mere pang itself being as great suffering in the poor beetle that is crushed, as in the death of a giant. The contrast is evidently between the mental and physical pain, and, without the former, that the death of an insect would be as horrible as that of the highest order of man. This is probably an exaggeration, but Isabel is endeavouring to impress upon her brother the slight pain there is in a violent death, and implies by her language that a giant even, in such an end, will feel no more pain than an insect would under similar circumstances. The construction is curiously elliptical, to be construed thus,—as a giant does when he dies, or, as there is when a giant dies. The former explanation is probably right, the omission of the verb in a second sentence being very common. Thus, in a rare tract, the Report of the horrible Murther in the House of Sir Jerome Bowes, 1607,—"the souldier that puts on his armour may not boast, as hee that puts it off," that is, as he boasts who puts it off.

²⁶ *A resolution fetch from flowery tenderness.*

Why do you thus put me to shame? Think you my resolution is to be formed by eloquent pathos? Claudio is now indignant that his sister should imagine he had not courage to prepare for death without being reasoned into it. This interpretation seems more natural than Heath's,—"I must desire that you, on your part, will do me the justice to think, that I am able to draw a resolution even from this tenderness of my youth, which is commonly found to be less easily reconciled to so sudden and so harsh a fate."

²⁷ *And hug it in mine arms.*

So, in the First Part of Jeronimo, or the Spanish Tragedy, 1605 :

————— *night,*
That yawning Beldam, with her jetty skin,
'Tis she I *hug* as mine effeminate bride.—*Steevens*.

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

————— I will be
A bridegroom in my death; and run into't,
As to a lover's bed.—*Malone*.



O Heavens, why do's my blood thus master to my heart, making both it un-able for it self, and disposing all my other parts of necessary fitness? So play the foolish throng with one that sounds some all to help him, and so stop the air, by which he should revive: and even so, the general Subjects to a well wish'd King, quit their own parts, and in obsequious fondness tread to his presence, where their untaught Love must needs appear offenders. Measure for Measure.

The impression of loose whips I'd roar as Rubies, and strip my self to death, as to a box that long- ing had bin fit for, one. Measure for Measure.

Oh place and greatness! millions of false eyes are stuck upon thee: volumes of report, run with those false and most contrarious quests, upon thy doings: thousands of tapes of wit, make thee the subject of their idle dream and rate thee in their fancy. Measure for Measure.

You must lay down the treasures of your body. Measure for measure.

I had him in mine arms with all the effect of Love. Ed.

No might, nor greatness in mortality. Can conjure steep: Batt'wounding talismany The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue. Measure for measure.

Trails as the glasses where they view themselves, which are as easily broken as they make foules. Measure for measure.

It is unkindness, that in all reason should have quench'd how love, hath like an impediment in a current, made it more violent and unruly. Measure for measure.

It is unkindness, that in all reason should have quench'd how love, hath like an impediment in a current made it more violent. Ed.

Thou Virgins juve, men give like Gods, but when they weep and kneele, all their positions are as frooly hairs, as they themselves would owe them. Measure for Measure.

Could great men thunder, as Jove himself do's, Jove would never be at quiet, for every holding officer, would use his heaven for thunder. Most full heaven! thou rather with thy sharp and sul- phurous bolt, splitst the unwedged- ble and gnarled Oak, than of soft Mistle: But man; proud man of dress'd in a little briefe Authority, most ignorant of what God's most absurd, (his glassy essence) plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heaven, as makes the Angels weep. Measure for measure.

Oh 'tis the cunning siverly of Hell, to invest the damndest body in Garbs of zeale. Measure for Measure.

Millions of false eyes are stuck upon thee; volumes of report, run with false and most contrarious quests, upon thy doings: thousand of tapes of wit, make thee the subject of their idle dream; and rate thee in their fancy. Measure for Measure.

Their jawny goodnes, that do weare Heavens image, in features that be forbid. Measure for measure.

I will full prostrate at his foot, & never rise untill my teares and pray, our have won his favour. Com: of Errors.

How comes it then my Husband? Oh! how comes it, that thou art thou strange; or from thy self? Thy self I take it, being strange to me, that indivisible, interpor- rate, am better then thy deare self better part. For know my Love, as easy might thou fall a drop of water in the broaking Gulph, and take unmingled thence that drop againe, as take from me thy self, and not me too. Comedy of Errors.

²⁸ *And follies doth emmew, as falcon doth the fowl.*

“ Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves,” *Johnson*. “ In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.” So, in the Third Part of King Henry VI. :

———— not he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.

“ To *emmew* is a term in falconry, also used by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Knight of Malta :

———— I have seen him scale,
As if a falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
And, at his pitch, *emmew* the town below him.—*Steevens*.

Dr. Grey, i. 118, proposes to read *falconer*, and it must be admitted that Shakespeare's metaphor, in the original, is somewhat loosely constructed.

²⁹ *His filth within being cast.*

Cast, that is, emptied. “ Casting the poondes,” Howard Household Books, p. 21. Upton, I think unnecessarily, transposes the words *pond* and *filth*, with the following explanation,—“ If the water within was cast out and emptied (which now covers his filth), he would appear a quagmire of filth and mud, as deep as hell.”

³⁰ *The princely Angelo.*

The first folio reads *prenzie Angelo*, and three lines lower *prenzie gards*. The obvious corruption is altered to *princely* in the edition of 1632. Tieck suggests *precise*, in which he is followed by Mr. Knight; and that epithet is applied to Angelo in act i. sc. 4. It cannot, however, be Shakespeare's word, as it does not suit the rhythm in the second instance. The ear will scarcely admit of any substitute where the accent is not on the first syllable. Davenant adopts the reading of the second folio, but this circumstance does not add to its authority. Warburton suggests *priestly*, an exceedingly good conjecture, one which nearly balances in my mind with the reading here adopted; but either appear to make very good sense. The following readings have also been proposed, viz., *saintly* (by Mr. Hickson), *pious*, *pensive*, *printsy* (meaning, in print, with exactness), *frenzied*, *primsie* (Scotch), and it has also been observed that *prenzie* may be right, and derived immediately from the Italian *prence* (*prencipe*). On the whole, I prefer *princely*, Angelo being represented as taking upon himself with great authority a princely position, and this word also better suiting with *gards*, ornaments of dress, such as laces, fringe, bands, hems, or borders, or any trappings. Princely gards, that is, observes Steevens, badges of royalty. It is curious to observe that, in the commonplace-book of the seventeenth century before quoted, and here given in facsimile, the writer, not understanding *prenzie gards*, capriciously and absurdly alters the expression to, *gards of zeale*.

Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.—*Othello*.

He that would understand it, let him read, a God's name; he shall finde I have dealt plainly, without welt or gard.—*Rich's New Description of Ireland*, 1610.

³¹ *From this rank offence, so to offend him still.*

“Yes, he would put it in your power, from the advantage this rank offence of his would give you over him, to go on in the commission of the same sin, without fear of the law, or of his authority, for the future,” Heath. Hanmer and Warburton unnecessarily suggest to read,—“Yes, he would give thee for this rank offence, so to offend him still.” Gildon, in his alteration of this play, 1700, writes,—“Yes, he that wou’d not hear your innocence would quit you now of the most horrid guilt, give you a licence to sin on securely, wou’d I consent to be more black than he is.”

³² *O, were it but my life.*

Compare Promos and Cassandra,—“O, would my life would satisfy his ire! Cassandra then would,” &c.

³³ *That thus can make him bite the law by the nose.*

That is, transgress or beard the law, at the same time he is putting it in force. “And liberty plucks justice by the nose,” act i. The phrase, *bit by the nose*, occurs in some early travels in MS. Lansd. 213, but there apparently in the sense of, deceived or cheated,—“in that dayes journey we had not the will to goe out of our way to be bit by the nose at Tewksberry, but left it on our left.” Capell observes that “a phrase in it’s last line is, what the fifth modern terms it, a bear-garden phrase, taken from the custom of driving cattle, and setting a dog upon them to catch them by the nose, and stop them when they go astray.”

³⁴ *When he would force it.*

I was led, observes Malone, into a mistake concerning this passage, and into a hasty censure of Dr. Warburton, by the false pointing of the modern editions, according to which, the word *force* could not admit of his interpretation. But I am now convinced that he was right, and that these lines should be pointed thus:

————— Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it?—Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? [I find, he is.] Surely then [since this is so general a propensity] it is no sin, or at least a venial one. So, in the next act:

————— A deflower’d maid,
And by an eminent body that *enforc’d*
The law against it.

Force is again used for *enforce* in K. Henry VIII.

If you will now unite in your complaints,
And *force* them with a constancy.

Again, in Coriolanus,—“Why *force* you this?”—*Malone*.

³⁵ *Or of the deadly seven it is the least.*

“It may be useful to know which they are; the reader is, therefore, presented with the following catalogue of them, viz. pride, envy, wrath, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery. To recapitulate the punishments hereafter for these sins, might have too powerful an effect upon the weak nerves of the present generation; but whoever is desirous of being particularly acquainted with them, may find

information in some of the old monkish systems of divinity, and especially in a curious book entitled *Le Kalendrier des Bergiers*, 1500, folio, of which there is an English translation," Douce. An early English poem on this subject, inscribed, *De septem peccatis mortalibus*, is preserved in a MS. of the fifteenth century in Jesus College, Cambridge, where the several verses are inscribed, Superbia, Invidia, Ira, Accidia, Avaritia, Gula, and Luxuria. Nine pieces of tapestry, containing "the story of the vij. deedly synnes," are mentioned in the inventory of the goods of Cardinal Wolsey, MS. Harl. 599.

³⁶ *If it were damnable.*

Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,—*Thou shalt not do't*. But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it.—*Johnson*.

"Here our author evinces his intimate acquaintance with human nature. While Claudio apprehended there was no hope of pardon, his resolution seemed firm; but the means of acquiring that pardon being once disclosed to him, he relaxes into the most abject fear and weakness," MS. by T. Hull.

³⁷ *Ay, but to die, and go we know not where.*

My soule is reeling forth, I know not whether (*i. e.* whither).

The Maides Revenge, by J. Shirley, 1639.

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear

To be we know not what, we know not where.

Dryden's Aureng-Zebe, ap. Steevens.

³⁸ *To lie in cold obstruction.*

In other words, to lie in the cold earth which obstructs every movement or vital action of the body; or, possibly, to lie a lifeless mass, when the circulation of the body is entirely stopped.

³⁹ *And the delighted spirit.*

This contested passage, when rigidly examined with the context, does not admit of two interpretations. The *sensible warm motion* to become a *kneaded clod*. In apposition to this, the *delighted spirit* to bathe in *fiery floods*, &c. "The *sensible warm motion* (mentioned in the preceding line) is as much in contrast with the *kneaded clod*, as the *delighted spirit* with *fiery floods*. In this connection the meaning is perfectly obvious. The body, now warm with life, and active in its motions, will be reduced to a cold unanimated mass; and the spirit now delighted or pleased with its situation and enjoyments in the body, will exchange it for the regions of unknown and unutterable horror," Anon. "The epithet *delighted* is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine antithesis between the joys of life and the horrors of death. This sensible warm motion must become a kneaded clod, and this spirit, *delighted* as it has hitherto been with the soothing delicacies of sense, and the pleasing ecstasies of youthful fancy, must bathe in fiery floods. This is peculiarly proper from a youth just snatch'd from revelry and wantonness, to suffer the anguish and horror of a shameful death," Seward's Preface to ed. 1750 of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, p. 68. For *delighted*, Thirlby and Upton proposed to read *delinquent*; and the following readings have also been suggested: *dilated*, *benighted*, *delated*, *alighted*. See further observations on the use of the word *delighted* in the notes to Othello.

⁴⁰ *To bathe in fiery floods, &c.*

“The lake with liquid fire,” Milton. Compare the *Paradise Lost*, ii. 595—603, and ii. 180. The ancient middle-age accounts of hell and purgatory probably suggested the present description to Shakespeare, as they are found in many works of the sixteenth century. The following notices are extracted from the notes of the various critics.

Ergo exercentur pætis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.—*Virgil.*

Virgil’s expression is literally from Orpheus, whom Virgil has minutely followed in his description of the Ægyptian initiation, as the author of the life of Sethos learnedly informs. “In the three trials of Fire, Water and Air, are plainly discovered the three purifications the Souls of Men were to go thro’ before they returned to life; which the greatest of the Latin poets borrowed from him [viz. Orpheus] in the sixth book of his *Æneid*; *Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni*: not to omit the circumstance of suspension in the agitated air, or in the winds: *Suspensæ ad ventos.*” Hierom in his comment on Matt. x. 28, writes, *Duplicem esse gehennam, nimirum ignis et frigoris in Job plenissime legimus, viz. Job, xxiv. 19.* So Bede on Matt. c. xxiv. *Quod dicit illic esse fletum et stridorem gentium, duplicem poenam gehennæ exprimit, ignis et frigoris*: and afterwards cites the words of Job as rendered by the ancient interpreter, *Ad calorem ignis transit ab aquis nivium.* Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, ut supra. These passages of Shakespeare and Milton will bear comparison with what Virgil has written of the punishment of the damned, from Plato’s *Phædo*.—*Upton.*

Most certainly the ideas of a “spirit bathing in fiery floods,” of residing “in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,” or of being “imprisoned in the viewless winds,” are not original in our author; but I am not sure, that they came from the Platonick Hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell; “The fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte,” says an old homily (*Festyvall drawn oute of Legenda Aurea, 1508*):—“The seconde is passyng colde, that yf a grete hylle of fyre were casten therin, it sholde torne to yce.” One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakespeare, gives us a dialogue between a Bishop and a Soul tormented in a piece of ice, which was brought to cure *a grete brenning heate* in his foot. Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelve-month, and purge of its enormities.—*Farmer.*

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd’s Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:—“Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right sore,” &c.—*Stevens.* So in *Dionysii Carthusiani liber de quatuor Hominis Novissimis, 1591, De pœnis inferni*:—“Sicut ignis ille est calidissimus, sic frigus infernate est vehementissimum. . . . Pensimus ergo qua intolerabile nobis esset una nocte frigidissimæ hycmis nudo corpore stave in acere: aut congelari in aquis: quam acerbissima igitur pœna est infernalibus affligi, penetrari et congelari frigoribus nec tantæ punitionis finem confidere aut habem . . . quia (ut ait scriptura) a nimio illo calore transeunt ad vivium aquas, hoc est, ad intenusissimum frigus.”

Whiston had a curious theory that the comets are so many hells, which in their trajectories carry the damned into the confines of the sun (to bathe in fiery floods), and then return with them beyond the orb of Saturn (to reside in thrilling

regions of thick-ribbed ice). Jonson, observes Blakeway, has a similar expression in his *Catiline*, "We're spirits bound in *ribs of ice*." The Essenes, a Jewish sect, believed that the wicked went to a dark and *cold* place (Prideaux, ad ann. 107.)

It is difficult to decide whether Shakespeare is here alluding to the pains of hell or purgatory. May not the whole be a mere poetical rhapsody originating in the recollection of what he had read in books of Catholic divinity? for it is very certain that some of these were extremely familiar to him. Among them he might have seen a compilation on the pains of hell, entitled *Examples howe mortall synne maketh the synners inobedyentes to have many paynes and dolours within the fyre of hell*; black letter, no date, 12mo, and chiefly extracted from that once popular work, the *Sermones discipuli*, which contains at the end a promptuary of examples for the use of preachers. From this little volume it may be worth while to select the following passage, as according in some degree with the matter of Claudio's speech:—"he tolde that he sawe in hell a torment of an *yzye ponde*, where the soules the whiche therin were tormented cryed so horryble that they were herde unto heven," sign. B. iij. "And the sayde beest was upon a ponde full of *strong yse*, the which beest devoured the soules within his wombe in suche maner that they became as unto nothyng by the tormentes that they suffred. Afterwarde he put them out of his wombe *within the yse of the sayde ponde*," sign. G. iij. "The caytyve was in syke wyse, for she myght not helpe herself, the whiche herde terryble cryes and *howlyniges of soules*," sign. H. And again, "and the devyll was bounde by every joynture of all his membres with great chaynes of yron and of copre brennyng. And of great torment and vehement woodnes whereof he was full, he turned hym from the one syde unto the other, and stretched out his handes in the multytude of the sayde soules, and toke them, and strayed them in lykewyse, as men may do a clustre of grapes in theyr handes for to make the wyne come forth. And in such maner he strayed them that he eyther brake theyr heedes, or theyr fete, or handes, or some other membres. Afterward *he syghed and blewe and dysperpeled the sayde soules* into many of the tormentes of the fyre of hell," sign. H. iij. The following lines from the sixth book of Phæar's *Virgil* might have furnished some materials on the occasion :

. . . some *hie in ayer* doth hang in pinnes,
Some fleeting ben in *floods*, and deepe in gulfes themselves they tier,
Till sinnes away be *washt, or clensed cleer with purgin fire*.

In the old legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory, mention is made of a lake of ice and snow, into which persons were plunged up to their necks; and in the Shepherd's Calendar, chap. xviii, there is a description of hell as "the rewarde of them that kepen the x. commaundements of the devyll," in which these lines occur :

. . . a *great froste* in a water ronnes,
And after a *bytter wynde* comes
Whiche gothe through the soules with yre;
Fendes with pokes pulle theyr flesshe ysondre,
They fyght and curse, and eche on other wonder.

Chaucer, in his *Assemblie of Foules*, has given an abridgement of Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*; and speaking of souls in hell, he says:—

And breakers of the lawe, sothe to saine,
And likerous folke, after that they been dede,
Shull whirle about the world alway in paine
Till many a world be passed.

The passage in Cicero is as follows:—"For the spirits of those who have addicted themselves to, and lived, as it were, the slaves of sensual pleasures, and who, seduced by every libidinous gratification, have violated all duties, human and divine, when separated from their bodies, are driven round the globe of the earth, and are not admitted into this place till after unceasing motion for many ages."

It was not until the seventh century that the doctrine of purgatory was confirmed, when "they held that departed souls expiated their sins by *baths, ice, hanging in the air, &c.*," says a curious writer on this subject. See Douglas's *Vitis Degeneris*, 1668, 12mo, p. 77. With respect to the much contested and obscure expression of *bathing the delighted spirit in fiery floods*, Milton appears to have felt less difficulty in its construction than we do at present; for he certainly remembered it when he made Comus say,

. one sip of this
Will *bathe* the drooping *spirits in delight*
Beyond the bliss of dreams.

With which may be compared the following lines in an elegy preserved in MS. Harl. 367, fol. 155, pointed out by Mr. K. R. H. Mackenzie:—

But sure th' immortal one believes
This wished soule in 's blissfull waves :
Ill comes too oft, when no man craves.

The greater portion of this note, commencing, "it is difficult," is taken, with a few literal variations, from Douce.

⁴¹ *In thrilling region.*

So the old copies. Mr. Knight retains the *regions* of the modern editors, but the original appears to me to be more forcible, and it is, unquestionably, Shakespeare's diction.

⁴² *To be imprison'd in the viewless winds.*

The word *viewless* is again found in Milton's Comus, and Warton fancied it might be peculiar to that writer. It occurs also more than once in Pope.

⁴³ *That lawless and uncertain thought imagines howling.*

"Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through possibilities of pain," Dr. Johnson.

I think, observes Heath, the more elegant expression would be,

*Of those, whom lawless and uncertain thought
Imagines howling.*

Mr. Pope's edition hath, *uncertain thought*, but then it is inconsistently joined with the verb plural, *imagine*.

⁴⁴ *A paradise to what we fear of death.*

——Who would lose,
Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander thro' eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd-up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense or motion.—*Milton.*

⁴⁵ *For such a warped slip of wilderness.*

Wilderness is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. So, in the

Maid's Tragedy, 1619,—“And throws an unknown *wilderness* about me.” Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth.” The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, ix. 245,—

The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁶ *Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.*

A trade, says Dr. Johnson, is here a custom, a practice, an established habit. The term was, indeed, used for occupation generally.

Without great seekyng thou canst fynde
All my whole *trade*, and all my wayes.

Croke's Vision of the Psalms, p. 41.

— Long did I serve this lady,
Long was my travel, long my *trade* to win her,
With all the duty of my soul, I serv'd her.—*Massinger*.

⁴⁷ *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.*

That is, to use Malone's excellent paraphrase,—Do not satisfy or content yourself with that kind of resolution, which acquires strength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the test; a hope that, in your case, if you rely upon it, will deceive you.—“*Excusatione officium scribendi explere*, with excusing himselfe to satisfie for the omitting of his duetie in writing,” Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584. Warburton alters *satisfy* to *falsify*,—Do not deceive or weaken your resolution by deceptive expectations. “The word *satisfy* is often applied in common speech to the making up an account between two persons, and so in one sense is equivalent to *discharging*. Discharging, in another use of it, is synonymous to *dismissing*; and then the passage is thus made out,—do not discharge or dismiss it for the sake of hopes which will disappoint you in the issue,” Warburton's Letters, ed. 1809, p. 501.

⁴⁸ *Hold you there.*

That is, continue in that resolution.—*Dr. Johnson*.

⁴⁹ *In good time.*

Equivalent here to, so be it, very well; “*à la bonne heure*, happily, luckily, fortunately, in good time,” Cotgrave. The phrase occurs in *Ignoramus*, *in bono tempo*, ed. 1787, p. 119. Cf. vol. ii. p. 56.

⁵⁰ *The goodness, that is cheap in beauty.*

If beauty holds goodness (or virtue) cheap, such beauty will be brief in its own goodness, maintain it good a short time.—*Capell*.

⁵¹ *He made trial of you only.*

That is, he will assert he merely made trial of you. These elliptical phrases are very common. Thus, in a subsequent speech,—“You have paid the heavens your function.” And again,—“my brother Angelo will not be alter'd,” that is, his determination will not be changed.

⁵² *That you may most uprighteously.*

Some critics read *uprightly*, but the word in the text, although of unusual occurrence, is probably genuine.

⁵³ *Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.*

Fearful, that is, timorous. “And faire Alarpha made a fearefull hare,” *Newe*

Metamorphosis, c. 1600, MS. "Discerne with faithfull though with fearefull eye," Zouch's Dove, 1613.

⁵⁴ *Her combinate husband.*

"Every Italian scholar," observes Mr. Rose, "understands *her combinate husband* to mean, her husband elect; and at this hour there is nothing more commonly in an Italian's mouth than *se si puo combinarla* (if we can bring it to bear), when speaking with reference to any future arrangement."

⁵⁵ *Bestowed her on her own lamentation.*

That is, gave her up to her own sorrows. Malone once suggested to read,—*"bestowed on her her own lamentation."*

⁵⁶ *Only refer yourself to this advantage.*

"This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, *only* reserve yourself to, or *only* reserve to *yourself this advantage*," Johnson. "*Refer yourself to*, merely signifies—*have recourse to, betake yourself to*, this advantage," Steevens.

All her friends must share of my prodigality. To train up an innocent country girl, is like hatching a euckoe; as soon as she is ripe, and sees the world afore her, she flies at her advantage, and leaves me.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

⁵⁷ *And the corrupt deputy scaled.*

The ordinary meaning of *scaled*, scaled as a fish, his scales of sanctity being stripped off, makes very good sense. The corrupt deputy will now be exhibited in his true light. "I scaale a fysshe, I serape his scales of; you are a eooke for the nones, wyll you sethe these roches or you have scaled them," Palsgrave, 1530. Another meaning of *scale*, to reach as in a sealade, also agrees with the context. "I scale a walle with a sealyng ladder," *ibid.* "To scale the deputy," observes Dr. Johnson, "may be, to reach him, notwithstanding the elevation of his place." There is yet another meaning of this verb which deserves notice, to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight. It is exceedingly difficult to decide, in a case like the present, the exact interpretation of the use of the term as intended by the author, and Seymour, disregarding the meanings given above, imagines there is a reference to physieal or animal corruption,—the inward and concealed baseness of this deputy will be brought forth, and diffused about him in disgraceeful scales. The "diffus'd infection of a man," Richard III. "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place," &c., Hamlet, ap. Ritson, who suggests that *scaled* may mean, laid open, as a corrupt sore is by removing the slough that covers it. The following note on the word is by Steevens:

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine," in Decker's comedy of the Honest Whore, 1604. So, in the Hystorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, a play published in 1599:

The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,
Are *skaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find.

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore,—*"Cut off his beard.—Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little scal'd hair."* In the North they say, *scale* the eorn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. Again, Holinshed, vol. ii, p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II., says:—"they would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530: "whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies." In the learned Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale*, to

scatter, to *spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *schevel*, *skail*; but of a more general signification.

⁵⁸ *There, at the moated grange.*

A grange was, properly, a large store-house for farm produce; but the chief farm-house on a large estate, or, indeed, any farming establishment, came to be so called. "In Lincolnshire," says Kennett (Cf. Skinneri Etym. in v.), "they call every lone-house, or farm that stands alone by itself, a grange," and this is probably the sense here intended. "A grange where husbandrie is kept," Elyot's Dictionarie, ed. 1559, in v. *Colonia*. The term is still retained in the provincial names of houses. See further in the notes to Othello. "Till my return, I would have thee stay at our little graunge house in the country," Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590.

These thus associated both in nature and nurture, accompanied the old countie to his house, where arriving they found a *grange* place, by situation melancholie, as seated in the midst of a thicket, form'd for one given to metaphysical contemplation; therefor such young gentlemen who desired rather to dance with Venus than to dream with Saturn, whose thoughts aimed not at the stoicke content of Pythagoras, but at an extensive conceite of honest pleasure whilst, contrarie to their expectation, in such a centurie cottage as they found.—*Greene's Farewell to Follie*, 1591, as quoted by Gilchrist.

⁵⁹ *All the world drink brown and white bastard.*

The double meaning here intended will be apparent from a passage in Middleton's *Faire Quarrell*, 1617,—"*Chough*. All this is Cornish to thee; I say thy daughter has drunk bastard in her time.—*Rus*. Bastard? you do not mean to make her a whore." The wine so called is mentioned again in Henry IV. The following lines are extracted from a rare poem entitled, Pasquil's *Palinodia* and his progresse to the Taverne, where, after the Survey of the Sellar, you are presented with a pleasant Pynte of Poeticall Sherry, 4to. Lond. 1619,—

Farre in the dungeon lyes a dainty youth,
With his sweet brother, as their names make known,
Unlawfully begotten in the South,
And therefore are cal'd bastards, white and browne.
For love to these have women beene convicted,
And still unto them some are so addicted,
Although with other drinks their minds are pleased,
Yet without bastard they are never eased.

⁶⁰ *'Twas never merry world.*

A proverbial expression. The old people in the Isle of Man, speaking of the disappearance of the phynnodderce, say "there has not been a merry world since he lost his ground."

It was a *merry world* when Fidelity was master of this ship, Constancie his mate, and Plaine-dealing the boatswaine, but those worthy mariners are dead.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁶¹ *Since, of two usuries.*

Usuries, observes Dr. Johnson, may be used by an easy license for professors of usury. It may be that Shakespeare merely employs the term in the sense of *occupations*, as the French *usure*, "the wearing or occupation of a thing," Cotgrave. The two "usuries" meant are, of course, law and lechery, both of which are usurers, in the sense of their habit of extracting money.

⁶² *And furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too.*

In this passage the foxes skins are supposed to denote craft, and the lamb-skins innocenc. It is evident, therefore, that we ought to read, "furred with fox *on* lamb-skins," instead of "*and* lamb-skins;" for otherwise, craft will not stand for the facing.—*M. Mason.*

Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings to eloth in Shakespeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence *fox-furr'd* slave is used as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, and in other old comedies. See also *Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures*, 1631: "An *Usurer* is an old *fox*, elad in *lamb-skin*, who hath pray'd [prey'd] so long abroad," &c.—*Malone.*

⁶³ *And you, good brother father.*

In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*, that is *good father brother*, the Duke humorously calls him, in his own style, *good brother father*. This would appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse, mon pere frere.*—*Et vous aussi, mon frere pere.* There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*.—*Tyrwhitt.*

And I call to mind that as the reverend father brother Thomas Sequera, Superiour of Eborā and my auncient friend, came to visite me, I saying to him that I was much bound to Father Vincent of Aphonseca.—*Munday's Strangest Adventure that ever happened either in the Ages passed or present*, 1601.

⁶⁴ *A strange pick-lock.*

As we hear no more of this charge, it is necessary to prevent honest Pompey from being taken for a house-breaker. The *locks* which he had occasion to *pick*, were by no means common, in this country at least. They were probably introduced, with *other Spanish customs*, during the reign of Philip and Mary; and were so well known in Edinburgh, that in one of Sir David Lindsay's plays, represented to thousands in the open air, such a *lock* is actually opened on the stage.—*Ritson.*

In Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these contrivances:—"Then, here's a *lock*, which I will hang upon thee."—*Stevens.*

⁶⁵ *From their abominable and beastly touches.*

The last word is somewhat technical. So Ovid,—“At quæ, eum cogi posset, non taeta recessit,” &c. “In these places a man shall finde whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever,” old translation of the lines which commence, “Illic invenies quod ames.”

⁶⁶ *I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.*

The first folio reads,—“I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue.” The requisite correction was made by Theobald. The Dent annotated folio reads,—“I drink, I eat, I 'ray myself, and live.”

⁶⁷ *Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.*

The first word *free* is added in the second folio, possibly without absolute necessity, though I cannot persuade myself to reject it. The meaning of the speech is this—Oh that all of us were, as some appear to be, as free from our faults, as we seem to be in appearance free from them. Hammer reads,—“Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free.” Johnson suggested,—“O that all were, as all would seem to be, Free from all faults, or from false seeming free;” or, afterwards, thus,—“Free from all faults, or faults from seeming free;” and Mason punctuates the line,—“Free from all faults, as, faults from, seeming free.”

⁶⁸ *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.*

“That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan: *Fac gemant suis, Variata terga funibus.*”—*Johnson*.

⁶⁹ *None of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman.*

Pygmalion's image, newly made woman, was of course a virgin. Lucio, with humorous verbosity, asks Pompey whether there are no virgins to be had for money—“How doth thy mistress?—*Procures* she still?” This appears to be the obvious meaning, but Malone's explanation is worth adding.

Perhaps the meaning is,—Is there no courtesan, who being *newly made woman*, i. e. lately debauched, still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had, &c. The following passage in *Blurt Master Constable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:—“*Laz.* Are all these women?—*Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.—*Laz.* You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*”—*Mulier* in Latin had precisely the same meaning.

It is probable (?), after all, that Lucio simply means to ask the clown if *he has no newly-coined money wherewith to bribe* the officers of justice, alluding to the portrait of the queen.—*Douce*.

⁷⁰ *Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*

There can be little doubt but that this is a proverbial expression for being lost, but *it* may refer to “this tune,” ready money, as Lucio may here be supposed to flourish his purse in the face of the Clown, or it may merely allude to Pompey's reply, which certainly may be said to have been drowned in the rain, for it is not forthcoming. Warburton unnecessarily reads, “is't not *down* i' the last *reign*.” Lucio is bantering poor Pompey, instead of trying to console him. The passage being somewhat obscure, the notes of Johnson and Steevens upon it are subjoined.

Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatorics, to which, when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, “What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this? tune, matter, and method,—is't not? drown'd i' the last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot?” &c. It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that “he looks like a drown'd puppy.” Lucio therefore asks him whether he was “drown'd i' the last rain,” and therefore cannot speak.—*Johnson*.

He rather asks him whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. So, in *King Henry VI.*, Part I., Act I.:—“Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.”—*Steevens*.

⁷¹ *What say'st thou, trot?*

The term *trot* was generally applied in contempt to an old woman, and sometimes to a bawd. If the text is correct, it is here used to Pompey with the implication of the utmost derision, as engaged in the occupation of a bawd. The word occurs again in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Dr. Grey suggests to read *to't*, and Mr. Singer observes that *to't* is misprinted *toot* in *Coriolanus*. Jackson, 1819, proposes *troth*.

⁷² *Which is the way?*

That is, which is the mode now?—*Johnson*.

⁷³ *How doth my dear morsel.*

Morsel was familiarly applied, generally but not always to a diminutive person,

but sometimes merely in great familiarity or contempt. "Yea, sometime that petty epitomic of wardemote enquerst, that little busie morsell of justice, the beadle of the ward, will make a strong partic in the election," Powell's *Art of Thriving*, 1635. "That morsell of man's flesh, shee cannot beat him away," Knave in *Graine new Vampt*, 1640. The expression, a morsel of flesh, seems to be used in a wanton sense in Middleton's *Works*, ed. Dyce, ii. 113.

⁷⁴ *She is herself in the tub.*

The annexed representation of a sweating-tub is taken from the illustrated frontispiece to *Cornelianum Dolium*, 1638.



"A ruin'd bawd, one ten times cured by sweating and the tub," is mentioned in the *Citie Match*, fol. ed. p. 54. "That disease made you to be roasted alive in old Cornelious his tub, and then stew'd between two featherbeds," *New Brawle, or Turnmillstreet against Rosemary Lane*, 1654. Davenant, in the *Platonick Lovers*, ed. 1673, p. 399, makes a joke of Diogenes, that when he took his abode in a tub, to make the world believe he liked a strict and severe life, "he took the diet, and, in that very tub, swet for the French disease." See further on the subject in the notes to *Timon of Athens*. The tub itself was grossly and jocularly called the powdering tub, a circumstance

that explains the wit of the Clown and Lucio. This term is used also by Holme, in his *Academy of Armory*, 1688, in the following curious notice:—"He beareth Argent, a Doctors Tub, (otherwise called a Cleansing Tub,) Sable; Hooped, Or. In this pockifyed and such diseased persons are for a certain time put into, to stew, not to boyl up to an height, but to par-boyl; from which diseases of *Morbus Gallicus*, *Noli me tangere*, *Miserere mei*, &c. and from such a Purgatory, *Libera nos, Domine*; let it be the prayers of all good people to be delivered from such a Poudering Tub." The engraving of the tub, given in illustration by Holme, is somewhat similar to the above, only narrower and apparently taller in proportion to the height of the patient. In the original title-page whence the above cut is taken, three courtezans are at the entrance of the door, the unfortunate man in the tub bidding them depart; on a table near are several surgical instruments; and on the tub itself appears the following legend,—"*Sedeo in Veneris solio; in dolio doleo.*"

⁷⁵ *An unshunn'd consequence.*

Unshunn'd, inevitable, that cannot be shunned.

⁷⁶ *For debt, Pompey? Or how?*

Warburton omits the notes of interrogation, reading,—"*I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey, or how,*" that is, to hide the ignominy of thy case, say I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. Elbow's answer seems to be decisive as to the truth of the ordinary mode of punctuating this speech. Lucio, says Steevens, "first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case, and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement."

“ Warburton has taken some pains to amend this passage, which does not require it; and Lucio’s subsequent reply to Elbow shows that his amendment cannot be right. When Lucio advises Pompey to say he sent him to the prison, and in his next speech desires him to commend him to the prison, he speaks as one who had some interest there, and was well known to the keepers,” M. Mason. Reed refers to Henry VI.,—“ Down, down to hell; and say, I sent thee thither.”

⁷⁷ *You will keep the house.*

A play upon words, to keep the house meaning, to keep within doors, as well as to take care of it, like a good economist. “ Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house,” Timon of Athens. “ I kepe resydençe, I abyde contynually in a place,” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁷⁸ *It is not the wear.*

That is, not the fashion. Dr. Johnson said of Hurd, Bishop of Worcester,—“ Hurd, sir, is one of a set of men who account for everything systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you that, according to causes and effects, no other *wear* could at that time have been chosen.” The word has thus not long been obsolete.

⁷⁹ *Then, Pompey, nor now.*

This is generally printed with a note of interrogation after the proper name, but unnecessarily, *neither*, as Malone correctly observes, being understood. So, afterwards,—“ More nor less to others paying.”

⁸⁰ *Go, to kennel, Pompey, go.*

“ It should be remembered,” observes Dr. Johnson, “ that Pompey is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a kennel.” The name is now generally given to a Newfoundland or mastiff.

⁸¹ *He puts transgression to ’t.*

He puts transgression to its wit’s end, or to the last shift, by the exercise of his new authority.—*Anon.*

⁸² *It is too general a vice.*

Dr. Grey suggests to read *genteel*, and Warburton, *gentle*, in place of *general*. “ But the truth is,” observes Edwards, “ the old reading is right; and the dialogue, before Warburton interrupted it, went on very well. A little more lenity to leachery, says Lucio, would do no harm in him; the Duke answers,—It is *too general* a vice. Yes, replies Lucio,—the Vice is of great kindred,—it is well allied, &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greatest men have it, as well as we little folks. And, a little lower, he taxes the Duke personally with it. Nothing can be more natural than all this.”

⁸³ *It is impossible to extirp it quite.*

Extirp, to extirpate, Lat. “ She gave commandement to the Lord Deputie to imploie his whole care, consideration, and wisdom, how such a cankred and dangerous rebell might be utterlie extirped,” Holinshed, Chronicles of Ireland, fol. 1586, p. 114.

Let us the first precadent time examine,
Youle find that hunger is the cause of famine;
The birds in summer that have sweetly chirped,
Ere winter hath beene done, have beene *extirped*.—*Taylor*, 1630.

⁸⁴ *He is a motion generative.*

That is, a generative puppet, a person as generative as a puppet. Theobald suggests to read, *ungenerative*,—a moving or animated body, without the power of generation. The Dent annotated copy and Heath read,—“he has no motion generative.” Upton suggests *notion* in the place of *motion*, and Capell has,—“and he is not a motion generative.”

⁸⁵ *I never heard the duke much detected for women.*

Detected, that is, accused, impeached, charged. The use of the verb *detect* is not unusual in this sense. Palsgrave, 1530, has, “I detacte, I selaunder or backbyte, *je scandalise*,” a meaning which also suits the passage in the text. “To detect or disclose, to appeach, to bewraie, to accuse,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. “An officer whose daughter was detected of dishonestie, and generally so reported,” Copley’s *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, ap. Malone. “I mean not, in speaking this, to upbraid or detect Timoleon,” North’s *Plutarch*. “He only of all other kings in his time was most detected with this vice of leacherie,” *ibid*. “In the month of February, divers traiterous persons were apprehended, and detected of most wicked conspiracie against his Majesty,” Stowe’s *Chronicle*, ed. Howes, 1618, ap. Malone. It appears that they were only accused, not convicted of the crime.

Thus, in a translation of the *Annales* of Tacitus, by Greenwey, 1622:—“A notable example, that a free’d woman should defend, in such great crueltie of torture, strangers, and almost unknown to her, whenas men, and free-born, and gentlemen of Rome, and senators, not touched with tortures, *detected* the dearest of their kindred.”—*Seymour*. In the Statute 3d Edward First, c. 15, the words “*gantz rettez de felonie*,” are rendered “persons *detected* of felony,” that is, as I conceive, suspected.—*Reed*. In this sense, perhaps, it is used in the infamous publication entitled *A Detection, &c.*, of Mary Queen of Scots: “But quho durst accuse the Quene? or (quhilk was in maner mair perilous) quho durst *detect* Bothwell of sic a horrible offence?” Again, in *A Courtlie Controversie* of Cupid’s Cautels, translated from the French, &c., by H. W. [Henry Wotton,] Gentleman, 4to. 1588: “And in truth women are to be *detected* of no imperfection, jealousie only excepted.”—*Steevens*. Again, in Rich’s *Adventures* of Simonides, 1584, 4to: “—all Rome, *detected* of inconstancie.”—*Henderson*.

⁸⁶ *To put a ducat in her clack-dish.*

The beggars and lazars of olden time signified their wants by the use of clappers and clap-dishes, or clack-dishes, the clapper being a wooden instrument with



leaves, and the clap-dish a wooden dish with either a moveable cover, or with a piece of wood suspended from it for the purpose of rattling. The annexed exceedingly curious representations of a clap-dish and clapper were selected by Mr.

Fairholt from an ancient French painting in the Ashmolean Museum, inscribed, “*Je suis le pouver diable*,” and representing a devil dressed as a beggar. The ancient lazar’s “*cuppe and clappir*” are twice mentioned in the Testament of Creseide, 343, 387, and still more curiously in the Complaint of Creseide,—

Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
And lerne aftir the lawe of lepirs lede.

And again, in a subsequent stanza,—

Seing that companie come with o steven,
Thei gave a crie, and shoke cuppis gode spede;
Worthie lordis, for Goddis love of heven,
To us lepirs part of your almose dede.

The old proverb, he claps his dish at a wrong man's door (Ben Jonson and Ray), evidently alludes to this custom; and there is another phrase, still current in the provinces,—his tongue moves like a beggar's clap-dish (Forby, i. 66). In the *Demaundes Joyous*, a collection of riddles printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1511, one of the questions is,—“What wode is it that never flyes reste upon?” The answer is, “the claper of a lazers dysshe.” Jane Shore is represented by Churchyard, in his *Challenge*, 1593, as carrying a clap-dish in her adversity,—

Where I was wont the golden chaines to wear,
A payre of beads about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare;
A ragged gowne that trailed on the ground,
A dish that clapt, and gave a heavy sound,
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I beare about as witnessse of my fall.

“It was once,” observes Gifford, “the practice for beadles and other inferior parish officers, to go from door to door with a clap-dish, soliciting charity for those unhappy sufferers who are now better relieved by voluntary subscriptions.” Thus Matheo, in the second part of the *Honest Whore*, 1630, “Must I be fed with chippings? you were best get a clap-dish, and say you are proctor to some spittle-house.”

Malone quotes the following from Turberville's *Songs and Sonets*, “as it describes the fate which befel one of our author's characters:”—

I naytheless will wish her well,
And better than to Cressid fell;
I pray she may have better hap,
Than *beg her bread with dish and clap*,
As she the siele miser did
When Troylus by the spittle rid.

A custom is still kept up in the villages near Oxford, about Easter, for the poor people and children to go a *clacking*: they carry wooden bowls, salt boxes, &c., and make a rattling noise at the houses of the principal inhabitants, who give them bacon, eggs, &c.—*Harris*.

The tongue is jocularly termed a clap-dish in *Greenes Tu Quoque*, or the *Cittie Gallant*, 4to., Dodsley, vii. 85; and in Kennett's time, the word was applied, in the Western counties, to “a wooden dish wherein they gather the toll of wheat and other corn in markets,”—MS. Lansd. 1033. “He claps his dish at a wrong man's door,” Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 239. The term *clack* was applied to “a peece of leather nayled over any hole, having a piece of lead to make it lie close, so that the ayre or water in any vessell may thereby be kept from going out.”

Ger. Can you think I get my living by a bell and a clack-dish?—*Dry.* By a bell and a clack-dish? how's that?—*Ger.* Why, by begging, sir. Know you me now?—*Middleton's Familie of Love*, 1608.

That affects royalty, rising from a clapdish.

Bussy d'Ambois, Old English Plays, iii. 281.

I, that was wont so many to command,
Worse now than with a *clap-dish* in my hand :
A simple mantle covering me withall,
The veri'st leper of Care's hospitall ;
That from my state a presence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a pad of straw.—*Drayton*.

The *clap-dish* is still used on particular days by a society of widows, who subsist in alms-houses, without the gate of York called Mickle-gate Bar. At those times they are allowed to beg from house to house, and enforce their supplications in the ancient manner, by clattering this wooden dish. Their dish has no cover, but the noise is made by a kind of button suspended by a string from the bottom, and occasionally shaken within it. The clap-dish was also termed a clicket. See Cotgr. in *cliquette*, “a clicket or clapper, such as lazars carrie about with them.” It was used, I believe, originally, by lepers and other paupers deemed infectious, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object. In a curious account of an escape of Corn. Agrippa, taken from one of his epistles, a boy who is to personate a Lazar is “leprosum *clapello* adornatus,” furnished with a *clap-dish* like a leper, which has such an effect, that the rustics fly from him as from a serpent, and throw their alms upon the ground. He afterwards returns to his employers “*clapello* præsentiam suam denuncians,” *Schellhorn Amæn.* ii. 580.—*Nares*.

Thou art the ugliest creature ; and when trimm'd up
To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine eyes,
A leper with a clap-dish (to give notice
He is infectious), in respect of thee,
Appears a young Adonis.—*Massinger*, ii. 257.

“Enter Mrs. Blague, poorly drest, begging with her basket and clap-dish,”—Heywood's *Edward IV.*, 1600.

⁸⁷ *Sir, I was an inward of his.*

Inward is *intimate*. So, in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623 :—“You two were wont to be most *inward* friends.” Again, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604 :—“Come, we must be *inward*, thou and I all one.”—*Steevens*. “*Accoquiné*, made tame, inward, familiar,” Cotgrave. “Very special and inward friends,” Eachard's *Observations*, 8vo. 1671, p. 21.

Squ. I speak by a figure, Humphry : For to be *inward with*, or indeed within a mistress, is to be a servant in the most courtly phrase.—*Brome's Northern Lass*.

⁸⁸ *A shy fellow was the duke.*

Dr. Grey, and one annotated folio, read, *sly fellow* ; but, as is correctly observed by Mr. R. G. White, shyness is a marked trait of the Duke's character, and Lucio terms him elsewhere “the old fantastical duke of dark corners.” Compare also a passage in the fifth act,—“the wicked'st caitiff on the ground may seem as shy, as grave,” &c. The reading *sly* is introduced into the text in Hanmer's edition, 1744, i. 341.

⁸⁹ *The greater file of the subject.*

File, list, number. The term seems to have been specially applied to the common people. “The common file of subjects,” Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*.

⁹⁰ *Superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.*

Unweighing, that is, inconsiderate. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “What an *unweighed* behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick’d out of my conversation,” &c.—*Steevens*.

⁹¹ *The business he hath helmed.*

Helmed, steered through, a metaphor taken from navigation.—*Steevens*.

⁹² *And knowledge with dearer love.*

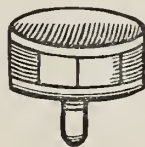
All the old editions read *deare* or *dear*. The substitution of the comparative appears to be necessary to the sense.

⁹³ *Too unhurtful an opposite.*

Opposite, that is, opponent, adversary. So, in *King Lear*: “—— thou wast not bound to answer an unknown *opposite*.”—*Steevens*. The term was in use in Charles the Second’s time. See the *Woman turn’d Bully*, p. 38.—*Reed*.

⁹⁴ *For filling a bottle with a tun-dish.*

For making that full which ought to be, and was made for to be, filled. The tun-dish is still in use, though the term itself may now be considered provincial. “The second is a Tunning Dish, some term it a Fulling or Filling Dish; for, by the help of it, liquor is poured into vessels with small holes, without the least shew of spilling, by putting the pipe of the dish into the hole of the vessel, and so pouring the liquor into the dish, which immediately runs into the vessel,” *Holme’s Academy of Armory*, 1688, from which work the annexed cut of a tun-dish is taken.



⁹⁵ *This ungenitur’d agent.*

“This word seems to be formed from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in *Holland’s Pliny*, tom. ii. pp. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the genitals,” *Tollet*. “The genetoirs of a stag, kept untill they be drie, and taken in urine, is a singular countrepoyson,” *Pliny*, 1601, ib. “Genitories, vi. the genitals,” *Minsheu*, ed. 1627.

⁹⁶ *Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves.*

“*A*. Will it please you, sir, to eate of a couple of sparrows?—*P*. Out alas! they exceed all other creatures in heate; besides, as I have alwayes hated lust, so have I ever hated this creature,” *Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612. “The sparowe is an unstedfaste byrde with voyce and jangelynge, and maketh theyr nestes nyghe to dwellynges and habytations of men; and is a ful hote byrde and lecherous; and the fleshe of them ofte taken in meate excyteth to carnall luste,” *Bertholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, *Berthelet’s* edition, 1535. The sparrow is called “*Venus son*” in the *Assemblée of Foules*, 351. There is a joke, similar to that in the text, in *Bickerstaffe’s Hypocrite*, 1768.

⁹⁷ *This Claudio is condemn’d for untrussing.*

To untruss was to untie the tags which united the doublet and hose. Allusions of this kind are very common.

⁹⁸ *The duke would eat mutton on Fridays.*

That is, notwithstanding it was a fast-day. “One which is not fedd so ofte with rost befe, as with rawe motten, so God helpe me,” *Roy’s Satire on Cardinal Wolsey*, ap. *Steevens*. “I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than

an ell of Friday stock-fish, and the first letter of my name begins with letchery," Doctor Faustus, 1604. To steal mutton, that is, to steal a wench, Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 102 (cf. iv. 23). "*Brigaille*, a noteable smel-smocke or muttonmungar, a cunning solicitor of a wench," Cotgrave. "The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him; a nun, my lord," Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1594. According to Brockett, Glossary, ed. 1846, ii. 48, the term is still in use in the North of England. See also, vol. ii. p. 42, and compare Taylor, the Water-Poet, Workes, fol. Lond. 1630,—

And then the proverbe proves no lye or mocke,
 One scabbed sheep's enough to spoyle a flocke,
 But yet for all this, there is many a gull,
 Loves mutton well, and dips his bread i' the wooll,
 And were a man put to his choyce to keepe,
 'Tis said, a shrew is better then a sheepe.
 But if a man be yok'd with such an ewe,
 She may be both a scabbed sheepe and shrew.

⁹⁹ *He's now past it.*

Hanmer unnecessarily reads,—“he's *not* past it yet.” This alteration is derived from a misapprehension of the exact force of the word *yet*, which is here the adverb, not the conjunction.

¹⁰⁰ *Though she smelt brown bread and garlick.*

We should now write, *smelt of*, but a similar phraseology occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii.—“he smells April and May.” Compare Powell's Art of Thriving, 1635, p. 93,—“if the clowne be predominant, he will smell all browne bread and garlicke.” Lucio's reason perhaps for so pertinaciously accusing the Duke of lechery, is the desire to render Claudio's crime more venial.

¹⁰¹ *Double and treble admonition.*

The author was probably thinking of Scripture,—“Reject him that is an heretick, after once or twice admonition,” Titus, iii. 10, ed. 1640.

¹⁰² *And still forfeit in the same kind.*

“I forfayte, *je forfais*; what have I forfayted agaynst you, I never dyd you displeasure that I wotte of,” Palsgrave, 1530.

¹⁰³ *This would make Mercy swear, and play the tyrant.*

The first part of this image is somewhat too familiar, but is to be literally interpreted, in the same sense as the old proverbial phrase, “enough to make a saint swear,” in other words, as Steevens observes, deviate from the sanctity of his character. There is a somewhat similar passage in *As You Like It*,—“Patience herself would startle at this letter, and play the swaggerer.” Compare, also, Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*,—“This would make a saint swear like a soldier.” Warburton proposes to read *swerve*, and Farmer, *severe*. “O villenous cooke, able to anger a saint,” Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. Lond. 1591, p. 53.

“The old belief certainly was that tyrants in general swore lustily; but here seems to be a particular allusion to the character of Herod, in the mystery of *The Slaughter of the Innocents*, formerly acted by the city companies in their pageants, and of which those for Chester and Coventry are still preserved in the British Museum. In this curious specimen of our early drama, Herod is made to swear by Mahound, by cockes blood, &c. He is uniformly in a passion throughout the piece; and this, according to the stage direction, ‘Here Erode ragis,’ is exemplified by some extraordinary gesticulation,” Douce.

¹⁰⁴ *Come Philip and Jacob.*

That is, on the arrival of the feast of Philip and James, Apostles, May 1st. This day is called that of Philip and Jacob in the old calendars, as in the Proper Tables and easie Rules, printed by John Walley, 1582. Compare also, Tusser, in his *May's Husbandry*, ed. 1812, p. 149.

¹⁰⁵ *Late come from the see.*

The four folios read *Sea*, which is merely the old spelling of the word. Theobald prints *see*, and in the Dent annotated copy the modern orthography is noted. Malone observes that *see* is frequently printed *sea* in Hall's Chronicle.

¹⁰⁶ *As it is as dangerous.*

This is one of the numerous instances of redundant particles to be met with in Shakespeare. It is somewhat singular that, having been omitted for two centuries, it should have been restored by a recent editor with an erroneous explanation. The meaning implied is that it is dangerous not to vary with the times, not to accommodate oneself to the constant changes of public opinion.

¹⁰⁷ *But security enough to make fellowships accurs'd.*

Shakespeare here plays upon the double meaning of the word security, safety and suretiship. "The speaker here alludes to those legal securities into which *fellowship* leads men to enter for each other. So, in King Henry IV., Part II. : 'He would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the *security*.' Falstaff, in the same scene, plays, like the Duke, on the same word: 'I had as lief they should put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin,—and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*,' &c.," Malone.

The sense is,—There scarcely exists sufficient honesty in the world to make social life secure; but there are occasions enough where a man may be drawn in to become *surety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendships. In excuse of this quibble, Shakespeare may plead high authority: "He that hateth *suretiship* is sure," Prov. xi. 15.—*Holt White*.

¹⁰⁸ *And now is he resolved to die.*

Resolved, that is, made up in mind; his mind is determined on, or prepared for, death. It is the common meaning, as in Cotgrave, in v. *Deliberer*, "to purpose, resolve, determine." Thus, observes Douce, the allegorical romance of *Le chevalier délibéré* was translated into English in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *the Resolved Gentleman*; and into Spanish by that of *Il cavaleiro determinado*. Reed cites a passage from Middleton,—“The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady, for I'm resolved they are good ones,” where *resolved* may be explained, convinced in my own mind, a meaning analogous to that above given.

¹⁰⁹ *He is indeed—justice.*

Summum jus, summa injuria.—*Steevens*.

¹¹⁰ *He, who the sword of Heaven will bear.*

Sword is here figuratively used for power and authority, as it is several times in the Scriptures. The expression seems to be used more literally in the *Cobler's Phrophesie*, 1594.

¹¹¹ *Pattern in himself to know.*

To feel that by his own conduct he is an example to others in his own person, that he has grace to stand firm amidst the temptations of the world, and endowed with virtue in which he passes through life. The paraphrase may be continued

thus:—Judging others by the light of his own conscience, in proportion as he himself has committed errors of a similar description: Shame be to him, whose cruel punishment is inflicted for crimes to which he also is attached; Twice treble shame fall on Angelo, who extirpates my error of want of severity, but gives way to his own criminal lust: O, what impiety may be hidden in a man's heart, notwithstanding the apparent exterior of sanctity: How may hypocrisy thus indulge itself in crimes, imposing on the credulity of the age to obtain the gratification of the grossest and most absolute desires under the slender web of deceptive appearances: I must use artifice to oppose vice: Angelo's old betrothed and despised love to-night shall lie with him: In this way disguise (I, a disguised friar) shall, by the agency of a lady disguised, meet an injurious demand by a stratagem, and complete an old betrothment. The only alteration made in the whole speech is in the word *wade*, which is misprinted *made* in the folio, and may be fairly considered one of the numerous examples of errors made by the early printers in regard to words commencing with the letter *w*. Thus, in Macbeth, ed. 1623, *way* is misprinted *may*, and in Henry V., *we* is misprinted *me*. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iv. 140. This emendation was first suggested by Malone.

Various other alterations, I believe all of which are unnecessary, have been proposed in some lines of the present speech. Dr. Johnson suggested,—“*Patterning* himself to know, *In* grace to stand, *in* virtue go;” Warburton,—“How may *that* likeness, made in crimes,” omitting the sign of the infinitive in the next line but one; Jackson, “*make sin* practice on the times;” Heath,—“How may *such* likeness *trade* in crimes;” Malone, at a later period, read,—“How may likeness, made in crimes, *mocking*, practice on the times;” and the Perkins MS.,—“virtue *to* go . . . *masking* practice on the times.” Mr. Knight retains the old text absolutely, and it is possibly to be defended on the supposition that the sign of the infinitive in the line, “*To* draw with idle spiders' strings,” is redundant, as in an example quoted in vol. i. p. 274. It may be just worth while to notice in conclusion a wild conjecture in A Concordance to Shakespeare, suited to all the Editions, 8vo. Lond. 1787, p. 188,—“Pattern in himself, to show grace and virtue: Stand or go,” repeated by the author, Andrew Becket, in his Shakspeare's Himself Again, 1815, i. 233.

The expression “wade in crimes” may probably be found in a variety of authors, but the only instance that at present occurs to me is in Middleton's Familie of Love, 1608,—“nor wade no farther into the cream-pots of this woman's crime,” ed. Dyce, Works, ii. 201. “Women that wade in sinne,” Armin's History of the two Maids of More-clacke, 1609.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!—*Much Ado*.

“*Pattern* in himself to know, is, to experience in his own bosom an *original* principle of action, which, instead of being borrowed or copied from others, might serve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in the Winter's Tale, has again used the same kind of imagery:

“By the *pattern* of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

“In the Comedy of Errors he uses an expression equally hardy and licentious:—‘And will have no *attorney* but *myself*,’ which is an absolute catachresis: an attorney importing precisely a person appointed to act for *another*. In Every Woman in her Humour, 1609, we find the same expression:

“—he hath but shown
A pattern in himself, what thou shall find
In others.”—*Malone*.

¹¹² *To weed my vice, and let his grow.*

To weed *my* vice, and let his grow, i. e., to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himself in his own private vices. So, in the *Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell*, 1560 :

For Cato doth affyrme, Ther is no greater shame,
Than to reprove a vyce, And your selves do the same.—*Stevens.*

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the Duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to an indefinite person. The meaning seems to be—"to destroy by extirpation" (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height. The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person.—*Malone.*

The Duke is plainly speaking in his own person. What he here terms *my vice*, may be explained from his conversation with Friar Thomas, and especially "—'twas *my fault* to give the people scope." The *vice of Angelo* requires no explanation.—*Henley.*

¹¹³ *Though angel on the outward side.*

Here we see what induced the author to give the outward sainted deputy the name of Angelo.—*Malone.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mariana's House*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing*

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,¹
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,—
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,²
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.— [Exit Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.³

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:⁴—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome:⁵
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,⁶
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,⁷
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise,⁸ upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,⁹ he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him,¹⁰ my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me;¹¹ whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do ; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure ;¹² but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA and ISABELLA.]

Duke. O place and greatness,¹³ millions of false eyes¹⁴
Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests¹⁵
Upon thy doings ! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !¹⁶—Welcome ! How ! agreed ?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
“Remember now my brother.”

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit.¹⁷ Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.¹⁸

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PROVOST and CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head,¹⁹ and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.²⁰ Here is in our prison a common executioner, who

in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping;²¹ for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.²²

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour²³ you have, but that you have a hanging look), do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief²⁴—

Clo. If it be too little for your thief,²⁵ your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oft'ner ask forgiveness.²⁶

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:²⁷ for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.²⁸

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* CLOWN and ABHORSON.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast loek'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*A noise of knocking heard from within.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.²⁹

Duke. Not Isabel!

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.³⁰

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;³¹

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others:³² were he meal'd³³ with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he 's just.³⁴—Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.*—*The PROVOST goes out.*

This is a gentle provost: Seldom when³⁵
 The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
 How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
 That wounds th' unsisting postern³⁶ with these strokes.

[*The Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.*]

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
 Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
 But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
 You something know; yet, I believe, there eomes
 No countermand; no such example have we:
 Besides, upon the very siege of justiee,³⁷
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
 Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lord's man.³⁸

Prov. And here eomes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this fur-
 ther charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it,
 neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow;
 for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin, [Aside.]
 For which the pardoner himself is in:³⁹
 Hence hath offence his quick celerity,⁴⁰
 When it is borne in high authority:
 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
 That for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.—
 Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in
 mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:⁴¹ me-
 thinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*]

“Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four
 of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let
 me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a

thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.⁴²

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?⁴³

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.⁴⁴

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning,⁴⁵ I will lay myself in hazard.⁴⁶ Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which, you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard;⁴⁷ and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death.⁴⁸ You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.⁴⁹ Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd.⁵⁰ Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd: but this shall absolutely resolve you.⁵¹ Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter CLOWN.*

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession:⁵² one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash;⁵³ he's in for a commodity of brown paper⁵⁴ and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request,⁵⁵ for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer,⁵⁶ for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin,⁵⁷ which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy,⁵⁸ and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright,⁵⁹ the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie,⁶⁰ the great traveller, and wild Half-can⁶¹ that stabb'd pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade,⁶² and are now for the Lord's sake.⁶³

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friend, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?⁶⁴

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers;⁶⁵ for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.⁶⁶

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.⁶⁷

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and CLOWN.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is⁶⁸
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,⁶⁹
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;⁷⁰
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides !
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation,⁷¹ you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* PROVOST.]
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,⁷²
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,⁷³
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.⁷⁴

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world ;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so !

Duke. It is no other :

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes !

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot ;
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity :
The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Esealus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go ;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,⁷⁵
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give ;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return :
Say, by this token,⁷⁶ I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,⁷⁷
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even, friar : where 's the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners⁷⁸ had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.⁷⁹

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman⁸⁰ than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.⁸¹

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.⁸² His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?⁸³

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of

complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd :
Betimes i' the morn I 'll call you at your house :
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,⁸⁴
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

Ang. Good night.—

[*Exit ESCALUS.*]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,⁸⁵
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid !
And by an eminent body, that enfore'd
The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me !⁸⁶ Yet reason dares her no ;⁸⁷
For my authority bears off a credent bulk,⁸⁸
That no particualar scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,⁸⁹
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack ! when once our grace we have forgot,⁹⁰
Nothing goes right ; we would and we would not.⁹¹ [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.⁹² [*Giving letters.*]
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift :
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus,⁹³ Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;⁹⁴
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit FRIAR.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varius; thou hast made good haste :

Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth;⁹⁵
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.⁹⁶

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic,
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens⁹⁷
Have hent the gates,⁹⁸ and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Take, oh take those lips away.*

There is a second stanza to this song, which was first printed in Fletcher's tragedy of the Bloody Brother, 1639. Gildon, in his Remarks, 1709, p. 448, assigns the whole poem to Shakespeare, observing that "the reason why this stanza (the second) was left out in that place of Measure for Measure, where the first is, is this:—it is plain that the second makes the song to be from a man to a woman; whereas in the play it is from a woman to a man, from Mariana to Angelo." Mr. R. G. White has well observed that the two stanzas are dissonant in respect to their construction for music, the first naturally bearing the verbal repetitions at the close of the two last lines, while the second is totally unsuited to a similar arrangement. In addition to this, it is to be remarked that the whole is a song in two parts, to use Capell's words, "the two stanzas being suited to two characters, this of Shakespeare's a female one, and his own (Fletcher's) a male." On the whole, it seems clear that Fletcher adopted the first stanza from Shakespeare, and that the second one was written by himself. The latter is printed exactly as follows in the edition of the Bloody Brother, 4to. 1639,—

Hide, Oh hide those hills of Snow,
which thy frozen blossome beares,
On whose tops the Pincks that grow
are of those that April weares.
But first set my poore heart free,
bound in those Ioy chaines by three.

Here *blossome* is a misprint for *bosom*, corrected in ed. 1640 of the Bloody Brother, the Tragædy of Rollo, 4to, 1640. *Ioy*, some copies *ivy*, and some properly *icy*; and *three* for *thee*, only in some copies. "That thy frozen," Dr. Wilson's MS. "Are yet of those," MS. *ibid.* "But my poore heart first set free," Shakespeare's Poems, ed. 1640. In the first stanza,—"*Like* breake of day," Bloody Brother, ed. 1639. "*Though* seal'd in vaine," *ibid.* ed. 1639.

It has been conjectured that Fletcher was the author of the whole of the poem, but independently of the consideration that the second stanza is inferior to the first, it should be recollected that it was not Shakespeare's practice thus to adopt the productions of his contemporaries, and that his utmost license in this respect merely extended to the introduction of snatches of common street-ballads. Added to this, as Measure for Measure was certainly in existence in the year 1604, it is scarcely likely that Fletcher at that period had attained sufficient popularity to

induce the great dramatist thus to make use of any of his compositions; neither is it probable the stanza was a later interpolation into the comedy. Both stanzas, with a few verbal variations, are included in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems, but that work is of no critical authority.

The song was set to music by John Wilson, but not probably until after the death of Shakespeare; and a fac-simile of the composition, from Wilson's original manuscript, is here annexed. Wilson was Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, 1644, having been born in 1594; and Dr. Rimbault conjectures that, as a boy, he may have been the original singer of the poem. The same writer is of opinion that Dr. Wilson, and the Jaek Wilson who is mentioned in a stage-direction in *Much Ado about Nothing*, are one and the same person.

Copies of Dr. Wilson's music to this song are to be found in MS. Addit. 11608, of the seventeenth century, said to have been written about the year 1656; Playford's *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues* for one and two voyces, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, or Basse Violl, 1652; Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, fol. Lond. 1659, p. 1, there entitled, "Love's Ingratitude;" and in the *Treasury of Musick*, fol. Lond. 1669, under the same title.

² *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*

"Though seal'd in vaine," ed. 1640. Shakespeare repeats this image. "And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine," *Sonnets*. "Pure lips, sweet seals," &c., *Venus and Adonis*. Reed refers to the old black-letter translation of *Amadis of Gaule*, 4to. p. 171: "—rather with *kisses* (which are counted the *seales of love*) they chose to confirm their unanimitie, than otherwise to offend a resolved pacience." The repetition is omitted in ed. 1685.

³ *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*

Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment.—*Dr. Johnson*. "Is much," Warburton.

⁴ *I do constantly believe you.*

Constantly, that is, certainly, stedfastly. "*Perseveranter*," constantly, stedfastly," *Cooperi Thesaurus*, 1584. "Fastly, surely, constantly," *Baret*, 1580. "If such a one, I say, upon the very first sight of your sexe, could so constantly confesse that women were onely worthy of affection," *Decameron*, English translation, ed. 1625, f. 123.

⁵ *Very well met, and welcome.*

It is, or was until lately, the custom, in representing this play, to commence the fourth act with the present speech, an injudicious arrangement, for the lone situation of Mariana at the moated grange deserves the prominence evidently intended by the author. The short scene between the Duke and Friar Pcter, the fifth scene, has also been improperly omitted, a disposition which renders the subsequent conduct of the latter quite inexplicable to the audience.

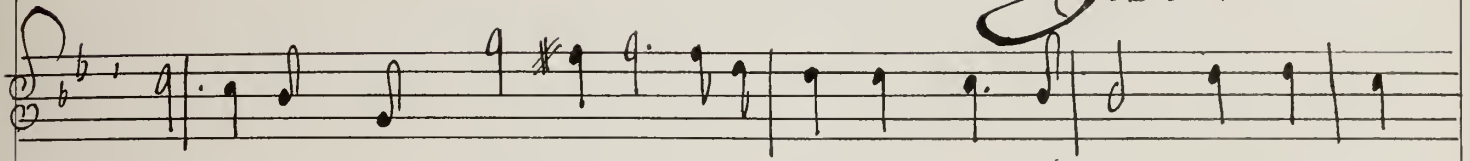
⁶ *He hath a garden circummur'd with brick.*

Circummur'd, that is, walled round, Lat. "It is a payne to be mured up in a stone wall lyke an anker," *Palsgrave*, 1530. "He caused the doors to be mured and cased," *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, ap. *Johnson*. "It is compassed about with a verie high stoue wall, and the brims thereof are mured round about," *Harrison's Description of England*, p. 216.

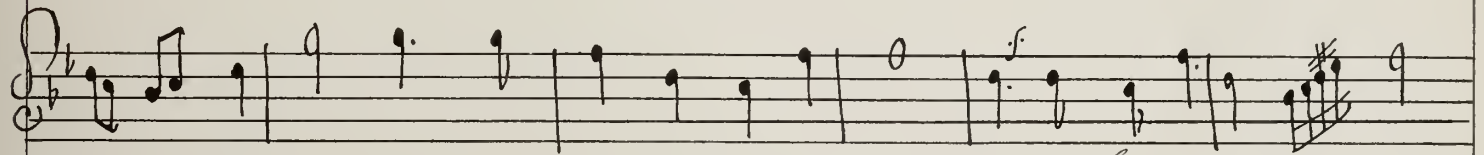
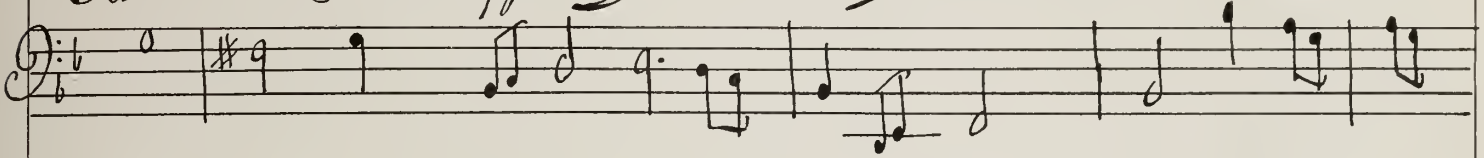
⁷ *And to that vineyard is a planched gate.*

Planched, that is, made of boards or planks. "*Planché*, planked, boarded, floored with plankes," *Cotgrave*. "Plancher made of bordes, *planché*," *Palsgrave*.

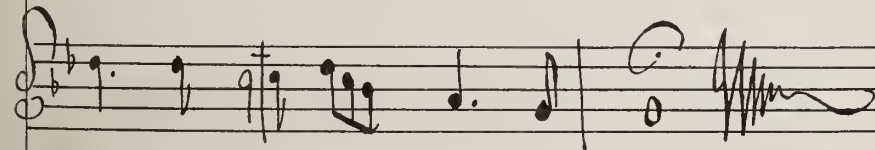
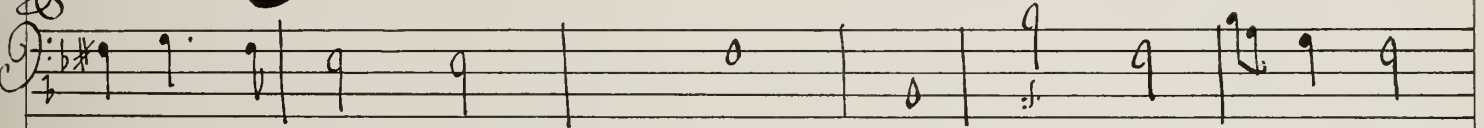
John Wilson



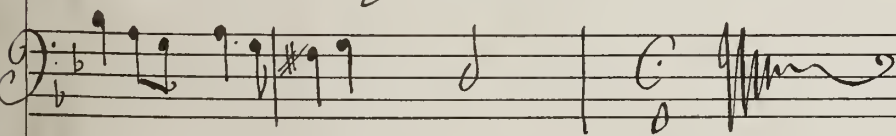
Take o take those lipps away, that so sweetly were forsworne & those eyes



y^e breake of day, lights that doe mislead the morne but my kisses bring agayne



seaks of love though seald' in vaine & &



2

Hide o hide those hills of snow
that thy frozen bosom beares
on whose topps the Links y^e grow
are yet of those y^e April weaves
But first wth my poore heart freed
bound in those Jeye chains by thee

To face p. 172.

“*Entablamiento*, boarding, planchering, laying of planks or boards,” Percivale’s Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. “Floor or dresse with bourdes or plaunchers, *tabulo*,” Huloet’s Abeedarium, 1552. “The great table was made longer with a great plaunche borde of oke of four inches thyecke,” Berner’s Froissart, ap. Richardson. The term is still in use in some of the provinces, (Palmer and Forby). In Cornwall, observes Mr. Sandys,—a wooden floor is called the *planching*, and the room or passage is said to be *planchéd*. She lev’d fall the cloam buzza ’pon the *planchen*, and seat it all to midgens and jouds; i. e., She let the earthenware pan fall upon the floor, and broke it all to pieces. “Upon the ground doth lie a hollow planeher,” Lilly’s Maid’s Metamorphosis, 1600, ap. Steevens. “The goodwife had found out a privie place between two seelings of a plauncher,” Tarlton’s Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590.

The parts of most account to sow together fit,
As doth a little glue two mightie *planchers* knit.

Babylon, Part of the Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas, 1596.

Yet with his hoofes doth beat and rent
The planched floore, the barres and chaines.

Sir A. Gorges’ tr. of Lucan, 1614, ap. Steevens.

⁸ *There have I made my promise.*

The metrical arrangement of the original is here followed. Pope reads,—“There on the heavy middle of the night, Have I my promise made to call upon him;” and Capell,—“There have I made my promise to call on him, Upon the heavy middle of the night.”

⁹ *In action all of precept.*

That is, says Warburton, showing the several turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposed to read,—“In precept of all action,” that is, in direction given not by words, but by mute signs.

¹⁰ *And that I have possess’d him.*

Possessed, that is, given to understand, informed, acquainted. “Master Matthew, in any case possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging;” Every Man in his Humour, ed. 1616, p. 16. “I have possess’d your grace of what I purpose,” Merch. Ven.

¹¹ *That stays upon me.*

That is, who waits for my leisure. “Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure,” Macbeth, cited by Steevens.

¹² *I shall attend your leisure.*

We *attend* him (King James) with great devotion; and begin to think long till we have him. The lords have sent to know his pleasure, whether he will come by land or sea; for which purpose there be eight or ten ships ready that were going for the coast of Spain, but do now tarry to keep the Northern Seas.—Letter dated 1603.

¹³ *O place and greatness.*

It plainly appears that this fine speech belongs to that which concludes the preceding scene between the Duke and Lucio: for they are absolutely foreign to the subject of this, and are the natural reflections arising from that. Besides, the very words—“Run with *these* false and most contrarious quests,” evidently refer to Lucio’s scandals just preceding; which the Oxford editor, in his usual way,

has emended, by altering *these* to *their*. But that some time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I suppose, took part of the speech, beginning at, "No might nor greatness," &c. and put it here, without troubling themselves about its pertinency.—*Warburton*.

Warburton supposes, the players removed this line with the five following from their proper place, at the end of the sixth scene of the preceding act, and inserted them here, in order that some time might be given to the two women to confer together. And so far they were undoubtedly in the right, that some soliloquy of this kind was absolutely necessary to fill up that time. No other hath come down to us from the poet, and I must own I can see no reasonable objection, why this very passage might not have been applied to that purpose by the poet himself; or why those groundless and scandalous reflections on the Duke's character, which had so very lately been thrown out in his hearing by Lucio, might not very naturally recur to his thoughts at this time, and draw from him the complaint which is here so finely expressed.—*Heath*.

I cannot agree that these are placed here by the players. The sentiments are common, and such as a prince, given to reflection, must have often present. There was a necessity to fill up the time in which the ladies converse apart, and they must have quick tongues and ready apprehensions, if they understood each other while this speech was uttered.—*Johnson*.

¹⁴ *Millions of false eyes.*

"Eyes insidious and traitorous," Johnson. "Ther is ful many an eyghe, and many an eere, awaytand on a lord," Chaucer, Cant. T., 7635.

¹⁵ *Run with these false and most contrarious quests.*

The pronoun *these* is here redundant, as in 1 Henry IV., and in other places. Dr. Johnson explains the line,—different reports, running counter to each other; lying messengers spread volumes of jarring reports. So, in Othello:—"The senate has sent out three several *quests*." In Richard III. is a passage in some degree similar to the foregoing:

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns —.—*Stevens*.

I incline to think that *quests* here means *inquisitions*, in which sense the word was used in Shakespeare's time. See Minshew's Diet. in v. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "A *quest*," by, *examen, inquisitio*.—*Malone*. There is an old pamphlet, observes Douce, with the whimsical title of Jaeke of Dover, his quest of inquirie, or his privy search for the veriest foole in England, 1604, 4to. Gildon, 1700, reads, "contrarious censures."

¹⁶ *And rack thee in their fancies.*

Rack, that is, torture or mangle. "To raeke, *vi.* to torture and to torment," Minshew. The rack itself is mentioned in the next act.

¹⁷ *Doth flourish the deceit.*

That is, doth adorn or ornament the deception. "The beauteous evil are empty trunks, o'er-flourished by the devil," Twelfth Night. "Time doth transfixe the flourish set on youth," Sonnets, ed. 1609.

¹⁸ *Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.*

The meaning of this seems to be,—There is great business to be performed; our corn (harvest) is certainly yet to be gathered, for even our tithe (a portion of it) is not yet sown. Warburton reads *tillth* (previously suggested by Theobald),—

our tillage is yet to make; the grain from which we expect our harvest is not yet put into the ground. Steevens shows by the following quotation from Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, that *to sow tilth* was a phrase formerly in use,—

To sowe cockill with the corne,
So that the tilth is nigh forlorne,
Which Christ sew first his owne honde.

The reader is here attacked with a petty sophism. We should read *tilth*, i. e. our *tillage is to make*. But in the text it is to *sow*; and who has ever said that his *tillage* was to *sow*? I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*.—*Johnson*.

Warburton did not do justice to his own conjecture; and no wonder, therefore, that Dr. Johnson has not.—*Tilth* is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing. Shakespeare, however, has applied it before in its usual acceptation.—*Farmer*.

Warburton's conjecture may be supported by many instances in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635:—"After the beginning of March you shall begin to sowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth* or fallow field." In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs: "As before, I said beginne to fallow your *tithe* field;" which is undoubtedly (?) misprinted for *tilth* field.—*Tollet*. Another suggestion (Capell, 52) consists in the transposition of the words *corn* and *tithe*,—"Our *tithe's* to reap, for yet our *corn's* to sow."

It does not follow, because Farmer, Tollet, and Steevens have shown that to *sow tilth* is not nonsense, it ought therefore to displace the original reading. The Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastick; *tythe*, therefore, is a word more in character than *tilth*. Besides, the advantage expected by him to spring from the present stratagem, was but *one* of the *ten* which he looked for from the whole of his plan.—*Henley*.

¹⁹ *He is his wife's head.*

The phrase is Scriptural. See Ephesians, v. 23; 1 Corinthians, xi. 3.

²⁰ *To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.*

It may be worth notice that one of the friars, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, is termed Barnardine.

²¹ *An unpitied whipping.*

Unpitied is generally used by our old dramatists for *unmerciful*. According to Douce, it means here a whipping that none shall pity, for the reason that immediately follows.

²² *He will discredit our mystery.*

"A misterie, craft, art, trade, or occupation," Minsheu. "*Mestier*, a trade, occupation, misterie, handicraft," Cotgrave.

²³ *A good favour you have.*

Favour, that is, countenance. "So tart a favour, to trumpet such good tidings," Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. "Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour," p. 162.

²⁴ *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, the Hangman says:—"Here is nyne and

twenty sutes of apparell for my share." *True man*, in the language of ancient times, is generally placed in opposition to *thief*. So, in Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers Abroade, 1593 :

The privy *thiefe* that steales away our wealth,
Is sore afraid a *true man's* steps to see.

The above note is by Steevens. Henley refers to Genesis, xlii. 11.—“ We are all true men ; thy servants are no spies.”

²⁵ *If it be too little for your thief.*

This speech, which is assigned to the Clown in the first folio, is generally made to follow on to the previous one spoken by Abhorson, and one editor inserts *Clown* in the text, as part of the speech. The Clown proved the occupation of the ladies to belong to the mystery or trade of painters. Abhorson begins his proof, and the Clown follows it up that his craft belongs to the mystery of tailors. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough, that is, to lose ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough to steal. The following observations by Heath and Knight deserve quotation :

If Warburton had attended to the argument by which the bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped. The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and in virtue of their painting would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters, so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members too of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren the hangmen under the mystery of fitters of apparel or taylors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right, except that the last speech, which makes part of the hangman's argument, is by mistake, as the reader's own sagacity will readily perceive, given to the clown or bawd.—*Heath*.

We divide this assertion and proof between the two characters, as in the original. The whole of the elaborate argument is given by the modern editors to Abhorson ; but this piece of oratory is not at all characteristic of his sententious gravity. Warburton thinks that something has been omitted ; but it appears to us that, when the Clown asks for “ proof ” that “ hanging is a mystery,” the hangman commences his exposition with an account of the thief's clothes,—the link of fellowship between them ; and, proceeding slowly and logically, is interrupted by the lively Clown, explaining his first postulate. They are then both interrupted by the entrance of the Provost. These dramatic breaks in a discourse are never sufficiently taken into account by the commentators.—*Knight*.

²⁶ *He doth oftener ask forgiveness.*

“ The common executioner falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, but first begs pardon,” As You Like It, ap. Steevens.

²⁷ *You shall find me yare.*

Yare, that is, ready, handy, nimble. “ Y' are,” ed. 1623 ; “ yours,” some eds. of the last century. The term occurs in Twelfth Night, and in Antony and Cleopatra.

²⁸ *I owe you a good turn.*

That is, a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phrase, observes Dr. Farmer, according to its common acceptation.

²⁹ *None, since the curfew rung.*

The *couvre feu* was by no means peculiar to England, the practice of closing domestic fires at stated times, signified by the ringing of a bell, having obtained in most parts of Europe. The first morning bell was also so called. "*Couvre feu, cloche qui sonnoit le matin au point du jour, et tous les soirs à sept heures, pour avertir les habitans de se retirer chez eux, et de couvrir leurs feux,*" Roquefort. "Est autem ignitegium qualibet nocte per annum pulsandum hora septima post meridiem, exceptis illis festis quibus Matutinæ dicuntur post completorium, in quibus ignitegium ex consuetudine non pulsatur," Stat. Lieh. Eccles. ap. Ducange in v. *Ignitegium*. In Shakespeare's time, the hour of curfew varied with the place and season, so that the discrepancies which appear in his various notices of it are readily to be explained. "In many places, at this day, where a bell is customarily rung towards bed-time, it is said to ring curfew," Blount's Law Dictionary, 1691. The evening curfew has been rung in England for many centuries. By the Stat. Civ. Lond. 13 Edw. I., A.D. 1285, it is enjoined that none be so hardy to be found going or wandering about the streets of the city, after curfew tolled at St. Martins le Grand, with sword or buckler, or other arms for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise. It is also enjoined, by the same statute, that none do keep a tavern open for wine or ale after the tolling of the aforesaid curfew. The evening curfew, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was usually rung at 8 p. m. for the space of a quarter of an hour; and Chaucer mentions it as an indication of the hour,—“abowten curfew tyme, or litel more,” Cant. Tales, 3645.

Also I wole that my close which ys holdyn by copy off my lord abbot of Bury Seynt Edmund, and the which I purchasyd of Thomas Russell gentylman, my lord payd the resydwe, I gyve toward the ryngers charge off the gret belle in Seynt Mary Chirche, callyd corfew-belle, and I wylle that the chirche revis for the tyme beyng shall take yt upp by copy to the seyde use affter my dyscesce.—*Bury Wills*, 1509.

By indenture 26th August, 4 Henry VIII. (1513), Roger Lupton, vicar of Cropredy, co. Oxon, delivered to the churchwardens of Cropredy and Bourton £6. 13s. 4d., for which they covenanted for themselves and their successors, to find at their own costs some person to keep duly the clock of Cropredy, and to ring daily, both winter and summer, the curfew and day bell. The property belonging to this charity consists of a close in Wardington called the Bell Land, containing fourteen acres. Hasted, in his History of Kent, ix. 416, speaking of St. Margaret at Cliffe, in the hundred of Bewsborough, says: ‘There are five roods of land given for tolling the bell at night, called Curfew-land.’

In the Articles of the Charge of the Wardmote Inquest, dated 1495, and printed in Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1633, p. 676, is the following entry,—“Also if any parish clarke doe ring the bell, called the curfue bell, after curfue rungen at the churches of Bow, Barking church, and Saint Giles without Creplegate.” This entry is repeated in Calthrop's Reports, ed. 1670, “Saint Brides” being added after Barking church. The meaning is that the clerk is to be presented in the above cases. The curfew has been rung at Barking from time immemorial, and, according to tradition, it was formerly sounded in the tower over the gate of Barking monastery, near the church. This gate still remains, being in fact the only fragment of the ancient monastery of any interest now preserved, and it is ordinarily known as the fire-bell gate. In MS. Harl. 2252 is preserved an early copy of an “ordynance in the ceté of London,” apparently made in the reign of Edward IV., in which “hyt ys ordayned that the patronus of the galyes shall kepe there howsys and there dorys shytted at the ryngyng of curfue of Berkyng Chyrche, and that they ne any of ther felawshyppe be wanderynge abrode.”

The ancient tales of Tom Thumbe in the olde time have beene the only revivers of drouzy age at midnight: old and young have with his tales chin'd mattens till the cocks crow in the morning; batehelors and maides with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the *curfew bell* rings eandle out.—*The History of Tom Thumbe the Little*, 1621.

Weston thy hand that Couvre-feu Bell did sway,
Which did his life to endlesse sleepe convey.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glorie
By the relation of so sad a store (*sic*).

Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, &c., ed. 1626.

Some say no evill thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blew meager hag, or stubborne unlayd ghost
That breaks his magicke chaines at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faërie of the mine,
Has hurtfull power ore true virginity.

Milton's Comus, A Maske, &c., ed. 1637, p. 15.

I make my pen to serve for an instrument to stir the cinders whiterwith your old love to me hath bin cover'd a long time; therefore I pray let no covurez-feu bell have power hereafter to rake up, and choak with the ashes of oblivion, that eeler flame wherwith our affections did use to sparkle so long by correspondence of letters, and other offices of love.—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1650.

Moth, the antiquary, in Cartwright's play of the Ordinary, 1651, wishes that the house may remain free from wicked spirits, "from Curfew time—to the next prime." In Lysons' *Environs of London*, i. 169, is the following extract from the churchwardens' and chamberlain's accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames:—"1651. For ringing the curfew bell for one year, £1: 10s." The following lines, "on a curfew," occur in the *Treasury of Divine Raptures*, 1667, p. 225:

This night the bell calls to bed, but oh!
Before the next, my passing-bell may go.

In the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1631, nine o'clock is mentioned as curfew time,—“Well, 'tis nine a clocke, 'tis time to ring curfew.” The curfew is still rung at 9 p. m. at Bromyard, co. Hereford, from Nov. 5th to Christmas-day, and the custom was even carried to New England, the curfew having been formerly rung at Boston at the above-named hour. At Durham also, the curfew is rung on the great bell of the cathedral at nine o'clock. Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, mentions a person giving to the Church “a new rope to ring the couvre-feu bell.”

At Stratford-on-Avon, the curfew was sounded from a bell in the Guild Chapel, which was very near Shakespeare's residence of New Place, in fact merely a narrow lane being between the side of the latter and the Chapel. Previously to 1835, before the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act, as far back as living memory extends, this bell was rung at 8 p. m. every night from September 11th to the Saturday before Easter-day, except on Sundays and Saints'-days, and the eves thereof, when it was rung at 7 p. m. During the same period, but without the above exception, the same bell was rung at 5 a. m. The bell at present in the Guild Chapel was *recast* in the year 1633, and that there was one there in Shakespeare's time is proved by MSS. preserved in the Council Chamber of Stratford-on-Avon.

The ringing of the curfew is still practised in many towns and villages in

England, generally at 8 p. m. At Exeter Cathedral, the custom is to toll the bell thirty strokes, and, after a short interval, to toll eight more, the latter probably denoting the hour. At Waltham-on-the-Wolds, co. Leicestershire, the curfew is rung at 5 a. m. and at 8 p. m. in summer, and at 6 a. m. and at 7 p. m. in winter. At Woodstock, co. Oxon, it rings from 8 to 8½ p. m. from October to March, and in some villages of the same county at 4 a. m. At Kidderminster, at 8 p. m. and at 5 a. m. At St. Helen's church, Abingdon, and at Winechester, at 8 p. m. and at 4 a. m. during the winter months. The curfew is so popular in some places, that the inhabitants have insisted upon its revival, after the authorities had permitted its discontinuance. An instance of this kind occurred some years ago at Sandwich.

Early and authentic curfew-bells are of considerable rarity. One is said to be preserved at Hoddesdon, co. Herts. There is another, bearing the date of 1432, in the grotto, now called the clock-tower, at Leeds Castle, on which the curfew has been rung for centuries, in fact up to the present time. The curfew-bell, a representation of which is given in the upper part of the frontispiece to the present volume, was formerly at Dover Castle, but is now preserved in the museum at Canterbury. The original is about thirteen inches in height, of very solid make, and apparently of considerable antiquity. It will be observed that the projecting loop, by which it was suspended, has been broken off.

In reference to the object originally attained by the curfew-bell, may be mentioned an utensil, usually termed a *couvre-feu*, used for the purpose of suddenly extinguishing a fire. This utensil was in occasional use in the time of Shakespeare, a very interesting specimen, dated 1584, being preserved in the Canterbury Museum, and engraved in the frontispiece to the present volume. The handle of this specimen has been broken off, but it has been restored by Mr. Fairholt in his engraving on the authority of another *couvre-feu* formerly in the Strawberry Hill collection, and engraved in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, i. 89, where Grose observes that the method of applying the utensil was this,—“the wood and embers were raked as close as possible to the back of the hearth, and then the curfew was put over them, the open part placed close to the back of the chimney: by this contrivance, the air being almost totally excluded, the fire was of course extinguished. This curfew is of copper, rivetted together, as solder would have been liable to melt with the heat. It is ten inches high, sixteen inches wide, and nine inches deep. Mr. Gostling, to whom it belongs, says it has been in his family from time immemorial, and was always called the curfew. Some others of this kind are still remaining in Kent and Sussex.” The specimen at Canterbury is of copper, about sixteen inches wide, and decorated with embossed ornaments. Hasted, v. 434, mentions having seen it at New Shelve house in 1755, and states that it “had been in the manor-house here time out of mind, and had always been known by this name.” According to Cole, Gosling's curfew “is nothing more than a common utensil, in various counties in England, to bake small matters under, an extempore oven, by heating the hearth, putting the viand upon it, covering it with the copper or iron implement, and then raking up the embers all round and above it,” MS. Addit. 5866, fol. 274. Bacon mentions the *couvre-feu*, spelling it *curfew*, and classing it with pots and pans. It may, indeed, be doubted whether this curfew has any, even a remote historical, connexion with the curfew bell; and it is more probable that the kitchen curfew was peculiar to the sixteenth and subsequent centuries, the name alone leading to the supposition that it bore any relation to the other.

³⁰ *They will then, ere 't be long.*

Hawkins proposes to read,—*she* will then. The Duke expects Isabella and Mariana. See his next speech but one.

³¹ *Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.*

Stroke, observes Dr. Johnson, is here put for the stroke of a pen or a line. "Stryke in wrytyng, made in length lyke a spyt," Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552.

³² *To qualify in others.*

To temper, to moderate, as we say wine is *qualified* with water. Thus before in this play:—"So to enforce, or *qualify* the laws." Again, in *Othello*:—"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too."—*Johnson and Steevens.*

³³ *Were he meal'd with that which he corrects.*

Mealed, that is, mingled, sprinkled, and hence metaphorically, defiled. "Their faces meal'd," or smeared, Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, fol. 1654, p. 95. In *A New Academy, or the Accomplish'd Secretary*, 1699, p. 64, a beau sprinkled over with finery is said to be "all meal'd." The word is said to be a corruption of the archaic *mell*, to mix or mingle.

As if their perriwigs to death they gave,
To meale them in some gastly dead man's grave.

Anton's Philosopher's Satires, 1616, ap. Steevens.

³⁴ *But this being so, he's just.*

The tenor of the argument seems to require—But this *not* being so—. Perhaps, however, the author meant only to say—But, his life being paralleled, &c., he's just.—*Malone.*

³⁵ *Seldom when the steeled gaoler.*

That is, it is seldom that the steeled gaoler, &c. Mr. Singer considers *seldom-when* a compound like *anywhen*, but there is no indication of this being the case in the first folio, and in another passage in *Henry IV.*, there is a comma between the words,—'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe. "Seldom whan, *peu souvent*," Palsgrave, 1530.

³⁶ *That wounds th'unsisting postern with these strokes.*

Unsisting, never at rest, always opening. This explanation, from the Latin, is Blackstone's. Johnson proposed to read *unfeeling*, Hanmer has *unresting*, and Rowe, *unresisting*. Steevens suggested *unlist'ning*, or *unshifting*, and Monck Mason would read *unlisting*, unregarding. Were alteration necessary, Rowe's substitution of *unresisting* may be preferred as more suitable to the verb *wounds*. Mr. Collicr, *Shakespeare*, 1842, ii. 73, conjectured *resisting*, Mr. Knight's commentary on which appears to be sound,—“It is scarcely necessary to show, by an epithet, that the door of a jail resisted the entrance of those without. *Unsisting*, according to Blackstone, means, never at rest. The duke has himself come through the postern; and after he has spoken a few lines, comes another, knocking. Well may the duke, interrupted in his speech, exclaim, that the door never stands still. Shakespeare's Latinism, from *sisto*, ought not to be lightly rejected.” *Unwisting*, unconscious, Singer. *Iusisting*, ed. 1685.

³⁷ *Upon the very siege of justice.*

Siege, that is, scat. "Siege, a seat; also, a tribunall, court, or throne, the seat of justice," Cotgrave. "One softe seges was he sett," *Romance of Octavian*, Lincoln MS.

³⁸ *This is his lordship's man.*

The old copy has—his *lord's* man, corrected by Pope. In the MS. plays of

our author's time, they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship*, and these contractions were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, 1623:—"Wilt please your lord drink a cup of sacke."—*Malone*. Tyrwhitt, 1766, suggested that this speech belongs to the Provost, and the next to the Duke; but surely the Duke would be likely to know the messenger, who may be supposed to belong to his court, and the Provost, after what he had heard, might naturally think the missive was a pardon, the subject chiefly in his thoughts, as appears from his previous speech,—“I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, for the most gentle Claudio.” It is at least as difficult to reconcile the hope he expressed before he had received any assurance, with his reply to the Duke; as the confidence he expresses after the assurance, when he sees a messenger from Angelo, who could not well be supposed to have any other business. (Anon.)

³⁹ *For which the pardonner himself is in.*

That is, entangled in the same sin. “Is plunged in guilt, and obnoxious to the animadversion of the law,” Heath.

⁴⁰ *Hence hath offence his quick celerity.*

That is, speedy propagation, when the magistrate himself is infected with it; when it obtains among the great.—*Rann*.

⁴¹ *Awakens me with this unwonted putting on.*

Putting on, that is, spur, incitement. “The powers above put on their instruments,” *Macbeth*, cited by Steevens. “Pray let's hear,” ed. 1685.

⁴² *One that is a prisoner nine years old.*

That is, who has been a prisoner for nine years. “Ere we were two days old at sea,” *Hamlet*.—*Malone*.

⁴³ *It is now apparent?*

The first two words of this line are generally transposed, but this mode of asking a question is very common in old plays.

⁴⁴ *Insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.*

This is one of the many jingles on words that render the perfect gloss of Shakespeare so difficult. The meaning seems to be,—insensible to death, but yet desperately attached to the vices of life. The following notes are extracted from those of the commentators.

This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate*. *Mortally* is, in low conversation, used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate state*, without reflection or repentance.—*Johnson*.

The word is often used by Shakespeare in the sense first affixed to it by Dr. Johnson, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:—"And you, ye mortal engines," &c.—*Malone*.

As our author, in the *Tempest*, seems to have written “harmonious charmingly,” instead of “harmoniously charming,” he may, in the present instance, have given us “desperately mortal,” for “mortally desperate:” i. e., desperate in the extreme. In low provincial language,—*mortal* sick, *mortal* bad, *mortal* poor, is phraseology of frequent occurrence.—*Steevens*.

I believe the meaning is—free from the common and natural abhorrence of death, and prepared for a state of annihilation.—*Seymour*.

⁴⁵ *In the boldness of my cunning.*

That is, in the confidence of my sagacity.—*Stevens.*

⁴⁶ *I will lay myself in hazard.*

Warburton incorrectly notes this as a metaphor from chess, but compare Henry V., act i. Upton also cites the following from Drayton's Agincourt:—

I'll send him balls and rackets if I live,
That they such racket shall in Paris see,
When over lync with bandies I shall drive;
As that, before the set be fully done,
France may perhaps into the hazard runne.

⁴⁷ *Shave the head, and tie the beard.*

It was usual, even up to a recent period, to tie the hair of persons destined for execution. The hair of Major André was tied on the day of his death, and it appeared in small tufts, when his body was disinterred. Sympson proposed to read, *die* the beard, an unnecessary emendation, although it may be somewhat supported by the speech of the Provost in the following scene, where he says that the beard and head of Ragozine were just of Claudio's colour. Theobald, in his Correspondence, p. 290, suggests,—and *tire* the beard.

P. Mathieu, in his Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth of France, tr. by Grimston, 1612, says, that Ravailiac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head and shook a spark of fire from his *beard*. “This unprofitable care, (he adds,) to save it, being noted, afforded matter to divers to praise *the custome in Germany, Swisserland, and divers other places, to shave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes.”—*Reed*.

This alludes to a practice frequent amongst Roman Catholics, of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the Monks before they die. It cannot allude to the custom which Reed tells us was established in some parts of Germany, that of shaving criminals previous to their execution, as here the penitent is supposed to be *bared* at his own request.—*M. Mason*.

⁴⁸ *It was the desire of the penitent to be so bared.*

“Bar'de,” eds. 1623, 1632, and 1663. “Barb'd,” ed. 1685. The old copy, as Malone observes, is certainly right. “Or the baring of my beard,” All's Well that ends Well. “*Glabellus, bare, without haire,*” Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584.

⁴⁹ *But, by chance, nothing of what is writ.*

The disguised friar produces a letter with the hand and seal of the Duke. You shall anon, says he to the Provost, over-read it at your pleasure, where you will find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor;—perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance *nothing of what is writ, i. e., nothing of what is truth or gospel.* So in Pericles:—

————— Each man
Thinks all is *writ* he spoken can.

So, somewhat similar, in Sir Thomas Elyot's Boke named the Governour, 1531—“I suppose no one thynketh that Esopc wrote *gospels.*” Warburton says, we should read “is *here writ,*” the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.—*White*.

⁵⁰ *Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.*

The starre that bids the shepheard fold,
Now the top of heav'n doth hold.

Milton's Comus, A Maske, &c., 4to. Lond. 1637, p. 4.

So doth the evening star present itself
Unto the careful shepherd's gladsome eyes,
By which unto the fold he leads his flock.

Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613, ap. Malone.

⁵¹ *But this shall absolutely resolve you.*

That is, shall entirely convince you.—*M. Mason.*

⁵² *As I was in our house of profession.*

A house of bad character was frequently termed a nunnery, and hence, as in the present passage, a house of profession. The following observations on the Clown, who is here speaking, are extracted from Douce:—

The clown in this play officiates as the tapster of a brothel; whence it has been concluded that he is not a domestic fool, nor ought to appear in the dress of that character. A little consideration will serve to show that the opinion is erroneous, that *this* clown is *altogether* a domestic fool, and that he should be habited accordingly. In Act II., Escalus calls him a *tedious fool*, and *Iniquity*, a name for one of the old stage buffoons. He tells him that he will have him *whipt*, a punishment that was very often inflicted on fools. In Timon of Athens we have a *strumpet's fool*, and a similar character is mentioned in the first speech in Antony and Cleopatra. But if any one should still entertain a doubt on the subject, he may receive the most complete satisfaction by an attentive examination of ancient prints, many of which will furnish instances of the common use of the domestic fool in brothels.

⁵³ *First, here's young master Rash.*

This name is probably taken from the silken or velvet stuff called *rash*, and there may be a pun intended. Rash is mentioned, with other descriptions of stuffs, in Harrison's Description of England, p. 163. "*Rascia*, a kinde of stuffe called silke rash," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, ed. 1598. "*Rascetta*, a kinde of fine silke rash," *ibid.* "*Rashe*, a kinde of stuffe, *velour ras*, *sericum rasile*," Minsheu. "*Silk rash*, *burail*," Howell, sect. 25. "*Burat*, silke-rash, or any kind of stuffe that's halfe silke and halfe worsted," Cotgrave. "And with mockado suit, and judgement rash, and tongue of saye," Taylor's Reply as true as Steele, 1641, ap. Malone.

I have not yet bethought myselfe, what thinkest thou fittest? That of broad cloath, of Florentine cloath *rash*, or Venetian stuffe, or taffata, satin, silke-grogram, cut or uncut, or figured velvet, that of cloath of gold, or of silver.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 4to. Lond. 1612.

For with the plainest plaine yee saw him goe,
In civill blacke of rash, of serge, or so.

An Aprill Shower, &c., on *R. Sacvile, Earl of Dorset*, 1624.

Be it therefore enacted, for the maintenance of the same trade in velvets, satins, sylkes, *rashe*, and other stuffs, as fitt for tearing as fine for wearing, &c.—*Sixth Decree of Christmas Prince*, p. 21.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tuff taffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain *rash* awhile, then nought at all.

Donne, Sat. iv. 31, ap. Nares.

University jests are his universal discourse, and his news the demeanour of the proctors; his phrase, the apparel of his mind, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest hath a *rash* outside, and fustian linings.—*The Overbury Characters.*

Their hands are made of *rash*,
 Their minds are made of say,
 Their love is like silk changeable,
 It lasteth but a day.

Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 114.

⁵⁴ *He's in for a commodity of brown paper.*

The borrowing money at a high rate of interest, and the principal portion of the consideration coming in the shape of "a commodity," was a fertile subject of satire. A case occurred so recently as 1850, where two clerks gave a bill for £60, receiving only £15 in money, and the remainder in three worthless pictures, so that the practice can scarcely be considered obsolete. The object was originally to avoid the penal statutes against usury. Wilson, in his Discourse upon Usury, 1572, thus puts the case:—"I have neede of money, and deale wyth a broaker; hee aunswerth me that hee cannot helpe me with moneye, but, yf I list to have wares, I shall speede: well, my necessité is great; he bryngeth mee blotting paper, pak-thread, fustians, chamlets, hauks bells and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my losse: he aunswereth not past twelve pounce in the hundred: when I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye in the hundred." Hawks' hoods are again mentioned, with cloth and brown paper, as usurers' commodities, in Michaelmas Terme, 1607. Some editors of the last century proposed unnecessarily to read, *brown pepper*. Gascoigne, in his Steele Glas, calls the encouraging of such extravagance,

To teach young men the trade to sell *brown paper*,
 Yea morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
 To make their coyne a net to eatch young frye.

The advantage is exactly stated by Greene (ap. Nares):

So that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and three score in wares, as lutestrings, hobby horses, or *brown paper*, &c.—*Defence of Coney-catching, 1592.*

He (an usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dicing-houses dayly, where, when some of them at play have lost all their mony, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them half the value. At the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world growes hard, and wee are all mortal; let him make any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds per consequence, in silks or velvets. The third time if they come, they shall have baser commodities; the fourth time, lute-strings and grey paper.—*Nash's Christes Teares over Jerusalem, 1594.*

It is very strongly marked in Lodge's Looking Glasse for London and Englande, 1598, where an usurer being very urgent for the repayment of his debt is

thus answered, "I pray you, sir, consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke up; you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirtie pounds in *lute strings*, which when I came to sell againe, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteene pounds for my fortie: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer." But this sort of usury is much older than Shakespeare's time, and is thus curiously described in one of the sermons of Father Maillard, a celebrated preacher at Paris at the end of the fifteenth century, and whose style very much resembles that of John Whitfield. "Quidam indigens pecunia venit ad thesaurarium supra quem fuerunt assignata mille scuta; dicit thesaurarius, Ego dabo tibi, sed pro nunc non habeo argentum; sed expectes usque ad quindecim dies. Pauper dicit, Non possum expectare; respondet thesaurarius, Dabo tibi unam partem in argento et alia in mercantiis: et illud quod valebit centum scuta, faciet valere ducenta. Hic est usura palliata,"—Sermo in feriam, iiii. de Passione.—*Douce*.

Your Lordshipe digged into my auncestores grave, and pulinge him from his three-score and tenne yeares reste, pronounced him an abominable ussurer and a merchante of browne paper, so hatefull and contemptible a creatur that playeres acted him before the Kinge with their greatt applaude.—*Letter of Sir John Hollis*, 1597, MS. Harl. 36.

A small matter: I knowe one spent, in lesse then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and another that ranne in det, in the space of foure or five yeere, above foureteene thousand pound in lute strings and gray paper.—*A Pleasant Comedie called Summers Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

And these are usurers: who for a little money, and a greate deale of trash, as fire-shovels, browne-paper, motley cloake-bags, &c., bring yong novices into a foolles paradice, till they have sealed the morgage of their landes, and then, like pedlers, goe they (or some familiar spirit for them raizde by the usurer) up and downe to cry commodities, which searee yeeld the third part of that sum for which they take them up.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606.

There be other usurers, which will not lend themselves, but give leave to their wives, and they play like hucksters, that is, every moneth a penny for a shilling, which is one hundred for another in the yeere. But that I was informed of them since this sermon was preached, I had left out our capitall usurers which will not lend any money, because they dare not require so much gaine as they would have; but if you would borrow an hundred pound, they will give you wares worth three-score pound, and you shall answeere them an hundred pound for it. These are the usurers generall, which lurke about the citie like rats, and wesels, and fulmers, of whom may be said the same which is said of the divels: They seeke whom they may devoure.—*Smith's Sermons*, 1607.

There is an account of the ancient practice of borrowing on commodities in Fennor's Compters Commonwealth, 1617, so exceedingly curious, that I am tempted to quote it at length:—"But some or one of my young gallants that never gives over plodding with himselfe how hee might get into the bookes of some gold-smith, habberdasher, silk-man, woollen or linnen-draper, hath some broker or other comming earely in a morning and certifies him, that if it pleased him, he should have a commodity that lay ready to bee carried away, if hee would enter into bond for it, nominating the same man that gave him the former repulse. My young heire (whose hart knocks against his ribs for joy) kindly bids the broaker wellcome, sends for a cup of wine, and drinkes to him with all his heart, resolving to entertaine his proffer upon any condition, protesting rather then he will let such a blest opportunity slip, will set his hands to more parchment then a whole flocke of sheepe are able to furnish a scrivener with; but my broaker (before instructed by the commodity-letter) tels him that though he heard him

speake something doubtfull of him, yet if he would be ruled by him, hee would undertake to make his credit passe as firme as any farmers or yeomen in Kent; for (saith hee) I am a great friend of this tradesmans, and make no doubt but may prevaile as much with him as any man in this towne, especially if you will bee ruled by me; you must not be too importunate, but as scornfull as he is disdainfull, tell him that you are your fathers heire, and that such lands he hath you must inherit, and that the entailement cannot be eut off, though he were never so hainous an enemie of yours; besides, you must tell him you are about to marry some rich widdow, which you know you might win, so that you could but have a hundred pound or two, to put your selfe in good cloathes. These spels charmes my poore prodigall, so at last he and the wolfe (that came as legate from the Tyger) go together, and finde my citizen busie in his shop, not taking any notice of their coming, but (as to other passingers) at first askes them what they laek, and what they would buy, but boldly they come into the shoppe, and after acquaintance taken, the broaker unfolds the matter, and the oecasion of their coming to him, telling him that he came with a friend of his about a commodity, and if hee were a friend, as hee alwaies tooke him to bee, as to condescend to the gentlemans request, and let him have an hundred pound: for (saith he) I know his friends are of faire possessions, he is his fathers eldest son; besides, on my conscience, he would not trouble you at this present, if he were not to marry with a rich widdow, whom he may lose for want of setting forth, and then no doubt, when the match is made up, but he will have an honest care to pay in your money, with a million of thankes for your kindnesse. Now all the while the broaker is pleading, mine innoent doth second him, and will rather then goe without his trinkets, binde whatsoever the broaker saith with halfe a seore oathes. The citizen begins to hearken after this, and protests to my greene gosling, that he would be glad to do any man a pleasure, but that he hath had so many losses already, and that he would bee willing to let him have an hundred pounds worth of commodities, if so be he thought it would redound to his good, and that hee might bee sure at the sixe moneths end to have his money paid in; the young gallant protests, the broaker warrants it, and at last, though very loa(t)h, the citizen condescends, but how, thus, that if hee could proeure as good a man as himselfe to be bound with him, he should have what ware he could desire, for, saith he, mans life is fraile and brittle, and you may die a fortnight or a weeke hence, for ought that I know, nay, to-morrow, or soone at night, and then where is mine hundred pound? therefore, good sir, looke out some of your most espeeciall and indeered friends, and get one of them to be bound with you, and you shall have the wares at a quarter of an houres warning. The tide now is turn'd, and Signior Unthrift put to his non-plus, and at last fals to intreat Master Broaker to bee the man, who for two or three daies together will by no meanes or perswasions bee won to enter into bond with him, except hee must share halfe. Is not this extreame and almost incredible villany, and most unconseionable dealings, thus to snare in the gentry of the land, and ruine his fortunes but newly in the spring, knowing that he will rather let him have three quarters of the commodity then goe without it, because, as many others do, hee would goc gallant, have money in his purse, and keepe company with satten and velvet outsides. But suppose the commodities are delivered, after they have both sealed the bonds (you must suppose the heire alwaies to bee the principall), how must these hobby-horses, reames of browne paper, Jewes-trumps and bables, babies and rattles, be solde? The gentleman is ashamed to proffer them to sale himselfe; no, he trusts the other that shares halfe with him, to put them off; who must be hired to sell them, and perhaps, when they are all solde out-right, will have to his owne share three quarters of them."

Observe but what a cousening lookc he has ;
 Hold up thy head, man ! If for drawing gallants
 Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heyres
 With your new counterfeit gold thred and gumm'd velvets,
 He does not transcend all that went before him,
 Call in his patent.—*Massinger's Bondman*, 1624.

But Nummius cas'd the needy gallant's care,
 With a base bargaine of his blowen ware,
 Of fusted hoppes now lost for lacke of sayle,
 Or mol'd *browne-paper* that could nought availc.—*Hall's Satires*.

For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever else, from six months to six months. Which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred besides the usury.—*Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*.

They bid him, if he cannot fasten his teeth upon plate, or cloath, or silkes, to lay hold on brown paper, or tobacco, Bartholomew babies, lute-strings or hobnayles, or two hundred pounds in Saint Thomas' onions, and the rest in money; the onions they could get wenches enough to cry, and sell them by the rope, and what remaines should serve them with mutton.—*Decker's English Villanies*, 1632.

His prime associate. Ile lay a hundred pound,
 I guessc by his physiognomy his businesse,
 Hee is either trudging now unto a broaker,
 Or to invite some new heire to a breakefast,
 To seale for the commodity; or else
 Wandring abroad to skelder for a shilling
 Amongst your bowling alleyes; most commonly
 There lyes his scene; or perhapps man some whore,
 A province that he usually adorne.

S. Marmyon's Fine Companion, 4to. Lond. 1633.

— to have been so bit already
 With taking up commodities of brown paper,
 Buttons past fashion, silks, and sattins,
 Babies and children's fiddles, with like trash
 Took up at a dear rate, and sold for trifles.

A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636.

— I do bequeath you
Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthreads,
 Roast pork and puddings, gingerbread, and Jews-trumps,
 Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper.—*The Spanish Curate*.

⁵⁵ *Ginger was not much in request.*

Ginger, as Douce observes, was formerly held in very great repute, especially among elderly persons. "I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger," Merchant of Venice. "It is very profitable for the aged, for such as are phlegmaticke and full of crude, flatulent moysture in their stomackes, especially in cold and moyst seasons; but the use of it is not so good in hot seasons, nor for them that are by constitution cholericke," Venner's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, ed. 1628, p. 104. "Greene ginger, condite with hony, warmes olde mens bellyes, or dry, moderately used: In hot weather, for olde, phlegmaticke, or troubled with winde," Buttes' *Dyets Dry Dinner* consisting of eight severall Courses, 1599. The following note is extracted from Douce:

Sir Thomas Elyot, in his *Castle of Health*, 1580, says, it comforts the head and stomach, and being green and well confectioned, quickens remembrance, if it be taken in a morning fasting. In Ben Jonson's masque of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies*, a country wench laments the being robbed of "a dainty race of *ginger*;" and in the old play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, a clown charges a thief with having "taken the great race of ginger, that bouncing Besse with the jolly buttocks should have had." In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the citizen's wife gives a man who had been soundly beaten some *green ginger* to comfort him. Ginger was used likewise to spice ale. In Lodge's *Looking Glasse for London and England*, the clown says, "He tell you, sir, if you did taste of the ale, all Ninivie hath not such a cup of ale; it floures in the eup, sir; by my troth, I spent eleven pence, besides *three rases of ginger*."

⁵⁶ *Master Three-pile the mercer.*

Three-pile velvet was the costliest kind, and, as Nares observes, it seems to have been thought that there was a threefold accumulation of the outer substance, or pile. Mercers, in Shakespeare's time, dealt in other articles besides silks, satins, and velvets. Even pepper is mentioned as an article of their merchandize, in the *Rich Cabinet of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616, p. 80. More-dew the Mercer, in the *Witts Recreations*, 1654, is represented as dealing in what are now mercer's articles; and the general-dealing mercer seems to have disappeared about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Item, for my lady, fourteene yardes of the best *three pylde* velvet for a loose gowne, with sixe yardes of peach-coloured satine for her petticoate.—*Greene's Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

Velvet, in Spanish, is called *Tertio-pelo*, as much to say in English as *three piles*. A Spanish courtier promised one of his men his suite of erimson *tertio-pelo*, viz. of erimson velvet, but wore it himselfe afterward till it became all pill'd and bare, and withall ought his man three quarters wages. It chanced on a day, that, going to the court, he missed his serving-man, and sent another of his men to seeke him out, and to bid him meete him in such a place: Whereunto the fellow thus answered the messenger: Tell my maister if he meane I should come waite on him, that he send me my *tertio*: viz. my three quarters wages, for as for the *pelo*, viz. the piles, that is already all-too-pill'd.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

The basilisk and eagle cannot match his eye-sight, for hee can looke through buffe or *three-piled* velvet but with his needles eye.—*Stepheus' Essayes*, 1615.

No velvets piles, two piles, pile and halfe pile,
No plush, or grograines, could adorne this ile;
No cloth of silver, gold, or tissue, here.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁵⁷ *For some four suits of peach-colour'd satin.*

In a sumptuary decree which appeared in 1597, it was ordered that no one under the degree of a knight's eldest son wear satin in "gownes, clokes, coates, or other uppermost garment," Egerton Papers, p. 250.

⁵⁸ *Then have we here young Dizzy.*

Dizie, ed. 1623; Dizzy, ed. 1632. This name, observes Steevens, like the rest, must have been designed to convey some meaning. It might have been corrupted from *Dicey*, i. e. one addicted to *dice*; or from *Dizzy*, i. e. giddy, thoughtless. Thus, Milton styles the people—"the *dizzy* multitude."

⁵⁹ *Aud master Forthright the tiller.*

The folio of 1623 reads *Forthlight*, the present reading having been suggested

by Dr. Johnson as more appropriate for the name of a tilter. Forthright, a straight line,—Tempest, and Troilus and Cressida. The old copy here prints *Mr.* for *Master*, and one critic suggests there is a distinction between gentlemen and tradesmen, the first being *misters* and the second *masters*. This seems fanciful. In Shakespeare's time, the usual prefix was Master. There is a ludicrous instance in an early book-advertisement, where an edition of Euclid is described as "Master Euclid's Elements of Plaine Geometry." Mr. Dyce quotes the following decisive passage from Sharpham's *Fleire*, 1610 :

"*Ruff*. What gallants use to come to your house?—*Fle*. All sorts, all nations, and all trades: there is first *Master* Gallant your Britaine, *Master* Metheglins your Welchman, Mounsiour Mustroome [sic] the Frenchman, Segniour Fumada the Spaniard, *Master* Oscabath the Irishman, and *Master* Shamrough his Lackey; O, and *Master* Slopdragon the Dutchman. *Then for your tradesmen*, there comes first *Master* Saluberrimum the Physitian, *Master* Smooth the silkeman, *Master* Thimble the Taylor, *Master* Blade the Cutler, and *Master* Rowell the Spurrier; but *Master* Match the Gunner of Tower-hill comes often."

It is worth observation that Ritson defends the old reading, *Forthlight*, as it "probably contains an allusion to the fencer's threat of making the light shine through his antagonist," Remarks, 1783, p. 24.

⁶⁰ *And brave master Shoe-tie, the great traveller.*

"And brave Mr. Shootie," ed. 1623. The word seems formerly to have been pronounced *shooty*: at least, it is made to rhyme with *duty* in *Hudibras*, if that be any proof. Some editors unnecessarily read *Shooter*. As the person described was a traveller, observes Steevens, it is not unlikely that he might be solicitous about the minutiae of dress; and the epithet *brave*, or *showy*, seems to countenance the supposition.

Sweet-faced Corinna, daine the *riband tie*
Of thy corke-shooe, or els thy slave will die.—*Marston's Satires*.
That so much scarf of France, and hat and feather,
And *shoe*, and *tye*, and garter, should come hither.

Ben Jonson's Epigram upon English Monsieur.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:—"I think your wedding *shoes* have not been oft *untied*."

Again, in Randolph's *Muses' Looking Glass*, 1638:—"Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands, honouring *shoe-strings*."—*Steevens*.

⁶¹ *And wild Half-can that stabb'd pots.*

The last word is generally printed as if it were a proper name, but the meaning, I think, refers to a person who was so accustomed to excessive potations, that he hacked at the pots out of which he had been drinking. The word is not printed, in the first folio, in italics, which is generally the case with proper names.

In the year 1604, says Wilson the historian, "the sword and buckler trade being out of date, diverse sects of vicious persons, under the title of *roaring boys*, *bravadoes*, *roysters*, &c. commit many insolencies; the streets swarm night and day with quarrels: private duels are fomented, especially between the English and Scotch: and great feuds between protestants and papists." A proclamation was published to restrain these enormities; which proving ineffectual, the legislature interposed, and the act commonly called the statute of stabbing, 1 Jac. I. c. 8, was made. This statute, as Sir Michael Foster observes, was principally intended to put a stop to the outrages above enumerated, "committed by persons of inflammable spirits and deep resentment, who, wearing short daggers under their cloaths, were too well prepared to do quick and effectual execution upon provocations ex-

tremely slight." King James's first parliament met on the 19th of March, 1603-4, and sat till the 7th of July following. From the time of James's accession to the throne great animosity subsisted between the English and Scotch; and many of the outrageous acts which gave rise to the statute of stabbing, had been committed in the preceding year, about the end of which year I suppose Measure for Measure to have been written.—*Malone*.

⁶² *All great doers in our trade.*

The term *trade* was licentious and technical.

Lit. Tis no matter so long as his purse is well cram'd.—*Cro.* His purse that shee lookes after is lanke enough I warrant it; it greives mee to the heart, that such a young beginner as my mistrisse should have no better hopes of trading.—*The Fine Companion*, 1633.

And lest they should be lost, it is ordain'd,
That bookes within a library are chain'd;
So he that to himselfe will keepe a whore,
Must chaine her, or shee'le *trade* with forty more.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁶³ *And are now for the Lord's sake.*

That is, they are now reduced to beggary, to pray a donation to the prisoners' poor-box, the cry for which was,—For the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake! The annexed curious representation of a prisoner soliciting alms in this way is taken from the engraved frontispiece to Braithwait's *Honest Ghost*, or a Voice from the Vault, 12mo. 1658. Even within the present century, the Fleet prison had a sort of iron cage, in which one of the debtors on the poor side rattled a money-box, exclaiming, "Pray remember the poor debtors." Sharpham, in his comedy of the *Fleire*, mentions a "very prisoner's box that's ope for every man's benevolence;" and a character in *Cupid's Whirligig* observes,—“I am none of these Ludgations that beg for foure score and ten poore men; my suite is only for myselfe.”



It appears, says *Malone*, from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed in *Davies's 'Seourge of Folly*, consisting of satyricall Epigramms, &c., about the year 1611, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt, addressed passengers :

Good gentle writers, *for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,*
Like *Ludgate pris'ner*, lo, I, *begging*, make
My mone to you.

Again, in *Nashe's Apologie of Pieree Pennilesse*, 1593 :—“At that time that thy joys were in the *Fleeting*, and thou crying *for the Lord's sake*, out at an iron window, in a lane not far from *Ludgate-hill*.”—*Malone*.

A very curious passage in confirmation of this has occurred to Mr. Singer in *Baret's Alvearie*, 1573, under the word '*Interest*, or the borrowing of usurie monecy wherewith to pay my debt.'—‘And therefore methinke it is prettily sayd in Grammar that *Interest* will be joynd with *Mea, Tua, Sua, Nostra, Vestra*, and *Cuia*, only in the ablative case, because they are pronouns possessives. For how great so ever his possessions, goodes, or lands be that haunteth the company of this impersonall, if now perchance he be able to keepe three persons, at length he shall not be able to keepe one: yea he himselfe shall shortly becom

such an impersonall, that he shall be counted as nobody, without any countenance, credit, person, or estimation among men. And when he hath thus filched, and fleeced his *possessive* so long till he hath made him as rich as a new shorn sheepe, then will he turn him to commons *into Ludgate*: where for his ablative case he shall have a dative cage, *craving and crying at the grate, your worships' charitie for the Lord's sake.*'

Well, Jupiter, we shall have Plutus lodge you in Ludgate shortly to take up your shop, and make your thunderbolts there, and cry lamentably, 'For the Lord's sake, Bread, bread for the poore prisoners;' unlesse you can morgage the golden or silver age to give better security to your creditour.—*Randolph's Pleasant Comedie entituled, Hey for Honesty, 1651.*

I had quickly enough of this sort of company: for I found most of 'em as wicked as my self, and therefore had little need of a temptator. Upon which I jump'd thro' the grate of the *begging window* under the arch, and chanc'd to fall thro' the chink into the prisoners money-box, but found it so empty that I could not forbear thinking, if any thing damn'd this magnificent city, it must be the want of charity. I thought it a great dishonour for so generous a spirit as a devil to be caught picking of the poor's box, so made as quick a repassage as I could into the open air, lest some liberal doctor of the holy law should have stopt up the cranny with a crown piece, and have pounded my devilship within the iron area; but have since found I was more affraid than hurt, for that the charity of the church loves home so well, it seldom comes abroad a visiting.—*The Infernal Wanderer, 1702, p. 5.*

Pope reads—and are now *in* for the Lord's sake, perhaps unnecessarily. In King Henry IV, Part I., Falstaff says—"there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and *they are for* the town's end,—to beg during life."—*Malone.*

⁶⁴ *Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?*

There is some little confusion in what the Clown says respecting the mode in which Barnardine is to be executed. The axe and block are spoken of, but the former keeps insisting upon it that he is to be hanged. It is possible this is intentional, to heighten the Clown's humour.

⁶⁵ *I would desire you to clap into your prayers.*

Clap, to strike, to strike off. Hence, to commence very briskly, to set to work at once. "Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting," As You Like It.

⁶⁶ *Look forward on the journey you shall go.*

We are now
Going our latest journey, and together,
Our only comfort: we desire, pray give it,
Your charity to our ashes.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country, act v. sc. 4.

⁶⁷ *After him, fellows: bring him to the block.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to assign this line, as well as the next, to the Provost, but Tyrwhitt observes, the latter, by his question to the Duke, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has passed between him and Barnardine. The fact seems to be that, in strict propriety, the line would be more correctly spoken by the Provost; but it should be recollected that the Duke is speaking in disgust at Barnardine's language, and may well be imagined to have momentarily forgotten his resignation of authority.

⁶⁸ *To transport him in the mind he is.*

To transport, to remove him, that is, to the next world. "To transport, carrie or convey over, remove from one place to another," Cotgrave.

⁶⁹ *One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate.*

Wherever Shakespeare met with the name of Ragozine, it should seem to be a metathesis of the French Argousin, or the Italian Argosino, an officer or lieutenant on board a galley; and, as Menage conjectures, a corruption of the Spanish *Alguasil*. See Carpentier, Suppl. ad gloss. Dufresne, under the word *Argoisillo*.—Douce. "Rogavine," ed. 1685.

⁷⁰ *Till he were well inclined.*

They must omit him (or the hanging him) a great while before the prisoner would be well inclined to submit:—but "inclined" here means "disposed" or "prepared" for death, by religious exercises.—*Seymour*. This critic unnecessarily proposes to omit *do* in the previous line, on account of the metre.

⁷¹ *To yonder generation.*

Yond, ed. 1623. Mr. Knight's criticism on this line seems preferable to the notes of the other commentators:—"The original is *yond*, in which the printer no doubt followed the contraction of the writer. But in modern editions we have the *under* generation, "which change," Johnson says, "was made by Hanmer with true judgment." Shakespeare has, indeed, in *Richard II.*, alluded to the *antipodes* in a poetical figure:—

—— When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world.

But what is gained in the passage before us by perplexing the time when the Duke assures the Provost he shall find his safety manifested? The scene takes place before the dawning: Claudio is to be executed by four of the clock; the Duke says—'As near the dawning, provost, as it is, you shall hear more ere morning.' Subsequently, when the morning is come, Isabella is told 'the Duke comes home *to-morrow*.' Speaking, then, in the dark prison, before sunrise, nothing can be more explicit than the Duke's statement that before the sun has twice made his daily greeting to *yonder* generation,—that is, to the life without the walls,—the Provost shall be assured of his safety. But at the time when he was speaking, it would be evening at the antipodes; and if the Provost waited for his safety till the sun had twice risen upon the *under* generation, he would have to wait till a third day before he received that assurance: and this contradicts what is afterwards said of *to-morrow*."—"Yonder generations," Chedworth's Notes, 1805, p. 41.

⁷² *To meet me at the consecrated fount.*

Barnaby Rich, in his *New Description of Ireland*, 1610, has a very curious chapter on holy wells, describing several in that country, and enumerating their virtues. "I might," he says, "speak of divers other wels, for I think there is neyther apostle nor patriarch that never came neere unto Ireland, and yet there be welles, fountaines, and other holy places that be attributed unto them: but if I should speake of the wonders and myracles which they say are wrought there, it would make a more admirable history then that of Sir John Mandevile: it woulde undoo all the physitians in England and Ireland: for at those holy wels, and at many other of those sanctified places, the blinde are made to see, the lame are made to goe, the cripple is restored to his limbes, or what disease soever, never so strange, never so inveterate, which is not there cured."

⁷³ *By cold gradation and well-balanced form.*

That is, slowly and majestically. The old copy reads *weale-ballanc'd*, corrected by Pope. "And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung," Milton.

⁷⁴ *When it is least expected.*

A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy.—*Johnson*.

⁷⁵ *And you shall have your bosom on this wretch.*

Your bosom, that is, your wish, your heart's desire.—*Dr. Johnson*. So, in the next line,—“revenges to your heart.”

⁷⁶ *Say, by this token.*

The method of inculcating the trustworthiness of a messenger by the mention of a token or circumstance, was exceedingly common in Shakespeare's time; and the following extract from a letter from Daniel Baker to Richard Quincy, 1598, the original of which is preserved in the Corporation archives of Stratford-on-Avon, will be sufficient to illustrate the practice:—"Yff it bee not paid, and that you canot procure monic to paie it for mee, then I pray you take so moch paines as to goe to Mr. Spencer and borow so moch for mec, or even 4*li.*, by that *toaken* that hee promysed that Edward Tybbates should com to Stretford to take band of my brother Sturlie and mee for 50*li.*, and I know hee will not saie mee naie."

⁷⁷ *I am combined by a sacred vow.*

Combine seems to be here used in an oblique sense from *combine*, to join hands in contract. "Combining hands," *Historye of Captaine Stukeley*, 1605. *Dr. Johnson* proposed to read *confined*, but afterwards withdrew the conjecture.

And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,
And as thy veines mine owne true blood combine.

Chapman's tr. of Homer's Odyssees, p. 251.

⁷⁸ *The old fantastical duke of dark corners.*

Hanmer alters *old* to *odd*, but, as *Johnson* observes, the former is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language. "Has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hair, and coveted corners," *Westward Hoe*, 1607. "There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, deserves a corner," *Henry VIII.*

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.—*Horat.*

⁷⁹ *The best is, he lives not in them.*

That is, he exists not in the kind of life indicated by your slanders. "The practise of it lives in John the Bastard," *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv.

⁸⁰ *He's a better woodman than thou takest him for.*

"Woodmen seeme to be those in the forest that have their charge especially to looke to the King's woods," *Cowell's Interpreter*, ed. 1637. "And wondre ye not though I sey wodemanly, for it is a poynt of a wodemannys crafte; and though it be wele fittyng to an hunter to kun it, yet natheles it longeth more to a wodemannys crafte," *Boke of Huntyng*, MS. The above is the primitive sense of the word, but it came to be often used in Shakespeare's time, and afterwards, as nearly synonymous with a hunter in woods, especially one who chased deer. Several attorneys and others, "all men of mettall, and good woodmen, I mean old notorious deer stealers, well armed, came in the night-time to Michaelwood, with deer-nets and dogs, to steale deer," *Fosbroke's Hist. Glouc.* i. 125. "He is no woodman that

doth bend his bow, To strike a poor unseasonable doe," Rape of Lucrece, 1594. "A good huntsman is a good woodman," Taylor's Workes, 1630. The two woodmen, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, 1622, are simply foresters, one of whom has lodged the deer, and the other swears by his bow. The term is used in the text in a metaphorical and wanton sense, another instance of a similar usage occurring in the Faithful Shepherdess,—“when I leave to be the true admirer of thy chastity, let me deserve the hot polluted name of a wild woodman.” Compare the Chances, ed. 1647, p. 4,—“Well, well, sonne John, I see ye are a woodman, and can chuse your deere, though it be i' th' darke.” Falstaff, in Windsor Park, asks his mistresses whether he is not a woodman.

⁸¹ *Else have married me to the rotten medlar.*

Her teeth are fallen out; marry, her nose and chin intend very shortly to be friends, and meet about it. Her years are sixty and odd; that she counts her best time of trading; for a *bawd is like a medlar*, she is not ripe, till she be rotten.—*Twelve Ingenious Characters*, 1686.

⁸² *In most uneven and distracted manner.*

This is printed as prose in the first folio, and no doubt rightly. One editor has unsuccessfully endeavoured to convert it into poetry.

⁸³ *And re-deliver our authorities there.*

“Reliver,” ed. 1623; “deliver,” ed. 1632, which latter is perhaps the correct reading, but it is not worth while to disturb the ordinarily received text.

⁸⁴ *Give notice to such men of sort and suit.*

“Sort and suit,” figure and rank.—*Johnson*. Not so, as I imagine, in this passage. In the feudal times all vassals were bound to hold *suit* and *service* to their over-lord; that is, to be ready at all times to attend and serve him, either when summoned to his courts, or to his standard in war. “Such men of sort and suit as are to meet him,” I presume, means the duke's vassals or tenants *in capite*.—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.—*Steevens*.

⁸⁵ *Makes me unpregnant.*

In the first scene the duke says that Esecalus is *pregnant*, that is, ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant*, therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared*.—*Steevens*.

⁸⁶ *How might she tongue me.*

The similar verb is used in Greek,—*ἐπιγλωσσάομαι*. “A dish of tongue, a good scolding, a smart reproof,” Craven Glossary, ii. 213. “And toong-ripe in her rhetorick doth run,” Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, 1599.

⁸⁷ *Yet reason dares her no.*

No is here used for *not*, as in *A Wife for a Moneth*, ed. 1647, p. 61,—“I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no;” and again, in the *Comedy of Errors*,—“if no, then thou art doom'd to die.” Yet reason dares her not, that is, her reason or reflection does not challenge or prompt her to tongue me, will not make her dare to do it. “Unless a brother should a brother dare to gentle exercise,” *Henry IV*. “What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him,” *Henry VI*. Theoba'd suggests, “dars her note;” and some editors place a break after *dars*, with the following explanation,—“That is, yet the reason and justice of her cause may possibly furnish her with boldness enough to surmount even her regard for her own honour, which must necessarily suffer by the discovery. No, upon better con-

sideration, neither can this motive have any influence: for how can she hope to be believed in contradiction to so established a character as mine?"

⁸⁸ *For my authority bears off a credent bulk.*

That is, my authority or office bears off, carries with it, or invests me with a bulk or body so credent, enforcing credit, that no private scandal can be spoken without at once recoiling on the person who utters it. In the first folio, *off* is spelled *of*, but these two words were often interchangeable in the old orthography. If the latter be retained, it may be considered one of the many instances of redundant prepositions. Various unnecessary emendations have been suggested, e. g.,—my authority bears a credent bulk—my authority bears such a credent bulk—my authority bears so credent bulk—my authority bears off a credence. The last named alteration occurs in an annotated copy of the fourth folio in the possession of Mr. Quincy of Boston. Mr. Singer, *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 13, proposes,—“For my authority here’s of a credent bulk.”

The *bulke* of man’s as darke as Erebus,
No branch of Reason’s light hangs in his trunk.
Marston’s Antonio and Mellida, 4to. Lond. 1602.

No force for that, my might commaundeth right:
Her privie maime her open cryes will staye;
Or, if not so, my frowning will hir fright,
And thus shall rule conceale my filthy deede.
Whetstone’s Promos and Cassandra, 1578.

⁸⁹ *With dangerous sense.*

“With a feeling of his wrongs that might suggest a dangerous revenge: dangerous sense is formidable indignation,” Seymour, who proposes to read, in the next line but one, “*for so receiving.*”

⁹⁰ *Alack, when once our grace we have forgot.*

“For that man’s darke, where heaven is quite forgot,” *Yorkshire Tragedie*, not so New as Lamentable and True, ed. 1619.

⁹¹ *Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.*

Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place.—*Johnson*.

⁹² *These letters at fit time deliver me.*

The pronoun *me* is redundant, as in numerous other cases. These letters do not necessarily refer to the introduction of Peter in the next act, for the friar, as *Johnson* observes, tells his story without any credentials.

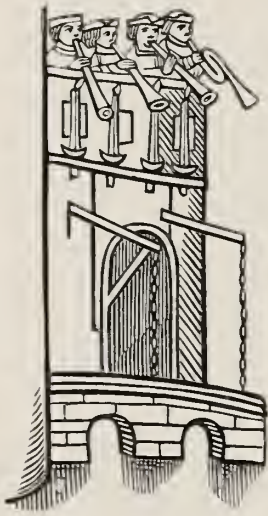
This play has two friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene.—*Johnson*.

⁹³ *To Valentinus.*

This is printed *Valencius* in ed. 1623. The above, the usual correction, was probably suggested by the name of Valentinus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

⁹⁴ *And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate.*

Mr. Fairholt has kindly furnished me with the following interesting note and illustration of this passage:—“The custom of



placing trumpeters at the gates of a town upon the approach of noble personages was one of constant occurrence in the middle ages, and the illuminated MSS. frequently depict these scenes, particularly those which illustrate the *Chronicles of Froissart* and *Monstrelet*. The annexed illustration is copied from one of the earliest printed books descriptive of a royal pageant, entitled, ‘*La tryumphant et solemnelle entree faicte sur le novuel et ioyeus advenement de tres hault, tres puissant, et tres excellent prince Monseieur Charles prince des Hespaignes, Archiduc d’Austrice, Duc de Bourgogne, Comte de Flandres, &c., en sa ville de Bruges l’an mil. v. cen. xv.*’ The Pageant was printed the same year in Paris by Gilles de Tourmont, and contains a curious series of wood-cuts illustrative of the shows and ceremonies exhibited on the occasion. The engraving represents the Gate of the City (la porte

Saincte Croix) by which Charles (afterwards the Emperor Charles V) entered; the trumpeters being arranged to receive him upon the battlements above the draw-bridge.”

⁹⁵ *To speak so indirectly, I am loath.*

Without the warrant or direction of truth, or it may be, *deviating from the direct course of truth.*—*Seymour*.

⁹⁶ *He says, to veil full purpose.*

“He saies, to vaile full purpose,” ed. 1623. *Veil* was commonly spelt *vail*, as in the *Merchant of Venice*, fol. ed., p. 174,—“the beautious scarfe vailing an Indian beautie.” To veil full purpose, that is, to conceal the whole extent of the design. Theobald proposed to read, “t’availful purpose,” and Upton, “to ’vailful purpose,” the latter a common aphæresis in early English. There does not appear to be any real necessity for disturbing the original text.

⁹⁷ *The generous and gravest citizens.*

That is, the *most noble*, &c. *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense. “*Virgo generosa et nobilis*,” Cicero. Shakespeare uses it again in *Othello*.—*Steevens*.

⁹⁸ *Have hent the gates.*

Hente, to seize, hold, or take, A.-S. It is here the participle past,—have seized or taken possession of the gates. “I hente, I take by vyolence, or to cache,” Palsgrave. “Every knyght his stede hente,” Syr Tryamour.

But chiefly good Aeneas did the case full sore lament
Of stout Orontes and Amicus, whom the seas had hent;

And otherwhiles he sighed sore for Licus pittious fall,
And mightie Gias and Cloanthus mournd he most of all.

Virgil, translated by Thomas Phaer, 1600.

Mo. *Hent* him, for dern love *hent* him; I done drad
His visage foul, yfrounct with glowing eyn.

Have. I come t' excuse my ruder usage of you.
I was in drink when that I did it; 'twas
The plot of those base knaves, I hear are gone,
To teach me valour by the strength of wine;
Naming that courage which was only fury.

Cartwright's Ordinary, 8vo. Lond. 1651.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.* Enter, *at opposite sides,*¹ DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud;² and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard³
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief;
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.⁴

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O, prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,⁵
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,⁶
 Be an arch villain; believe it, royal prince;
 If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
 Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependeny of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.⁷

Isab. O, gracious duke,
 Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
 For inequality;⁸ but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
 And hide the false seems true.⁹

Duke. Many that are not mad,
 Have, sure, more laek of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemn'd upon the aet of fornieation
 To lose his head; eondemn'd by Angelo:
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio,
 As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an 't like your graee:
 I eame to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
 To try her graeios fortune with lord Angelo,
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
 Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
 A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. 'The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
 To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.¹⁰

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me,¹¹ and how I replied,
(For this was of much length); the vild conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,¹²
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting,¹³ he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!¹⁴

Duke. By heaven! fond wretch,¹⁵ thou know'st not what thou
speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemeney he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on,
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!¹⁶—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you 'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.¹⁷
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? 'This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a sauey friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,¹⁸
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust,¹⁹ a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo), came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.²⁰ First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly²¹ and personally accused),
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA* is carried off, guarded; and
MARIANA comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?
 O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
 Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
 In this I'll be impartial;²² be you judge
 Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
 First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
 Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?²³

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are
 neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
 To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
 And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
 I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
 That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
 She, that accuses him of fornication,
 In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
 And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
 When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
 With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just my lord, and that is Angelo,
 Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
 But knows, he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. 'This is a strange abuse:²⁴—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,²⁵
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition;²⁶ but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal²⁷ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.²⁸
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone! think'st thou thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,²⁹
 Were testimonies against his worth and eredit,
 That 's seal'd in approbation?³⁰—You, lord Esealus,
 Sit with my eousin; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd:
 There is another friar that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this eomplaint:
 Your provost knows the plaee where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [Exit PROVOST.]
 And you, my noble and well-warranted eousin,
 Whom it eoneerns to hear this matter forth,³¹
 Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
 In any chastisement. I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
 Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it throughly.³²—[Exit DUKE.]
 Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowiek to
 be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but
 in his elowthes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches
 of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and
 enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable
 fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again [to an Attendant];
 I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to
 question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately, she
 would sooner confess: perhancee, publiely, she 'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE in the FRIAR'S
 habit, and PROVOST.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.³³

Escal. Come on, mistress [to ISABELLA]: here 's a gentle-
 woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place!³⁴ and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox, Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust Thus to retort your manifest appeal,³⁵ And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar! Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain? and then to glance from him To th' duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; to th' rack with him:³⁶—We'll touse you joint by joint,

But we will know his purpose:³⁷ What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own; his subject am I not, Nor here provincial:³⁸ My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble, Till it o'errun the stew:³⁹ laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,⁴⁰ As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate:
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I
met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said
of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a
fool, and a coward,⁴¹ as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make
that my report; you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more,
much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the
nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,⁴² after his
treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with
him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to
prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—
Away with those giglots⁴³ too, and with the other confederate
companion. [The PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE.]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you
baldpated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show
your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheepbiting
face, and be hang'd an hour!⁴⁴ Will 't not off?

[Pulls off the FRIAR'S hood, and discovers the DUKE.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir [to LUCIO]; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

[To ESCALUS.]

We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave: [To ANGELO.]
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office?⁴⁵ If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.⁴⁶ Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:⁴⁷
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which, consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and PROVOST.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising and holy⁴⁸ to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.⁴⁹

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.⁵⁰
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,⁵¹
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,⁵²
Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose:⁵³ But peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation⁵⁴
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very merey of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,⁵⁵ —
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested :
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage :⁵⁶
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;
Away with him !

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband !⁵⁷

Duke. It is your husband moek'd you with a husband :
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,⁵⁸
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, —

[*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;
Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [*to* LUCIO] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord ! — Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you serviee.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :⁵⁹
Should she kneel down, in merey of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari.

Isabel,

Sweet Isabel! do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab.

Most bounteous sir,

[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,⁶⁰
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,⁶¹
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way:⁶² thoughts are no subjects,⁶³—
Intent but merely thoughts.⁶⁴

Mari.

Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov.

Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:⁶⁵
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke.

What's he?

Prov.

His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit PROVOST.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And laek of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I proeure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd,
But, for those earthly faults,⁶⁶ I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother,⁶⁷ [*to ISABELLA*] for his sake
Is he pardon'd: and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:⁶⁸
Look that you love your wife;⁶⁹ her worth, worth yours.⁷⁰—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon:⁷¹—
You, sirrah [*to LUCIO*], that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,⁷² an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:⁷³
If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would
please you, I might be whipp'd!

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,—

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her,
Thy slanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behinde that is more gratefull.
Thanks Prouost for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabell,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

- Vincenzio: the Duke.
- Angelo, the Deputie.
- Escalus, an ancient Lord.
- Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
- Lucio, a fantastique.
- 2. Other like Gentlemen.
- Prouost.

- Thomas. } 2. Friers.
- Peter. }
- Elbow, a simple Constable.
- Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
- Clowne.
- Abhorson, an Executioner.
- Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
- Isabella, sister to Claudio.
- Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
- Juliet, beloued of Claudio.
- Francisca, a Nun.
- Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.



If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
 (As I have heard him swear himself, there 's one
 Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
 And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore!
 Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my
 lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
 Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits:⁷⁴—Take him to prison:
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,⁷⁵ whip-
 ping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
 She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
 Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;⁷⁶
 I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
 There 's more behind that is more gratulate.⁷⁷
 Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
 Th' offence pardons itself.⁷⁸—Dear Isabel,
 I have a motion much imports your good;
 Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
 What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
 So, bring us to our palace, where we 'll show
 What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *Enter at opposite sides.*

The original reads, "at several doors," alluding to the doors on each side of our old primitive theatres, through which the actors passed.

² *O, your desert speaks loud.*

"Promos, the good report of your good government I heare," Historie of Promos and Cassandra, Seconde Part, act i. sc. 9.

³ *Vail your regard.*

To vail, to lower. "That is," says Dr. Johnson, "withdraw your thoughts from higher things; let your notice descend upon a wronged woman." Minsheu has, "to vaile, id est, to put, cast, let fall, or fell downe." The term also occurs in Promos and Cassandra,—*"vail thou thine ears."*

⁴ *Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.*

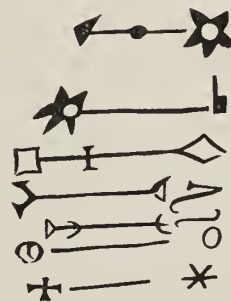
That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing more *strange*, but if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*.—*Johnson*.

⁵ *May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute.*

As shy; as reserved, as abstracted: *as just*; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty.—*Johnson*.

⁶ *In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms.*

"In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office," Dr. Johnson. *Characts* (caracts, ed. 1623), characters, signs. In the Dialogue of Dives and Pauper, printed by R. Pynson, 1493, ap. Brand, among superstitious practices then in use, the following are censured: "Or use any charmes in gadering of herbes, or hangynge of scrowes aboute man or woman or childe or beest for any seknesse, with any scripture, or figures, and *carectes*, but if it be pater noster, ave, or the crede, or holy wordes of the gospel, or of holy wryt, for devocion nat for curioustie, and only with the tokene of the holy crosse." The term was especially applied to any cabalistic or magical signs, as for instance to the unintelligible characters here engraved from a magical manuscript of the sixteenth century in the possession of Lord Londesborough. The following instances of the term are extracted from the notes of Tyrwhitt,



Steevens, and Blackstone. "With his carrecte would him enchaunt . . . And read his carecte in the wise . . . Through his carectes and figures . . . And his carecte, as he was taught, he rad," Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*. "That he use ne hide no charme ne carecte," Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 81. The Stat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2, directed the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain characts under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the diocese." In the last instance, Blackstone says that characts mean inscriptions.

⁷ *As e'er I heard in madness.*

Gildon, in his alteration of this play, 4to. 1700, p. 40, reads,—“as ne're was heard in madness.” Seymour suggests to read *that* in the place of *as*. It is evident, from Isabella's answer, that the Duke means to insinuate he thinks her quite out of her senses.

⁸ *Do not banish reason from inequality.*

The meaning seems to be this,—Do not conclude there is no reason or truth in my words, because they happen to be apparently inconsistent or improbable. That Isabella is speaking of herself pointedly in regard to the truth of her own language, clearly appears from the context,—harp not on that,—but let *your* reason serve. Dr. Johnson explains it differently,—“let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me;” but Isabella is merely repeating her previous words,—“that thou neglect me not, with that opinion that I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible that which but seems unlike.”

⁹ *And hide the false, seems true.*

That is, by a common ellipsis,—and hide the false, which seems true. Isabella, observes Douce, requests of the Duke to exert his reason to discover truth where it seems hid, and to suppress falsehood where it has the semblance of truth. Theobald reads,—*Not* hide the false seems true; and Phelps,—*And hid*, the false seems true. Malone thus explains the old text,—*And for ever hide*, that is, plunge into eternal darkness, the false one, Angelo, who now seems honest. Theobald's suggestion is best supported by Isabella's subsequent prayer,—“Oh, you blessed ministers above, unfold the evil which is here wrapt up in countenance!”

¹⁰ *The phrase is to the matter.—Mended again.*

Suited to the matter; as in *Hamlet*,—“the phrase would be more german to the matter.” I think, observes Malone, we ought to read:—*Mend it* again—the matter:—proceed:—Correct that phrase when you have occasion to speak again of the deputy—you left off at matter—*proceed*. The corruption might easily have arisen in transcribing, from the similarity of sounds.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd.*

Refell'd, that is, denied, put away, repelled, refuted. “I refell, I put awaye, *je refelle*; I can nat refell your argument, it is so evydent,” Palsgrave, 1530. “*Refello*, to refell, to confute that is objected, to shewe by reason and argument that it is false that one saith,” Cooper's *Thesaurus*, ed. 1584. “Therefore, go on, proceed, refell the allegation,” Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601. It appears in the text, as in the two following passages, to be simply used in the sense, to deny. “I will not *refell* that here, which shall be *confuted* hereafter,” Lilly's *Euphues and his England*. “Impossible it is that any one should me excell in love, whose love I will refell,” England's *Helicon*, 1614. “Reason's best reasons are by Faith refell'd,” Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. “As thou then didst refell my valour,” Chapman's version of the *Iliad*, p. 117, where it means simply, repell.

“Strong proofs brought out, which strongly were refell’d,” Daniel’s Civil Wars. “Friends, not to refell ye, or any way quell ye,” Wits Recreations, 1640, taken from Ben Jonson. It will be seen, from some of the above extracts, that the emendation *repell’d* is unnecessary.

¹² *To his concupiscible intemperate lnt.*

Concupiscible, the reading of the first folio, is sometimes unnecessarily altered to *concupiscent*. “Concupiscible facultie, the unreasonable or sensuall part of the soule, which covets meats, drinckes, and all sorts of delights beyond measure,” Minsheu. “*Concupiscibile*, lecherous, lustfull,” Florio’s Worlde of Wordes, fol. Lond. 1598.

¹³ *His purpose surfeiting.*

The end of all adultery, a surfeit after the object is attained, and the zest of pursuit lost. The next morning, his purpose being satiated, he no longer had occasion for a bribe to me, and so destroys my brother. “Having wonne what they did wish, for othes nor lady care,” Promos and Cassandra, 1578. Or the meaning may simply be,—his purpose of releasing my brother now cooling. Shakespeare both here, and in Othello, seems to use the verb *surfeit* in somewhat a peculiar sense. The fourth folio reads *forfeiting*.

¹⁴ *O, that it were as like, as it is true!*

Like, that is, probable. Isabella, observes Heath, wanted only to persuade the Duke of the truth of her accusation: she therefore wishes that the probability of it were equal to its real truth, having then no doubt of her obtaining all the credit she could desire. Or a more literal explanation will suffice, Isabella, in her indignation at not being credited, purposely making an antithesis between the probability and the truth of the story. Mr. R. G. White suggests that *like* may be interpreted *credible*. It is to be remembered that Isabella is fearing the incredibility of Angelo’s conduct. So, previously,—“make not impossible that which but seems unlike.”

¹⁵ *By heaven, fond wretch.*

Fond is here, and in many other places, foolish. “*Stolidus*, foolishe, fonde,” Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584. “*Nigauderies*, fond, idle, trifling pranks,” Cotgrave.

¹⁶ *Which is here wrapt up in countenance.*

In the hypocritical demeanour of Angelo. “With grave and sadde countenance to deceive,” Baret’s Alvearie, 1580.

¹⁷ *This needs must be a practice.*

Practice, that is, a stratagem, artifice, deception. The use of the word in this sense is very common, and again occurs in the present scene, in King Lear, King John, &c. “Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcism, fire, metal, planets, or any *practice*, to plant affection where it is not,” Lilly’s Endymion, 1591.

Talbot, an English Captaine, having besieged the citie of Orleance in the time of King Charles the Seventh, the citizens fell to *practise* with the Duke of Burgundie, to yeeld themselves under his obeissance.—*Memorable Conceits of divers noble and famous Personages of Christendome*, 1602. The Lord Talbot, suspecting the *practise* then in hand, would not consent to the Duke’s motion.—*Ibid.*

¹⁸ *Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler.*

Temporary seems here licentiously used for *tempcrally*, secular. Dr. Johnson

proposed to read,—“nor a *tamperer and meddler*,” not one who would have tampered with this woman to make her a false evidence against your deputy.

¹⁹ *And, on my trust.*

This phrase exactly answers to the French, *à ma fiance*, on my word. *Truth* and *troth* have been suggested, I think unnecessarily.

²⁰ *Whensoever he's convented.*

Convented, that is, convened, called. Some editors unnecessarily read *convened*. “The lords shall be convented,” Marlowe’s *Lust’s Dominion*. “Should tell the company convented there,” *Woman’s a Weathercock*, 1612. “And therefore in haste thy mates convent,” Virgil, translated by Vicers, 1632. “Much like a clowd of vulturs that are convented after some great fight,” Nabbes’ *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637.

And yet note, that wheresoever any conviction shall be before the Justice of Peace, by or upon the oath of any other person (than the delinquent himselfe) thence the Justice of Peace must first send for, or *convent* the delinquent before him, to make answer, &c., and to heare and examine him of the offence, &c., for it may be that he can make sufficient defence or excuse of the fact.—*Dalton’s Countrey Justice*, 1620.

Now the Duke of Ferrara being generall for the Emperour, Æmilia presents her requests for justice against Garcias, who was *convented* at Ferrara.—*Cooke’s Vindication of the Professors of the Law*, 1646.

²¹ *So vulgarly and personally accus’d.*

Vulgarly, that is, publicly, openly, among the vulgus. “*Volgare*, vulgar, common, publike,” Florio’s *World of Wordes*, 1598. “And which pleases vulgarly,” Daniel. “A *vulgar* comment will be made of it, and that supposed by the *common rout*,” *Comedy of Errors*.

²² *In this I’ll be impartial.*

It clearly appears from the following passages, cited by Farmer and Malone, that *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. In the old play of Swetnam the Woman Hater, 1620, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree against the women: “You are *impartial*, and we do appeal from you to judges more indifferent.” So, in Marston’s *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d part, 1602:—“There’s not a beauty lives, hath that *impartial* predominance o’er my affects, as your enchanting graces.” Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:—“Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies!” Again: “—this day, this unjust, *impartial* day.” In the language of our author’s time, observes Malone, *im* was frequently used as an augmentative or intensive particle.

“Notwithstanding the passages produced by Dr. Farmer, to shew that *impartial* was sometimes used to express *partial*, I cannot think that it is the case in the present instance. I’ll be impartial, means, I believe,—I’ll be indifferent, I’ll take no part in the cause, but leave it entirely to you of whose wisdom and integrity I am fully persuaded. As *impartial* is here used for *indifferent*, so is *indifferent*, in another place, put for *impartial*,—in *Richard II.*, Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye,” Seymour. In support of this criticism, it is to be observed that Shakespeare elsewhere uses *impartial* in its ordinary acceptation.

²³ *Neither maid, widow, nor wife.*

One of the proverbial designations of a woman of bad character, as given in Ray’s *Collection of English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 90.

A waiting-woman, being summoned into a court to take her oath, the examiner asked her how he should write her down,—maide, a wife, or a widow? She bid him write her down a maid, for she never had husband. He, finding her a pretty smug wench, askt her how old she was; she told him about six and twenty. Six and twenty, saith he, willing to sport with her, then take heed what you swear, for you are now upon your oath: may I securely set you down maide, being of these yeares? The wench made a pause, and considering a while with her selfe,—I pray you, sir, saith she, stay your hand a little, and write me down ‘young woman.’—*A Banquet of Jestes new and old*, 1657.

²⁴ *This is a strange abuse.*

Abuse, that is, deception. The term occurs in this sense in *Macbeth*.

They were instantly bound fast together with a strong cord, and he stretching out his neck like the cock of a conduit, whose head is not fixt to the body, but may be set higher or lower at pleasure, stood looking about to see if he could discover who had put that *abuse* upon him.—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

²⁵ *And did supply thee at thy garden-house.*

The story of the garden-house in this play may be well illustrated by the following passage in Stubbes’ *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, where he says, speaking of the looseness of English women in general,—“In the fields and suburbes of the cities they have gardens either paled or walled round about very high, with their harbers and bowers fit for the purpose; and least they might be espied in these open places, they have their banquetting houses with galleries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected, wherein they may, and doubtless do, many of them play the filthy persons. And for that their gardens are locked, some of them have three or four keyes a piece, whereof one they keep for themselves, the other their paramours have to goe in before them, least happily they might be perceived, for then were all the sport dasht. Then to these gardens they repair, when they list, with a basket and a boy, where they, meeting their sweet harts, receive their wished desires.” Garden or summer-houses are constantly noted as places of intrigue. “Who sneaketh in to some old garden noted house for sin,” *Skialetheia* or a *Shadowe of Truth* in certaine *Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598. “A garden-house, having round about it many flowers and much deflowring,” *Greene in Conceipt*, 1598. “If you have any friend, or garden-house, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service,” *London Prodigal*, 1605. “What makes he heere in the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field, and at a garden-house; ’a has some punke, upon my life,” *Ram Alley*, 1611. Garden-houses sometimes appear to have been substantially furnished. At least, the following entry in the MS. inventory of the goods of the Countess of Leicester, 1634-5, seems to show that such was the case:—“In the Garden-house, Imprimis, two bedsteads, one featherbed, one boulster, three blankets, and a fishing net, xl.s.” The above engraving of a garden-house, in the garden of a brothel on the Bank-side near the Globe play-house, is copied from the frontispiece to *Holland’s Leaguer*, 1632.



Young Mistresse Joyce her husband doth solicit
 To hire a *garden-house* neere to the fields,
 Which with her gossip she might weekely visit,
 For something must she have that comfort yeelds:

I feare this bower of weekely recreation
 Will prove a place of dayly occupation
 Urbanus that committed an offence
 With a young country lasse, poore silly foole ;
 To salve his credit soone conveyes her hence
 Unto a *garden-house* or vaulting-schoole.
 Where now unloaden of that lucklesse ill,
 And all dispatched save the houshold charge,
 The goodman bawd or pander, which you will,
 Brings him no ticket, but a bill at large.

The Mous-trap, 4to. Lond. 1606.

Tell me, then, I beseech you, do not you think this minx is some naughty pack whom my husband hath fallen in love with, and means to keep under my nose at his *garden-house*.—*Northward Hoe*, 1607.

Wife, you can have my service no longer. Sirra President, attend you upon your mistresse home: and, wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progresse, steppe not out of your way to visit a new gossip, *to see a new garden-house*, to smell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tooles then may fitte for your modestie: I would not have you to steppe into the suburbs, and acquaint your selfe either with monsters or motions, but holding your way directly homeward, shew your selfe still to bee a rare huswife.—*The Dumbe Knight*, 1633.

Garden-houses are mentioned (inter alia) in the *Citye Match*, fol. 1639, p. 2; the *Noble Servant*, 1657, p. 27; *Durfey's Virtuous Wife, or Good Luck at Last*, 1680, p. 36; *City Politiques*, 1683, p. 52; *Durfey's Richmond Heiress*, 1693, p. 44; and in *Lilly's life of Dr. Forman*. The term continued in use till the eighteenth century, and a rare tract, entitled, "The Northern Cuckold, or the Garden-house Intrigue," 8vo. Lond. 1721, details the history of an intrigue carried on in a garden-house. I have now before me an original bill, dated June 7th, 1729, for "plastering done for Sir Michael Newton att his garden-house in Burlington Gardens per Isaac Mansfield." This garden-house appears to have been a small substantial building of brick, finished in a rustic style.

²⁶ *Her promised proportions came short of composition.*

Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain.—*Johnson*.

²⁷ *These poor informal women.*

Informal, that is, mad, out of their senses; or, possibly, ill-conditioned, an oblique sense from the Latin. A "formal man," in other words, a man in his right senses, is mentioned in the *Comedy of Errors*, and again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Hammer proposed to read *informing*, an alteration also found in two annotated copies of late folios, and in Gildon's alteration, 1700, p. 42.

²⁸ *To your height of pleasure.*

So the old edition of 1623. *To* is here equivalent to *unto*.

²⁹ *Though they would swear down each particular saint.*

Steevens refers to the following passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*,—"Though you, in swearing, shake the throned gods."

³⁰ *That's seal'd in approbation.*

When any thing subject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or *seal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and

measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question.—*Johnson*.

³¹ *Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth.*

That is, to hear it to the end, to search it to the bottom.—*Johnson*.

³² *My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.*

Thoroughly, for *thoroughly*, and in many other instances, is the language of the original. "*Avanger*, to furnish *thoroughly*, to beare the whole charge of," Cotgrave. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk; a common old Latin proverb, which occurs again in *Twelfth Night*.

³³ *Women are light at midnight.*

This is a favourite quibble. "Though she were in the darke, she would appeare a light woman," *Man in the Moone*, 1609. Compare the following verses in Henry Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi*, or *Springes for Woodcocks*, Svo. Lond. 1613,—

Lais of lighter metal is compos'd,
Than hath her lightness till of late disclos'd;
For lighting where she light acceptance feels,
Her fingers there prove lighter than her heels.

There is a similar play upon words in an epigram in the *Mastive*, or *Young Whelpe of the Olde Dogge*, 4to. Lond. no date,—

What if Pondexus wife be light? How then?
Must she be taunted at by every jade?
This is the fault of foolish vaine women,
That will be diving in their neighbours trade.
Pondexus is a feather-maker, and, by right,
His wife, like to her wares, may proove as light.

And in the couplet at p. 151 of the *Scourge of Folly*, Svo. Lond. 1611,—

Light come, light goe. Not so, for Phryna came
To Marcus light, but goes opprest with shame.

³⁴ *Respect to your great place! and let the devil.*

This is spoken in great indignation. Respect to your high dignity or position indeed!—you might as well respect the devil for his burning throne! Malone thinks a line has been omitted, but there does not appear any real necessity for such an opinion; nor can I think, with Steevens, there is any allusion to the ancient adoration of the devil—"Augylæ inferos tantum colunt," *Plinii Hist. Nat.* v. 8, ed. 1582, p. 59.

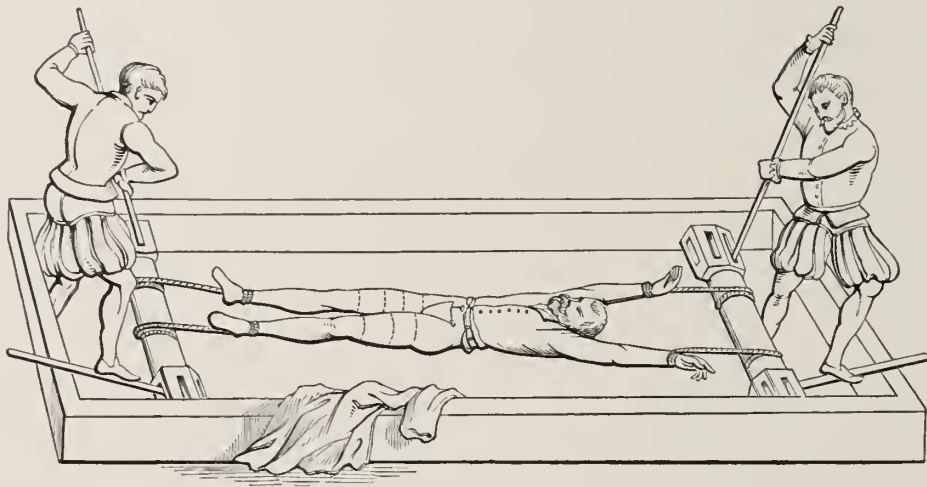
³⁵ *To retort your manifest appeal.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, to refer back to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke.

³⁶ *To the rack with him.*

The annexed engraving of this instrument of torture, representing Cuthbert Simson on the rack, is taken by Mr. Fairholt from Foxe's *Ecclesiastical History*, 1576. In the *Travayles* of William Lithgow, p. 471, there is a representation of another description of rack, of triangular form, in which the legs and arms are gradually compressed (not extended) by cords wound round the sides of the machine. Lithgow gives the following account of the mode in which he was

tortured:—"Now the Alcalde giving commission, the executioner layd first a cord over the calfe of my leg, then another on the middle of my thigh, and the third cord over the great of my arme; which was severally done on both sides of my body receiving the ends of the cords, from these six severall places through the holes made in the outward planks, which were fastned to pinnes, and the pinnes



made fast with a device: for he was to charge on the outside of the planks, with as many pinnes as there were holes and cords; the cords being first laid meet to my skin: and on every one of these six parts of my body I was to receive seven severall tortures: each torture consisting of three winding throwes of every pinne; which amounted to twenty one throwes in every one of these five parts."

³⁷ *But we will know his purpose.*

So the old copy, altered by Hammer to, *this purpose*. Malone, instead of Hammer's alteration, proposes to read, in the previous line,—“we'll touze *him* joint by joint.” Escalus, observes Boswell, says to the supposed Friar, “we'll touze you joint by joint,” and addresses the close of the sentence not to him, but to the by-standers.

³⁸ *Nor here provincial.*

Perhaps this means, not belonging to this province. The following is Monek Mason's explanation:—"The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have also superiors, subordinate to the general, in the several provinces through which the order may be dispersed. The Friar therefore means to say, that the Duke dares not touch a finger of his, for he could not punish him by his own authority, as he was not his subject, nor through that of the superior, as he was not of that province."

³⁹ *Boil and bubble, till it o'er-run the stew.*

"I fear that, in the present instance, our author's metaphor is from the kitchen: so, in Macbeth,—Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble," Steevens.

⁴⁰ *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop.*

The barber was a far more important person in former days than he is now. Not only were trimming the hair, arranging the love-locks, and keeping the fantastic beard in order, important occupations, but he often joined the practice of bleeding and chirurgery to his other profession. It may be readily supposed,

many of his customers had to exert their patience in waiting for their turns, and that forfeits were originally necessary for keeping them in order, though they afterwards became disregarded. About the year 1750, Dr. Kenrick saw a metrical list of barber's forfeits in a shop in Yorkshire, and the following is a copy of what the author quoted from memory some years afterwards. They were entitled "Rules for seemly Behaviour,"—

First come, first serve: then come not late;
 And, when arrived, keep your state:
 For he, who from these rules shall swerve,
 Must pay the forfeits. So, observe:—

1. Who enters here with boots and spurs,
 Must keep his nook; for if he stirs,
 And gives with armed heel a kick,
 A pint he pays for every prick.
2. Who rudely takes another's turn,
 A forfeit mug may manners learn.
3. Who reverentless shall swear or curse,
 Must lug seven farthings from his purse.
4. Who checks the barber in his tale,
 Must pay for each a pot of ale.
5. Who will or can not miss his hat,
 While trimming, pays a pint for that.
6. And he who can or will not pay,
 Shall hence be sent half-trimm'd away;
 For, will he, nill he, if in fault,
 He forfeit must in meal or malt.
 But, mark,—who is already in drink,
 The cannikin must never clink.

These metrical forfeits were first printed in Kenrick's Review of Doctor Johnson's new Edition of Shakespeare, 8vo. Lond. 1765, pp. 42, 43, accompanied with the following notes:—"Keep your state, behave yourself agreeably to your station.—Learn for teach, a common perversion of language; the meaning is that, by being made to forfeit, he may thence learn better manners than to want another time to be shaved out of his turn.—Seven farthings, probably the price of a pint of beer.—It is not clear, whether for each means what the artizans call pints-a-piece, that is, a pint for every person in the shop. If so, the interrupting the barber in his tale was held to be a grievous offence indeed.—But perhaps for each means only, for each offence; in which case, however, it is not accurately expressed.—To miss, in that part of Yorkshire, means to spare or to be without:—Thus a man forfeited a pint, for insisting upon being shaved with his hat on." Dr. Kenrick previously observes,—“The truth is, that the tables of forfeits, hung up in barber's shops, are still extant in some parts of England; at least I remember to have seen one about twelve or thirteen years ago, in an excursion from Burlington to North Allerton in Yorkshire. I think it was either at Malton or at Thirsk, and very probably it is there still. I do not, indeed, recollect the name of the operator, in whose shop it was affixed; but its contents struck me so much on reading, that I believe I can recite them from memory pretty exactly. They do not relate, however, to the handling of chirurgical instruments, but to civility and good behaviour; and seem not injudiciously calculated for a place, where persons of different stations and degrees were accustomed to meet, in order to be successively shaved.”

I have been thus particular in exhibiting the whole of Kenrick's account of

these forfeits to the reader, Steevens having pronounced the rules to have been a modern forgery. It is possible, even on Kenrick's own showing, that the above lines are not perfectly accurate copies, and that his imagination might have assisted in some slight degree any deficiency of memory; but it is, I think, capable of proof that they are in the main authentic. The very commencement is well supported by the following lines in a MS. poem, *The Newe Metamorphosis*, written about the year 1600,—

First come, first serv'd, at market and at mill, ·
At barbers' shops, but Love no such lawes will.

and to place the matter beyond a doubt, the late Major Moor, in his *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, 1823, p. 133, says that “upwards of forty years ago, I saw a string of such rules at the tonsor's of Alderton near the sea;” adding, “I well recollect the following lines to have been among them,”—

First come, first serve—then come not late;
And when arrived, keep your state—
Whoever comes in boots and spurs,
Must keep his seat—for if he stirs,
And gives with armed heel a kick,
A pint he pays for every prick.
Who checks the barber in his tale
Must pay for each a pot of ale.

Dr. Warburton observes: “Barbers' shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people: formerly with us the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments which lay there ready for use; and the idle people with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority.” Steevens says: “I have conversed with several people who had repeatedly read the list of forfeits alluded to by Shakespeare, but have failed in my endeavours to procure a copy of it. The metrical one published by the late Dr. Kenrick was a forgery.” Dr. Henley observes: “I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation in the main to be right, only that instead of chirurgical instruments, the barber's prohibited implements were principally his razors; his whole stock of which, from the number and impatience of his customers on a Saturday night or a market morning, being necessarily laid out for use, were exposed to the idle fingers of the bystanders in waiting for succession to the chair. These forfeits were as much in mock as mark, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire (printed like King Charles's rules), though I cannot recollect the contents.”

The late Mr. Croft, of York, in a very scarce pamphlet privately printed, ‘Annotations on Plays of Shakespear,’ 8vo. 1810, gives the following curious information on this subject:—“The custom still prevails, and the table-board of the articles hangs behind the door, and are, viz.—to talk of cutting throats; to weave a piece of hair; to call powder flour; or to meddle with anything on the shop-board; are held as forfeits.” Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, 1830, i. 119, asserts that barber's forfeits “exist to this day in some, perhaps in many village shops. They are penalties for handling the razors, &c.; offences very likely to be committed by lounging clowns, waiting for their turn to be scraped on a Saturday night, or Sunday morning. They are still, as of old, more in mock

than mark. Certainly more mischief might be done 200 years ago, when the barber was also a surgeon. We have also *forfeits* in every inn yard, payable in beer, by those who dabble in the water cistern, carry candles into the stables, &c."

It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade: In a barber's shop especially, when heretofore barbers practis'd the under parts of surgery, their instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of idle people, there was hung up a table shewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling with each instrument.— Shakespeare, ed. Hanmer, 1744, i. 372.

It was no doubt a common practice to institute forfeits for all infringements of rules not sufficiently important to obtain legal sanction. There is a very curious set of metrical forfeits for bell-ringers, dated 1687, preserved in the belfry of St. John's at Chester, where they are painted in distemper, in the old English character, within an ornamental border; and they deserve insertion in this place as being of a character very similar to Kenrick's rules, and as adding in some measure to the probability that the latter are genuine:



You ringers all observe these orders well,
 He forfeits twelve pence that turnes ore a bell;
 And he that rings with either spurr or hatt,
 His six pence certainly shall pay for that;
 And he that spoile or doth disturbe a peale,
 Shall pay his fourpence or a cann of ale,
 And he that is hard to curse or sweare,
 Shall pay his twelve pence and forbear;
 These customes elsewhere now are used,
 Lest bells and ringers be abused;
 You gallants then that on purpose come to ring,
 See that you coyne along with you doath bring;
 And further also if that you ring here,
 You must ring trully with hand and eare,
 Or else your forfeits surely pay
 Full speedily, and that without delay.
 Our lawes is ould, they are not new,
 The sextone looketh for his due.

The ordinary instruments of a barber, without any reference to his surgical practice, would have supplied ample materials for the consideration of forfeits. They are thus curiously enumerated in Holme's *Academy of Armory*, 1688, in the account of the barber's instrument-case, "with the cover open, in the which is kept and preserved all the instruments for barbing, shaving, and polling or cutting of hair; now the things of use kept therein, are generally these: Razors 3 or 4: scissers 2 or 3 pair: combs 3 or 4: comb brush: ear-picker: twitcher:

curling irons : looking glass : sweet water in bottles : turning instruments and spunge : powder bottle, or puff bag : mullet, or gravers and scrapers, or tooth-picker : flegme : paring knives." It appears from the above that it was part of a barber's occupation to pick the teeth and ears. So, in Herod and Antipater, 1622, ap. Steevens, Tryphon the barber enters with a case of instruments, to each of which he addresses himself separately :—"Toothpick, dear toothpick ; earpick ; both of you have been her sweet companions." The engraving on the last page of the interior of a barber's shop is copied from one by Amman of the tonsor in Schopperi Panoplia, Svo. Franc. 1568 : it exhibits numerous articles, the meddling of which may readily be supposed to have led to the infliction of forfeits.

Item, I give and bequeath to the saide John, my sonne, syxe hanginge basons of latton, iij. wasshinge basons of latton, iij. barbors potts of latten, tenne shaving clothes, one honc, and my case with knyves holle. Item, I give and bequeath to the saide John, my sonne, my brascn mortar and my leaden mortar with the pestells, the bedde holle complet that he lieth in, iij. barbors chaires, a dryeing bason as it standeth, my case with instrumentes perteyninge to surgery, with all my glasses and boxes belonginge to the same.—*Will of Andrew Cranewise, barber*, 1558, printed in the Wills and Inventories edited by S. Tymms, 1850.

⁴¹ *A fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward.*

Dr. Johnson observes that Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned cowardice among the faults of the duke ; but some such discourse may be supposed to have taken place, when he insists upon walking with him to the lane's end ; and to this probably the Duke refers, when, in answer to Lucio, he says,—“you, indeed, spoke so of him ;” unless indeed the adverb *then* has a positive meaning, in which case the conversation must have occurred at the prison. *Fleshmonger*, literally, one who deals in flesh. “Wolle men, vynteners, and fleshemongers,” Cocke Lorelles Bote. The oblique meaning of the word in the text is obvious.

⁴² *Hark ! how the villain would close now.*

The Dent annotated copy of the third folio reads *gloze*, and Mr. R. G. White has also independently made the same suggestion. The meaning of the original seems to be,—see how the villain would conclude his speeches, after his treasonable abuses.

⁴³ *Away with those giglots too.*

Giglots, wanton wenches. See the notes to Henry VI.

⁴⁴ *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour !*

The words, *an hour*, are merely vulgar expletives. “Like unto a man that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak,” Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*. “Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while,” *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614. “What, Piper, ho ! be hang'd a while,” madrigal quoted by Farmer.

⁴⁵ *That yet can do thee office.*

Office, that is, duty, service. “Office or commen dutye,” Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552. “*Munus*, a charge, dutie, or office,” Cooper, ed. 1584.

⁴⁶ *Hath look'd upon my passes.*

Passes, that is, conditions ; or, possibly, though no instance of the word occurs in that sense, faults. “To what a pass are our minds brought,” Sydney, ap. Johnson. “*Il a fait cent tours de passe-passe*, he has plaid a thousand tricks,” *Micge's Great French Dictionary*, 1688.

⁴⁷ *But let my trial be mine own confession.*

My guilty hart commaunds my tongue, O king, to tell a troth;
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.—*Prom. Cass.*

⁴⁸ *Advertising and holy.*

That is, observes Johnson, attentive and faithful. “I advertyse, I gyve warnyng or monycion of a thyng,” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁴⁹ *I am still attorney'd at your service.*

“Attourney, a spokesman, a patrone, he that in trouble and perill defendeth,” Baret, 1580. The Duke merely means to say he is still Isabella's spokesman and agent. A person attorneyed, when he delegated or appointed some other character to act instead of him. The verb is here used in an active sense.

⁵⁰ *And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.*

“Be as generous to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you.” This is Dr. Johnson's excellent explanation.

⁵¹ *Why I obscur'd myself.*

Obscure, to hide, is now obsolete. “Some fling forth darts, and welkin hie with weapons do obscure,” Virgil translated by Phaer, ed. 1600. “Be but pleas'd to obscure yourself behind these hangings,” Shirley's Ball, p. 26. “He obscures,” marginal note to Honoria and Mammon, 1659, p. 37.

⁵² *Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power.*

Remonstrance seems to be used here in a peculiar sense of show or discovery, from the Latin *monstro*. So, in Shirley's *Imposture*,—“make in each garden a remonstrance of this battle.” Malone suggests to read *demonstrance*, demonstration.

⁵³ *That brain'd my purpose.*

We now use in conversation a like phrase:—This it was that knocked my design on the head. Dr. Warburton reads, *banded* my purpose.—*Johnson*.

⁵⁴ *Being criminal, in double violation.*

The construction of this and the next line is somewhat licentious, though the meaning is perfectly evident. Compare the parallel lines in *Promos* and *Cassandra*. Malone suggests to read *promise* instead of *promise-breach*, and Hammer reads, *in promise-breach*. In Cinthio Giraldi's novel, ap. Douce, it is, “Vous avez commis *deux crimes* fort grans, l'un d'avoir diffamé cette jeune femme, par telle tromperie que l'on peut dire que vous l'avez forcée: l'autre d'avoir fait mourir son frere contre la foy à elle donnée,” transl. by Chappuys, 1584.

⁵⁵ *Even from his proper tongue.*

Proper, own, Lat. “Proper, peculiar, a man's owne,” Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. So above, “In the witness of his proper ear.”

⁵⁶ *Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.*

Your crime is so apparent, that although you were willing to deny it, it takes away from you all advantage resulting from a denial.

⁵⁷ *I hope you will not mock me with a husband!*

The refined punishment of the criminal being executed immediately after the marriage, is introduced into a parallel tale of the Governor of Zealand, related in Wanley's *Wonders of the Little World*, fol. Lond. 1678, pp. 194, 195, there taken from Lipsii *Monita*, 4to. 1613. This tale, observes Douce, has been copied

into Burton's Unparalleled Varieties, and into the Spectator, No. 491. There is nothing in it, in connexion with the present drama, to deserve a quotation. This event was made the subject of a French play by Antoine Maréchal, called *Le jugement équitable de Charles le hardy*, 1646, 4to. Here the offender is called Rodolph governor of Maestrick, and by theatrical licence turns out to be the duke's own son. Another similar story of Charles's upright judgment may be found in the third volume of Goulart's *Thrésor d'Histoires Admirables*, 1628, 8vo, p. 373. Much about the time when the above events are supposed to have happened, Olivier le Dain, for his wickedness surnamed the Devil, originally the barber, and afterwards the favourite of Louis XI., is said to have committed a similar offence, for which he was deservedly hanged. See Godefroy's edition of the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, Brussels, 1723, 8vo, tom. v. p. 55. The reader will also recollect the story of colonel Kirke and the hapless maid of Bridgewater, who, unlike the Isabella of Shakespeare, yielded up her innocence to save her brother, whom her betrayer showed, the next morning, executed by his order. But the authenticity of this story has been disputed. Hume relates it, not from any authority, but as what had been *commonly told* of Kirke, and its truth is rendered still more doubtful from the circumstance of a precisely similar tale being related in the *Histoires Tragiques, extraites des œuvres Italiennes de Bandel, et mises en langue Françoise, par François de Belle-Forest, ed. 1604, tom. v. pp. 374-424.* This tale relates to a captain, who, having seduced the wife of one of his soldiers under a promise to save the life of her husband, exhibited him soon afterwards, *through the window of his apartment*, suspended on a gibbet. His commander, the Marshal de Brissac, after compelling him to marry the widow, adjudges him to death.

There are two stories on a similar subject in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables et Memorables advenües de nostre Temps*, 8vo. Paris, 1618, tom. i. The first, fol. 221, is of a citizen of Como in Italy, who, in 1547, was detained prisoner by a Spanish *captain* on a charge of murder. The wife pleads for him as before, and obtains a promise of favour on the same terms. The husband recommends her compliance, after which the Spaniard beheads him. Complaint is made to the Duke of Ferrara, who compels the captain to marry the widow, and then orders him to be hanged. The other, at fol. 224, is of a provost named La Vouste, whose conduct resembles that of the other villain, with this addition; he says to the woman, "I promised to restore your husband; I have not kept him, here he is." No punishment is inflicted on this fellow. The above note is chiefly taken from Douce.

In the Forrest of Fancy, 4to. Lond. 1579, there is a prose tale entitled,— "Theodore, enamoured of Maister Emeries daughter that was his maister, got her with child, for the which he was condemned to be hanged, and as he was whipped through the stretes to the place of execution, being knowne to his father, he procured his pardon, and so Theodore married the maide whom he had before deflowred." This title sufficiently shows the only two circumstances that bear any relation to the story of the present drama.

To the list of imitations, add the novel of Waldburgh and Belanca, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*. This is the substance of it: In the reign of Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden, Moruffi, a Danish general, in attacking the castle of Colmar, was taken prisoner by the governor count Waldbourg. Belanca, the wife of Moruffi, obtained a promise from the count to liberate her husband on the terms of her submitting to his unlawful desires. The unfortunate woman was afterwards inhumanly presented with the head of her husband. When Gustavus heard of the fact, he compelled the count to marry the injured lady, and then condemned him to death.—*Douce*. This story does not appear to be included in all the editions of the work of Reynolds.

⁵⁸ *We do instate and widow you withal.*

Instate, that is, invest. Literally, to place in, as in *If you Know not Me you know Nobody*, sig. A. 3. “Who now by thee instated lives more high,” verses by E. Sherburne, MS.

⁵⁹ *Against all sense you do importune her.*

The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection. Shakespeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both: *sense* signifying both *reason* and *affection*.—*Johnson*. The same expression occurs in the *Tempest*, “You cram these words into my ears, against the stomach of my *sense*.”—*Steevens*.

⁶⁰ *I partly think a due sincerity.*

This attempted exculpation of Angelo, rhetorical and graceful, was due to Mariana, were it only in grateful return for the part taken by the latter in the plot to save the life of Claudio. But there may well be a higher intention in the poet—to exhibit in a touching light the tendency of woman towards mercy, when the first burst of indignation has passed away.

⁶¹ *His act did not o’ertake his bad intent.*

“The flighty purpose never is o’ertook, unless the deed go with it,” *Macbeth*, cited by *Steevens*.

⁶² *Buried but as an intent that perish’d by the way.*

That is, like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more:—*Ilum expirantem—obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquant.*—*Steevens*.

⁶³ *Thoughts are no subjects.*

Theobald asks,—“how is *subjects* to be understood, as with the philosophers?” *Subjects* for punishment? Or, possibly,—our thoughts are no subjects, not always subject to our will, and intentions are merely thoughts. Intentions, therefore, are frequently involuntary.

⁶⁴ *Merely, my lord.*

It is absolutely so, my lord. “The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet,” *Othello*. Compare, also, *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, &c.

⁶⁵ *Yet did repent me, after more advice.*

That is, on better deliberation. “How shall I dote on her with more advice,” *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii. sc. 4. “The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,” *Titus Andronicus*.

⁶⁶ *But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all.*

Thy faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are cognisable by temporal power, I forgive.—*Johnson*.

⁶⁷ *If he be like your brother.*

In reference to a note by Dr. Johnson, it is to be observed that Isabel, on the stage, might express her feelings by action.—*Boswell*.

⁶⁸ *Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.*

Quits you, that is, recompenses, requites you. This is Dr. Johnson’s explanation, but perhaps, leaves, abandons, may be all that is intended.

⁶⁹ *Look that you love your wife.*

The King, at the conclusion of Promos and Cassandra, addressing Promos, says,—“Be loving to good Cassandra, thy wife.”

⁷⁰ *Her worth, worth yours.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. Hammer proposed to read,—her worth *works* yours; and Heath,—her *worth's* worth yours. “Cherish your wife, she's worthy of your love,” Gildon's alteration, 1700, p. 44.

⁷¹ *And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.*

The Duke only means to frighten Lucio, whose final sentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punishments are remitted.—*Stevens.*

⁷² *One all of luxury.*

Luxury, that is, incontinence. “To 't, luxury, pellmell,” King Lear. “Why is this luxury ealled uncleanness?” Ladies' Dictionary, 1694.

⁷³ *I spoke it but according to the trick.*

That is, according to the fashion of the times, or the fashion of thoughtless youth. “Yet I have a trick of the old rage,” Love's Labour's Lost. “Carnus calls lechery a trick of youth,” Wits Bedlam, 1615, ap. Malone. “Or how? the trick of it,” *supra*, p. 121.

⁷⁴ *And therewithal remit thy other forfeits.*

Forfeits, that is, penalties. The Duke remits all Lucio's offences except the injury done to the woman, and he is ordered to remain in prison until he marry her. *Forfeit* was also used in the French sense of the word, crime, transgression.—*Douce.*

⁷⁵ *Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death.*

The pressing to death was the popular name of the *peine forte et dure*, inflicted upon prisoners who refused to plead. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 185, says,—“Such fellows as stand mute, and speake not at their arraignment, are pressed to death by huge weights laid upon a boord that lieth over their brest, and a sharpe stone under their backs, and these commonlie hold their peace, thereby to save their goods unto their wives and children, which, if they were condemned, should be confiscated to the prince.” In the Year-Book of S Henry IV. the form of the judgment is first given. The Marshal of the King's Bench is ordered to put the criminals into “diverses measons bases et estoppes, que ils gisent par la terre tous nuds forsque leurs braces, que ils mettroit sur chascun d'eux tants de fer et poids quilz puissent porter et plus,” &c. This barbarous punishment was not formally abolished till the act of 12 Geo. III. c. 20, and cases of it occurred even in the last century as recently as the year 1741. The following minute account of it is extracted from Ozell's translation of Misson's Memoirs, Svo. Lond. 1719, p. 217 :—“When a felon, punishable with death, takes a resolution not to make any answer to his judges, after the second calling upon, he is carry'd back to his dungeon, and is put to a sort of rack call'd *Peine forte et dure*. If he speaks, his indictment goes on in the usual forms; if he continues dumb, they leave him to die under that punishment. He is stretch'd out naked upon his back, and his arms and legs drawn out by cords, and fasten'd to the four corners of the dungeon: a board or plate of iron is laid upon his stomach, and this is heap'd up with stones to a certain weight. The next day

they give him, at three different times, three little morsels of barley bread, and nothing to drink : the next day three little glasses of water, and nothing to eat : and if he continues in his obstinacy, they leave him in that condition 'till he dies. This is practis'd only upon felons, or persons guilty of petty treason. Criminals of High Treason in the like case, would be condemn'd to the usual punishment; their silence would condemn them."

The curious illustration of the infliction of this punishment, which is here annexed, is copied from an engraving on the title-page of an exceedingly rare tract entitled, "The

Life and Death of Griffin Flood, informer, whose cunning courses, churlish manners, and troublesome informations, molested a number of plaine dealing people in this City of London : wherein is also declared the murder of John Chipperford, vintner, for which fact the said Griffin Flood was pressed to death the 18. day of January last past," 4to. Lond. 1623.



The last chapter is headed, "How, after all these his troublesome courses of life, he was for a murther pressed to death," and proceeds as follows :—" Now to come to the last period of his shame and devillish manners, in an agony of wrath (furthered on by Satan) he most wickedly stabbed a constable, and withall a vintner, both at one time ; whereof the vintner, after he had long lyen languishing, died as a man murdered by wilfull violence, for which this Flood was atached, imprisoned, arraigned, and put to tryall, but by no perswasions would he commit himselfe to the law, but most obstinately stood to the severe justice of the Bench, who, according to custome, censured him to the presse, where he received his deserts by being bruised in terrible manner to a most fearfull death : whose execution was performed in the pressing yard at Newgate upon the 18. of January this present year." One of the yards in the modern prison of Newgate is still called the Press-yard, the name no doubt having been continued from that of the press-yard in the ancient structure.

⁷⁶ *Love her, Angelo.*

See a similar exhortation at the conclusion of Promos and Cassandra.

⁷⁷ *There is more behind, that is more gratefull.*

Gratulate, that is, worthy of rejoicing, to be rejoiced in. The term here is somewhat licentiously used. "To gratulate and rejoyce on another's behalfe," Minsheu. The Duke had previously said to Angelo and Escalus, though the sentiment was acknowledged only by the former,—“our soul cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, forerunning more requital.” He is now addressing Escalus. “To gratulate unto you that honourable place whereunto you are right worthily advanced,” Lambarde's Archeion, 1591, ap. Singer. Heywood also, in his Apology for Actors, 1612, ap. Malone, uses to *gratulate*, in the sense of to *reward* : “I could not chuse but *gratulate* your honest endeavours with this remembrance.”

⁷⁸ *The offence pardons itself.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to assign these words to Angelo, making the Duke follow, transferring to the commencement of his speech the line above,—“There’s more behind, that is more gratefull.”

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakespeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cinthio is named Maximine: the Duke, in Shakespeare’s enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine Emperor of the Romans.—*Dr. Johnson.*

In Lupton’s *Siquila: Too good to be True*, 1580, 4to., there is a long story of a woman, who, her husband having slain his adversary in a duel, goes to the judge for the purpose of prevailing on him to remit the sentence of the law. He obtains of her, in the first place, a large sum of money, and afterwards the reluctant prostitution of her person, under a solemn promise to save her husband. The rest, as in Belleforest’s novel, *ut supra.*—*Douce.*

The following story in Cooke’s *Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law*, 4to. Lond. 1646, pp. 61-64, is sufficiently paralleled with the conduct of the present drama to deserve a transcript:—“In the great warres betweene Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, one Raynueio was imprisoned at Millan for betraying a fort to the French; his wife, who for beauty was called the nosegay of the parish, petitioned the governour for her husband’s enlargement; the governour, being so enamoured that there was little hopes of liberty (had there been no more in it but that he might behold the lady, who daily attended with petitions), being able to conceale the fire no longer, told her that his life was in her hands, and he was as much her prisoner as her husband was his, and that she must yeeld to his desire or be an undone widow; the vertuous soule covered her cheekes with the colour of roses, and desired to speake with her husband, whom she made acquainted with it, telling him that if her life would save his, she would gladly lose it, but my honour being required you must prepare for death; he commended her magnanimity, and how sad their parting was you may easier conceive then I can expresse; the houre being appointed for his execution, he considered that life was sweet, and skin after skin, one thing after another, what would not he doe to preserve a little momentary breath! sends for his deare consort, and eries to her as if he had beene her childe, to yeeld to the governour, and, to win her consent, saies; first, that honour consists but in the opinion of the world, and that a sinne wholly concealed is halfe pardoncd, as the priests use to say. Secondly, that Spaniards are most faithfull in keeping promise, and no doubt he would sweare never to reveale it. Thirdly, that he would be the death of him, as by the law of Spaine he might (for any man may kill him that lyes with his wife, the provocation being so great. In Italy, he must kill his wife as well as the adulterer, or else he dyes for it, as being presumed that he did it not in the way of justice, but revenge) the poore soule yeelds, for, as Job saies, if this be the condition of our temporall being, that we never continue in the same condition, much more are our spirits mutable as they are more subtile, (not that I speake this in the least title to justifie her, for should I goe about to excuse it, it might be a greater sinne in me then the offence was in her; as for a lawyer

wittingly to patronize an unjust cause, is worse in him than in the client); Garcias had her in his power as a bird insnared, and, being weary, dismisses her with a promise to set her husband at liberty; but the Spaniard considering that a man or womans honour is like a great fort, take that and you command all the rest, tells the prisoner that he must pay ten thousand crownes redemption, she with much difficulty satisfies that demand likewise, and was promised that her husband should be sent home to her house the next day, but the perfidious governour, bethinking himselfe what danger he might incur from the emperour, and fearing that the man might be revenged on him (for dead men doe not bite, therefore in some places of Italy you may have a man killed for five shillings, but not cudgelled under twenty) sent a priest to him to prepare himselfe for death, and caused his body divided from his head to be sent home the next day in performance of his promise; now for the poore soule to see her selfe deprived of husband, honour, and goods altogether, her griefe was above expression, and the torment the greater that, if it were discovered, she would be abhorred; and if concealed, it could not be cured; at last, with extreame shame she made it knowne to a friend both able and faithfull. Now the Duke of Ferrara being generall for the emperour, Æmelia presents her requests for justice against Garcias, who was convented at Ferrara, and thinking that as the adultery of Mars and Venus served onely for sport in the court of the heathen gods, thought that the generall would but laugh at the conceit, or at the worst would remand him to his command at Milan, perswading himselfe that in such a case his souldiers would not let him suffer, he confessed the fact, said it was so pleasing a sinne, that it was impossible he should ever repent of it, and, upon the matter, told the generall that the traitor was deservedly executed, and therefore he was not troubled at what might be the event of it. Saies the Duke, Why am I made great, but that I should doe justice upon the greatest offender? Garcias, said the Duke, you must restore to this lady her ravisht honour. Sir, saies he, That is impossible, and what's past helpe, shall be past greife. But you may marry her, saies the Duke, for you loved her once, and you must love her for ever, or lose your life, and that you shall doe this day. I loved her indeed, saies Garcias, as Herod loved Mariamma, or as the hunter loves the venison to make sport or to feed upon it, but I am not prepared for death, therefore I chuse rather to marry her. Æmelia upon her knees intreates that she may rather dye then marry him whom she so much abhorred; but the Duke, having whispered with her, she submitted to his good pleasure. The same priest joynd them together, by vertue whereof she was intituled to his estate, and of a forced bargaine Garcias hoped to make the best of it; but that which was as luscious as locusts, proves as bitter as coloquintida, for the Duke adjudged him to lose his head instantly, and the same priest appointed to prepare him for that fatall blow."

Collations of Measure for Measure with the text of the play in the first folio of 1623.—P. 61, col. 1, But that, to your sufficiency, *But task to your sufficiency*, MS. Dent; know your pleasure, *Grace's pleasure*, ed. 1632. P. 61, col. 2, my part in him, *in my part me*, Hammer; with a leaven'd, *with leaven'd*, MS. Dent; of your commissions, *of your commission*, ed. 1663. P. 62, col. 1, sanctimonious, *testimonious*, Pope; before meat, *after meat*, MS. Dent. P. 62, col. 2, but from Lord Angelo, *but from Angelo*, ed. 1632. P. 63, col. 1, the mortality of imprisonment, *the morality*, Davenant, 1673; propogation of a dowre, *the assurance of a dowry*, *ibid.* 1673; writ on, *writ in*, ed. 1632; there is a prone, *a sweet*, Davenant; which else would stand under, *which else would stand upon*, ed. 1632, ed. 1663. P. 63, col. 2, witless bravery, *and witless bravery*, ed. 1632; I have deliver'd, *I have delivered*, ed. 1632; stricture, *strictness*, Davenant, 1673: for so, *far so*, ed. 1632; to headstrong, *for headstrong*, ed. 1632; slip, *sleep*, MS. Dent; only to,

only do, MS. Dent; for terror, *for error*, ed. 1632; mock'd, *markt*, Davenant, 1673; never in the fight, *never in the sight*, MS. Dent; to do in slander, *to draw in slander*, MS. Dent; at our more, *at your more*, ed. 1632. P. 64, col. 1, for that which, *that for which*, Malone; you do blaspheme, *you hurt*, Davenant, 1673; Oh let, *let*, ed. 1632. P. 64, col. 2, with profits of the mind, *with morals*, Davenant, 1673; censur'd him, *censure in him*, MS. Dent; loose, *lose*, ed. 1632; are as freely, *are as truly*, ed. 1632; than fall, *than fell*, Warburton. P. 65, col. 1, what's open made to justice, *what's ope to justice*, Seymour; that justice seizes, *seizes on*, Steevens; that thieves, *whether thieves*, Davenant, 1673. P. 65, col. 2, uncleanness, *uncleanness*, ed. 1632; by the, *by this*, MS. Dent; sir, we had, *sir* omitted in ed. 1685; distant time, *instant time*, ed. 1632; your honours have, *your honours having*, ed. 1685; but two in, *no more in*, ed. 1632; lower chair, *lower chamber*, Capell. P. 66, col. 1, battry, *battery*, ed. 1632; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue, *omitted in* ed. 1685; are you of, *are ye of*, ed. 1685. P. 66, col. 2, colour it in, *colour it*, ed. 1632; youth of, *youth in*, ed. 1632; and the knaves, *and knares*, ed. 1632; there is, *there are*, ed. 1632; ten year, *ten years*, ed. 1632; I pray you, *I pray you go*, ed. 1632. P. 67, col. 1, blow of, misprinted *blow af* in ed. 1685; and not my brother, *and not himself*, Gildon, 1700; in record, *on record*, Gildon. P. 67, col. 2, you are too, *yo art too*, ed. 1632; why no, *why so*, ed. 1663; call it, *call it back*, ed. 1632; may call the meaning back, Davenant, 1673; if the first, *if that the first*, MS. Dent; either now, *or new*, anon; but here they, *but ere they*, MS. Dent. P. 68, col. 1, would never, *would nere*, ed. 1632; splits, *splitst*, ed. 1632; but man, *O but man*, ed. 1632; he's most assur'd &c., *he thinks himself assur'd, in his frail glassy essence*, Gildon, 1700; art avis'd, *art advis'd*, ed. 1685; your tongue, *you tongue*, ed. 1632; breeds, *bends*, Theobald's Letters; *bleeds*, eds. 18 Century; *at what hower*, sic in ed. 1623. P. 68, col. 2, *as the flowre*, sic in ed. 1623; *desire her fowly*, sic in ed. 1623; what is't, *what is it*, ed. 1685; thy hook, *thou hook*, ed. 1685; ever till now, *even till now*, ed. 1632; their crimes, *their several crimes*, Seymour. P. 69, col. 1, but least you, *but I fear you*, MS. Dent; grace go, *all grace go*, Seymour; grown fear'd, *grown sear*, MS. Dent; 'tis not the, *is't not the*, MS. Dent; the general subject, *the general subjects*, ed. 1685. P. 69, col. 2, remit, *permit*, Davenant, 1673; and to redeem, *or to redeem*, MSS. Dent and Wheler; were equal, *make equal*, Davenant, 1673; faults of mine, *faults are mine*, MS. Wheler; and nothing of your answer, *and not to your account*, Davenant, 1673; It shall be my pray'r, to have it added to my faults, not yours, Gildon, 1700, p. 10; crafty, *craftily*, Davenant, 1673, Gildon, 1700, MS. Dent, MS. Wheler; let be, *let me be*, ed. 1632; these black masks, *a black mask*, Davenant, 1673; gross, *home*, Davenant; but in the loss, *but by way*, Gildon, 1700: all-building, *all-binding*, MS. Dent; that longing, *that longing I*, MS. Wheler. P. 70, col. 1, ignomie, *ignominy*, ed. 1632; as they make, *as they take*, Dr. Johnson: profiting, *propagating*, Capell's conjecture. P. 70, col. 2, sufferance, *pains*, Davenant, 1673; so then you, *so then you're*, MS. note in Mr. Quiney's fourth folio; by no means, *no way*, ed. 1685; for thou exists, sic in ed. 1623; do call thee fire, *do call thee sire*, ed. 1685 and MS. Dent; sapego, ed. 1623, sarpego, ed. 1632; nor youth, *not youth*, ed. 1685. P. 71, col. 1, dear sir, *dear son*, Monek Mason; bring them to hear, &c., *bring me, where I conceal'd, may hear them speak*, Davenant, 1673; through all, *though all*, MS. Dent and Pope; you had, *you adde*, MS. Dent; as when a giant dies, *as doth a giant dying*, Seymour; flowrie, ed. 1623, *flowing*, Gildon, 1700; nips youth i' th' head, *nips youth i' th' bud*, Dr. Grey. P. 71, col. 2, as faleon, *as falconer*, Dr. Grey; as deep, *as foul*, Davenant, 1673; prenzie, ed. 1623, *princely*, ed. 1632, in two places; damnedst, *damned*, ed. 1663; I'de throw, *I'le throw*, ed. 1663; momentary, *momentany*, ed. 1663; perjury, *penury*,

cd. 1632; wilderness, *wildness*, or *wiliuess*, Dr. Grey. P. 72, col. 1, hear me, Isabella, *stage direction*, "*Duke steps in*," cd. 1632; satisfy, *falsifie*, MS. Dent; made to you, *made on you*, Hanmer; how will you do, *how would you do*, Malone; to have hearing, *to have a hearing*, eds. 18 century; speak farther, *speak, father*, ed. 1685; she should, *her should*, Malone; to her oath, *to her by oath*, cd. 1632; and, omitted in ed. 1685. P. 72, col. 2, in few, *in few words*, ed. 1663; to her tears, *to her ears*, ed. 1632; with fox and, *with fox on*, M. Mason. P. 73, col. 1, away, *Iray*, MS. Dent; our faults, *all faults*, ed. 1685; as faults from seeming free, *as from fault-seeming free*, MS. Dent; go say, *don't say*, MS. Dent. P. 73, col. 2, he is a, *he has no*, MS. Dent; detected, *detracted*, Capell. P. 74, col. 1, me to, *me too*, ed. 1632; he's now past, &c., *he's not past it yet, and, I say't to thee*, MS. Dent. P. 74, col. 2, from the sea, *from the see*, MS. Dent; leave we him, *leave him*, ed. 1663; by my good leisure, *by my good lecture*, anon. conjecture. —P. 75, col. 1, my mirth it, *my mirth is*, Warburton. P. 75, col. 2, quest, *quests*, ed. 1632; tithe, *tilth*, MS. Dent. P. 76, col. 1, your bawd, *you bawd*, ed. 1632; find me y'are, *find me yours*, ed. 18th Century; none since, *now since*, cd. 1632; they will, *there will*, eds. var. P. 76, col. 2, earelesse, *wreaklesse*, sic in ed. 1623. P. 77, col. 2, Dizie, *Dizy*, ed. 1632; Shootie, *Shooty*, ed. 1632; are now, *are now in*, MS. notation; your friends, *your friend*, Davenant, 1673; but heare, *but heave*, ed. 1632. P. 78, col. 1, of his colour, *of colour*, ed. 1632; weale-ballane'd, *well-balanc'd*, MS. Dent; by so holy, *be so holy*, ed. 1632; show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience, *show wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience*, eds. of the 18th century. P. 78, col. 2, whose, *who's*, ed. 1632; beholding to your reports, sic in ed. 1623; very little of it, *very little of*, ed. 1632; a kind of, *a kind of a*, ed. 1632. P. 79, col. 1, reliver, *deliver*, ed. 1632; dares her no, *dares her to it, dares her ou*, M. Mason; Flavia's house, sic in ed. 1623; Valencius, sic in ed. 1623. P. 79, col. 2, hent, *hemn'd*, conjecture; thankings to you, *thankings be to you*, ed. 1632; I should wrong it, *I should wrong*, ed. 1632; with echaracters, *in characters*, early MS. commonplace-book; give we your hand, sic in ed. 1623; upon a wrong'd, &c., *upon a wrouged, I would fain say maid*, or, *upon a wroug'd, I fain would have said maid*, Seymour; oh! hear me here, *oh! hear me*, some editions; most bitterly and strange, *most bitterly*, ed. 1632. P. 80, col. 1, by mine honesty, *by mine honor*, MS. Quiney; as then, *was then*, anon. conjecture; told somewhat, *told something*, ed. 1632. P. 80, col. 2, the needless proecess by, *the needless by*, ed. 1632; the vild conclusion, sic in ed. 1623; in countenancee, *in seeming goodness*, early MS. commonplace-book; that she speaks, *which she speaks*, ed. 1632. P. 81, col. 1, of a strange fever, *of a stroug fever*, MS. Dent; upon his, *upon this*, some editions; intended 'gainst, *intended against*, ed. 1632; show your face, *show her face*, ed. 1632, an obvious emendation; why you are, *why are you*, ed. 1632; echarges she moe then me, sic in ed. 1623; that he knows, *that he knew*, Hanmer. P. 81, col. 2, enoug, *enough*, ed. 1632; in's garden house, sic in ed. 1623; informal women, *informing women*, MS. Dent; mightier member, *mighty member*, MS. Quiney; to your, *unto your*, modern editions; against his, *'gainst his*, ed. 1632; strong enough against, early MS. commonplace-book. P. 82, col. 1, she would, *she should*, ed. 1632; in foul, *with foul*, some eds. of the last century. P. 82, col. 2, ere mad'st, *ere made*; like powre divine, sic in ed. 1623; thou ere, *thou ever*, ed. 1632; and holy, *all holy*, Hanmer; my hidden powre, sic in ed. 1623. P. 83, col. 1, confutation, *confiscatiou*, ed. 1632, this latter reading being generally adopted; nor no, *wou'd no*, Gildon, 1700. P. 83, col. 2, I would, *I wouldst*, ed. 1632; and pray thee, *I pray thee*, ed. 1632; if any woman, *if any woman's*, Hanmer. P. 84, col. 1, the names, *names*, ed. 1632; your good, *you good*; that meet, *that's meet*, ed. 1632. The reader will not fail to have observed, in the above list, the worthless-

ness of the readings of the two latest folios. The second folio is of course of no critical authority, but still it occasionally presents intelligent corrections of what are obviously errors of the press in the first edition; but the third is reprinted from the second, and the fourth from the third, with variations that are almost always the results of either negligence or caprice. These alterations are occasionally violent, a curious example occurring in the fifth act, where the Duke, addressing Isabella, says, according to the first, second, and third folios,—“By heaven, *fond wretch*, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,” the printer of the fourth folio altering this to,—“By heaven, *fond weuch*,” which is exactly one of that class of specious modernizations of which there are so many examples in the Perkins manuscript. It may be just worth while adding a few other readings from the last two folio editions, which will complete the above list:—“As it is as dangerous,” the first *as* omitted in ed. 1663, see p. 151; “but leave *we* him,” *we* omitted in ed. 1663; “he will not *wake*,” not *awake*, ed. 1663; “this is a thing *that* Angelo knows not,” *which*, ed. 1685; “your *friends*, sir, the hangman,” *friend*, ed. 1663, a reading I have inserted in the text; “and *I* will have more time,” *I* omitted in ed. 1685; “this *nor* hurts him,” *not*, ed. 1685; “many and hearty *thankings* be to you,” *thinkings*, ed. 1663; “this needs must be *a* practice,” *a* omitted in ed. 1685; “*Oh* heaven, the vanity,” *Ah*, ed. 1685; “perchance, publicly, *she*'ll be ashamed,” *she*'ld, ed. 1685; “I *would* thou *hadst* done so,” *wouldst*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685, *hast*, ed. 1685; “and squar'st thy life *according*,” *accordingly*, ed. 1685. The four folios having been successively reprinted, the second from the first, and so on, it has been considered unnecessary in most cases to indicate that any particular alteration is also to be found in a later copy, except, as in some few instances, where the error has been corrected by a return to the original text. This is especially to be observed with respect to obvious misprints. Thus, at the commencement of the present drama, in the eleventh line of the Duke's second speech, the verb *remember* is misprinted *rememember* in the second folio (ed. 1632), the error being peculiar to that edition. Trivial indications of this kind are of great value to persons who possess any of the numerous imperfect copies of the second folio, which are sometimes advertised as being the first, and may also serve to detect vitiated made-up copies of the latter edition, for I believe several copies of the first folio are in existence possessing leaves of the second folio, the pagination throughout the volume being nearly identical in both impressions, and thus serving the purpose of completion to those who would use the inferior edition for the attainment of that object, either in ignorance or from a recklessness of the mischief that results from such practices. I am most careful, in the present edition, to place confidence in those copies only that I am convinced are perfectly genuine, and which have not passed through the improving hands of any of the present generation.

Davenant, in his *Law against Lovers*, 1673, has made great use of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, having in fact interwoven the two plots into one drama, and adapted much of the language of each of those plays. In the year 1700, an alteration of this comedy by Charles Gildon was published, under the title of, “*Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate, as it is Acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields; written originally by Mr. Shakspeare, and now very much alter'd, with additions of several entertainments of Musick*,” 4to. This performance is of very questionable merit, and the author has unfortunately not recorded any traditions relating to the original drama that might have been then current. The original play is nearly lost in this tasteless alteration, which appears, however, to have had the advantage of some good music. One of the songs in it,—“Fear no danger to ensue,” was set to music by Purcell, an engraved copy of which, now before me, is entitled,—“A Song in the Play call'd *Measure for Measure*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell, and exactly engrav'd by

Tho : Cross," and, I believe, all the music was by the same composer. Collation :— Title-page, one leaf, list of dramatis personæ on the reverse; dedication to Nicholas Battersby, one leaf; Prologue by Oldmixon, spoken by Betterton, and Epilogue, Shakespeare's Ghost, spoken by Mr. Verbruggen, together one leaf; the play itself, pp. 1—48 (misprinted 84). A few of the alterations made by Davenant and Gildon are noticed in the collations, but it is scarcely necessary to say that neither of these writers are of the slightest critical authority. Their variations are, for the most part, tasteless modernizations of the original language.

The period of action of the *Promos* and *Cassandra* of Whetstone is referred to the latter part of the fifteenth century, when Corvinus was King of Hungary and Bohemia, the latter title having been obtained in the year 1473. There is a passage in the first act which leads to the conclusion that Shakespeare's drama is to be assigned to the same period in regard to the events described in it,—"If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king." The First Gentleman answers,—“Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!” The “other dukes” may refer to the petty rulers of Germany, the term duke being somewhat indiscriminately bestowed on any kind of governor or ruler. The second speech evidently refers to a time when Austria was at enmity with Hungary, and, in all probability, to the well-known events which occurred under the rule of Mathias Corvinus. The subject has been discussed at length, and with great ability, by Mr. R. G. White. Whetstone's play was printed in the year 1578, and the following reprint of it has been collated with a copy of the original edition.

The Right Excellent and Famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, divided into two commicall Discourses. In the Fyrste Parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate: the vertuous behavours of a chaste Ladye: the uncontrold lewdenes of a favoured Curtisan: And the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasyte. In the second parte is discoursed the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking Vice and favouringe Vertue: Wherein is showne the Ruine and Overthrowe of dishonest practises: with the advauncement of upright dealing. The worke of George Whetstones Gent. Formæ nulla Fides.

To his worshipfull friende and Kinseman, William Flectewoode, Esquier, Reeorder of London.

Syr, desirous to acquite your tryed frendships with some token of good will, of late I perused divers of my unperfect workes, fully minded to bestowe on you the travell of some of my forepassed time. But resolved to accompanye the adventurous Captaine Syr Humfrey Gylbert, in his honorable voiadge, I found my leysure too littel to correct the errors in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I lefte them dispersed amonge my learned freendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I failed to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my study of his necessarye furnytur. Amonge other unregarded papers, I fownde this discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse (and the needefull knowledge) of the necessary matter contained therein (to make the actions appeare more lively), I divided the whole history into two commedies: for that, decorum used, it would not be conveyde in one. The effects of both are good and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, unlawfull desyres (yf it were posible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needefull actions (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good, the good are encowraged in wel doinge: and with the seowrge of the lewde, the lewde are feared from evill attempts: mainetayning this my oppinion with Platoes auctoryty:—“Nawghtinesse commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or hearinge the lives of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye), but goodnesse (sayth he) is beawtified by either action.” And to these endes,

Menander, Plautus, and Terence themselves many yeares since intombed (by their commedies) in honour live at this daye. The auncient Romans heald these showes of suche prisce, that they not onely allowde the publike exereise of them, but the grave Senators themselves countenaunced the actors with their presence: who from these trifles wonne morallytye, as the bee suckes honny from weedes. But the advised devises of auncient poets, discredited with the tryfels of yonge, unadvised, and rashe witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his commedies, that honest hearers are greeved at his actions: the Frenchman and Spaniarde folowes the Italians humor: the Germaine is too holye, for he presentes on every common stage what preachers should pronounce in pulpets. The Englishman, in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he fyrst groundes his worke on impossibilities: then in three howers ronnes, he throwe the worlde, marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth divels from hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so unperfect, as their workinge indiscreete: not waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follyes) to scorne: Manye tymes (to make mirthe) they make a clowne companion with a kinge: in theyr grave counsels, they allow the advise of fooles: yea they use one order of speach for all persons: a grose indecorum, for a crowe wyll yll counterfet the nightingales sweete voice: even so, affected speeche doth misbecome a clowne. For to worke a commedie kindly, grave olde men should instruct: yonge men should showe the imperfections of youth: strumpets should be lascivious: boyes unhappy: and clownes should speake disorderlye: entermingling all these actions in such sorte, as the grave matter may instruct, and the pleasant delight: for, without this chaunge, the attention would be small, and the likinge lesse.

But leave I this rehearsall of the use and abuse of commedies: least that I checke that in others, which I cannot amend in myselfe. But this I am assured, what actions so ever passeth in this history, either merry or morneful, grave or lascivious, the conclusion showes the confusion of vice, and the cherising of vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (because of evel handlinge) be unworthy your learned censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll, untill leasure serves me to perfect some labour of more worthe. No more but that, Almightye God be your protector, and preserve me from dainger in this voiage, the xxix. of July, 1578. Your kinsman to use, George Whetstone.

The Printer to the Reader.—Gentle Reader, this labour of Maister Whetstons came into my handes in his fyrst cobby, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it anew, nor to geve apt instructions to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that every sundry actor hath in all these a sundry grace; so that, if I commit an error, without blaming the auctor, amend my amisse: and if, by chaunce, thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with judgement, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driven both to praise and blame with one breath, which in readinge wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine. Using this courtesy, I hould my paynes wel satisfied, and Maister Whetston uninjured: and, for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes as may profit thee with delight. Thy Friend, R. I.

The Argument of the Whole Historye.

In the Cyttie of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law that what man so ever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparrel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the

favour of some mereifull magistrate, became little regarded untill the time of Lord Promos auctority : who, convicting a yong gentleman, named Andrugio, of ineontineney, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra : Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos : Promos, regarding her good behaviours, and fantasynge her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke : and doying good, that evill might come thereof, for a time he repriv'd her brother : but, wicked man, tounring his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life : chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But, in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother pleading for life, upon these conditions she agreede to Promos : First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygnd her conditions : but worse then any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other : for to keepe his auctoritye unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandrea's clamors, he commaunded the gayler seeretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gayler, with the outeryes of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executeed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's who was set at libertie by the Gayler) was so agreede at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And devisyng a way, she coneluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executeing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos : whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her erased honour : which donne, for his hainous offenee he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life : the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her speecial case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieffe of his sister, bewrayde his safeteye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstanees of this rare historye in action lyvely foloweth.

ACT. I. SC. I. Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde-bearer : *one with a bunche of keyes* : Phallax, Promos man.

You officers which now in Julio staye,
 Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie,
 Sent me Promos, to joyne with you in sway,
 That styll we may to justice have an eye.
 And now to show my rule and power at lardge,
 Attentivelie his Letters Pattents heare :
 Phallax, reade out my soveraines chardge.

Phallax. As you commaunde, I wyll give heedefull eare.

[*Phallax readeth the Kinge's Letters Patents, which must be fayre written in parchement, with some great counterfeat zeale.*

Promos. Loe, here you see what is our soveraignes wyl ;
 Loe, heare his wish that right not might beare swaye ;
 Loe, heare his care to weede from good the yll,
 To seorge the wights good lawes that disobay.

Such zeale he beares unto the common-weale,
 (How so he bids, the ignorant to save)
 As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele :
 Such is his wish, such is my wyll to have ;
 And such a iudge here Promos vowes to be.
 No wylfull wrong sharpe punishment shall mysse ;
 The simple thrall shal be judgde with mereie,
 Each shall be doombde even as his merite is.
 Love shall not staye, nor hate revenge procure,
 Ne yet shall coyne corrupt or foster wrong :
 I doo protest, whylste that my charge indure,
 For friende nor foe to singe a partiall song.

Thus have you heard howe my commission goes ;
 He absent, I present our soveraigne styll :
 It aunsweres then, each one his dutie showes
 To mee, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.

Mayor. Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we joye,
 We doe submitte our selves to worke thy heast :
 Reeeve the sword of justice to destroy
 The wicked impes, and to defend the rest.

Shirife. Our citty keyes take, wisht liftenaunt, heare ;
 We doe committe our safetie to thy head :
 Thy wyse foresight will keepe us voyde of feare,
 Yet wyll we be assistant still at neede.

Promos. Both sworde and keies unto my princes use,
 I doo reeeve and gladlie take my chardge.
 It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
 We poynt a tyme of counceell more at lardge ;
 To treat of which, a whyle we wyll depart.

All speake. To worke your wyll we yeele a wylling hart.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. I. Sc. II.—*Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.*

The Song.

Al a flaunt now vaunt it! brave wenche, cast away eare ;
 With layes of love chaunt it ; for no cost see thou spare.
 Sith nature hath made thee with bewty most brave,
 Sith fortune doth lade thee with what thou wouldst have :
 Ere pleasure doth vade thee, thy selfe set to sale,
 All wantons will trade thee, and stowpe to thy stale.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Yong rufers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine ;
 Olde dottrels retaines thee, thy beuties so shine ;
 Though many disdaynes thee, yet none may thee tuch ;
 Thus envie refraynes thee, thy countenance is such.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Shee speaketh. Triumphe, fayre Lamia, now, thy wanton flag advaunce ;
 Set foorth thy self to bravest show, bost thou of happy chaunce.
 Gyrle, accompt thou thy selfe the cheefe of Lady Pleasure's traine ;
 Thy face is faire, thy forme content, thy fortunes both doth staine.
 Even as thou wouldst thy house doth stande, thy furniture is gay,
 Thy weedes are brave, thy face is fine, and who for this doth paye?

Thou thy self? no, the rushing youthes that bathe in wanton blisse,
 Yea, olde and dooting fooles sometimes doo helpe to paye for this.
 Free cost betweene them both I have, all this for my behove;
 I am the sterne that gides their thoughts, looke what I like, they love.
 Few of them sturre that I byd staie; if I bid go, they flye;
 If I on foe pursue revenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.
 The bravest, I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
 Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlster mee in yll.
 But see wheras my trustie man doth run; what newes brings he?

ACT. I. Sc. III.—Rosko (Lamia's Man), Lamia.

Rosko. Good people; did none of you my mistresse Lamia see?

Lamia. Rosko, what newes, that in such haste you come blowing?

Rosko. Mistresse, you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.

Lamia. What so they be, foolish knave, tell me true?

Rosko. Oh yll, for thirtie besydes you.

Lamia. For me, good fellowe! I praye thee why so?

Rosko. Be patient, Mistresse, and you shall knowe.

Lamia. Go too, saye on.

Rosko. Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
 And thirtie must to *Trussum corde* go.

Among the which (I weepe to showe) alas!

Lamia. Why, what's the matter, man?

Rosko. O Andrugio,

For loving too kindlie, must loose his heade,
 And his sweete hart must weare the shamefull weedes
 Ordainde for dames that fall through fleshly deedes.

Lamia. Is this offence in question come againe?

Tell, tell no more; tys tyme this tale were done:
 See, see, howe soone my triumphe turnes to paine.

Rosko. Mistresse, you promised to be quiet;
 For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so.

Lamia. Alas, poore Rosko, our dayntie dyet,
 Our braverie and all we must forgo.

Rosko. I am sorie.

Lamia. Yea, but out alas! sorrowe wyll not serve:
 Rosko, thou must needes provide thee else where;
 My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starve,
 Save that I did provide for a deare yeare.

Rosko. They rewarde fayre (their harvest in the stacke)
 When winter comes that byd their servaunts packe.

Alas, mistresse, if you turne mee off now,
 Better then a roge none wyll me allowe.

Lamia. Thou shalt have a pasporte.

Rosko. Yea, but after what sorte?

Lamia. Why, that thou wart my man.

Rosko. O the judge sylde showes the favour,
 To let one theefe bayle another:
 Tush, I know, ere long you so wyll slyp awaye,

As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
Of your good lyfe.

Lamia. Never feare : honestly

Lamia nowe meanes to lyve, even tyll she dye.

Rosko. As jumpe as apes in vewe of nuttes to daunce,
Kytte will to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce :

Well, howe so you stande upon this holy poynt,

For the thing you knowe, you wyll jeobarde a joynt.

Lamia. Admitte I woulde, my hazarde were in vaine.

Rosko. Perhappes I know to turne the same to gaine.

Lamia. Thou comforts mee, good Rosko, tell me howe ?

Rosko. You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

Lamia. I dyd but jeast, good sweete servaunt, tell mee.

Rosko. Sweete servaunt now, and late ; pack, syr, God bwy ye.

Lamia. Tush, to trye thy unwillingnesse, I dyd but jeast.

Rosko. And I doo but trye how long you woulde be honest.

Lamia. I thought thy talke was too sweete to be true.

Rosko. Yea, but meant you to byd honestie adue ?

Lamia. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by need,
To byd him welcome home againe I was decreede.

Rosko. Verie good, mistresse, I know your minde,

And for your ease this remedie I finde :

Prying abroade for playfellowes and such,

For you, mistresse, I heard of one Phallax,

A man esteemde of Promos verie much :

Of whose nature I was so bolde to axe,

And I smealt he lov'd lase mutton well.

Lamia. And what of this ?

Rosko. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell
To towle him home, he of you wyll be fayne,
Whose countenaunce wyll so excuse your faultes,
As none, for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.

Lamia. A good device, God graunt us good successe :
But I praye thee, what trade doth he professe ?

Rosko. He is a paltrie petyfogger.

Lamia. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.
Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,
Tell him from mee that I a cause or two
Woulde put to him at leysure wyllinglie.

Rosko. Hir case is so common, that smal pleading wyl serve ;
I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to observe.

Lamia. Aye me, alas, lesse Phallax helpe, poore wench undone I am :
My foes nowe in the winde wyll lye to worke my open shame :
Now envious eyes will prie abroade offenders to intrap,
Of force nowe Lamia must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And, wanton girle, how wilt thou shift for garments fine and gay ?
For dainty fare ? can crusts content ; who shal thy houserent pay ?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy daliaunce leave ;
And can then the force of lawe or death, thy minde of love bereave ?
In good faith, no : the wight that once hath tast the fruits of love,
Untill hir dying daye will long Sir Chaucer's jests to prove.

ACT. I. Sc. IV.—Lamia's Mayde, Lamia.

Mayde. Forsooth, Mistris, your thraule staves for you at home.

Lamia. Were you borne in a myll curtole? you prate so hye.

Mayde. The gentelman that came the last day with Captain Prie.

Lamia. What, young Hipolito?

Mayde. Even he.

Lamia. Least he be gone, home hye,

And will Dalia pop him in the neather roome,

And keepe the falling doore close tyll I come;

And tell my thraule his fortune wyll not stave.

Mayde. Wyll you ought else?

[*Exit.*

Lamia. Pratyng vixen, away!

Gallants, adue; I venter must Hipolito to see,

He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for mee.

(*Note*). My hassard for his sake I trowe, shall make him pray and pay:

He, he shall pranck me in my plumes, and deck mee brave and gay.

Of curtisie, I praye you yet, if Phallax come this waye,

Report, to put a case with him, heare Lamia long dyd stay.

[*Exit.*

ACT. II. Sc. I.—Cassandra, a *Mayde*.

Cassandra. Aye mee, unhappy wenche, that I must live the day

To see Andrugio tymeles dye, my brother and my stay.

The onely meane, God wot, that should our house advaunce,

Who in the hope of his good hap, must dy through wanton chance.

O blynde affectes in love, whose tormentes none can tell,

Yet wantons wyll byde fyre and frost, yea hassard death, nay hell,

To taste thy sowre sweete frutes, digested styll with care!

Fowle fall thee, Love, thy lightning joyes hath blasted my welfare;

Thou fyrst affection fyrst within my brothers brest:

Thou mad'st Polina graunt him (earst) even what he would request:

Thou mad'st him crave and have a prooffe of Venus meede,

For which foule act he is adjudg'd eare long to lose his heade.

The lawe is so severe in scourging fleshly sinne,

As marriage to worke after mends doth seldome favor win.

A law first made of zeale, but wrested much amis:

Faults should be measured by desart, but all is one in this:

The lecher fyerd with lust is punished no more

Then he which fel through force of love, whose mariage salves his sore;

So that poore I dispayre of my Andrugio's lyfe,

O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my stryfe!

ACT. II. Sc. II. Andrugio *in Prison*. Cassandra.

Andrugio. My good syster Cassandra.

Cassandra. Who calleth Cassandra?

Andrugio. Thy wofull brother Andrugio.

Cassandra. Andrugio, O dismall day, what greefes doe mee assayle?

Condemned wretch, to see thee here fast fettered now in jayle!

How haps thy wits were witched so, that knowing death was meede,

Thou wouldest commit (to slay us both) this vile lascivious deede.

Andrugio. O good Cassandra, leave to cheek, and chide me thraule therefore,
 If late repentaunce wrought me helpe, I would doe so no more.
 But out alas ! I wretch too late doe sorrowe my amys,
 Unles Lord Promos graunt me grace, in vayne is had-y-wist.
 Wherfore, sweete sister, whylst in hope my dampned lyfe yet were,
 Assaulte his hart in my behalfe with battering tyre of teares.
 If thou by sute doest save my lyfe, it both our joyes will be ;
 If not, it may suffice thou soughtst to set thy brother free :

Wherefore speede to proroge my dayes, to-morrowe else I dye.

Cassandra. I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye to purchase the mercye ;
 Farewell a while ; God graunt me well to specede !

Andrugio. Syster, adew ; tyl thy returne I lyve twene hope and dreede.

Cassandra. Oh happy tyme ! see where Lord Promos comes.
 Now, tongue, addresse thy selve my mind to wray :
 And yet, least haste worke waste, I hold it best
 In covert, for some advauntage, to stay.

ACT. II. Sc. III. Promos *with the Shrieffe, and their Officers.*

Promos. 'Tis strange to thinke what swarms of unthrifts live
 Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft,
 That were it not that justice ofte them greeve,
 The just mans goods by rufers should be reft.
 At this our syse are thirtye judgde to dye,
 Whose falles I see their fellowes smally feare,
 So that the way is, by severity,
 Such wicked weedes even by the rootes to teare.
 Wherfore, Shrieffe, executc with speedy pace
 The dampned wightes, to cutte of hope of grace.

Shrieffe. It shal be done.

Cassandra to herselfe. O cruell words, they make my hart to bleede :
 Now, now I must this dome seeke to revoke,
 Least grace come short when starved is the steede.

She, kneeling, speakes to Promos.

Most mighty lord and worthy judge, thy judgement sharpe abate,
 Vaile thou thine eares to heare the plaint that wretched I relate.
 Behold the wofull syster here of poore Andrugio,
 Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
 Way his yong yeares, the force of love which foreed his amis,
 Way, way that mariage works amends for what committed is.
 He hath defilde no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd ;
 He fel through love, who never ment but wive the wight he lov'd :
 And wantons sure to keepe in awe these statutes first were made,
 Or none but lustfull leachers should with rygrous law be payd.
 And yet to adde intent thereto is farre from my pretence ;
 I sue with teares to wyn him grace that sorrows his offenee.
 Wherfore herein, renowned lorde, justice with pitee payse,
 Which two, in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame will raise.

Promos. Cassandra, leave of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath bene tride ;
 Lawe founde his faulte, lawe judgde him death.

Cassandra. Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefe oft permits to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regall authoritie,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wyful murder wrought which axeth blood againe ;
Andrugio's faulte may valued be ; mariage wipes out his stayne.

Promos. Faire dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desart) this favour wyll I showe :
I wyll re pryve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse ;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have afresh to pleade his cause.
Shriefe, execute my chardge, but staye Andrugio,
Untill that you in this behalfe more of my pleasure knowe.

Shriefe. I wyll performe your wyll.

Cassandra. O most worthy magistrate, myselfe thy thrall I binde,
Even for this lytle lightning hope which at thy handes I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death and life.

[*Exit.*

Promos. Happie is the man that injoyes the love of such a wife.
I do protest hir modest wordes hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for gaze ;
Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off fond sutes with chast disdain ;
O God, I feele a sodaine change that doth my freedome chayne !
What didst thou say ? fie, Promos, fie ! of hir avoide the thought,
And so I will ; my other cares wyll cure what love hath wrought.
Come, awaye.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SC. IV. Phallax, *Promos* Officer ; Gripax and Rapax, *Promoters.*

Phallax. My trusty friendes, about your businesse straight,
With symple shewes your subtile meanings bayte :
Promote all faults up into my office,
Then turne me lose the offenders to fleece.

Gripax. Tush, to finde lawe-breakers let me alone ;
I have eyes will look into a mylstone.

Phallax. God a mercy, Gripax.

Rapax. And I am so subtyll-sighted I trowe,
As I the very thoughts of men doo know.

Gripax. I fayth, Rapax, what thought thy wife, when she,
To lye with the preest by night stole from thee ?

Rapax. Marry, she knew you and I were at square ;
And least we fell to blowes, she did prepare
To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.

Gripax. Goe, and a knave with thee.

Rapax. I stay for you.

Phallax. No harme is done, here is but blow for blow ;
Byrds of a fether best flye together :
Then like partners about your market goe :
Marrowes, adew : God send you fayre wether.

Gripax. Fare you well ; for us take no care ;
With us this brode speeche sildome breedeth square.

[*Exeunt.*

Phallax. Marry, syr, wel fare an office, what some ever it be ;
The very countenance is great, though slender be the fee.

I thanke my good Lord Promos now, I am an officer made,
 In sooth more by hap then desart, in secret be it sayde.
 No force for that, each shyft for one, for Phallax will doo so ;
 Well fare a head can take his tyme, noy watch for tyme, I trow.
 I smyle to thinke of my fellowes, how some brave it, some waight,
 And thinke reward there service just, with offred shifts wyl bayght ;
 When they (poore soules) in troth do falle a myle upon account,
 For flattery and fervent plesing are meanes to make men mount :
 I speak on prooffe : Lord Promos I have pleased many a day,
 Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.
 What skyls for that ? by wit or wyle I have an office got,
 By force wherof every lycence, warrant, pattent, pasport,
 Leace, fyne, fee, *et cetera*, pas and repas through Phallax hands ;
 Disordred persons brybe me wel to escape from justice hands.
 And weltly churles for to promote, I have now set a worke,
 Such hungry lads as soone will smell where statute-breakers lurk ;
 And if they come within our grype, we meane to stripe them so,
 As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with us shall goe.
 And trust me this, we officers of this mylde mould are wrought ;
 Agre with us, and sure your shame by us shal not be sought.
 But soft a whyle, I see my Lord ; what makes him lowre so ?
 I wyll intrude into his sight, perhaps his greefe to know.

ACT. II. SC. IV.—Phallax. Promos.

Promos. Well mette, Phallax, I long have wysht to showe
 A cause to thee which none but I yet know.

Phallax. Say on, my Lord ; a happy man weare I,
 If any way your wish I could supply.

Promos. Faine would I speake, but oh, a chylling feare
 (The case is such) makes mee from speech forbear.

Phallax. These wordes, my lord, whome ever have bene just,
 Now makes, me thinke, that you my truth mistrust.
 But cease suspect, my wyll with yours shall gree,
 What so (or against whome) your dealing be.

Promos. Against a wight of small account it is,
 And yet, I feare, I shall my purpose mys.

Phallax. Feare not, my Lorde, the olde proverbe doth saye,
 Faynt harts doth steale fayre ladyes seld away.

Promos. Fayre ladyes ! O, no lady is my love,
 And yet she sure as coye as they wyl prove.

Phallax. I thought as much, love did torment you so ;
 But what is she that dare saye Promos noe ?

Promos. Doe what one can, fyre wyll breake forth I see ;
 My words unwares hath showen what greeveth me :
 My wound is such as love must be my leache,
 Which cure wyll bring my gravity in speeche.
 For what may be a folly of more note,
 Then for to see a man gray beard to dote ?

Phallax. No, my lorde, *Amor omnia vincit*,
 And Ovid sayth, *Forma numen habet*.
 And for to prove love's service seemes the wise,

Set Sallamon and Sampson before your eyes ;
 For wyt and strength who wonne the cheefest prise,
 And both lyv'd by the lawes love did devise,
 Which proves in love a certaine godhed lycs :
 And Goddes rule yearely by wisdom from the skyes,
 Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.

Promos. Indeede divine I thinke loves working is,
 From reasons use in that my senses swarve ;
 In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blyssc ;
 On woe I feede, in sight of foode I stearve :
 These strange effects by love are lodg'd in mee ;
 My thoughts are bound, yet I myselfc am free.

Phallax. Well, my good Lord, I axe (with pardon sought)
 Who she may be that hath your thrauldome wrought.

Promos. The example is such as I sygh to showe ;
 Syster she is to dampned Andrugio.

Phallax. All the better for you the game doth goe ;
 The proverbe sayth, that kyt wyll unto kinde :
 If this be true, this comfort then I fynde—
 Cassandra's flesh is as her brother's frayle ;
 Then wyll she stoupe (in cheefe) when lords assayle.

Promos. The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,
 For in her face such modesty doth raigne,
 As cuttes of loving sutes with chaste disdayne.

Phallax. What love wyll not, necessity shall gayne ;
 Her brother's lyfe will make her glad and fayne.

Promos. What, is it best Andrugio free to set,
 Ere I am sure his syster's love to gette ?

Phallax. My lovyng lord, your servaunt meanes not so ;
 But if you wyll, else where in secret goe :
 To worke your wyll, a shift I hope to showe.

Promos. With ryght good wyll, for such my sicknes is,
 As I shall dye if her good will I mys.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. Sc. V.—*The Hangman, with a greate many ropes about his necke.*

The wynd is yl blowes no man's gaine, for cold I neede not care ;
 Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share :
 And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,
 As neyther gentelman nor other lord Promos sheweth grace.
 But I marvell much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone ;
 They were wont to stave a day or two, now scarce an after-noone.
 All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded sore,
 Would cutters save whose clothes are good, I never fear'd the poore.
 Let me see, I must be dapper in this my facultie ;
 Heare are new ropes : how are my knots ? I faith, syr, slippery.
 At fast or loose, with my Giptian, I meane to have a cast ;
 Tenne to one I read his fortune by the marymas fast.

Serg. Away, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging ?

Hangman. Harke, God bwy ye : I must be gone, the prisners are a comming.

[*Exit.*

ACT. II. SC. VI.—*Six prisoners bounde with cords. Two Hacksters, one Woman, one lyke a Giptian, the rest poore Roges, a Preacher, with other Offycers. They sing.*

With harte and voyce to thee, O Lorde,
 At latter gaspe, for grace we crie :
 Unto our sutes, goode God, accorde,
 Which thus appeale to thy mercie.
 Forsake us not in this distresse,
 Which unto thee our sinnes confesse ;
 Forsake us not in this distresse,
 Which unto thee our sinnes confesse.

First Hackster. Al sorts of men, beware by us whom present death assaults ;
 Looke in your conscience what you find, and sorow for your faults.
 Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride :
 I, for my part deserved death, long ere my theft was spide.
 O careles youth, lead, lead awrie with everie pleasing toy,
 Note well my words, they are of woorth, the cause though my annoy.
 Shun to be pranckt in peacocks plumes for gaze which only are ;
 Hate, hate the dyce even as the divell ; of wanton dames beware.
 These, these wer they that suckt my welth ; what folowed them in neede,
 I was intist by lawles men on theevisish spoyles to feede.
 And, nusled once in wicked deedes, I feard not to offende,
 From bad to worse and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
 But oh, presuming over much styll to escape in hope,
 My faultes were found, and I adjudgde to totter in a rope :
 To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes.
 For murder some, for theeverie some, and some for litle cause.

Second Hackster. Beware, deere friends, of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mans
 breath ;
 Blood axeth blood ; I sheeding blood untimelie catch my death.

A Woman. Maides and women, shun pride and sloth, the rootes of every vice ;
 My death ere long wil shew their ends ; God graunt it make you wise !

A scoffing Catchpole. How now, Giptian ? All a mort, knave, for want of
 company ?

Be crustie, man : the hangman straight wil reade fortunes with thee.

The Preacher. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend, offend him not ;
 His faults are scorged ; thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve his lot.

A poore Roge. Jesus, save me ! I am cast for a purse with three halfe pence.

A churlish Officer. Dispatch, prating knave, and be hang'd, that we were
 jogging hence.

*They leysurable depart synging ; the Preacher whispering some one or other of
 the Prisoners styll in the eare.*

They sing. Our secrete thoughts, thou, Christ, dost knowe,
 Whome the worlde doth hate in thrall ;
 Yet hope we that thou wilt not soe,
 On whome alone we thus do call.
 Forsake us not in this distresse,
 Which unto thee our sinnes confesse :
 Forsake us not, &c.

ACT III. Sc. I.—Promos *alone*.

Promos. Do what I can, no reason cooles desire :
 The more I strive my fonde affectes to tame,
 The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
 Within my breast, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
 O straying (*sic pro* straing) effectes of blinde affected love,
 From wisdomes pathes which doth astraye our wittes ;
 Which makes us haunt that which our harmes doth move,
 A sicknesse lyke the fever etticke fittes,
 Which shakes with colde when we do burne like fire.
 Even so in Love we freese through chilling feare,
 When as our hartes doth frye with hote desire.
 What saide I ? lyke to etticke fittes ? nothing neare :
 In sowrest Love, some sweete is ever suckt :
 The lover findeth peace in wrangling strife,
 So that if paine were from his pleasure pluckt,
 There were no heaven like to the lover's life :
 But why stande I to pleade their joye or woe,
 And rest unsure of hir I wish to have ?
 I knowe not if Cassandra love, or noe :
 But yet admytte she graunt not what I crave,
 If I be nyce to hir brother lyfe to give :
 Hir brother's life too much wyll make her yeelde—
 A promise then to let hir brother lyve,
 Hath force inough to make her flie the fiede.
 Thus though sute fayle, necessitie shall wyn,
 Of lordlie rule the conquering power is such :
 But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in :
 Both hope and dreade at once my harte doth tuch.

ACT III. Sc. II.—Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cassandra. I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye.
 For fancies free Andrugio's breast hath scope :
 But least detract doth rayse a new annoye,
 I nowe will seeke to turne to happe his hope.
 See, as I wisht, Lord Promos is in place ;
 Nowe in my sute God graunt I maye finde grace.

Shee kneeling speakes to Promos.

Renowned lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
 In homage bondes I binde myselfe to thee ;
 And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
 Yet once againe on knees I mercie seeke
 In his behalfe, that hanges twene death and life ;
 Who styll is preast if you the mendes do leeke,
 His lawles love to make his lawfull wife.

Promos. Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish to do thee good,
 But all in vaine, al things conclude to have thy brother's blood.
 The stricknes of the lawe condempnes an ignorant abuse,

Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt or cloked with excuse ;
And what maye be more wylfull then a maide to violate ?

Cassandra. The force was smal when with hir wyl he, wretch, the conquest
gate.

Promos. Lawe ever at the worst doth conster evyl intent.

Cassandra. And lawe even with the worst awardesthem punishment ;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudg'd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more in showing him mercie.
The world will think how that you do but graunt him grace on cause :
And where cause is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.

Promos. Cassandra, in thy brother's halfe thou hast sayde what may be ;
And for thy sake it is, if I doe set Andrugio free.
Shart tale to make, thy beauty hath surprysed me with love,
That, maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections move.
And, quite subdude by Cupids might, neede makes mee sue for grace
To thee, Cassandra, which doest holde my freedome in a lace.
Yeelde to my will, and then commaund even what thou wilt of mee ;
Thy brother's life, and all that else may with thy liking gree.

Cassandra. And may it be, a judge himself the self same fault should use,
For which he domes an others death ? O crime without excuse !
Renowned lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your thrall to trye,
If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

Promos. Faire dame, my outward lookes my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye !

Cassandra. If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.

Promos. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still doth set another free.

Cassandra. What so warre seekes, love unto warre contrary is you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it covet force.

Promos. The lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe to wyn his frowarde foe,
Too kinde a foole I will him holde that lets such vantage goe.

Cassandra. Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye ere I my honor stayne ;
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.

Promos. Bethink yourself at price inough I purchase, sweet, your love ;
Andrugio's life suffis'd alone your straungenes to remove ;
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require :
Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.

Cassandra. No, Promos, no ; honor never at value maye be solde ;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde.

Promos. To buie this juell at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cassandra. For unsure hope, that peereles pearle I never will forsake.

Promos. These sutes seemes strange at first, I see, wher modesty beares sway ;
I therefore wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer staye. [To himself.]

Fayre Cassandra, the juell of my joye,
Howe so in showe my tale seemes straunge to thee,
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
Yet for to give thee respite to agree,
I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent ;
Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a page (suspect for to prevent)
Unto my court, some night, sweet wenche, repaire.

Tyl then, adue ; thou these my words in works perform'd shalt find.

Cassandra. Farewel, my Lord, but in this sute you bootles wast your wind.
 Cassandra! O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,
 What tongue ean tel, what thought eoneeive, what pen thy grieft can show!
 Whom to seurge, Nature, heaven and earth, do heapes of thral ordain,
 Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes are in vain.
 That which to others eomfort yeelds, doth eause my hevvy eheer,
 I meane, my beautie breedes my bale, which many hold so deere.
 I would to God that kinde else where bestowed had this blase,
 My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives the gase.
 This forme so Promos fiers with love as wisdom eannot quench
 His hote desire, tyll he lust in Venus' seas hath dreneht.

At these wordes Ganio must be readie to speake.

ACT III. Sc. III.—Ganio, Andrugio's boye. Cassandra.

Ganio. Mistress Cassandra, my master longs to heare of your good speed.

Cassandra. Poore Ganio, his death, alas! fieree fortune hath deereed.

Ganio. His death! God forbyd all his hope should turne to such sueesse;
 For God's sake, go and eomfort him; I sorrowe his distresse.

Cassandra. I needes must go, although with heavy cheere.

Ganio. Sir, your syster Cassandra is here.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. Sc. IV.—Andrugio out of prison. Cassandra on the stage.

Andrugio. My Cassandra, what newes? good sister, showe.

Cassandra. All thinges eonelude thy death, Andrugio:
 Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.

Andrugio. My death! alas, what rayseed this new disdayne?

Cassandra. Not justice zeale in wicked Promos sure.

Andrugio. Sweete, show the eause I must this doome indure.

Cassandra. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.

Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyll
 That I do yelde: than which I rather chose
 With torments sharpe my selfe he first should kyll.
 Thus am I bent: thou seest thy death at hand:
 O would my life would satisfie his yre,
 Cassandra then would eaneell soone thy band.

Andrugio. And may it be a judge of his aceount
 Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
 But more, may he doome any fault with death,
 When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust?
 Syster, that wise men love we often see,
 And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne;
 But who so loves, if he rejected be,
 His passing love to peevisch hate will turne.
 Deare sister, then note how my fortune stands:
 That Promos love, the like is oft in use;
 And sith he erave this kindnesse at your hands,
 Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
 I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi*.
 Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest;

But whereas things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.

Cassandra. And of these evils, the least, I hold, is death,
To shun whose dart we can no meane devise ;
Yet honor lyves when death hath done his worst :
Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more emprise.

Andrugio. Nay, Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To save my life, to Promos fleashly wyll,
Justiee wyll say thou dost no eryme commit,
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.

Cassandra. How so th' intent is construed in offence,
The proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,
And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence,
By envious tongues, report abrode doth spread.
Andrugio, so my fame shall vallewed bee ;
Dispite will blase my crime, but not the cause ;
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,
Poore wench, I feare the grype of slaunder's pawes.

Andrugio. Nay, sweete sister, more slaunder would infame
Your spotles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,
When you have powre for to enlarge the same ;
Onee in your handes doth lye my lyfe and death.
Way that I am the selfe same flesh you are ;
Thinke, I onee gone, our house will goe to wrack :
Knowe, foreed faultes for slaunder neede not eare ;
Looke you for blame, if I quaile through your laek.
Consider well my great extremitie ;
If other wise this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare for any jebardye
To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke :
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
And yet his hope may further thy consent ;
He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wife,
And 'tis likelie he cannot be content
With one night's joye : if love he after seekes ;
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
Before he lose thy selfe that so he leekes,
No dought but he to marryage wyll agree.

Cassandra. And shall I sticke to stoupe to Promos wyll,
Since my brother injoyeth lyfe thereby ?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Ere that she (*sic*) should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne thy raunsome great to paye ;
Such care she hath thy thraldome to releace,
As she consentes her honor for to slay.

Farewell, I must my virgins weedes forsake,
And, lyke a page, to Promos lewde repayre.

[*Exit.*

Andrugio. My good sister, to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray that comferte change thy care.

ACT III. Sc. V.—Phallax *alone*.

Phallax. Tis more then straunge to sec Lord Promos plight ;
 He fryskes abought as byrdes ware in his breech.
 Even now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight ;
 And straight (through feare) where he clawes, it doth not yteh.
 He museth now, strayght wayes the man doth sing ;
 (A sight, in sooth, unseemcly for his age)
 He longing lookes when any newes shal bring,
 To speake with him, without there waytes a page.
 O worthy wit (fyt for a judges head)
 Unto a man to chaunge a shiftles mayde !
 Wyncke not on me ; twas his and not my deede :
 His, nay his rule, this metamorphos made—
 But, Holla, tongue, no more of this, I pray :
 Non bonus est ludere cum sanctis.
 The quietest and the thryftiest course, they say,
 Is not to checke, but prayse great mens amys.
 I finde it true ; for soothing Promos vaine,
 None lyke my selfe is lykte in his conceyte :
 Whyle favour last, then good, I fish for gaine
 (For grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
 And, as I wish, at hande good fortune see.
 Here coms Rapax and Gripax, but what's this ?
 As good as fayre handsell God graunt it bee :
 The knaves bring a woman *coram nobis*.

ACT III. Sc. VI.—Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne-
byll bring in Lamia and Rosko her man.

Lamia. Teare not my clothes, my friends, they cost more then you are aware.

Bedell. Tush, soon you shal have a blew gown ; for these take you no care.

Rosko. If she tooke thy offer, poore knave, thy wife would starve with cold.

Gripax. Well, syr, whipping shall keepe you warme.

Phallax. What, meanes these knaves to scolde ?

Rapax. Maister Phallax, we finde you in good time ;

A woman here we have brought afore you ;

One to be chargde with many a wanton crime,

Which tryall will, with prooffe inough, finde true :

A knave of hirs we have stayed likewise,

Both to be us'd as you shall us advise.

Phallax. What call you hir name ?

Rapax. Lamia.

Phallax. Fayre dame, hereto what do you saye ?

Lamia. Worshipfull sir, my selfe I happy reake

With patience that my aunswer you will heare.

These naughtie men these wordes on mallice speake,

And for this cause yll wyll to me they beare.

I scornde to keepe their mindes with money playe ;

I meane to keepe my life from open shame ;

Yea, if I liv'd as lewdlie as they saye,

But I that knewe my selfe unworthy blame,

Shrunk not to come unto my triall nowe :

My tale is tolde ; conceyve as lyketh you.

Phallax. My friends, what prooffe have you against this dame ?

Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the sbame :

The wrong is great, and craves great recompence,

To touch her honest name, without offence.

Gripax. All Julio, syr, doth ryng of her lewd lyfe.

Byll. Indcede, she is knowne for an ydle huswife.

Rosko. He lyes ; she is occupied day and night.

Phallax. To sweare against her is there any wight ?

Rapax. No, not present ; but if you do detayne her,
There wil be found by oth some that wyll stayne her.

Phallax. I see she is then on suspition stayde,
Whose faultes to search, upon my charge is layde.

From charge of her I therefore will set you free ;

My scelfe will search her faultes, if any be.

A Gods name, you may depart !

2 or 3 speake. God bwy, syr.

Gripax. In such shares as this henceforth I will begin ;
For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in.

[*Exeunt.*

Phallax. Fayre Lamia, since that we are alone,

I plainly wyll discourse to you my minde :

I thinke you not to be so chast a one,

As that your lyfe this favor ought to fynde.

No force for that, since that you scot free goe,

Unpunished whose life is judged yll ;

Yet thinke (through love) this grace the judge doth show,

And love with love ought to be answered styll.

Lamia. Indcede, I graunt (although I could reprove
Their lewde complayntes with goodnesse of my lyfe)

Your curtesy your detter doth me prove,

In that you tooke my honest fame in stryfe,

My aunswere for discharge of their report :

For which good turne I at your pleasure rest,

To worke amends in any honest sort.

Phallax. Away with honesty ; your answeare then, in sooth,
Fyts me as jumpe as a pudding a friar's mouth.

Rosko. He is a craftie childe ; dally, but do not.

Lamia. Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so whot.

Your wordes are too harde, sir, for me to conster.

Phallax. Then to be short, your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded so,
As (save your love become my leach) I sure shall die with woe.

Lamia. I see no signe of death in your face to appeare ;

Tis but some usuall qualme you have, pitifull dames to feare.

Phallax. Faire Lamia, trust me I faine not ; betimes bestow som grace.

Lamia. Well, I admit it so ; onelie to argue in your case,

I am maried ; so that to set your love on me, were vaine.

Phallax. It suffiscth me that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Rosko. A holie hooode makes not a frier devoute,

He will playe at small game, or he sitte out.

Lamia. Though for pleasure, or to prove me, these profers you do move,
You are to wise to hassarde life upon my yeelding love.

The man is painde with present death, that useth wanton pleasure.

Phallax. To scape such paine, wise men these joyes without suspect can measure.
Furthermore, I have ben (my girle) a lawier to too long,
If at a pinche I cannot wrest the law from right to wrong.

Lamia. If lawe you do professe, I gladlie crave
In a cause or two your advise to have.

Phallax. To resolve you, you shall commaunde my skyll ;
Wherefore like friendes lets common in good wyll.

Lamia. You are a merie man, but leave to jeast ;
To morrowe night, if you will be my geast
At my poore house, you shall my causes knowe,
For good cause, which I meane not here to showe.

Phallax. Willinglie, and for that haste calles me hence,
My sute tyll then shall remaine in suspence :
Farewell, clyent ; to morrowe looke for me.

[Exit.

Lamia. Your good welcome, sir, your best cheere will be.

Rosko. I tolde you earst the nature of Phallax,
Money or faire women workes him as waxe.
And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You told your tale, as if a saint you were.

Lamia. Well (in secreete be it sayde) how so I seemd divine,
I feared once a blew gowne would have bene my shrine.
But nowe that paine is flead, and pleasure keepes his holde,
I knowe that Phallax will my fame hence forth upholde :
To entertaine which geast I will some dayntie cheere prepare ;
Yet ere I go, in pleasant song, I meane to purge my care.

The Song.—A due, poore care, a due,
Go cloye some helples wretche ;
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretche.
Thy harbor is the harte,
Whom wrong hath wrapt in woe ;
But wrong doth take my parte
With cloke of right in shoe.
My faultes inquirie scape,
At them the judges winke ;
Those for my fall that gape,
To showe my lewdnesse shrinke.
Then, silly care, go packe,
Thou art no geast for me ;
I have, and have no lacke,
And lacke is shrowde for thee.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SC. VII.—Cassandra, *apparelled like a Page.*

Cassandra. Unhappy wretche, I blush my selfe to see
Apparelled thus monstrous to my kinde :
But oh, my weedes wyll with my fault agree,
When I have pleasde lewde Promos fleshlic minde.
What shall I do ? go proffer what he sought ?
Or on more sute shall I give my consent ?
The best is sure, since this must needes be wrought,
I go, and showe neede makes me to his bent.

My fluddes of teares, from true intent which floe,
 May quenehe his lust or ope his mufled eyen
 To see that I deserve to be his wife,
 Though now constrainde to be his concubine.
 But so or no, I must the venter give :
 No daunger feares the wight priekt foorth by neede :
 And thus, lyke one more glad to dye then lyve,
 I forwarde set ; God graunt me well to speede.

[*Exit.*]ACT IV. Sc. I.—*Dalia, Lamia's Maide, going to market.*

Dalia. With my mistresse the worlde is chaunged well,
 She fearde of late of whipping cheere to smell ;
 And nowe againe both gallant, fresh and gaye,
 Who in Julio flauntes it out lyke Lamia ?
 A luekie friende (yca, one that beareth swaye)
 Is now become a proppe of such a staye
 To hir good name, as who is he dare saye
 That Lamia doth offende nowe any waye ?
 This her good friende wyll be hir geast this night ;
 And that he maye in his welecome delyght,
 To market I in haste am sent to buye
 The best eheare that I fasten on my eye.

[*Exit.*]ACT IV. Sc. II.—*Promos alone.*

Promos. By proffe I finde no reason cooles desire.
 Cassandraes sute suffised to remove
 My lewde request ; but, contrarie, the fire
 Hir teares inflamd of lust and filthy love.
 And having thus the conquest in my handes
 No prayer servde to worke restraint in mee,
 But needes I would untye the precious bandes
 Of this fayre dames spotles virginitie.
 The spoyle was sweete, and wonne even as I woulde ;
 And yet ungainde tyll I had given my trothe
 To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
 Be free from death ; all which I bounde with oathe.
 It resteth now (unlesse I wrong hir much)
 I keepe my vowe : and shall Andrugio lyve ?
 Such grace would me with unindiffereneie tuch,
 To pardon him that dyd commit a rape,
 To set him free, I to Cassandra sware,
 But no man else is privie to the same ;
 And rage of Love for thousande oathes nyll spare,
 More then are kept when gotten is the game.
 Well, what I sayde, then lover like I sayde,
 Now reason sayes, unto thy ereditie looke ;
 And having well the eireumstaunees wayde,
 I finde I must unswear the oathe I tooke.
 But double wrong I so should do Cassandra ;

No force for that, my might commaundeth right ;
 Hir privie maime hir open cryes will staye,
 Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright :
 And thus shall rule conceale my filthy deede.
 Nowe foorthwith I wyll to the gayler sende,
 That secretelie Andrugio he behead,
 Whose head he shall with these same wordes commend :—
 To Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,
 From prison, loe, he sendes thy brother free.

ACT. IV. Sc. III.—Cassandra.

Cassandra. Fayne would I, wretch, conceale the spoyle of my virginity,
 But O, my gilt doth make mee blush chast virgins here to see.
 I, monster now, no mayde nor wyfe, have stoupte to Promos lust ;
 The cause was, nether sute nor teares could quench his wanton thirst.
 What cloke wyl scuse my crime ? my selfe my conscience doth accuse :
 And shall Cassandra now be termed, in common speeche, a stewes ?
 Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell, be calld a vicious dame ?
 O cruell death, nay hell, to her that was constraynd to shame.
 Alas ! few wyll give foorth, I fynd, to save my brothers lyfe,
 But fayntly I through Promos othes doo hope to be his wife.
 For lovers feare not how they sweare to wyn a lady fayre,
 And having wonne what they did wish, for othes nor lady care :
 But to be just or no, I joy Andrugio yet shall lyve ;—
 But ah ! I see a sight that doth my hart asunder ryve.

ACT. IV. Sc. IV.—Gaylar *with a dead mans head in a charger.* Cassandra.

Gayler. This present wil be galle I know to fayre Cassandra,
 Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say.
 In good tyme see where she doth come to whome my arrand is.
Cassandra. Alas, his hasty pace to me showes somewhat is amys.
Gayler. Fayre Cassandra, my Lord Promos commends him unto thee,
 To keepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother free.
Cassandra. Is my Andrugio done to death ? fye, fye, O faythles trust !
Gayler. Be quiet, lady ; law found his fault, then was his judgment just.
Cassandra. Wel, my good friend, show Promos this, since law hath don this
 deed,
 I thank him yet he would vouchsaf on me my brother's head ;
 Loe this is all : now geve me leave to rew his losse alone.
Gayler. I wyll performe your will, and wish you cease your mone.
Cassandra. Farewell.
Gayler. I sure had shoven what I had done, her teares I pittied so,
 But that I wayde that women syld do dye with greefe and woe :
 And it behoves me to be secret, or else my necke-verse cun :
 Well, now to paek my dead man hence it is hye tyme I run.
Cassandra. Is he past sight ? then have I tyme to wayle my woes alone :
 Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes yet ere I fall to mone.
 O would that I could wast to teares to wash this bloody face,
 Which fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.

O Promos, false and most unkinde, both spoyld of love and ruth!
 O Promos, thou dost wound my hart to thinke on thy untruth!
 Whose plyghted fayth is tounrd to frawd, and words to works unjust!
 Why doe I lyve, unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust?
 O death, devorse me wretch at once from this same worldly lyfe!
 But why do I not slay myselfe for to appease this stryfe?
 Perhaps within this wombe of myne another Promos is;
 I so by death shal be avengd of him in murthring his;
 And ere I am assured that I have revengde this deede,
 Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast weare more than speede.
 So Promos would triumphe that none his tyranny should know;
 No, no, this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe.
 The King is just and mereyfull, he doth both heare and see,
 See mens desarts, heare their complaynts to judge with equity.
 My wofull ease with speede I wyll unto his grace addresse,
 And from the first unto the last the truth I wyll confesse.
 So Promos, thou by that same lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
 Through breach wherof thou didst condemne Andrugio unto death.
 So doing yet, the world will say I broke Diana's lawes:
 But what of that? no shame is myne, when truth hath showne my cause.
 I am resolved the King shall knowe of Promos injury;
 Yet ere I go, my brother's head I wyll ingraved see. [Exit.

ACT. IV. SC. V.—Gayler. Andrugio.

Gayler. Andrugio, as you love our lives, forthwith post you away:
 For Gods sake, to no lyving friend your safety yet bewraye;
 The proverbe sayth, two may keepe counsell, if that one be gone.

Andrugio. Assure thy self, most faithful friend, I wyl be knowne to none.
 To none alas! I see my scape yeeldes mee but small releefe;
 Cassandra and Polina wyl destroye themselves with greefe,
 Through thought that I am dead: they dead, to live what helpeth me?

Gayler. Leave of these plaints of smal availe, thank God that you are free;
 For God it was within my mind that did your safety move,
 And that same God no doubt wyl worke for your and their behove.

Andrugio. Most faithfull friend, I hope that God wyl worke as you do say,
 And therefore to some place unknowne I wyl my selfe convaye.
Gayler, farewell: for thy good deede I must remayne thy debter;
 In meane whyle yet receyve this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better.

Gayler. God bwy, syr, but kepe your mony, your need you do not know.

Andrugio. I pas not now for fortunes threats, yea though hir force she show,
 And therefore styek not to receyve this smale reward in part.

Gaylar. I wyl not sure such proffers leave; tys time you doe depart.

Andrugio. Since so thou wilt, I wyl be gone: adue tyl fortune smile. [Exit.

Gayler. Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.

Well, I am glad that I have sent him gone,
 For, by my fayth, I lyv'd in perlous feare:
 And yet, God wot, to see his bytter mone
 When he should dye, would force a man forbear
 From harming him, if pittie might beare sway.
 But see how God hath wrought for his safety:
 A dead man's head, that suffered th'other day,

Makes him thought dead throughout the citie.
 Such a just, good, and righteous God is he,
 Although a whyle he let the wicked raygne,
 Yet he releeves the wretch in misery ;
 And in his pryde he throwes the tyraunt downe.
 I use these wordes upon this onely thought,
 That Promos long his rod cannot escape,
 Who hath in thought a wylfull murder wrought,
 Who hath in act perform'd a wicked rape.
 Gods wyll be done, who well Andrugio speede ;
 Once well, I hope to heare of his good lucke ;
 For, God, thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
 And no desire of any worldly muck.

[*Exit.*]ACT. IV. Sc. VI.—*Dalia from market.*

Dalia. In good sweete sooth, I feare I shal be shent,
 It is so long since I to market went ;
 But trust me, wyld fowle are such costly geare,
 Specially woodcocks out of reason deare,
 That this houre I have the market bett,
 To drive a bargayne to my most profyt ;
 And in the end, I chaunst to light on one
 Hyt me as pat as a pudding Pope Jone.
 Other market maydes pay downe for their meate,
 But that I have bought on my score is set.
 Well fare credit, when mony runneth low,
 Marry, yet butchers the which do credit so
 (As much good meate as they kyll) may perchaunce
 Be glad and fayne at heryng cobs to daunce.
 What force I that? every man shyft for one ;
 For if I starve, let none my fortun mone.

*She faynes to goe out.*ACT. IV. Sc. VII.—*Grimball, Dalia ; eyther of them a basket.**Grimball.* Softe, Dalia ; a woorde with you, I praye.*Dalia.* What, friend Grimbal ; welcome as I maye saye.*Grimball.* Sayst thou me so? then kysse me for acquaintaunce.*Dalia.* If I lyke your manhoode, I may do so perchaunce.*She faynes to looke in his basket.**Grimball.* Bate me an ase, quoth Boulton : Tush, your minde I know :
 Ah, syr, you would, belike, let my cocke sparrows goe.*Dalia.* I warrant thee, Grimball.[*She takes out a white pudding.*]*Grimball.* Laye off handes, Dalia :

You powte me, if that you got my pudding awaye.

Dalia. Nay good sweete honny Grimball, this pudding give me.*Grimball.* Iche were as good geete hir, for she wyll hate, I see ;

Well, myn own good harte roote, I freelie give thee this,

Upon condition that thou give me a kys.

Dalia. Nay, but first wash your lippes with sweete water you shall.

Grimball. Why, yeh was ryte now for my pudding, hony sweet Grimbal. Well, Dalia, you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye) With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away: Wherefore, soote conny, even a little spurte.

Dalia. Laye off handes, sir.

Grimball. Good, do not byte, for yeh meane thee no hurte: Come off, pyggesnie, prefarre me not a jote.

Dalia. What would the good foole have?

Grimball. Why you woot whote. Hearke in your eare.

Dalia. You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are, That for your sake I wyll not sticke to ware A blew cassoeke during my lyfe forsoothe: Mary, for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe So goodlie a handsome man should lose his head.

Grimball. Nay, for my head, care not a tinker's torde! For so God judge me, and at one bare worde, Yle lose my death, yea, and my great browne cowe, I love you so filthilie, law ye nowe.

Dalia. Thou sayest valiantlie, now sing as well too, And thou shalt quicklie knowe what I meane to doo.

Grimball. Yes, by Gogs foote, to pleasure thee, yeh shall Both syng, spring, fight and playe the dewle and all.

Dalia. O lustilie.

[*The Song.*

Grimball. Come smack me, come smack me; I long for a smouch.

Dalia. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch!

Grimball. Leard, howe I love thee.

Dalia. This cannot move mee.

Grimball. Why, pretie pygsney, my hart, and my honny.

Dalia. Because, goodman Hogs-face, you woe without mony.

Grimball. I lacke mony, chy graunt.

Dalia. Then, Grimball, avaunt!

Grimball. Cham yong, sweete hart, and feate; come kysse me for love.

Dalia. Crokeshanke, your jowle is to great such lyking to move.

Grimball. What meane you by this?

Dalia. To leave thee, by Gys.

Grimball. First smack me, first smack; I dye for a smouch.

Dalia. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch!

[*Exit.*

Grimball. Dalia, arte thou gone? what, wolt serve me soe?

O God, cham readie to raye myselfe for woe.

Be valiaunt, Grimball; kyl thy selfe, man.

Nay, bum ladie, I will not, by Saint Anne.

Ieh have hearde my great gransier saye,

Maide will saye naye, and take it; and so she maye.

And therefore chyll to Mistresse Lamia,

With these puddings and cock sparowes by and by;

And in the darke againe yeh will hir trye.

ACT. V. Sc. I.—Phallax *alone.*

Phallax. I marvell much what worketh so my Lord Promos unrest; He fares as if a thousand devils were gnawing in his brest. There is sure some worme of grieve that doth his conscience nip,

For since Andrugio lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe :
 And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greve his mynd,
 The devill himselfe could not have usde a practise more unkind.
 This is once, I love a woman, for my life, as well as he,
 But (fayre dames) with her that loves mee, I deale well with, trust mee.
 Well, leave I now my Lord Promos his owne deeds to aunswere :
 Lamia, I know, lookes, and double lookes, when I come to supper :
 I thought as much : see, to seeke mee heare coms her aple-squier.

ACT. V. Sc. II.—Rosko, Phallax.

Rosko. O that I could find Master Phallax ; the meate burnes at the fire.
 And, by your leave, Andrugio's death doth make my mistris sweate.

Phallax. How now, Rosko ?

Rosko. Ist you, syr ? my mistris doth intreate
 That with all speede your worship will come away to supper ;
 The meate and all is ready to set upon the borde, syr.

Phallax. Gramercy for thy paynes ; I was even comming to her.

Rosko. You are the welcomst man alyve to her I know,
 And, trust mee, at your commaundement remayneth poore Rosko.

Phallax. It is honestly sayd, but now tell mee
 What quality hast, that I may use thee.

Rosko. I am a barbour, and when you please, syr,
 Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.

Phallax. But heare me, canst thou heale a greene wound well ?

Rosko. Yea, greene and ould.

Phallax. Then thy best were to dwel
 In some usuall place or streete, where through frayes
 Thou mayst be set a worke with wounds allwayes.

Rosko. I thanke my mistris, I have my hands full,
 To trym gentelmen of her acquayntaunce ;
 And I trust, syr, that if your worship chaunce
 To have neede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony
 Afore an other.

Phallax. That thou shalt truly.

But, syr, where dwels Lamia ?

Rosko. Even heare, syr ; enter I pray.

Phallax. That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare.

Rosko. Yes, sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. Sc. III.—Polina, *the mayde that Andrugio lov'd, in a blew gowne.*

Polina. Polina curst, what dame alyve hath cause of grieffe lyke thee,
 Who (wonne by love) hast yeeld the spoyle of thy virginity ?
 And he for to repayre thy fame, to marry thee that vowde,
 Is done to death for first offence, the second mends not lowde.
 Great shame redounds to thee, O love, in leaving us in thrall ;
 Andrugio and Polina both, in honoryng thee did falle.
 Thou so dydst wyte our wits, as we from reason strayed quight ;
 Provockt by thee we dyd refuse no vauntage of delight.
 Delight ! what did I say ? nay death, by rash and fowle abuse ;

Alas! I shame to tell thus much, though love doe worke excuse.
 So that (fayre dames) from such consent, my accyidents of harme
 Forewarneth you to keepe aloofe, though love your harts do arme.
 But ah! Polina, whether runnes thy words into advise,
 When others harmes, inforst by love, could never make the wise.
 The cause is plaine, for that in love no reason stands in steade,
 And reason is the only meane, that others harmes we dreade.
 Then, that the world hereafter may to love inferre my yll,
 Andrugios tombe with dayly teares Polina worship wyll:
 And furthermore I vowde, whylst life in me doth foster breth,
 No one shall vaunt of conquered love by my Andrugios death.
 These shameful weedes which forst I were, that men my fault may know,
 Whilst that I live shall show I morne for my Andrugio.
 I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes from sugred words ysent,
 I wyll not trust to careles othes which often wyn consent:
 I wyll cut off oocations all which hope of myrth may move;
 With ceaseles teares yle quench each cause that kindleth coles of love:
 And thus tyl death, Polina wyll estraunge her selfe from joy,
 Andrugio, to reward thy love which dyd thy life destroy.

[*Exit.*]ACT. V. SC. IV.—Rosko *alone.*

Rosko. A, syr, in fayth, the ease is altred quight;
 My mistris late that lived in wretched plight
 Byds care adue and every cause of woe,
 The feare is fled that made her sorrow so.
 Master Phallax so underprops her fame,
 As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
 I feare (nay hope) she hath bewicht him so,
 As haulfe his brybes unto her share will goe:
 No force for that; who others doth deceyve,
 Deserves himselfe lyke measure to receyve.
 Well, leave I Lamia, for herselfe to pray
 Better then I can shewe who knowes the way.
 It stands me on for my poore selfe to shyfte,
 And I have founde a helpe at a dead lyfte.
 My ould friende Grimball's puree with pence is full,
 And if I empty it not, Dalia wull.
 The slaving foole, what he can rap and rend
 (He loves her so) upon the fylth wyll spend:
 But bye your leave, yle barre her of this match,
 My net and all is set the foole to catch.
 Forsooth, before his amorous sute he move,
 He must be trim'd to make her more to love,
 And in good sooth the world shal hardly fall,
 But that he shal be washt, pould, shavd and all.
 And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
 In that with Rowke he doth so sadly goe.

ACT. V. SC. V. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

Grymball. God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'ani,
 I fayth, she wyll come off for very shame.

Rowke. Yea, without doubt, for I sweare by Saynt Anne,
My selfe loves you, you are so eleane a young man.

Grimball. Nay, thou woulst say so, when my face is fayre washt.

Rosko. Good luck, a Gods name, the wodeocke is masht.

Rowke. And who barbes ye, Grimball?

Grimball. A dapper knave, one Rosko.

Rosko. Well, letherfaee; we shall have you, asse, ere you goe.

Rowke. I know him not: is he a deaft barber?

Grimball. O yea, why, he is Mistris Lamia's powler:

And looke, syrra, yen is the lyttel knave.

How dost, Rosko?

Rosko. Whope, my eye sight God save!

What, ould Grimball! welecome, sit you downe heare. Boye!

Boy. Anon.

Rosko. Bay leaves in warme water, quick, bring eleane geare.

Boy. Strayght.

Rowke. As thou saydst, Grymball, this is a feate knave indeede.

Rosko. How say', syr? oyntments for a scab do you neede?

Rowke. Scab! scurvy Jaek! Ile set you a worke, syr.

Grimball. Nay, Gogs foote, good nowe, no more of this stur.

Rowke. I faith, barber, I wyll pyek your teeth straight.

Rosko. Nay, to piek my purse I feare thou dost wayght.

Rowke. Yea, Gogs hart.

Grymball. Nay, Gogs foote.

Rosko. Nowe, eome, Ruffen.

Grimball. Leave, if you be men;

Heare yc me now: be friendes, and, by my trothe,

Chill spende a whole quarte of ale on you bothe.

Rosko. Well, Masse Grimball, I lytle thought I wus,

You woulde a brought a knave to use mee thus.

Grimball. Why, knowest him not? why, it is lustie Rowke.

Rosko. A strong theefe, I warrant him, by his looke.

Rowke. Go to, no more, barber, least eopper you eateh.

Grimball. What, wilt give thy nose awaye? beware that match.

For chy see no copper unlest be theare.

Boy. Master, here is delicate water and cleane geare. [*Boy brings water. Exit.*]

Rosko. Well, to quiet my house, and for Grimball's sake,

If it pleaseth you as friendes, we handes will shake.

Grimball. I, I, do so.

Rowke. And for his sake I agree.

Grimball. Well then, that we may drinke, straight wayes wash mee.

Rosko. Good syr, here's water as sweete as a rose.

Now whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.

Grimball. Thus?

Rosko. Harder yet.

Grimball. O, thus.

Rosko. Yea, marry, so.

Howe, syrra, you knowe what you have to doe.

Rowke cuttes Grimball's purse.

Rosko. Winke harde, Grimball.

Grimball. Yes, yes, I shall.

Rowke. Heare's the toothpiek and all.

[*Exit.*]

- Rosko.* Departe, then, tyll I eall.
 Verie well, syr; your face is gayly cleane :
 Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kisse a queane.
Grimball. Sayst thou mee so? Good nowe, dispatch and awaye :
 I even fyssel untyll I smouch Dalia.
Rosko. O doo you so? I am right glad you tell :
 I else had thought, tad bene your teethe dyd smell.
Grimball. O Lorde, gogs foote, you picke me to the quicke.
Rosko. Quiet yourselfe : your teeth are furred thieke.
Grimball. O, oh! no more : O God, I spattell blood.
Rosko. I have done : spyt out ; this doth you much good. Boye!
Boy. Anon. [Boy within.
Rosko. Bring the drinke in the porringer,
 To gargalis his teeth.
Boy. It is here, syr. [Exit.
Rosko. Wash your teeth with this, good maister Grimball.
Grimball. I am poysoned ; ah, it is bytter gall.
Rosko. Eate these comfyt, to sweeten your mouth with all.
Grimball. Yea, mary, syr, these are gay sugred geare.
Rosko. Their sweetness straight wyll make you stinke I feare.
Grimball. Well nowe, what must I paye, that chy were gone.
Rosko. What you wyll.
Grimball. Sayst me so? O cham undone.
Rosko. Howe nowe, Grimball?
Grimball. O Leard, my purse is eutte.
Rosko. When? where?
Grimball. Nowe, here.
Rosko. Boye, let the doore be shutte :
 If it be here, we wyll straight wayes see.
 Where's he that came with you?
Grimball. I can not tell.
Rosko. What is hee?
Grimball. I knowe not.
Rosko. Where doth he dwell?
Grimball. O Leard, I ken not I.
Rosko. You have done well :
 This knave, your pence in his pocket hath purst :
 Let's seeke him out.
Grimball. Nay hearke, I must neades first.
 O Leard, Learde, cham sieke : my belly akes too too.
Rosko. Thou lookst yll : well, yle tell thee what to doo.
 Since thou art so sieke, straight wayes get thee home,
 To finde this Jaeke my selfe abroade wyll rome :
 The rather, for that he playde the knave with mee.
Grimball. Cham sieke in deede, and therefore yeh thanke thee.
Rosko. I see sometime the blinde man hits a crowe ;
 He maye thanke me that he is plagued soe.
Grimball. Well, well, Dalia, the love yeh bare to thee
 Hath made me sieke, and pickt my purse from mee. [Exit.
Rosko. A, is he gone? a foole company him :
 In good sooth, sir, this match fadged trim.
 Well, I wyll trudge to find my fellewe Rowke,
 To share the price that my devise hath tooke. [Exit.

ACT. V. SC. VI.—Cassandra *in blacke*.

Cassandra. The heavy chardge that Nature byndes me to
 I have perform'd; ingrav'd my brother is:
 I woulde to God (to ease my ceaseles woo)
 My wretched bones intombd were with his;
 But O, in vaine this bootelesse wish I use,
 I, poore I, must lyve in sorrowe joynde with shame.
 And shall he lyve that dyd us both abuse?
 And quench, through rule, the coles of just revenge?
 O no: I wyll nowe hye me to the King,
 To whom I wyll recount my wretched state;
 Lewde Promos rape, my brother's death, and all:
 And (though with shame I maye this tale relate)
 To prove that force enforced me to fall,
 When I have showne Lorde Promos fowle misdeedes,
 This knife forthwith shall ende my woe and shame:
 My gored harte which at his feete then bleeddes,
 To scorge his faultes, the Kyng wyll more inflame.
 In deedes to doo that I in woordes pretende,
 I nowe advise my journey to the King:
 Yet ere I go, as swans sing at their ende,
 In solemne song I meane my knell to ryng.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart doth crosse my joyes with care,
 Sith that my blisse is chaungde to bale by fate;
 Sith frowarde chaunce my dayes in woe doth weare,
 Sith I, alas, must mone without a mate;
 I wretch have vowde to sing both daye and night;
 O sorrowe, slaye all motions of delight!
 Come, grieslie griefe, torment this harte of mine,
 Come, deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath;
 Come, wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine,
 Come, cruell care, preferre my sute to death:
 Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night;
 O sorrowe, slaye all motions of delight!

[*Exit.**Finis.*—G.W.

*The Seconde Part of the famous Historie of Promos and Cassandra: set forth in
 a Comicall Discourse. By George Whetstone Gent. Formæ nulla Fides.*

ACT. I. SC. I.—Polina *in a blewe Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going
 to the Temple to praye upon Andrugio's Tombe.*

Promise is debt, and I my vowe have past
 Andrugio's tombe to wash with daylie teares;
 Which sacrifice (although, God wot, in waste)
 I wyll performe: my altar is of cares;

Of fuming sighes my offring incense is,
 My pittious playntes in steede of prayers are :
 Yea, woulde to God, in penaunce of my mys,
 I with the rest my loathed lyfe might share!
 But oh! in vaine I wish this weleomde ende ;
 Death is to slowe to slaye the wretched wight,
 And all to soone he doth his forces bende
 To wounde their hartes, which wallowe in delight.
 Yet in my eare styll goes my passing bell,
 So ofte as I Andrugio's death doo minde,
 So ofte as men with poynted fingers tell
 Their friendes my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
 But oh! the cause with death which threates me most,
 I wish to dye, I dye through wretched woe ;
 My dying harte desires to yeelde the ghost,
 My traunees straunge a present death foreshowe.
 But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
 To breake the same when rowghest stormes lackes might,
 So wretched I with every woe doe waste,
 Yet care wants force to kyll my hart outryght.
 O gracious God, and is my gilt so great
 As you the same with thousand deathes must wreake ?
 You will it so, else care I could intreate,
 With halfe these woes my thryd of lyfe to breake.
 But what meanst thou, Polina most accurst,
 To muse why God this pennaunce joynes thee to ?
 Whose correetion, although we take at worst,
 To our great good he doth the same bestow.
 So that, syth greefe can not relyve my friend,
 Syth seorching syghes my sorrowes cannot drye,
 Syth care himselfe lackes force my lyfe to ende,
 Syth styll I lyve that every howre doe dye ;
 Syth mighty God appoyntes my pennaunce so,
 In mornefull song I wyll my patience show.

Polina's Song.

Amyd my bale, the lightning joy that pyning care doth bring,
 With patience eheares my heavy hart, as in my woes I sing.
 I know my gilt, I feele my seurge, my ease is death I see ;
 And care (I fynde) by peecemeale weares my hart to set mee free.
 O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy wyl ;
 With patience I thy corsives byde ; feede on my life thy fyll :
 Thy appetyte with syghes and teares I dayly wyl procure,
 And wretched I will vaile to death, throw when thou wilt thy lure. [*Exit Polina.*]

ACT. I. SC. II.—*Enter a Messenger from the King.*

I have at length (though weery come in troth)
 Obtaynd a sight of Julio's stately walles :
 A king's message can not be done with sloth :
 Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt :
 And I am sent to Lord Promos in post,

To tel him that the King wyll see him strayght ;
 But much I feare that Promos needes not bost
 Of any gayne by his soveraignes receeyte.
 But, Holla, tongue, of lavysh speeche beware.
 Though subjects oft in princes' meaning pry,
 They must their wordes and not their myndes declare :
 Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply ;
 Lord Promos shall my prinee's comming know,
 My prinee himselfe the cause thereof shall show.

[*Exit.*]ACT. I. Sc. III.—Rosko, Lamia's *man*.

Rosko. Ist possible that my mistris Lamia
 Over the shooes should b'yn love with Phallax ?
 Why, by Jesus (as she her selfe doth saye)
 With pure good wyll her harte doth melt lyke waxe :
 And this I am sure, every howre they themselves
 By their sweete selves, or by their letters greete :
 But the sport is, to see the loving elves
 Byll together when they in secret meete.
 She lowres, he lauffes, she syghes throwe pure love ;
 Nay, nay, sayes he (good pugges) no more of this :
 Well, sayes shee, and weepes, my grieffe you do not prove :
 Then strayght this storme is cheared with a kys.
 And then a both sides three wordes and a smoueh ;
 Within her eare then whispereth this sloueh,
 And by the way he stumbleth on her lypes.
 Thus eyther stryves most loving signes to show ;
 Much good doo it them, syth they are both content :
 Onee I am sure, how so the game doth goe,
 I have no cause their lyking to repent.
 I syldome doe betweene them message beare,
 But that I have an Item in the hande :
 Well, I must trudge to doe a certaine ehare,
 Which, take I tyme, eoeke for my gayne doth stand.

ACT. I. Sc. IV.—Phallax, Dowson, *a Carpenter*.

Phallax. Dispatch, Dowson ; up with the frame quickly
 So space your roomes, as the nyne worthyes may
 Be so instauld as best may please the eye.

Dowson. Very good, I shall.

Phallax. Nay, soft ; Dowson, stay :
 Let your man, at Saint Annes crosse, out of hande
 Ereect a stage, that the wayghts in sight may stande.

Dowson. Wyll you ought else ?

Phallax. Soft a whyle : let me see :
 On Jesus gate, the foure vertues, I trow,
 Appoynted are to stand.

Dowson. I, syr, they are so.

Phallax. Wel, then, about your charge: I will foresee
The consort of musick well plast to be.

Dowson. I am gone, syr.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. I. Sc. V.—The Bedell of the Taylers, Phallax.

Bedell. Heare you, Maister Phallax?
The Wardens of the Marchantaylers axe
Where (with themselves) they shall their pageaunt place?

Phallax. With what strange showes doo they their pageaunt grace?

Bedell. They have Hercules of monsters conqueryng,
Huge great giants in a forest fighting,
With lyons, beares, wolves, apes, foxes and grayes,
Baiards, brockes, &c.

Phallax. O wondrous frayes!
Marry, syr, since they are provided thus,
Out of their wayes God keepe Maister Pediculus.

Bedell. You are plesaunt, syr, but with speede I pray
You aunswere mee; I was charged not to stay.

Phallax. Because I know you have all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no viewers want:
How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?

Bedell. There all the beggers in the towne wil be.

Phallax. O, most attendaunce is where beggers are:
Farewell, away.

Bedell. I wyll your wyll declare.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. I. Sc. VI.—Phallax.—*Two men apparrelled lyke greene men at the Mayor's
feast, with clubbes of fyreworke.*

Phallax. This geare fadgeth now that these fellowes peare:
Friendes, where waight you?

First. In Jesus streete to keepe a passadge cleare,
That the King and his trayne maye passe with ease.

Phallax. O, very good.

Second. Ought else, syr, do you please?

Phallax. No, no: about your charge.

Both. We are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Phallax. A, syr, heare is short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng;
But O, O, *quid non pecunia?* yea, at a dayes warning?
The King in provision that thought to take us tardy,
As if we had a yeare bene warnd, shall by his welcome see.
I have yet one chare to do: but, soft, here is Rosko;
I must needes delyver him a messadge before I goe.

ACT. I. Sc. VII.—Rosko. Phallax.

Rosko. I fayth, I have noble newes for Lamia.

Phallax. Nay soft, friend Rosko, take myne in your waye.

Rosko. Mayster Phallax, O, syr, I cry you mercy.

Phallax. Rosko, with speede tell thy Mistris from me,

The king straight wayes wyll come to the cytie,
 In whose great trayne there is a company
 Within her house with mee shall mery be.
 Therefore, for my sake, wyll her to foresee
 To welcome them, that nothing wanting be :
 This is all I wyll, for want of leysure.

[*Exit.*]

Rosko. I wyl not fayle, syr, to show your pleasure.
 Mary, in fayth, these newes falles jumpe with the rest,
 They shal be welcome and fare of the best :
 But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
 Their purses will be dryven to a *non plus*.
 No forcc a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
 Better the purce then body starve of twayne.
 Well, I wyll trudge my welcome newes to tell,
 But then abroad, good company to smell.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. I. SC. VIII.—Corvinus *the King*; Cassandra; *two Counsellors*, and
 Udislao, *a young nobleman*.

Kyng. Cassandra, we draw neare unto the towne,
 So that I wyll that you from us depart,
 Tyll further of our pleasure you doe heare,
 Yet rest assured that wycked Promos
 Shall abide such punishment, as the world
 Shall hould mee just, and cleare thee of offence.

Cassandra. Dread soveraigne, as you wyl; Cassandra goeth hence.

[*Exit.*]

King. I playnely see it tendes to great behove,
 That prynces oft doo vayle their eares to heare
 The miser's playnt : for though they doe appoynt
 Such as they thynke will justice execute,
 Aucthority is such a commaunder,
 As whereas men by office beareth sway,
 If they their rule by conscience measure not,
 The poore man's ryght is overcome by might :
 If love, or hate, from justice leave the judge,
 Then money sure may overrule the case.
 Thus one abuse is cause of many moe,
 And therefore none in judges ought to be.
 How rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King :
 The reason is, their power keepes in awe
 Such men as have great cause for to complayne.
 If Cassandra her goodes, nay life, prefer'd
 Before revenge of Promos treachery,
 I had not knowne his detestable rape,
 The which he forst to save her brother's lyfe.
 And furthermore, Andrugio's raunsome payde,
 I had not knowne he put him unto death :
 For when (good soule) she had this treason tould,
 Through very shame her honour so was spoyld,
 She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death :
 Whose pytious plyght my hart provockt to wrath
 At Promos wyles :

So that, to use indifferency to both,
 Even in the place where all these wronges were done,
 Myselfe am come to syt upon the cause.
 But see where Promos and the Mayor waight,
 To welcome mee with great solemnity.
 With cheereful showe I shadowe wyll the hate
 I beare to him for his insolency ;
 Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
 Whereby the more his punishment may be.
 Come, my Lords, to the towne haste we apace.
All speake. We all are prest to wayght upon your graace.

ACT. I. Sc. IX.—Promos, Maior, *three Aldermen in red gownes, with a Sworde bearer, awayghtes the Kinge's comming.* Promos *his briefe Oration.*

Promos. Renowned King, lo here your faithful subjects preast to show
 The loyall duetic which (in ryght) they to your highnesse owe.
 Your presence cheares all sorts of us ; yet ten times more we joye,
 You thinke us stoarde, our warning short, for to receyve a Roye.
 Our wyll is such as shall supplie, I trust, in us all want,
 And where good wyll the welcome geves, provysion syld is seant.
 Loe, this is all, yea for us all that I in wordes bestowe ;
 Your Majestie our further zeale in ready deedes shall knowe.
 And first, dreade King, I render you the swoorde of justiee heare,
 Which as your liuetenant, I trust, uprightlie I dyd beare.

The King delyvres the sworde to one of his counsell.

King. Promos, the good report of your good government I heare ;
 Or at the least the good conceyte that towards you I beare,
 To incourage you the more in justiee to perseave ;
 Is the cheefe cause I dyd addresse my progresse heather.

Promos. I thanke your Highnesse.

The Maior presentes the King with a fayre Purse.

Maior. Renowned King, our ready wylles to showe
 In your behalfe our goodes (nay lyves) to spende,
 In all our names I freelie here bestowe
 On your Highnes this purse ; unto this ende
 To possesse your most royall majestie,
 In all our wealth therto bounde by duetic.

King. Your great good wyls, and gyfts, with thanks I take ;
 But keepe you styll your goodes to do you good.
 It is inough and all that I do crave,
 If needes compels for your and our safety,
 That you in part your proffers large performe ;
 And for this time, as outward showes make prooffe,
 It is inough (and all that I desire),
 That your harts and tongues (alyke) byd me welcome.

All. Lord preserve your Majesty !

Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other women, neare unto the Musick, singing on some stage erected from the ground. During the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talke saddlie with some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Usher. Forwards, my Lords.

[*They all go out leysurable while the rest of the song is made an ende.*]

ACT. II. Sc. I.—*Lamia the Curtizan.*

Lamia. The match goes harde which rayseth no man's gaine ;
 The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wrest :
 And sure, the lawe that made me late complaine,
 Allureth me many a wanton geast.
 Dames of my trade shutte up their shoppes for feare,
 Their stuffe prov'd *Contra formam Statuti* :
 Then I, which lyeenst am to sell fine ware,
 Am lyke to be well customed, perdy.
 And nowe tyme serves, least custome after fayle,
 At hyst rate my toyes I vallue must :
 Let me alone to set my toyes to sale,
 Yong rufflers I, in faith, wyll serve of trust.
 Who wayes me not, him wyll I fayne to love ;
 Who loves me once, is lymed to my heast ;
 My cullers some, and some shall weare my glove,
 And be my harte whose payment lykes me best.
 And here at hande are customers I trowe ;
 These are the friendes of Phallax, my sweete friende.
 Nowe wyll I go, and set my wares to showe,
 But let them laugh that wynneth in the ende.

[*Exit.*]ACT. II. Sc. II.—*Apio and Bruno, two Gentlemen straungers ; with Rosko.*

Apio. Come on, good friende : where dwels Lady Lamia ?
Rosko. Even by, syr.
Apio. Well then, go thy waye.
 Showe who sent us, and what our meaning is,
 Least she, not knowing us, doo take amys
 That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.
Rosko. No bolder then welcome, I warrant you, sir.
Bruno. Well, thy message doo.
Rosko. I go. [*Exit.*
Four Women *bravelie apparelled, sitting singing in Lamia's windowe, with wrought
 smockes and cawles in their hands, as if they were a working.*
The Quayre. *If pleasure be treasure.*
Apio. Harke.
 The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
 Refuse you, or ehuse you,
 But welcome who drawes neare ; but welcome who drawes neare.
Bruno. They be the Muses sure.
Apio. Naye, Syrens lure.
First sings. Here lyves delyght.
Second. Here dyes despight.
Thei both. Desyre here hath his wyll.
Third. Here loves reliefe
Fourth. Destroyeth grieffe,
Last two. Which carefull hartes doth kyll.
Bruno. Attende them styll.

Apio. That, as you wyll.

First. Here wysh in wyll doth care destroye.

Second. Playe here your fyll, we are not coyce :

Third. Which breedes much yll we purge annoy :

Fourth. Our lyves here styll we leade in joye.

The Quyre.—If pleasure be treasure,
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here :
Refuse you, or chuse you,
But welcome who coms neare ; but welcome who coms neare.

First. Wantons, drawe neare,

Second. Taste of our chcare,

Both. Our cates are fine and sweete ;

Thirde. Come, be, not coye

Fourth. To worke our joye ;

The last two. We fall wyll at your feete.

Bruno. A, good kinde wormes !

Apio. Harke.

First. Loe here we be, good wyll which move ;

Seconde. We lyve, you see, for your behove :

Thirde. Come, we agrece to let you prove,

Fourth. Without a fee, the fruites of love.

The Quire all.—If pleasure be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.

Bruno. Upon this large warrant we maye venter.

The doore opes alone ; come, let us enter.

Apio. Agreede.

Enter a Sergeaunt bearing a Mace, another Offycer with a Paper lyke a Proclamation ; and with them the Cryer.

Officer. Cryer, make a noyse.

Cryer. O yes ! (*And so thrise.*)

Officer. All manner of personnes here present—

Cryer. All manner of personnes here present—

Officer. Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

Cryer. Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

The offycer reades the Proclamation.

Corvinus, the hye and mightie King of Hungarie and Boemia : Unto all his loving subjects of Julio, sendeth greeting ; and therewithall giveth knowledge of his princelic favour towards every sort of them. First, if any person, officer, or other, hath wronged any of his true subjects by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not favouring of the person, through usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment, or with any other unjust practise, His Majestic wylles the partie so grieved to repayre to Syr Ulrico, one of his Highnesse Privie Counsell ; who (finding his or their injuries) is commaunded to certifie them, and their prooff, unto the Kings Majestic ; where incontinentlie he wyll order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders. Further, if any of his faithfull subjectes can charge any person, officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence, as Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, Sedicion, or with any such notorious cryme ; for the safetie of his Royal Person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme and subjectes, on Fridaye nexte, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine all such offences. Therefore he strayghtlie chargeth all and everie of his subjectes

that knowe any such haynous offenders, on the forenamed daye that he present both the offender and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court in Julio, the 6 of Februarie. God save the King. [Exit.

ACT. II. SC. IV.—Rosko.

Rosko. See howe we are crost! we thought the King for pleasure
Came to visite us: when to his paine
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure
To heare the wronges of such as wyll complayne
Of any man: But the sport is, to see
Us officers, one looke of another;
I at Lorde Promos, Lorde Promos at mee;
The Lawiers at the Shriefe and Maior:
They gase as much on the ruling lawier;
For to be plaine, the clearest of all
Peccavi syng, to heare the grievous call
Against usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extorcion and boulstring.
Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation staye,
Before the King to be hearde on Fridaye.
I yet have scapte, and hope to go scot free:
But so, or no, whylst leysure serves mee,
To have my aunswers fresh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates I have a meeting stauld,
To whom, my sences to refresh, I wend;
Who gets apace as meryly may spend. [Exit.

ACT. II. SC. V.—*Sir Ulrico with divers papers in his hand; two poore Citysens soliciting complayntes.*

Ulrico. As thou complaynst; agaynst all equity
Houldes Phallax thy house by this extremity?
First. Yea, sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly,
As lesse you helpe, lawe yeeldes me no remedy.
Ulrico. Well, what say you? is Phallax mony payd?
Second. Save fyve pound, syr.
Ulrico. For which your bond is stayde.
Second. Nay, mary, the same I would gladly pay,
But my bonde for the forfeyt he doth stay.
Ulrico. *Summum jus*, I see, is *summa injuria*.
So these wronges must be salved some other way.
First. Yea, more then this, most men say—
Ulrico. What?
First. To be playne, he keepes Mistris Lamia.
Ulrico. Admyt he doe, what helpe have you by this?
Second. Yes mary, it prooves a double knave he is,
A covetous churle and a lecher too.
Ulrico. Well, well, honest men, for your wnesse go;
And as on prooffe I fynd your injuries,
So I wyl move the king for remedies.
Both. We thanke your honour.

III.

[Exit.
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Ulrico. Tys more then straunge, to see with honest show
 What fowle deceytes lewde officers can hyde :
 In every ease, their crafte they collour so,
 As styll they have stryekt lawe upon their side.
 These cunning theeves with lawe can lordships steale,
 When for a sheepe the ignoraunt are trust :
 Yea, who more rough with small offenders deale
 Then these false men, to make themselves seeme just ?
 The tirant Phallaris was prayسد in this,
 When Perillus the brasen torment made,
 He founde the wretch strayght wayes in some amys,
 And made him first the scourge thereof to taste :
 A just reward for such as doe present
 An others fault, himselfe the guiltyest man :
 Well, to our weale, our gracious king is bent
 To taste these theeves to use what meanes he can.
 But as at cheastes though skylfull players play,
 Skyllesse vewers may see what they omyt,
 So though our King in searching judgement may
 Gesse at their faultes which secret wronges commit,
 Yet, for to judge by trueth, and not by ame,
 Myselve in cheefe his highnesse both auctorise
 On prooffe for to returne who meryts blame,
 And as I fynde, so he himselfe will punish ;
 So that to use my echarge indyfferently,
 My clyents' wronges I wyll with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, Pimos, a young Gentelman, speaks to him.

ACT. II. Sc. VI.

Pimos. Sir Ulrico, I humbly crave to know
 What good successe my honest sute ensues.

Ulrico. Master Pimos, in breefe the same to showe,
 I feare you both my order wyll refuse.
 Lyros, that thinkes he geves more then he should,
 And you, for that you have not what you would.

Pimos. It shall goe hard if that your award mislikes mee.

Ulrico. Wel, goe with me, and you the same shall see.

Pimos. I waight on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. Sc. I.

Phallax. My troubled hart with guiltynesse agrev'd,
 Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow :
 God graunt I scape this blacke day unreprev'd,
 I care not how the game goe to-morrow.
 Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it,
 And with the rest upon the King attend,
 Who even anon wyll heare in judgement syt,
 To heaven or hell some officers to send.
 But soft, a pryze ; Gripax and Rapax I see ;
 A share of their venture belonges to mee.

ACT. III. Sc. II.—Gripax, Rapax, *Promoters*. John Adroynes, *a Clowne* ;
Phallax.

John. Nay, good honest Promoters, let mee go.

Gripax. Tush, John Adroynes, we must not leave you so :
What, an ould hobclunch, a wanton knave !
You shal to the King.

John. Marry, John Adroynes, God save
The King : why, he wyll not looke on poore men.

Rapax. Yes, yes ; and wyll spye a knave in your face.

John. Wyll he so ? then good you be gone apace.

Gripax. And why ?

John. Least in my face he spye you too.

Phallax. Have you seene a dawbe bebob two crowes so ?

Rapax. Well, come awaye, Syr Patch.

John. Leave, or, by God, yle scratch.

[*They faule a fightyng.*]

Gripax. What, wilt thou so ?

John. Yea, and byte too.

Gripax. Helpe, Rapax, play the man.

John. Nay, do both what you can.

Phallax. If that in bobs theyr bargayne be,
In fayth they share alone for mee.

Rapax. What, bytest thou, hobclunch ?

John. Yea, that chull, and punch.

Gripax. O Lorde God, my hart.

John. Knaves, Ile make you fart.

Rapax. Hould thy hands, Lob.

John. Fyrst, take this bob.

Phallax. To parte this fraye it is hye time I can tell,
My Promoters else of the roste wyll smell.

Rapax. O, my neck thou wylt breake.

John. Yea, Gods ames ! cryst thou creake ?

Phallax. How now, my friends ! why, what a stur is this !

Gripax. Marry.

Phallax. What ?

John. Eare they part, yle make them pys.

Phallax. Houlde ; no more blowes.

John. Knaves, this honest man thanke that you scape so well.

Phallax. Friende, be not to cranke ;

I am an officer, and meane to know
The cause why you brauld thus, before I go ;
Your bobs show that the same you best can tell.

Rapax. I would your worship felt the same as well,

I then am sure this blockhedded slave
For both his faultes double punishment should have.

Phallax. What faultes ?

Rapax. Marry.

John. He wyll lye lyke a dogge.

Phallax. How now, you churle, your tongue would have a clog.
Say on.

Rapax. To shoue his first and chiefest faughte,—
His father's maide and he are naught.

John. What, I ?

Rapax. I.

John. By my Grandsire's soule, you lye.

Phallax. Peace. Friende, for this faulte thou must dye.

John. Dye ? Leard save us, you sqwade knave ; yle bum yee,
For reforming a lye thus against mee.

Phallax. Tush, tush, it helpeth not if they can prove this.

Gripax. For some prooffe, I sawe him and the maide kys.

John. Can not foke kys, but they are naught by and by ?

Phallax. This presumption, friende, wyll touch the shrowdlie.
If thou scape with life, be thou sure of this,
Thou shalt be terrible whipped for this kys.

John. Whypt ! mary God shielde ; ehy had rather be hangde.

Rapax. Growte-nowle, come to the king.

John. Art not well bangde ?

Phallax. Well, good fellowes, lets take up this matter.

Gripax. Nay first, John Adroines shal be trust in a halter.

Phallax. Why, helpes it you to see the poore man whypt ?

I praye you, friendes, for this tyme let him go.

John. Stande styll, and ehull whether they wyll or no.

Rapax. Nay, but we charge him in the King's name, staye thee.

Phallax. Harke, honest man, I warrant thee set free ;
Grease them well in their handes, and speake them fayre.

John. O Leard God, our tallow potte is not here.

Phallax. Tush, clawe them with money.

John. Who so ? my nayles are sharpe.

Phallax. I see, for elownes Pan's pype is meeter then Apollo's harpe :
They can no skylle of no musieke but plaine song.

Gripax. I praye lets goe ; we tryfle tyme too long.

Phallax. Strayght.

Coekes soule, knave, stoppe his mouth with money.

John. O, I ken you nowe, syr ; ehy crie you mereie.

Rapax. Come on, sloueh, wylt please you be jogging hence ?

John. Here is all ; tenne shyllinges and thyrtene pence.

Phallax. Harke ye, my friendes.

Gripax. We must not let him goe.

Phallax. Harke, once more.

John. Give them the money.

Phallax. It shall be so.

Rapax. Well, although he deserves great punishment,
For your sake, for this tyme we are content :
John Adroines, farewell ; henceforth be honest,
And for this faulte wyll passe it ore in jeast.

[*Exeunt.*

John. Then gives our money.

Phallax. Why ?

John. Why, they dyd but jeast.

Phallax. Yea, but they tooke thy money in earnest.

[*Exit.*

John. Art gone ? now the dewle ehoake you all with it :
How ehy kisse againe the knaves have taught me wyt ;
But, by saint Anne, ehy do see burlady,
Men maye do what them woll, that have money.

Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,
 But ehull no more with smouehes be so bolde.
 Yea, and Ieh wysh all lovers to be wyse,
 There be learing knaves abroade have cattes eyes.
 Why, by Gods bores, they can bothe see and marke,
 If a man steale but a smouch in the darke.
 And nowe the worlde is growne to such jollie spye,
 As if foke doo kysse, the'are nought by and by,
 Well, yeh wyll home, and tell my father Droyne,
 Howe that two theeves robd mee of my coyne.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the King, Promos, Ulrico, Maior, Gonsago, Phallax, with two other attendantes.

King. Sir Gonsago, if that we henceforth heare
 With will, or wealth, you doe our subjects wrong,
 Looke not agayne this favour for to fynde ;
 We use this grace to wyn you to amende :
 If not, our wrath shall feare you to offende.
 God speede you. [Gonsago doth reverence, and departeth.]

Kyng. I see by prooffe that true the proverbe is,
 Myght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
 As woundes the conscience of his maister,
 And devoures the hart of his poore neyghbour :
 To cure which sore, justice his pryde must pyne,
 Which justice ought in princees most to shine :
 And syth subjects lyve by their princees law,
 Whose lawes in cheefe the rytch should keepe in awe.
 The poore in wronges but sildome doth delyght,
 They have inuffe for to defende their right.
 It much behoves the maker of these lawes
 (This mony findes in them so many flawes)
 To see his lawes observd as they are ment,
 Or else good lawes wyll turne to cvyll intent.
 Well, ere I leave, my poorest subjects shall
 Both lyve and lyke, and by the richest stawll.

Promos. Regarded and most mightie Prince, your elemeny herein
 Those harts your rule commands through feare, to faithful love shall win.

Ulrico. Renowned King, I am for to complaine
 Of Phallax, Lord Promos secondary,
 Whose hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,
 By me, who pray your highnes remedy.

King. My Lord Promos, it seemes you rule at large,
 When as your clarkes are officers unjust.

Promos. Dread King, I thinke he can these wrong discharge.

King. Doe you but thinke, syr? a sure speare to trust,
 A dum death and blynde judge can do as much.
 Well, well, God graunt your owne lyfe byde the tuch.
 Syr Ulrico, your complaynt continew.

Ulrico. Gracious King, his wronges be these insew.
 First, Phallax is a common barriter,
 In office, a lewd extortioner.

The crafty man oft puts these wronges in ure,
 If poore men have that lykes his searhing eye;
 He showeth gould the needy soules to lure;
 Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,
 That by some bonde or covenant for-fayted
 They are inforst (farre beneath the vallew)
 To let him have what his eye eoveyted:
 And for to prove that this report is true,
 I shoue no more then witnessse prov'd by oth,
 Whose names and handes defends it heare as troth.

[Ulrico delivers the King a writing with names at it.

King. How now, Promos? how thinke you of your man?
 Use both your wyttes to cleare him if you can.

Promos. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleede.

King. How farde it then far'de to suffer it indeede?
 It dyde, I trow, or now you speake in jest.
 Thy master's mute, Phallax; I houlde it best
 That thou speake for thyselve.

Phallax. I humbly crave
 Of your graee, for aunswere respyt to have.

King. Why? to devise a cloke to hyde a knave?
 Friend, *veritas non quærit angulos*;
 And if yourselve you on your truth repose,
 You may be bould these faultes for to deny:
 Some lyttel care upon their othes to lye.
 See if any in your behalfe will sweare.

Phallax. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the poste heare?
 Well then, of force I must sing *Peccavi*,
 And erye out ryght to the King for mercy,—

O King, I am in faulte I must eonfesse,
 The which I wyll with repentaunee redresse.

King. Thy confession doth meryt some favour,
 But repentaunee payes not thy poore neyghbour;
 Wherefore, Syr Ulrico, his goods sease you,
 And those he wrong'd, restore you to their due.

Ulrico. Looke, what he gettes, most thinke he wastes straight waye
 Upon a leawde harlot, named Lamia:
 So that his goods wyll searse pay every wight.

King. Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.
 Pay as you may, I hould it no offence
 If eache pay somewhat for experience.
 But by the way, you rule the citty well,
 That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
 And now, Phallax, thy further pennaunce ys,
 That forthwith thou do resigne thy offiee.
 Ulrico, to his aecount lykewise see.

Ulrico. It shal be done.

King. Phallax, further heare mee:
 Because thou didst thy faultes at first eonfesse,
 From punishment thy person I release.

Phallax. I most humbly do thanke your majesty.

Promos. Ah! out alas! Cassandra heare I see.

[Cassandra in a blewe gowne shadowed with black.

Cassandra. O would the teares myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else Lord Promos lewdnes shoven, would death would ende my thrall!

Promos. Welcome, my sweete Cassandra.

Cassandra. Murdrous varlet, away!

Renowned King, I pardon erave for this my bould attempt
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false Promos heare, do interrupt my tale,
Graunt, gracious King, that uncontroul'd I may report my bale.

King. How now, Promos? how lyke you of this song?
Say on, fayre dame; I long to heare thy wrong.

Cassandra. Then knowe, dread Soverayne, that he this doome did geve,
That my brother for wantonnesse should lose his head,
And that the mayde which sin'd should ever after lyve
In some religious house, to sorrowe her misdecde.
To save my brother jug'd to dye, with teares I sought to move
Lord Promos hart to showe him grace; but he with lawles love
Was fyred by and by; and knowing necessity
To save my brother's lyfe, would make me yeeld to much,
He erav'd this raunsome, to have my virginitie;
No teares could worke restraynt, his wiked lust was such;
Two evils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very best,
To see my brother put to death, or graunt his lewde request.
In fyne, subdude with naturall love, I did agree
Upon these two poyntes, that marry me he should,
And that from prison vyle he should my brother free.
All this, with monstrous othes he promised he would.
But oh! this perjurd Promos, when he had wrought his wyll,
Fyrst cast me of, and after eaus'd the gailer for to kill
My brother, raunsomde with the spoyle of my good name:
So that for companing with such a hellish feende,
I have condemnde myself to weare these weedes of shame,
Whose cognisance doth shewe that I have (fleshly) sin'd.
Loe thus, hie and renowned king, Cassandra endes her tale,
And this is wiked Promos that hath wrought her endles bale.

King. If this be true, so fowle a deede shall not unpunisht goe;
How sayst thou, Promos, to her playnte? arte giltie? yea or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte thy scilence sure doth showe.

Promos. My guilty hart commaunds my tongue, O King, to tell a troth;
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.

King. And is it so? this wiked deede thou shalt ere long buy deare.
Cassandra, take comfort in eare, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault was free from evill intent,
So long, no shame can blot thee any way:
And though at ful I hardly can content thee,
Yet as I may, assure thyselfe I wyl.
Thou wyeked man, might it not thee suffice
By worse then force to spoyle her chastitic,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Haste cruelly her brother done to death.
This over prooffe ne can but make me thinke
That many waies thou hast my subjectes wrongd;

For how canst thou with justice use thy swaie,
 When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe ?
 Thy tyranny made mee this progresse make,
 How so for sport tyl nowe I colloured it,
 Unto this ende, that I might learne at large
 What other wronges by power thou hast wrought,
 And heere I heare : the riteche suppresses the poore,
 So that it seemes the best and thou art friendes :
 I plaste thee not to be a partiall judge.
 Thy offyceers are covetous, I finde,
 By whose reportes thou over-rulest sutes :
 Then who that gives an Item in the hande,
 In ryght, and wrong, is sure of good successe.
 Well, varlet, well, to slowe I hether came
 To scourge thy faultes, and salve the sores thou mad'st.
 On thee, vyle wretche, this sentence I pronounee ;
 That forthwith thou shalt marrie Cassandra,
 For to repayre hir honour thou dydst waste ;
 The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe,
 In penaunce that thou mad'st hir brother dye.

Promos. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
 That nowe with bloody sighes lament my sinnes too late.

King. *Hoc facias alteri quod tibi vis fieri.*

Pittie was no plee, syr, when you in judgement sate :
 Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
 My Lordes, bring him with mee : Cassandra, come you in like case ;
 My selfe wyll see thy honour salv'd in making thee his wife,
 The sooner to shorten his dayes.

All the company. We wayte upon your Grace.

As the King is going out, a poore man shall kneele in his waye.

Kyng. Syr Ulrico, I wyld comission should be made
 To Syr Anthony Alberto, and Justice Diron,
 To heare and determine all sutes to be had
 Betwene Maister Prostro, and this poore man : is it done ?

Ulrico. Renowned King, it is ready.

King. Repayre to Syr Ulrico for thy comission.

All. God preserve your Majestic.

They all depart save the Clowne.

Clowne. Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords chy see,
 Then to our proude justlers of peace that byn in the cuntry.
 He that is rytch, as my dame sayth, goes away with the hare :
 This two yeere they have hard my matter, and yet cham nere the neere.
 And at first dash, a good fatte lorde, God in heaven save his life,
 Fayth, for nothing, teld the King of Mas Prostros and my stryfe.
 O Leard, yeh thought the King could not bide or poore men to looke ;
 But God save his Grace, at fyrst dash, my supplycation he tooke.
 And you hard how gently he call'd mee poore man, and wild me goe
 For my passport, I kenne not what, to good Syr Ulrico.
 Well, chull go for't, and hope to be with Master Prostros to bring ;
 But ere yeh goe, chul my ballat of good King Corvyne sing.

The Clownes Song.

You barrons bolde and lustie lads,
 Prepare to welcome our good King,
 Whose comming so his subjectes glads,
 As they for joye the belles doo ryng.
 They fryske and skippe in everie place,
 And happy he can see his face,
 Who checks the rytech that wrong by might,
 And helps the poore unto his right.

The love that rygour gettes, through feare,
 With grace and mercie he doth wyn ;
 For which we praye thus everie where,
 Good Lorde preserve our King Corvin.
 His favour raignes in everie place,
 And happy he can see his face.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. IV. Sc. I.—Gresco, *a good substantiall Offycer; Two Beadelles in blew Coates, with Typestaves.*

Gresco. Come, loytring knaves, speede about your businesse ;
 Fetche mee in all ydle vacaboundes.

First. Yes, syr, yes.

Gresco. Searche Ducke Alley, Cocke Lane, and Scouldes Corner :
 About your charge ; lets see howe you can sturre.

Second. Yes, I have winges in my heeles to flee.

First. Who gives two pence a straunge monster to see ?

Second. What monster ?

First. A horned beast with winges upon his heeles.

Second. Out, dronken drucle.

Gresco. What ! runnes your head a wheeles ?
 Be packing bothe, and that betymes, you are best.

First. We are gone, syr ; we dyd but speake in jeast.

[*Exeunt Beadelles.*]

Gresco. The King, I fayth, hath set us all a worke,
 To searche odde holes where ydle varlettes lurke ;
 He so nypped our Maior for yll rule,
 As ever since he hath bene lyke to whule ;
 And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte,
 As lewde personnes, tagge and ragge, goes to potte.
 But in chicfe he stormes at fine mistrisse Lamia,
 She drinckes for all ; come she once in his waye :
 And least she scape, myselfe forsooth he wylles
 Worshipfullie to fetche hir with fortie bylles.
 Well, I must goe and worke our Maior's heast ;
 No force, for once she wyll never bc honest.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. IV. Sc. II.—Andrugio, *as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and Arrowes, and a Cony at his gyrdle.*

Andrugio. This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort gave ;
 But I (whose life from tyrant's wrath God's providence did save)

Do take in worth this misery, as penance for my mys,
 Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state when God's good pleasure is.
 A hollow cave for house and bed, in worth Andrugio takes ;
 Such sorie foode as fortune sendes, he syldome nowe forsakes.
 I am my selfe forsoothe nowe butcher, cooke, cater and all,
 Yea often tymes I fall to sleepe with none, or supper small.
 Then in my dennic I call to minde the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse,
 And by the want, I freedome judge the greatest joye that is.
 The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to have release in neede,
 The exyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyves he styll in dreede
 That his mysdeedes wyll hardly scape the punishment of lawe,
 And lyving he were better dead that lyveth in this awe.
 Besides this feare which never fayles the banisht man in want,
 As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succors verie scant.
 Then who is he so mad, that friendes and freedome doth enjoye,
 That wyll adventure breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye ?
 And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn :
 Great be the cares Cassandra and Polina lyveth in,
 Through thought of me whom long agone beheaded they suppose :
 For my offence thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
 My safetie, for their helpe : but, harke ! who commeth here ?
 This chaunce seemes strange : God graunt good newes ; I hope, and yet I feare.

John Adroynes, *a Clowne* : Andrugio.

John. If che could finde my mare, che would be rusty, by the rood !
 And cham sure the hoorechup is peaking in this wood.
 Chy wyl seeke every corner, but che wyll find her.

[*He whistlyng lookes up and downe the stage.*]

Andrugio. This clowne can hardly mee bewray, and yet such dunghyll churles
 Such newes as is in market tounes about the country whorles.

What seekes thou, good fellow ?

John. My sqawde mare : dost her know ?

Andrugio. No.

John. Then seummer me not ; in haste ych goe
 Seeke my mare, to see the sport at Julio.

Andrugio. What sport ?

John. A lyttel sport.

Andrugio. What ?

John. Nay, skyl not a whit ?

Andrugio. What meanes this asse ?

John. T'wyll teache the hoorecup wyt.

It'yll hang handsome young men for the soote sinne of love,
 When so his knavery himselfe a bawdy Jack doth prove.

Andrugio. His wordes seemeth straunge ; somewhat is awry.

John. Wel, chy'll see his shoulders from's jowle to flye.

Andrugio. Whose shoulders, friend ?

John. As though you dyd know ?

Andrugio. Whome ?

John. Lord Promos.

Andrugio. Yes, my most accursed foe : but what of him ?

John. Thou kenst.

Andrugio. No.

John. Sayst not, yes.

Andrugio. Yes.

John. So.

Andrugio. But, friend, thou took'st my wordes amys,
I know nothing in what state Promos is.

John. Thou know'st and thou knowest not : out, horson foole !
Leave stealing cunnys, and get thee to scoole. Farewell.

Andrugio. Soft.

John. O, th' arte no foole, good theefe :
Save my mony, take my life.

Andrugio. Tush, be breefe.
Some newes of lewde Lord Promos tell mee,
And wyth lyfe and mony, yle set thee free.

John. I wyll. Thou knowst the King now at Julio.

Andrugio. Very well.

John. Thou canst tel as wel as I. Let me goe.

Andrugio. Nay, yle see if thou dost lye.
If thou dost, yle whip thee when thou hast done.

John. Kissyng and lying ich see is all one,
And chave no mony, chul tell true therefore.

Andrugio. Dispatch then.

John. Then, lying promoter, this more.
Casgandra scusde Promos of honestie,
And killyng Ramstrugio for baudry.

Andrugio. What more ?

John. The King at Promos great pleasure did take ;
And Casgandra an honest woman to make,
The King maunded him her strayght to marry,
And for killyng her brother, he must dye.

Andrugio. Is this true ?

John. Why, how say you ? do I lye ?

Andrugio. Well, so or noe, for thy newes have this connie.

John. Gods bores, geve it me ; to be swete tis to cheape :
Burlady, yet tyll Sunday it will keepe.

Well, now, God bwy, Mas lying Promoter :
Wees see at the sport ?

Andrugio. I, peradventure.

John. Since can not finde my mare, on foote chull go :
Ych thinke each daye a nowre to be at Julio.

[*Exit.*

Andrugio. Straunge are the newes the clowne hath showne to me ;
Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be,
For God, we see, styll throwes the tyrant downe,
Even in the heyght and pride of his renowne.
Lorde Promos rule, nay tyranny in deede,
For judges is a mirror worthy heede.
The wretched man, with showe of justice zeale,
Thoroughly dyd with poore offenders deale.
The wicked man botli knewe and judgd abuse,
And none so much as he her faultes dyd use ;
He fellons hang'd, yet by extorcion stoale ;
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a doating foole :
He others checkt, for suing for their right,
And he himselfe mayntayned wrongs by might.
But see the rule of mischief ; in his pride
He headlong falles, when least he thought to slide.

Well, by his fall I maye perhaps aryse :
 Andrugio, yet in elyming be thou wyse.
 What? styll unknowne shall I live in this wood?
 Not so.
 Go wraye these newes, no doubt, unto my good.
 Yet ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,
 As in the towne, in spite of linxes eyes,
 I wyll, unknowne, learne howe the game doth go :
 But ere I go, syth eased is my woe,
 My thanks to God I fyrst in song wyll shoe.

Andrugio's Song.

To thee, O Lorde, with harte and voyce I syng,
 Whose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight,
 From grieve to joye my troubled soule doest bring ;
 Yea more, thy wrath hath foylde my foe in syght,
 Who sought my lyfe (which thou, O God, didst save)
 Thy scorge hath brought untimelie to his grave.

Whose grieve wyll gawle a thousand judges moe,
 And wyll them see themselves, and sentence just,
 When blacke reproeche this thundring shame shall shoe,
 A judge condemde for murder, theft and luste.
 This scorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring ;
 The just, for joye, thy prayes lowde wyll syng.

[*Exit.*

Gresco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in Lamia prisoner.

Gresco. Come on, faire dame, since faire words works no heede,
 Now fowle meanes shall in you repentaunce breede.

Lamia. Maister Gresco, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

Gresco. And nothing but ehaustment wyll helpe you to amende :
 Well, I wyll not hurt you your lewdnes to defende.

Lamia. My lewdnes, syr! what is the difference
 Betwixt wantons, and hoorders of pence?

Gresco. Thou hast winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water :
 Tho' arte full of grace : how she blusheth at the matter!

Lamia. Howe sample I your wyfe and daughter, syr?

Gresco. Axe mee, when whypping hath ehaung'd thy nature.

Lamia. What whypping? why, am I a horse or a mare?

Gresco. No; but a beast that meetelie well wyll bare.

Lamia. Indeede (as nowe) perforee I beare this flowt :
 But use me well, else, I fayth, gette I out ;
 Looke for quittaunee.

Byl. Binde hir to the peace, syr,

[*First Byl.*

So maye your worship be out of daunger.

Gresco. Bring hir awaye : I knowe howe to tame hir.

Lamia. Perhaps, syr, no : the worst is but shame hir.

Byl. Come, ye drab.

[*Second Byl.*

Lamia. Howe nowe, seab! handes of my gowne.

Byl. Care not for this; yuse have a blew one soone.

[*Third Byl. Exeunt.*

Cassandra.

Cassandra. Unhappy wench, the more I seeke for to abandone grieffe,
 The furder off I wretched finde both comfort and reliefe.
 My brother first, for wanton faultes condempned was to dye,
 To save whose life my sute wrought hope of grace, but haples I
 By such request my honor spoyld and gayned not his breath,
 For which deceyte I have pursude Lorde Promos unto death,
 Who is my husbände nowe become, it pleas'd our soveraigne so
 For to repayre my crased fame, but that nowe workes my wo ;
 This day he must (oh) leese his head my brother's death to quite,
 And therin fortune hath, alas ! showne me hir greatest spyte.
 Nature wyld mee my brother love ; now dutie commaunds mee
 To preferre before kyn or friend, my husband's safetie.
 But O ! aye me, by fortune I am made his chiefest foe ;
 Twas I, alas ! even onely I that wrought his overthroe.
 What shall I doo to worke amends for this my haynous deede ?
 The tyme is short, my power small, his succors axeth speede.
 And shall I seeke to save his blood that latelie sought his lyfe ?
 O yea, I then was sworne his foe, but now, as faithfull wife,
 I must and wyll preferre his health, God sende me good successe,
 For now unto the King I wyll my chaunged minde to expresse.

[*Exit.*

Phallax.

Phallax. Was ever man set more freer than I ?
 First went my goodes, then my office dyd flye.
 But had the King set me free from flattrie,
 The next deare yeare I might have starv'd, perdie.
 But Lorde Promos hath a farre more freer chaunce,
 He free from landes, goodes, and office doth daunce ;
 And shall be free from life, ere long, with a launce.
 The officers and chiefe men of Julio,
 Vengeaunce lyberall themselves lykewise shoe ;
 Poore knaves and queanes that up and downe do goe,
 These horesen kinde crustes in houses bestoe :
 But yet, poore cheere they have ; marry, for heate,
 They whyp them untyll verie blood they sweate.
 But see their cost bestowde of fyne Lamia ;
 To save hir feete from harde stones and colde waye,
 Into a carte thy dyd the queane convaye,
 Apparelled in colours verie gaye ;
 Both hoode and gowne of greene and yellowe saye.
 Her garde weare typstaves all in blewe arraye ;
 Before hir a noyse of basons dyd playe :
 In this triumphhe she ryd well nye a daye.
 Fie, fie ! the citie is so purged nowe,
 As they of none but honest men allowe ;
 So that farewell my parte of thriving there :
 But the best is, flattrers lyve everie where.
 Set cocke on hoope ; *Domini est terra.*
 If thou cannot where thou wouldst, lyve where thou maye.
 Yes, yes, Phallax knoweth whether to go ;

Nowe, God bwy, ye all honest men of Julio :
As the devilles lyketh the company of friers,
So flattrers loves as lyfe to joyne with lyers.

ACT. V. SC. I.—*Andrugio, disguised in some longe blacke cloake.*

Andrugio. These two dayes I have bene in court disguis'd,
Where I have learn'd the scorge that is devis'd
For Promos faulte ; he my syster spowsed hath,
To salve her fame crackt by his breache of fayth :
And shortlie he must lose his subtyll head,
For murdring me, whome no man thinkes but dead :
His wyll was good, and therefore, beshrewe mee,
If (mov'd with ruthe) I seeke to set him free.
But softlie ; with some newes these fellowes come :
I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

ACT. V. SC. II.—*Enter Ulrico, Marshall.*

Ulrico. Marshall, heare your warrant is ; with speede
The king commaunds that Promos you behead.

Marshall. Sir, his highnesse wyll shal be forthwith done. [Exit Marshall.]

Ulrico. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne :
His heavy wyfe such stormes of teares did showre,
As myght with rueth have moyst a stony hart ;
But Promos guylt dyd soone this grace devoure.
Our gracious king, before hir wretched smart,
Prefer'd the helth of this our common weale.—
But see, againe to sue for him she comes ;
Her ruthfull lookes, her greefe, doth force me feele.
With hope I must her sorrowes needes delay,
Tyll Promos be dispatcht out of the way.

ACT. V. SC. III.—*Cassandra.*

Cassandra. Syr Ulrico, if that my unknowne greefe
May move good mindes to helpe mee to releefe,
Or bytter syghes of comfort clean dismayde,
May move a man a shiftlesse dame to ayde,
Rue of my teares from true intent which flowe ;
Unto the king with me yet once more goe.
See if his grace my husband's lyfe wyll save,
If not, with his death shall my corps ingrave.

Ulrico. What shall I doe, her sorrowes to decrease ?
Feede her with hope :—fayre dame, this mone surcease ;
I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present :
Come, we wyl wayght for tyme thy sute to show.

Cassandra. Good knight, for time do not my sute foreslowe ;
Whylst grasse doth growe, ofte sterves the seely steede.

Ulrico. Feare not ; your lorde shal not dye with such speede. [Exeunt.]

Enter Andrugio.

Andrugio. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought!
 My sister's woe such rueth in me doth grave,
 As fayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
 Bewray myselfe, Lord Promos life to save.
 But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
 If that I should my safety now disclose ;
 So that I chuse, of both the evels, he dye :
 Time wyll appease, no dought, Cassandra's woes.
 And shal I thus acquite Cassandra's love ?
 To worke her joy, and shall I feare to dye,
 Whylst that she lyve no comferte may remove
 Care from her harte, if that her husband dye ?
 Then shall I stycke to hasard lym, nay life,
 To salve hir greefe, since in my cure it rests ?
 Nay fyrst, I wil be spoyld with bloody knife
 Before I fayle her plunged in distres.
 Death is but death, and all in fyne shall dye :
 Thus (being dead) my fame shall live alway.
 Well, to the king Andrugio now wyll hye,
 Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety to bewray.

[*Exit.*

ACT. V. SC. IV.—*The Marshall; three or fowre with halbards, leading Promos to execution. A Bylman.*

Bylman. Roomc, friends ; what meane you thus to gase on us ?
 A comes behinde makes all the sport, I wus.
Promos. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall ;
 Disdaine my life, but lysten to my ende ;
 Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
 As oft they win the wicked to amend.
 I neede not heare my faultes at large resytc,
 Untimely death doth wnesse what I was,
 A wicked man whiche made eache wrong seeme right ;
 Even as I would was wrested every case.
 And thus, long tyme I lyy'd and rul'd by wyl ;
 Whercas I lov'd, their faultes I would not see :
 Those I did hate, tenne tymes beyond there yll
 I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
 Yea, dayly I from bad to worse did slyde,
 The reason was, none durst controule my lyfe ;
 But see the fall of mischeeve in his pride :
 My faultes were knowne, and loe, with bloody axe
 The headseman strayght my wronges with death wyll quite ;
 The which in worth I take, acknowledging
 The doome was geven on cause, and not on spyte ;
 Wishing my ende might serve for a warning
 For such as rule and make their will a lawe :
 If to such good my faynting tale might tend,
 Wretched Promos, the same would lenger draw ;
 But if that wordes prevayle, my wofull ende
 From my huge faultes then tenne tymes more wyll warne.

Forgiveness now of all the world I crave ;
 Therewith, that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
 Beseeche of God that I the grace may have
 At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.

Marshall. Forwards, my Lord ; me thinkes you fayntly goe.

Promos. O, syr, in my ease your selfe would be as slowe.

ACT. V. Sc. V.—*Enter Cassandra, Polina, and one mayde.*

Cassandra. Aye me, alas ! my hope is untimely.
 Whether goes my good Lord ?

Promos. Sweete wife, to dye.

Cassandra. O wretched weneh, where may I first complayne,
 When heaven and earth agrees upon my payne ?

Promos. This mone, good wife, for Christes sake, forsake ;
 I, late resolv'd, through feare of death now quake ;
 Not so much for my haynous sinnes forepast,
 As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.

Cassandra. Nay, I, vile wretch, should most agreed be,
 Before thy time, thy death which hastened have :
 But (O swete husband) my fault forgeve mee,
 And, for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy grave.

Promos. Forgeve thee, ah ! nay, for my soule's releefe,
 Forget, sweete wyfe, this thy most guyltles greefe.

Marshall. My Lord Promos, these playntes but move hir mone,
 And your more greefe : it is best you ware gone.
 Good Maddame, way by lawe your Lord doth dye,
 Wherefore make vertue of necessity.

Delay but workes your sorrowes and our blames :
 So that now, to the comfort of these dames,
 And your wisdom, inforeed we leave you.
 My Lord Promos, byd your wife and friends adew.

Promos. Farewell, farewell ; be of good cheare, deare wyfe,
 With joy for woe, I shall exchange this life.—
 Andrugio's death, Polina, forgeve mee.

Polina. I doe, and pray the Lord to releeve yee.

Cassandra. Yet ere we part, sweete husband, let us kis :—
 O, at his lypes why fayleth not my breath ?

Promos. Leave mone, swete wife ; I doe deserve this death.
 Farewell, farewell.

[*They all depart, save Polina, Cassandra, and her woman.*]

Cassandra. My loving Lorde, farewell.
 I hope, ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.

Polina. Now, good Madame, leave of this bootelesse griefe.

Cassandra. O Polina, sorrowe is my reliefe ;
 Wherefore, sweete wenehe, helpe me to rue my woe ;
 With me, vyle wretehe, thy bytter plaintes bestowe,
 To hasten lyngring death who wanteth might
 I see, alone to sley the wretched wight.

Polina. Nay, first powre foorth your playntes to the powers divine,
 When hate doth clowde all worldly grace whose mercies styll do shine.

Cassandra. O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
 Swan lyke in song to towle my passing bell.

The Song of Cassandra.

Deare dames, divorce your minds from joy, helpe to bewayle my wo ;
 Condole with me whose heavy sighs the pangs of death do shoe :
 Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wench distrest, to hast the means to dye,
 Whose joye, annoy ; reliefe, whose grieffe hath spoyl'd with crueltie.

My brother slaine, my husband, ah ! at poynt to lose his head—
 Why lyve I then, unhappy wench, my suckers being dead ?
 O tyme, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that judgd them thus to dye,
 I blame you all, my shame my thrall, you hate that harmelesse trye.

This tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must ;
 O welcome care, consume the thread thereto my life doth trust :
 Sound bell, my knell ; away delaie, and geve mee leave to dye,
 Lest hope have scope unto my hart, afresh for ayde to flye.

Enter Ganio, sometime Andrugio's Boye.

Ganio. O sweete newes for Polina and Cassandra ! Andrugio lyves.

Polina. What doth poore Ganio saye ?

Ganio. Andrugio lyves, and Promos is repriv'd.

Cassandra. Vaine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.

Ganio. Well then, from death he is againe revyv'd ;
 Even nowe I sawe him in the market stead.

Polina. His wordes are straunge.

Cassandra. Too sweete, God wot, for true.

Ganio. I praye you, who are these here in your view ?

Cassandra. The King.

Ganio. Who more ?

Polina. O, I see Andrugio.

Cassandra. And I, my Lorde Promos ; adue, sorrowe.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulrico, the Marshall.

Polina. My good Andrugio !

Andrugio. My sweete Polina !

Cassandra. Lyves Andrugio ; welcome, sweete brother.

Andrugio. Cassandra !

Cassandra. I.

Andrugio. Howe fares my deare syster ?

King. Andrugio, you shall have more leysure
 To greet one another : it is our pleasure
 That you forthwith your fortunes here declare,
 And by what meanes you thus preserved weare.

Andrugio. My faulte through love, and judgment for my faulte,
 Lorde Promos wronges unto my sister done ;
 My death supposde, dread King, were vaine to tell.
 Cassandra heare those dealings all hath showne :
 The rest are these.

When I should dye, the gayler, mov'd to ruth,
 Declar'd to mee what Promos pleasure was ;
 Amaz'd wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
 What betwene Cassandra and him dyd passe.
 He much agriev'd Lorde Promos guylt to heare,
 Was verie lothe mee (wofull man) to harne :

At length, just God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
 With this defence his wylling minde dyd arme.
 Two dayes afore to death were divers done,
 For severall faultes by them committed ;
 So that of them he tooke the head from one,
 And to Cassandra the same presented,
 Affirming it to be her brother's head.
 Which done, by night he sent me post away ;
 None but supposed that I indeede was dead,
 When as in trueth in uncouth hauntes I laye.
 In fine, a clowne came, peaking through the wood
 Wherin I lyvd, your Graces being here,
 And Promos death by whom I understood :
 Glad of which newes, howe so I lyv'd in feare,
 I ventured to see his wretched fall.
 To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
 I hether came : but loe, the inwarde thrall
 Of Cassandra the hate so sore dismayde,
 Which I conceyved agaynst my brother Promos,
 That loe, I chew'd to yeeld myself to death
 To set him free ; for otherwyse I knew
 His death ere long would sure have stopt her breath.
 Loe, gracious King, in breefe I have here showne
 Such adventures as wretched I have past,
 Beseeching you with grace to thinke upon
 The wight that wayles his follyes at the last.

King. A strange discourse as straungely come to light ;
 God's pleasure is that thou shouldst pardon'd be :
 To salve the fault thou with Polina mad'st,
 But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

Andrugio. Most gracious Prince, thereto I gladly gree.

Polina. Polina! the happiest newes of all for thee.

Cassandra. Most gracious King, with these my joye to match,
 Vouchsafe to geve my dampned husbände lyfe.

King. If I doo so, let him thanke thee, his wife.

Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
 Thy vertues eke, from first unto the last ;
 And glad I am, without offence it lyes
 In me to ease thy griefe and heavines.
 Andrugio sav'd the juel of thy joye,
 And for thy sake I pardon Promos faulte :
 Yea, let them both thy vertues rare commende,
 In that their woes with this delyght doth ende.

Company. God preserve your Majestie.

Promos. Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due ?

Cassandra. I dyd but what a wife should do for you.

King. Well, since all partes are pleased as they woulde,
 Before I parte, yet, Promos, this to thee :
 Henceforth, forethinke of thy forepassed faultes,
 And measure grace with justice evermore.
 Unto the poore have evermore an eye,
 And let not might out countenance their right.
 Thy officers trust not in every tale,

In cheife, when they are meanes in strifes and sutes :
 Though thou be just, yet coyne maye them corrupt ;
 And if by them thou dost unjustice showe,
 Tys thou shalt beare the burden of their faultes.

Be loving to good Cassandra thy wife,
 And friendlie to thy brother Andrugio,
 Whom I commaund as faythfull for to be
 To thee, as beseemes the duety of a brother.

And now agayne thy government receyve ;
 Injoye it so as thou in justice joye.

If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse :
 The lost sheepe founde, for joye the feast was made.

Well ; here an ende of my advise I make :
 As I have sayde, be good unto the poore,
 And justice joyne with mercie evermore.

Promos. Most gracious King, I wyll not fayle my best,
 In these preceptes to followe your behest.—G. WHETSTONE.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by *Richarde Jhones*, and are to be solde over agaynst
 Saint Sepulchres Church, without Newgate. August 20, 1578.

The above work was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company in July, 1578, under the title of, "The famous Historie of Promos and Cassandra, divided into twoe comicall discourses, compiled by George Whetstone, gent." It was reprinted by Steevens in 1779, but with several important erroneous variations from the original. The following marginal notes in the latter may be just worth adding :—p. 240, l. 7, "Love, hate, and gaine, the causes of injustice ;" p. 242, l. 40, "The scourge of lawe, and not zeale, keepeth the lewde in awe ;" p. 243, l. 26, "The force of love ;" l. 34, "A good lawe yll executed ;" p. 246, l. 6, "A note for wayghters ;" p. 249, l. 27, "Might masters right ;" p. 267, l. 22, "The strumpets and crocodiles alyke."

The Comedy of Errors.

EARLY EDITIONS.

- (1.) In the Folio Edition of 1623; in the division of Comedies, pp. 85-100, sigs. H—I 2, v^o.
- (2.) In the Folio Edition of 1632; the pagination and signatures the same as in the above.
- (3.) In the Folio Edition of 1663; the pagination and signatures the same as in the above.
- (4.) In the Folio Edition of 1685; in the division of Comedies, pp. 76-89, sigs. G 2, v^o. —H 3, v^o.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are reasons for believing that the main incidents on which the humour of the present comedy is founded, which were taken primarily from the ancient Roman drama, had been introduced upon the English stage at a very early period of its history. In the accounts of the Revels at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, the original manuscript of which is preserved at the Audit Office, is the following entry under the date of 1576-77,—“The historie of Error shoven at Hampton Court on Newyeres daie at night, enacted by the Children of Powles,” Cunningham’s Extracts, p. 102. The same “invention” was probably represented before Elizabeth at Windsor in 1582-3, the title of *Ferrar*, in the following entry in the same accounts, being plausibly conjectured by Mr. Collier to be merely a clerical mistake for *Error*, the scribes being very inaccurate in their entries of the names of plays,—“A Historie of Ferrar shewed before her Majestie at Wyndesor on Twelfdaie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberleyne’s servauntes, furnished in this office with diverse newe thinges, as one citty, one battlement of canvas, iij. ells of sareenet, and x. paire of gloves, and sondrey other thinges in this office, whereof some were translated for fitting of the persons.” The first entry in all probability relates to some English drama, which formed the suggestion for the Comedy of Errors; an opinion greatly strengthened by the circumstances that Meres, in 1598, speaks of Shakespeare’s play as simply *Errors*, and that in an entry dated 1604, hereafter quoted, it is called “the Plaie of Errors.” It may, therefore, be reasonably concluded that the elder play and Shakespeare’s comedy were both known by the short title of “Errors.” That the former was on a similar subject from Plautus, may be inferred from the well-known fact that the dramas acted by the singing-boys of St. Paul’s were usually

constructed upon classical stories. One of the Latin dramas of Plautus had been represented at Greenwich at a much earlier period, before Henry VIII. and his Queen, in 1520.

The Comedy of Errors was one of the earliest plays written by Shakespeare. It was exhibited at Gray's Inn in December, 1594, as appears from the following entry in the Gesta Grayorum, celebrated in that year, and published in 4to. Lond. 1688, p. 22,—“after such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors.” Neither the Gesta Grayorum, nor the registers of Gray's Inn, offer any further information on the subject; but the circumstance of the comedy having been represented *by the players*, and the identity of name, render it almost a certainty that the play above mentioned was Shakespeare's. The Gesta Grayorum, it appears from the dedication, was printed exactly from the original manuscript, from which, observes the editor, it was “thought necessary not to clip anything, which, though it may seem odd, yet naturally begets a veneration upon account of its antiquity;” nor is there, indeed, the slightest reason for suspecting its authenticity. The next notice of the play occurs in the Palladis Tamia of Meres, 1598, in the account of Shakespeare's comedies,—“for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, *his Errors*, his Love Labors Lost,” &c. It was performed at Court, by the King's players, at the close of the year 1604, the following entry, first printed by Mr. Cunningham, occur-

ring in the original accounts of the revels preserved at the Audit Office,—“On Inosents Night the Plaie of Errors.” A facsimile

On Inosents Night the Plaie of Errors;
 By his Ma^{ties} Players.

Extracts from the first edition of the "Palladis Tamia", 1598, - containing the earliest list of the Plays of Shakespeare known to exist.

Palladis Tamia.

WITS
TREASURY

Being the Second part
of Wits Common
wealth.

BY
Francis Meres Maister
of Artes of both Vni-
uersities.

Viuunt ingenio, cetera mortis erunt,

AT LONDON
Printed by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burbie, and
are to be solde at his shop at the Royall
Exchange. .1 59 8.

As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer, Hesiod, Euripedes, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides* and *Aristophanes*; and the Latine tongue by *Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius* and *Claudianus*: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abilitments by sir *Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow* and *Chapman*.

As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to liue in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete witte soule of *Ouid* liues in mellifluous & hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among

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Wits Common-Wealth.
among his priuate friends, &c.

As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among y English is the most excellent in both kunds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentle of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsommers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tra-

gedy his *Richard the 2.* *Richard the 3.* *Henry the 4.* *King Iohn*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speake Latine: so I say that the Muses would speake with *Shakespeares* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

And as *Horace* saith of his; *Exegi monumentis are perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidis altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquillo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis*
O o 2, anno 1598

annorum series & fuga temporum: so I say I feuerally of sir *Philip Sidneys, Spencers Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners* worke;

As *Pindarus, Anacreon* and *Callimachus* among the Greekes; and *Horace* and *Catullus*

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ullus among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets; so in this faculty the best among our Poets are *Spencer* (who excelleth in all kinds) *Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Breton*

As these Tragicke Poets flourished in Greece, *Aeschylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achaus Erithrius, A Sydamas Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Theopis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates*; and these among the Latines, *Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus* and *Seneca*: so these are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde *Buckhurst*, Doctor *Leg* of Cambridge, Doctor *Edos* of Oxforde, maister *Edward Ferris*, the Authour of the *Mirroure for Magistrates, Marlow, Peelo, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Iohnson*.

As *M. Annus Lucanus* writ two excellent Tragedies, one called *Medea*, the other *de Incendio Troie* from *Priami calamitate*: so Doctor *Leg* hath penned two famous tragedies; y one of *Richard the 3.* the other of the destruction of *Ierusalem*.

so the best for Comedy amongst vs bee, *Edward Earle* of Oxforde, Doctor *Gager* of Oxforde, Maister *Roxley* once a rare Scholler of learned *Pembrooke Hall* in Cambridge, Maister *Edwardes* one of her Maiesties Chappell, eloquent and witty *John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Munday* our best plotter, *Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle*.

of this curious entry is subjoined, in which the reader will observe that the author's name is metamorphosed to Shaxberd. Manningham, in his MS. Diary under February, 1601-2, (facsimile in vol. i. p. 45), observes that he thinks Twelfth Night is "much like the Commedy of Errors, or Meneehmi in Plautus." The criticism is hasty, but the entry serves, at all events, to exhibit the popularity of the present comedy, which had no doubt been seen on the stage by the writer. Steevens, and a few other critics, incline to the opinion that the Comedy of Errors was only partially the work of Shakespeare, a suggestion that scarcely merits discussion now there has arisen a juster appreciation of the earlier efforts of his pen; but yet it is possible that, in some of the comic scenes, he may have retained a few insignificant lines which were found in the more ancient play.

The evidence afforded by the first edition of the work of Meres above quoted, is so extremely important with reference to the chronological position of this and several other plays, and so curious as being the earliest known list of Shakespeare's works, the reader cannot but be interested in the accompanying facsimile of the notice alluded to, added to which are the original title-page and the most interesting of the various other passages in the work in which Shakespeare is mentioned. The *Palladis Tamia* having been frequently reprinted, it was thought that facsimiles of the title-page and the extracts, taken from the first edition, the only one of any critical value, would satisfactorily establish the exact certainty and authenticity of the evidence supplied by them, to those who may never have an opportunity of inspecting the excessively rare original work. The notices of the great dramatist are, on the whole, extremely pleasing, and prove incontestably that, even at this early period, he had attained no insignificant reputation in the opinions of his contemporaries, even if the words of Meres are to be accepted as those of a somewhat partial friend. There is, however, no evidence to show that he was intimate with the poet, notwithstanding that the knowledge of the distribution of the Sonnets "among his private friends" would in some degree imply that it was most likely the writer himself was one of the individuals favored by an opportunity of perusing them.

It is supposed by most of the critics that the allusion to France by Dromio of Syracuse, "in her forehead, arm'd and reverted, *making war against her heir*," refers, by an equivoque, to King Henry IV., the *heir* of France, concerning whose suc-

cession to the throne there was a civil war in that country which did not conclude till the year 1593. There appears to be no reason for doubting the correctness of this opinion. In 1591, Lord Essex was sent with four thousand troops to the French King's assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen in Normandy. From that period, until Henry was firmly settled on the throne, Elizabeth sent several bodies of troops to his assistance; so that the war must have been sufficiently notorious for the allusion to be at once perceived by the audience. If this be the case, the Comedy of Errors must have been written between the years 1589 and 1593, Henry IV. of Navarre succeeding to the throne in the former year; and this period agrees very well with the best judgment that can be derived from the internal evidence of the play itself.

The *Menæchmi* of Plautus was not translated into English, or rather no English translation of it was printed, before 1595; but there are allusions in the Comedy of Errors, which, if not taken from the older play, appear to show the poet's familiarity with some of the Latin classics, not an improbable supposition, it might be argued, in what Mr. Knight calls "an age of grammar schools;" but it generally happens that when we really approach the sources used by Shakespeare, most of the learning is to be traced to the older compositions, or, at least, to contemporary popular works. Be this as it may, without necessarily presuming that Shakespeare could not read Latin, there are no similarities of sufficient weight to enable us to decide that he borrowed directly from Plautus; and several circumstances to show that he did not. Among the latter may be mentioned there being no reason assigned for the presence of *Æmilia*, or for the curious fact of the two *Dromios* having the same name; oversights which are probably to be ascribed to the earlier play, and unlikely to have been committed by a poet who was chiefly using invented materials. The incidents which are common to the Comedy of Errors and the *Menæchmi* are, principally, the separation of the twin sons; their perfect similarity in speech, countenance, and name; and the accidents happening to *Menechmus* and *Antipholus* of Syracuse, who both are troubled with jealous wives, and meet with similar adventures. The character of *Adriana* may, perhaps, be considered to have been somewhat closely copied from that of the wife of *Menæchmus* of Epidamnum. The chief addition in Shakespeare is the introduction of the two *Dromios*, opening,

as Skottowe observes, a new source of error and confusion, where most readers will be inclined to believe enough existed before; an opinion which would probably have been right, had these materials of error fallen into any other hands than those of Shakespeare. There is no improbability in the supposition that a translation of some of the dramas of Plautus had been seen by Shakespeare in manuscript, Warner, the translator of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, observing, in his preface, that he had “diverse of this poettes comedies Englished for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus’ owne words are not able to understand them;” and still less in the opinion that the great dramatist had a general school-recollection of the ancient comedy, even if he had not, at a maturer period of life, witnessed a representation of the latter in the metropolis, a suggestion that is derived from a curious notice in Guilpin’s *Skialetheia*, published in 1598,—

—————or if my dispose
Perswade me to a play, Ile to the Rose
Or Curtaine, one of Plautus’ comedies,
Or the patheticke Spaniard’s tragedies.

The copy of Warner’s translation, which now follows, has been collated with a genuine copy of the rare original edition :

Menæchmi. A pleasant and fine Conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English, by W. W.— London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Gratiuous-streete. 1595.

The Printer to the Readers.—The writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this poettes comedies Englished for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgement) in harmlesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, being, as he tels mee, neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a translation, nor such libertie therein used, as that he would notoriously varie from the poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endeavour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured and more curiously polished.—Farewell.

[* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altred, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.]

The Argument.—* Two twinborne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
 Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :
 The first his father lost a litle lad,
 The grandsire namde the latter like his brother.
 This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
 His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
 Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
 That citzens there take him for the same :
 Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
 Much pleasant error ere they meete together.

A pleasant and fine conceited Comœdie called Menechmus, taken out of the most excellent Poet Plautus.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Enter Peniculus, a Parasite.*

Peniculus was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause, like a broome, I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become: namely, all the vittels which are set before mee. Now, in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines, who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly: my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by some subtiltic or other, they may cscape such cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man without all suspition of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease: Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare: he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such gwestes as my selfe be drawne to his table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner: for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readic to come foorth.

SCENE II.—*Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within.*

If ye werc not such a brabling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbande in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can never go foorth a doores, but shec asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? *As though she were a constable or a toll-gatherer. I have pamperd her too much: she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well, sith it is so, she shall now have some cause; I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

Peniculus. Yea, marry, now comes hee to the point that prickes me: this last speech gaulces mee as much as it would doo his wife; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

Menechmus. We that have loves abroad, and wives at home, are miscrably

hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

Peniculus. Come, what share have I in that same?

Menechmus. Out alas! I am taken.

Peniculus. True, but by your friend.

Menechmus. What, mine owne *Peniculus*?

Peniculus. Yours (i'faith) bodie and goods, if I had any.

Menechmus. Why, thou hast a bodie.

Peniculus. Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

Menechmus. Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

Peniculus. Tush, I ever do so to my friends; I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day?

Menechmus. He tell thee of a notable pranke.

Peniculus. What, did the cooke marre your meate in the dressing? would I might see the reversion.

Menechmus. Tell me, didst thou see a picture, how Jupiter's eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis?

Peniculus. Often, but what care I for shadowes? I want substance.

Menechmus. Looke thee here; looke not I like such a picture?

Peniculus. O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Menechmus. Prethee, say I am now a brave fellow.

Peniculus. But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

Menechmus. Tush, say as I bid thee, man.

Peniculus. Out of doubt, ye are a fine man.

Menechmus. What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Peniculus. Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

Menechmus. On yet.

Peniculus. Nay, not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

Menechmus. Nay, I have a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

Peniculus. Say your minde.

Menechmus. Come farther this way from my house.

Peniculus. So, let me heare.

Menechmus. Nay, farther yet.

Peniculus. I warrant ye, man.

**Menechmus.* Nay, yet farther.

Peniculus. 'Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

Menechmus. Why?

Peniculus. Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye. But what's the matter? Ist not almost dinner time?

Menechmus. Seest thou this cloake?

Peniculus. Not yet. Well, what of it?

Menechmus. This same I meane to give to Erotium.

Peniculus. That's well; but what of all this?

Menechmus. There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepard for her and me.

Peniculus. And me?

Menechmus. And thee.

Peniculus. O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

Menechmus. I knocke. But staie too, *Peniculus*, let's not be too rash. Oh, see, shee is in good time comming forth.

Peniculus. Ah, he now lookes against the sun; how her beames dazell his eyes.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium. What, mine owne Menechmus? welcome, sweete heart.

Peniculus. And what, am I welcome too?

Erotium. You, sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

**Peniculus.* I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

Menechmus. Erotium, I have determined that here shall be piteht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heavens! And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon, the wine boll, yourselfe as captaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

Erotium. Agreed.

Peniculus. I would we had the weapons, for my valour prieks me to the battaile.

Menechmus. Shall I tell thee, sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

Erotium. Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers: what's this same?

Menechmus. This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

Erotium. Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all dearest.

Peniculus. Now she showes her selfe in her likenesse; when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

Menechmus. I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

Peniculus. Thus they must do that are right lovers: especially if they mean to be beggers with any speed.

Menechmus. I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

Peniculus. There's tenne pounce bestowed verie thriftily.

Menechmus. But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

Erotium. It shall bee done; your dinner shall be readie.

**Menechmus.* Let a good dinner be made for us three. Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artiehockes, and potato rootes; let our other dishes be as you please.

Erotium. You shall, sir.

Menechmus. I have a litle businesse in this eittie; by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell, till then, sweete Erotium: Come, Peniculus.

Peniculus. Nay, I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leese my life, then sight of you, till this dinner be done. [*Exeunt.*

Erotium. Who's there? Call mee Cylindrus, the cooke, hither. [*Enter Cylindrus.*] Cylindrus, take this hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings, is there not?

Cylindrus. Tis so, mistresse.

Erotium. Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get; ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

Cylindrus. What guests have ye to day, mistresse?

Erotium. Here will be Menechmus, and his parasite, and myselfe.

Cylindrus. That's ten persons in all.

Erotium. How many?

Cylindrus. Ten, for I warrant you that parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

Erotium. Go, dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

Cylindrus. I will have all readie with a trice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. Sc. I.—*Enter Menechmus Sosicles, Messenio his servant, and some Saylers.*

Menechmus. Surely, Messenio, I thinke sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they have bene long tost and turmoylde in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Messenio. Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a sight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie towne that we heare off?

Menechmus. Till I finde my brother, all townes are alike to me: I must tric in all places.

Messenio. Why, then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have we roamde about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Menechmus. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Little knowest thou, Messenio, how neare my heart it goes.

Messenio. This is washing of a blackamore. Faith, let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Menechmus. Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches; I perccive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio. I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Wel, yet I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare, sir? Faith, I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest, in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this towne Epidamnum is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold. Then for curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Menechmus. Yec say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

Messenio. Why, sir?

Menechmus. Because I feare you wil be busie among the curtizans, and so be cosened of it: then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

Messenio. I pray do so, sir: all the better. [*Enter Cylindrus.*—*I have tickling geare here, yfaith, for their dinners: It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave, Peniculus, must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is Menechmus come aheadic, before I could come from the market? Menechmus, how do ye, sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Menechmus. God a mercy, my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cylindrus. Know ye? no, not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Menechmus. Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

Cylindrus. Why Peniculus worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.

Menechmus. What Peniculus? what attendant? my attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

Messenio. Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines yec should finde here?

Cylindrus. Menechmus, harke ye, sir, ye come too soone backe againe to dinner; I am but returned from the market.

Menechmus. Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me; goe, get the priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a straunger thus.

Cylindrus. Alas, sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger to you. Know ye not Cylindrus?

Menechmus. Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cylindrus. I know you to be Menechmus.

Menechmus. Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right; but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cylindrus. Where? even heere, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse Erotium.

Menechmus. I neither have lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

Cylindrus. Know ye not who I am? who fills your cup, and dresses your meate at our house?

Messenio. What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the rascals pate withall!

Menechmus. At your house, when as I never came in Epidamnum till this day.

Cylindrus. Oh, that's true. Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Menechmus. Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part.

Cylindrus. Questionlesse, he is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye, Menechmus.

Menechmus. What saist thou?

Cylindrus. If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me upon a sacrifice for your selfe: for, out of doubt, you are mad that curse your selfe.

Messenio. What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus?

Cylindrus. Tush, he wil many times jest with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Menechmus. Whats that?

Cylindrus. This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your parasite.

Menechmus. What wenches? what parasites?

Messenio. Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

Cylindrus. Away, Jack Napes; I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not; I speake to him that I know.

Menechmus. Out, drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

Cylindrus. That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

Menechmus. Is he gone? Messenio, I thinke uppon thy words aheadie.

Messenio. Tush, marke, I pray. Ile laic fortie pound here dwels some curtizan to whom this fellow belongs.

Menechmus. But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Messenio. Oh, Ile tell yee. These courtizans, assoone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place, maister: tis best to be circumspect.

Menechmus. I mislike not thy counsaile, Messenio.

Messenio. I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie forth. Here, sirs, mariners, keep this same amongst you.

[*Enter Erotium.*] Let the doore stand so. Away, it shall not be shut. Make haste within there, ho : maydes, looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord ; put fire under the perfuming pannes : let all things be very handsome. Where is hee that Cylindrus sayd stood without here ? Oh, what meane you, sweet heart, that ye come not in ? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe ?

Menechmus. Whom doth this woman speake to ?

Erotium. Even to you, sir : to whom else should I speake ?

Menechmus. Gentlewoman, ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

Erotium. Yea, sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

Menechmus. Surely, Messenio, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to mee uppon so small acquaintance.

Messenio. Tush, did not I tell ye right ? these be but leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver tong'de haesters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man ? where have you seene him ?

Erotium. Where he sawe me, here in Epidamnum.

Messenio. In Epidamnum ? who never till this day set his foote within the towne ?

Erotium. Go, go, flowting Jack. Menechmus, what need all this ? I pray go in.

Menechmus. She also calls me by my name.

Messenio. She smels your purse.

Menechmus. Messenio, come hither : here, take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Erotium. Will ye go in to dinner, sir ?

Menechmus. A good motion ; yea, and thanks with all my heart.

Erotium. Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourselfe.

Menechmus. That I commaunded ?

Erotium. Yea, for you and your parasite.

Menechmus. My parasite ?

Erotium. Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Menechmus. A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife ?

Erotium. Tush, what needeth all this jesting ? Pray leave off.

Menechmus. Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth :—I never had wife, neither have I ; nor never was in this place till this instant ; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

Erotium. What ship do ye tell me off ?

**Messenio.* Marry, Ile tell ye : an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have sailed up and downe in this sixe yeares. Ist not time to be going homewards, thinke ye ?

Erotium. Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting, and go in.

Menechmus. Well, gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person ; it is some other you looke for.

Erotium. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of

Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Syracusis where Agathoeles did raigne; then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

Menechmus. All this is true.

Messenio. Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

Menechmus. Ile go in with her, Messenio; Ile see further of this matter.

Messenio. Ye are cast away then.

Menechmus. Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing; somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe, when you please, let us go in. I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

Erotium. Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus, your parasite?

Menechmus. Not I; Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

Erotium. All the better. But, sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

Menechmus. What is that?

Erotium. To beare that cloake which you gave me to the diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

Menechmus. Yea, that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe; then Ile follow yee in. Ho, Messenio, come aside. Goe and provide for thyselfe and these ship boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio. Ah, maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

Menechmus. Peace, foolish knave, seest thou not what a sot she is; I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Messenio. Ay, maister.

Menechmus. Wilt thou be gone?

**Messenio.* See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath bourded him at first encounter. Come away, fellowes.

ACT. III.—*Enter Peniculus.*

Twentie yeares I thinke, and more, have I plade the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow Menechmus, and he goes to the hall where now the Sessions are holden; there thrusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him; 'tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day; which I thinke, in my conscience, he did even purposely couzen me off. Yet I meane to go see. If I can but light upon the reversion, I may perhaps get my peny-worthes. But how now? Is this Menechmus comming away from thence? Dinner done, and all dispaht? What execrable lucke have I!

[*Enter Menechmus the Travailer.*—Tush, I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

Peniculus. He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but Ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first Ile harken awhile what he saith.

Menechmus. Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

Peniculus. He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee saith. I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner.

Menechmus. She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to soothe her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while, I far'd well, and that at free cost.

Peniculus. Well, I'le go talk with him.

Menechmus. Who is this same that comes to me?

Peniculus. O, well met, fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before, and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

Menechmus. Good fellow, what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a railers hire.

Peniculus. I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadie.

Menechmus. Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Peniculus. Well, well, mock on, sir, mock on; doo ye not know my name?

Menechmus. In troth, I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

Peniculus. Fie! Awake, Menechmus, awake; ye oversleepe your selfe.

Menechmus. I am awake; I know what I say.

Peniculus. Know you not Peniculus?

Menechmus. Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not.

Peniculus. Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

Menechmus. Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

Peniculus. Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Menechmus. Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Peniculus. Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it.

Menechmus. Away, filthie mad drivell, away; I will talke no longer with thee?

Peniculus. Not a world of men shall staie me, but Ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me. I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

Menechmus. It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

[*Enter Ancilla, Erotium's mayd.*—*Menechmus,* my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the goldsmaythes; shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended.

Menechmus. Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

Ancilla. Do ye know this chaine, sir?

Menechmus. Yea, I know it to be gold.

Ancilla. This is the same you once tooke out of your wives casket.

Menechmus. Who, did I?

Ancilla. Have you forgotten?

Menechmus. I never did it.

Ancilla. Give it me againe then.

Menechmus. Tarry : yes, I remember it : 'tis it I gave your mistres.

Ancilla. Oh, are you advised ?

Menechmus. Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise ?

Ancilla. I never knew of anie.

Menechmus. Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

Ancilla. Well, sir, Ile tell her this shall be done ?

Menechmus. I, I, tell her so, she shall have the cloake and this both together.

Ancilla. I pray, Menechmus, put a litle jewell for my eare to making for me : ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.

Menechmus. I will ; give mee the golde : Ile paie for the workemanship.

Ancilla. Laie out for me ; Ile paie it ye againe.

Menechmus. Alas ! I have none now.

Ancilla. When you have, will ye ?

Menechmus. I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, Ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone ? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke ? well, I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because, if they seeke me, they may thinke I am gone that way. *I wil now goc see if I can finde my man Messenio, that I may tell him how I have sped.

ACT IV.—*Enter Mulier, the Wife of Menechmus the Citizen, and Peniculus.*

Mulier. Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have, to give his trulles ?

Peniculus. Nay, hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloake to the dyars. And see, I pray, where the garland lyes : this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mulier. What shall I now do ?

Peniculus. What ? that which ye ever do ; bayt him for life.

Mulier. Surely, I think it best so.

Peniculus. Stay, wee will stand aside a little ; ye shall catch him unawares.

[*Enter Menechmus the Citizen.*] *Menechmus.* It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scan'd, there is he outfaste, and overlaid with countenance : if a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine owne part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will : for taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am sore afraid Erotium thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long ; yet she will not be angry, considering the gift I gave her to day.

Peniculus. How thinke ye by that ?

Mulier. I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

Menechmus. I will hie me thither.

Mulier. Yea, go, pilferer ; goe with shame inough ; no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

Menechmus. How now, wife, what aile yee? what is the matter?

Mulier. Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

Peniculus. Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him, I say.

Menechmus. Pray, wife, why are ye so angry with me?

Mulier. Oh, you know not?

Peniculus. He knows, but he would dissemble it.

Menechmus. What is it?

Mulier. My cloake.

Menechmus. Your cloake!

Mulier. My cloake, man; why do ye blush?

Peniculus. He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay, I might not go to dinner with you, do you remember? To him, I say.

Menechmus. Hold thy peace, Peniculus.

Peniculus. Ha, hold my peace; looke ye, he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

Menechmus. I neither becken nor winke on him.

Mulier. Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

Menechmus. Why, what aile ye, woman?

Mulier. Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

Menechmus. I protest unto you before all the goddes (is not this inough) that I beckond not on him.

Peniculus. Oh, sir, this is another matter: touch him in the former cause.

Menechmus. What former cause?

Peniculus. The cloake, man, the cloake: fetch the cloake againe from the dyars.

Menechmus. What cloake?

Mulier. Nay, Ile say no more, sith ye know nothing of your owne doings.

Menechmus. Tell me, wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know.

Mulier. Tush, tush.

Menechmus. I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

Mulier. Tush, tush.

Menechmus. You are fallen out with some of your friends.

Mulier. Tush, tush.

Menechmus. Sure I am, I have not offended you.

Mulier. No, you have dealt verie honestly.

Menechmus. Indeed, wife, I have deserved none of these words. Tell me, are ye not well?

Peniculus. What, shall he flatter ye now?

Menechmus. I speak not to thee, knave. Good wife, come hither.

Mulier. Away, away; keep your hands off.

Peniculus. So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me; when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me. Alas! you knew not me even now.

Menechmus. Why, asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together.

Peniculus. Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me believe I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

Menechmus. Of a truth, since we went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

Peniculus. Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you: yes, faith: I have told your wife all.

Menechmus. What hast thou told her?

Peniculus. I cannot tell: ask her?

Menechmus. Tell me, wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me, I say; what was it?

Mulier. As though you knew not my cloake is stolne from me?

Menechmus. Is your cloake stolne from ye?

Mulier. Do ye aske me?

Menechmus. If I knew, I would not aske.

Peniculus. O craftie companion! how he would shift the matter? Come, come, deny it not: I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

Menechmus. What hast thou bewrayd?

Mulier. Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never so manifest, heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieffe, and what he hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne from me.

Menechmus. My cloake is stolne from me?

Peniculus. Looke how he cavils: she saith it is stolne from her.

Menechmus. I have nothing to say to thee: I say, wife, tell me.

Mulier. I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house.

Menechmus. Who stolc it?

Mulier. He knowes best that carried it away.

Menechmus. Who was that?

Mulier. Menechmus.

Menechmus. 'Twas very ill done of him. What Menechmus was that?

Mulier. You.

Menechmus. I? who will say so?

Mulier. I will.

Peniculus. And I, and that you gave it to Erotium.

Menechmus. I gave it?

Mulier. You.

Peniculus. You, you, you: shall we fetch a kennel of beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

Menechmus. Heare me one word, wife. I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not: indeed, I lent it her to use a while.

Mulier. Faith, sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores. Meethinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine owne garments as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

Menechmus. You shall have it againe without faile.

Mulier. 'Tis best for you that I have: otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Peniculus. Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Mulier. I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

Peniculus. God a mercy for nothing: that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband and wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischief on ye all! [Exit.]

Menechmus. My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who wil shut me in. Now will I entreate Erotium to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wifes mouth withall; and then will I provide a better for her. Ho, who is within there? Some bodie tell Erotium I must speake with her.

[Enter Erotium.] *Erotium.* Who calls?

Menechmus. Your friend more then his owne.

Erotium. O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come in.

Menechmus. Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

Erotium. Say your minde.

Menechmus. Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her: and I promise you, Ile give ye an other worth two of it.

Erotium. Why, I gave it you to carry to your dyars; and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

Menechmus. Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth, I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

Erotium. Ah then, sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both. Did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well.

Menechmus. To defraude ye? No: but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

Erotium. Why, sir, I asked them not; ye brought them of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them, you and your wife together. Thinke ye I esteeme them or you either? Goe; come to mee againe when I send for you.

Menechmus. What, so angry with mee, sweete Erotium? Staie, I pray staie.

**Erotium.* Staie? Faith, sir, no: thinke yee I will staie at your request?

Menechmus. What, gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I werc best go trie some other friends, and ask counsaile what to do.

ACT V.—*Enter Menechmus the Traveller, Mulier.*

Menechmus. Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can no where find. I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

Mulier. I marvaile that my husband comes not yet; but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

Menechmus. I muse where the knave should be.

Mulier. I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this his dishonest behaviour. Oh, sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders. Are ye not ashamed to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Menechmus. How now? what lackes this woman?

Mulier. Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame! hold thy peace.

Menechmus. What offence have I done, woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mulier. Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

Menechmus. Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed Heecuba to be a bitch?

Mulier. Never.

Menechmus. Because she did as you do now; on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name.

Mulier. These foule abuses and contumelies I can never endure; nay, rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day.

Menechmus. What care I whether thou livest as a widow, or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none, but thus they vex me with straunge speeches.

Mulier. What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather then suffer thy vile dealings.

Menechmus. Prethee, for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

Mulier. Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashamde?

Menechmus. Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde.

Mulier. Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho, boy, who is within there? Vecio, go runne quickly to my father; desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. He tell him first of your pranks; I hope he will not see me thus handled.

Menechmus. What, a Gods name! meaneth this mad woman thus to vex me?

Mulier. I am mad, because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Menechmus. For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not. I know her as much as I know Hereules wives father.

Mulier. Do ye not know me? That's well. I hope ye know my father: here he comes. Looke, do ye know him?

Menechmus. As much as I knew Calcas of Troy. Even him and thee I know both alike.

Mulier. Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

Menechmus. Faith, nor thy grandfather neither.

Mulier. This is like the rest of your behaviour.

[*Euter Senex.*] *Senex.* * Though bearing so great a burthen as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come. But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her. These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in everie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections: and yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes. Well, He go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too. Oh, tis even as I gessed.

Mulier. Father, ye are welcome.

Senex. How now, daughter? What? is all well; why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

Mulier. First, father, know that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, I can by no meanes endure this bad man, to die for it; and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

Senex. What is the matter?

Mulier. He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

Senex. Who doth?

Mulier. This good husband here, to whom you married me.

Senex. See, see; how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

Mulier. I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me.

Senex. I alwaies told ye, ye must beare with him, ye must let him alone; ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort.

Mulier. Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose.

Senex. He is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

Mulier. There hee feastes and banquetts, and spendes and spoiles.

Senex. Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

Mulier. Father, will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

Senex. Not so, daughter; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

Menechmus. I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

Senex. Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well; ye want nothing, apparrell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you.

Mulier. But he filcheth away my apparrell and my jewels, to give to his trulles.

Senex. If he doth so, tis verie ill done; if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mulier. You may beleeve me, father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

Senex. Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tel me, Menechmus, how is it that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad, man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Menechmus. Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue; and if ever I set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me.

Senex. Why, fond man, art thou mad, to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

Menechmus. Do I dwell in that house?

Senex. Doest thou denie it?

Menechmus. I do.

Senex. Harke yee, daughter; are ye remooved out of your house?

Mulier. Father, he useth you as he doth me: this life I have with him.

Senex. Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse; ye jest too perversly with your friends.

Menechmus. Good old father, what, I pray, have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

Mulier. Father, marke, I pray, how his eies sparkle: they rowle in his head; his colour goes and comes: he lookes wildly. See, see.

Menechmus. What? they say now I am mad: the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so shall I be rid of them.

Mulier. Looke how he stares about! how he gapes.

Senex. Come away, daughter: come from him.

**Menechmus.* Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus, do yee call mee to come hunt in the woods with you? I see, I heare, I come, I flie; but I cannot get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee; and by her standes an old goate that beares false witnessse against many a poore man.

Senex. Out upon him, Bedlam foole.

Menechmus. Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

Mulier. O, father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

Menechmus. Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves.

Senex. Daughter.

Mulier. Here, father: what shall we do?

Senex. What, if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme.

Menechmus. How now? they will carry me in, if I looke not to my selfe: I

were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

Senex. Get thee into thy house, daughter; away quickly.

Menechmus. She is gone: yea, Appollo, I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee; and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

Senex. Come not neare me, sirra.

Menechmus. Yea, I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh; then will I barrell up his bowels.

Senex. Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt.

Menechmus. Many things thou commandest me, Appollo: wouldst thou have me harnessse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the ehariot, and so override this old stincking toothlesse lyon. So now I am in the ehariot, and I have hold on the raines: here is my whip; hait; come, ye wilde jades, make a hideous noyse with your stamping: hait, I say; will ye not go?

Senex. What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Menechmus. Harke! now Appollo bids me ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my chariot by the haire of my head. O, shall I not fulfill Appolloes commandment?

Senex. See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a phisitian straight, before he grow too farre into this rage. [*Exit.*]

Menechmus. Are they both gone now? Ile then hic me away to my ship: tis time to be gone from henee. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Senex and Medicus.*] *Senex.* My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlateh comes.

Medicus. What disease hath hee, said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melaneholie, or dropsie?

Senex. Wherefore, I pray, do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is, and cure him of it?

Medicus. Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him, I warrant ye. Oh, here he comes. Staie, let us marke what he doth.

[*Enter Menechmus the Citizen.*] *Menechmus.* Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in onc day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the parasite, my Ulisses, that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live no longer, but Ile be revengde uppon the life of him. His life? nay, tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slave's life from him. And, Erotium, shee plainly sheweth what she is: who, beecause I require the eloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

Senex. Do ye heare him?

Medicus. Hee eomplaines of his fortune.

Senex. Go to him.

Medicus. Menechmus, how do ye, man? why keepe you not your eloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme, I pray.

Menechmus. Why, hang thyselpe, what carest thou?

Medicus. Sir, ean you smell anie thing?

Menechmus. I smell a prating dolt of thee.

Medicus. Oh, I will have your head througly purged. Pray tell me, Menechmus, what use you to drinke? white wine, or elaret?

Menechmus. What the divell carest thou?

Senex. Looke, his fit now begins.

Menechmus. Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Senex. See what idle talke he falleth into.

Medicus. Tarry; I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Menechmus. What, doest thinke I am an owle?

Medicus. Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and eroake in your belly?

Menechmus. When I am hungrie they do, else not.

Medicus. He speakes not like a madman in that. Sleepe ye soundly all night?

Menechmus. When I have paid my debts, I do. The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions.

Medicus. Oh, now he rageth upon those words: take heed.

Senex. Oh, this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife 'biteh,' and all to nought.

Menechmus. Did I?

Senex. Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst: I know what I say.

Menechmus. I say, thou stolest Jupiter's erowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke that I am so mad, that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you as you do of me?

Senex. Maister doctor, pray heartily make speede to eure him. See ye not how mad he waxeth?

Medicus. Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there I will cure him.

Senex. Is that best?

Medicus. What else? there I can order him as I list.

Senex. Well, it shall be so.

Medicus. Oh, sir, I will make yee take neesing powder this twentie dayes.

Menechmus. Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thirtie dayes.

Medicus. Fete men to carry him to my house.

Senex. How many will serve the turne?

Medicus. Being no madder then hee is now, foure will serve.

Senex. Ile fetch them. Staie you with him, Maister Doctor.

Medicus. No, by my faith: Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him liither.

Senex. I go.

[*Exeunt.*

Menechmus. Are they both gone? Good gods, what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sieke. I speake to them; I know them. Well, what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me fourth a doores. Erotium is as farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening: I hope, by that time, they will take pittie on me.

[*Enter Messenio the Travellers servant.*] *Messenio.* *The prooffe of a good servant is to regard his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his presenee; and I thinke him a verie foole that is not earefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my baeke and shoulders; for, in truth, I have no fancie to these blowes, as many a one hath. Methinks, it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together. I have provided yonder in the towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters trunckes and fardels; and am now eomming to see if he be yet got

forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me he is overplunged. Pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

[*Enter Senex, with foure Lorarii, Porters.*] *Senex.* Before gods and men, I charge and commaund you, sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you: if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him: why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up, and bring him to the phisitions house: I will go thither before. [*Exit.*]

Menechmus. What newes? how now, masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, citizens!

Messenio. O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Menechmus. Is there no good man will helpe me?

Messenio. Helpe ye, maister? yes, the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. Ile clout these peasants; out, ye rogue! let go, ye varlet.

Menechmus. I have hold of this villaines eie.

Messenio. Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head. Away, ye cut-throat theeves, ye murtherers.

Lo. Omnes. O, O, ay, ay; crie pittifullie.

Messenio. Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, Ile give thee somewhat more; take that. It was time to come, maister; you had bene in good case, if I had not bene heere now. I tolde you what would come of it.

Menechmus. Now, as the gods love me, my good friend, I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

Messenio. I'le tell ye how, sir; give me my freedome.

Menechmus. Should I give it thee?

Messenio. Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Menechmus. Thou art deceived, man.

Messenio. Wherein?

Menechmus. On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister; I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

Messenio. Why, then bid me be free: will you?

Menechmus. Yea, surelie: be free, for my part.

Messenio. O, sweetly spoken; thanks, my good maister.

Servus alius. Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

Messenio. O maister, Ile call ye maister still. I praie use me in anie service as ye did before. Ile dwell with you still; and when ye go home, Ile wait upon you.

Menechmus. Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Messenio. Ile go strait to the inne, and deliver up my accounts, and all your stufte. Your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Menechmus. Do, fetch it.

Messenio. I will.

Menechmus. I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie. Well, if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the doctor saie I am mad: who ever sawe such strange de-

meanors? Well, though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe Ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Menechmus the Traveller, and Messenio.*] *Menechmus.* Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messenio. Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away, and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up; you cried, Helpe, helpe! I came running to you: you and I togither beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave me my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your casket: now in the meane time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Menechmus. I gave thee thy freedome?

Messenio. You did.

Menechmus. When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe; go thy wayes.

Messenio. Whewe! marry, I thanke ye for nothing.

[*Enter Menechmus the Citizen.*] *Menechmus.* Forsworne queanes, swear till your hearts ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleewe that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Messenio. O heavens, maister, what do I see?

Menechmus Tra. What?

Messenio. Your ghoast.

Menechmus Tra. What ghoast?

Messenio. Your image, as like you as can be possible.

Menechmus Tra. Surely not much unlike me, as I thinke.

Menechmus Cit. O my good friend and helper, well met; thanks for thy late good helpe.

Messenio. Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Menechmus Cit. I were too blame, if I should not tell thee anie thing; my name is Menechmus.

Menechmus Tra. Nay, my friend, that is my name.

Menechmus Cit. I am of Syracusis in Sicilia.

Menechmus Tra. So am I.

Messenio. Are you a Syracusan?

Menechmus Cit. I am.

Messenio. Oho, I know ye: this is my maister: I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him. Pray pardon me, sir, if I said anything I should not.

Menechmus Tra. Why, doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Messenio. My faith, he saies true. This is my maister; you may go looke ye a man. God save ye, maister; you, sir, farewell. This is Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. I say that I am Menechmus.

Messenio. What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

Menechmus Cit. Even Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus.

Menechmus Tra. My father's sonne?

Menechmus Cit. Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Messenio. O immortall gods, let it fall out as I hope; and, for my life, these two are the two twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister Menechmus.

Both. What wilt thou?

Messenio. I call you not both : but which of you came with me from the ship ?

Menechmus Cit. Not I.

Menechmus Tra. I did.

Messenio. Then I call you. Come hither.

Menechmus Tra. What's the matter ?

Messenio. This same is either some notable cousening jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other : water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you.

Menechmus Tra. Indeed, I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messenio. Well, let me about it. Heare ye, sir ; you say your name is Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. I do.

Messenio. So is this man's. You are of Syracusis ?

Menechmus Cit. True.

Messenio. So is he. Moscus was your father ?

Menechmus Cit. He was.

Messenio. So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins ?

Menechmus Cit. I would thinke it happie newes.

Messenio. Nay, staie, maisters both : I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answere mee : your name is Menechmus ?

Menechmus Cit. Yea.

Messenio. And yours ?

Menechmus Tra. And mine.

Messenio. You are of Syraeusis ?

Menechmus Cit. I am.

Menechmus Tra. And I.

Messenio. Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there ?

Menechmus Cit. How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Menechmus Tra. O Jupiter !

Messenio. Peaee ! what exelaiming is this ? How old were ye then ?

Menechmus Cit. About seven yeare old : for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time I never heard of anie of my kindred.

Messenio. Had ye never a brother ?

Menechmus Cit. Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes.

Menechmus Tra. O Fortune !

Messenio. Tush, ean ye not be quiet ? Were ye both of one name ?

Menechmus Cit. Nay (as I think) they eald my brother, Sosicles.

Menechmus Tra. It is he ! what need further prooffe ? O brother, brother, let me embrae thee !

Menechmus Cit. Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad : but how is it that ye are ealled Menechmus ?

Menechmus Tra. When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our groundsire (in memorie of my father's name) chaungde mine to Menechmus.

Menechmus Cit. 'Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye one question more : what was our mother's name ?

Menechmus Tra. Theusimarche.

Menechmus Cit. Brother, the most weleome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

Menechmus Tra. I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

Messenio. See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was that the gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Menechmus Cit. True it is I willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning; and I also brought hither closely, a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

Menechmus Tra. Is not this the same, brother?

Menechmus Cit. How came you by this?

Menechmus Tra. This woman met me: had me in to dinner; entertained me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

Menechmus Cit. Indeed, she tooke ye for mee: and, I beleeve, I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messenio. You shall have time enough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember, maister, what ye promised me?

Menechmus Cit. Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to Messenio: he is worthie of it.

Menechmus Tra. I am content.

Messenio. Io Tryumphe!

Menechmus Tra. Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

Menechmus Cit. So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you.

Menechmus Tra. Thanks, my good brother.

Menechmus Cit. Messenio, plaic thou the erier for me, and make a proclamation.

Messenio. A fit offic. Come on. O yes! What day shall your sale be?

Menechmus Cit. This day sennight.

Messenio. All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repaire to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell; servaunts, houshold stufte, house, ground, and all; so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too, sir?

Menechmus Cit. Yea, but I think no bodie will bid money for her.

Messenio. Thus, gentlemen, we take our leaves, and if we have pleasde, we require a *Plaudite*. Finis.

The period of the action of the Comedy of Errors is judieiously left indetermined. It is suffieient, for the reader, to state that the seene is laid in "the aneient city" of Ephesus, but, for dramatie purposes, it may be necessary to consider the transactions of the eomedy as taking plaee in the elassical era of Greeee. Such a supposition involves fewer difficulties than that which would assign the period to that of Christianized Ephesus, for the introduction of the Abbess may fairly be regarded as one of the conventional anachronisms of the dramatists of the day. Incongruities of this description are not, indeed, peeuliar to our early writers, and are to be defended by the enunciation of the broad principle established by Sir Walter Scott, that, "it is necessary, for exeiting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners as well

as the language of the age we live in." So that if the general character of the work contains nothing violently inconsistent with the assumed period of the action, any particular instances of anachronisms are not to be regarded as serious blemishes; and the most casual reader of our early plays will admit that Shakespeare has formed his classical dramas on a truer principle of art than that adopted by his contemporaries. The incongruities in the works of the great dramatist are, indeed, to be regarded rather as curiosities than as defects; and are here solely referred to under this impression. Thus, in the present comedy, mention is made of dueats, marks, and guilders, of America, of a rapier, and of Lapland sootierers; but regarding the play as a whole, the language and conduct are to be referred to an ancient period, nearly as distinctly as those of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* compel the reader to regard the latter as representations of a more modern society.

Amongst the minor anachronisms, it is a matter of curiosity to notice the tendency of Shakespeare to adopt the signs of houses which were familiar to him in his own day. The several signs mentioned in the *Comedy of Errors* were for the most part to be seen in his daily walks. The Tiger, the Phoenix, and the Porcupine, were old London signs, and so was probably the Centaur, unless the name of the last was suggested by the classical era of the comedy. The emblem of the Porcupine is found on a curious tradesman's leaden token of the seventeenth century, engraved (in the Notes) from the original preserved in the extremely valuable museum of London antiquities in the possession of Charles Roach Smith, esq. F.S.A., and it is by no means improbable that Chapman had the English sign in his recollection, when, in his *Monsieur d'Olive*, 1606, he mentions "my greasy host of the Porcupine," although the scene of that play is laid on the continent. The Tiger was also an English sign, the fourth edition of *A Wife now the Widow of Sir Thomas Overbury*, 1614, being "printed by G. Eld for Lawrence Lisle, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the Tyger's head;" and a manuscript, dated 1698, mentions the Tiger and Crown as the sign of an inn at Camberwell. This curious adaptation of the modern names of signs is by no means peculiar to the present comedy, but is to be traced in several of Shakespeare's other plays. The Elephant, the designation of a London tavern (the annexed engraving being from another leaden token in Mr. Smith's Museum), is introduced into *Twelfth Night* as the name

of an inn in Illyria,—“In the South suburbs, at the Elephant, is best to lodge;” and the Pegasus, the sign of various inns in London, especially of one in Cheapside, is mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew* as the appellation of a tavern in Genoa. Without placing too much importance upon these trifling coincidences, it will yet be admitted that the subject is a curious one, and worthy of a little investigation, as exhibiting traces of the author’s recollections of his own country in works which he has obviously intended to translate into pictures of foreign life and manners.



The title of the play was either a common proverb, or furnished the subject of one. Anton, in his *Philosophical Satires*, 1616, p. 51, exclaims, “What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!” So, also, Deeker, in his *Knights Conjuring*, 1607,—“his ignorance, arising from his blindness, is the onely cause of this *Comedie of Errors*;” and, previously, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, he seems to allude to the play itself:—“Instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse, for him that will read, first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*; and where the greatest enter, to give them, instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.” Again, also, in the *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, 1604,—“This was a prettie *Commedie of Errors*, my round host.” In the same year, Deeker, in the *Honest Whore*, makes one of his characters say,—“’twere a good *Comedy of Errors* that, y’ faith,” and several other instances may probably be discovered. “If young, they are lascivious: if old, they are covetous: their whole life a *Comedy of Errors*: their formall feature a fardell of fashions,”—*Brathwait’s Ladies Love-Lecture*, 1641.

We learn from Drummond (*Conversations*, p. 29) that Ben Jonson “had an intention to have made a play like Plautus’s *Amphitrio*, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.” This difficulty is over-stated, for it suits the dramatic action of the piece to present the “rue with a difference.” It is not necessary, or even desirable, that the audience should be wholly deceived in the matter, and I suspect, in the present play at least, much of the ludicrous would be lost in representation were that the ease. It is sufficient that the two similar couples

should be habited in simple Greek costume, which can be made alike in each case, without adding to the violation of probability. "I have wondred," observes Gildon, in his *Remarks*, ed. 1709, p. 299, "that Mr. Dryden chose rather *Amphitruon* than this, because the probability of that depending entirely on the pagan system, strains even credulity to render it agreeable. But this likeness between the twins is what has happen'd many times; and there is or was lately a living instance of it in two brothers twins too, so very like, that they were perpetually mistaken for each other, and such a sympathy between them, that when one was ill the other sicken'd. One was of the band of the music, that belong'd to *Drury-Lane Play-House*; the other, if I mistake not, a dancing master in the country."

The materials of which the *Comedy of Errors* is constructed, chiefly belong to the cycle of farce, but they have been worked into a comedy by a wonderful effort of dramatic power; the lighter character, however, remaining prominent in particular scenes. Comedy would allow the two *Antipholuses* with a license similar to that which sanctions the resemblance between *Sebastian* and *Viola*; but the two *Dromios* in conjunction with the former certainly belong to farce. The admirable manner in which the mistakes arising from these identities are conducted, and the dignity given to the whole by the introduction of fine poetry most artistically interwoven, are indicative of that high dramatic genius which belongs almost exclusively to *Shakespeare*. The poetical conversation between *Luciana* and *Antipholus of Syracuse* reminds us forcibly of the *Sonnets*, and the similar ideas in the former are strengthened in power by being associated with a dramatic narrative; for had *Shakespeare* not been a dramatist, he would scarcely have ranked as so great a poet. No play of *Shakespeare's*, when either effectively read or acted, affords so many subjects for broad merriment as this; and it may likewise fairly be described as a regular drama, the only one possibly in our language which includes all the essential qualities of farce.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and an attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and an attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—EPHEBUS.



The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa* plead no more
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;

The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pittie from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrymen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusan*; say in brieffe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heauier taske could-not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at tandone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was.
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanelly prou'd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwillling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaued any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought,
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

H

For

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to proeure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merehant of Syracusa, plead no more ;
I am not partial to infringe our laws ;
The enmity and diseord, which of late
Sprung from the raneorous outrage of your duke
To merehants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods—
Exelude all pity from our threat'ning looks ;
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syraeusians¹ and ourselves,
To admit no traffie to our adverse towns :
Nay, more,—If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs,—
Again, if any Syraeusian born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus,—he dies,—
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,²
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syraeusian, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.³

Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,⁴
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syraeusa was I born; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too,⁵ had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,⁶
 Drew me from kind embraces of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.⁷

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered⁸
 Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return:
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon! We came aboard:
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragie instance of our harm:⁹
 But longer did we not retain much hope;

For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Fore'd me to seek delays for them and me.¹⁰
 And this it was—for other means was none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
 My wife, more careful for the latter born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare-mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;¹¹
 And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:¹²
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them mereiless to us!
 For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,¹³
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,¹⁴
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;¹⁵
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee,¹⁶ till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,¹⁷
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant (so his ease was like,¹⁸
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)¹⁹
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:
 Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,²⁰
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greeee,
 Roaming elean through the bounds of Asia,²¹
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advoeate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentenee may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:

Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:²²
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:²³—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.²⁴

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end.²⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a
 MERCHANT.*

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusian merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders,²⁶ gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit *Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain,²⁷ sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,²⁸
 Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,

And afterward consort you till bedtime;²⁹
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit MER.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,³⁰
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:³¹
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.³² —
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.³³

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wedn'sday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' erupper;
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own eustody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.³⁴
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,³⁵
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix,³⁶ sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,³⁷
Or I shall break that merry seonee of yours,
That stands on trieks when I am undispos'd;
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perehanee you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your
hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit DRO. E.]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some deviee or other,
The villain is o'er-raught³⁸ of all my money.

They say this town is full of eozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceeive the eye,
Dark-working soreerers that ehang the mind,³⁹
Soul-killing witehes that deform the body,
Disguised eheaters, prating mountebanks,⁴⁰
And many such like liberties of sin:⁴¹

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Both by the Syracusians.*

Thus the first folio, and probably it is Shakespeare's own diction. The more natural form is *Syracusans*, from Syracuse; but both forms occur even in the Latin.

² *His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose.*

Dread souveraigne, Anjou likewise doth submit,
And with repentant thoughts for what is past,
Rests humbly at your Majesties *dispose*.

The Weakest Goeth to the Wall, 1618.

³ *Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.*

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.—*Virgil*.

⁴ *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*

That is, by the act of Providence, not by crime; or, perhaps, as Malone suggests, not by any criminal act, but by natural affection, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. I did not break your law, O Duke, by my own will,—may also be implied. The Perkins MS. tastelessly alters *nature* to *fortune*, which gives a greatly inferior meaning. “To die 's man's nature, not his punishment,” Tragedy of Herod and Antipater, 1622.

“I rather think Mr. Mason's observation too far strained, and that Ægeon means to say that his *end* was brought on by the *natural* consequence of his coming to Ephesus, and not by any bad intention, or offence committed,” MS. by T. Hull.

⁵ *And by me too.*

Too was first added in the second folio, for the sake of the metre, though perhaps unnecessarily.

⁶ *And the great care of goods at random left.*

The first folio reads, *and he*, the present alteration having been suggested by Malone. The editor of the second folio capriciously alters the line to,—“And he great store of goods at random leaving,” repeated in eds. 1663, 1685. Steevens retains the original text, thus altering the punctuation,—“our wealth increas'd, by prosperous voyages I often made to Epidamnum, till my factor's death: and he (great care of goods at random left) drew me.” The first two folios, it may be worth observing, have *randone*, the old form of *random*. The former occurs in Spenser, from the Fr. *randon*, which is used in early English in its primitive sense. See *Rawndone* in Huloet, 1552.

⁷ *As could not be distinguish'd but by names.*

In the old romance of Amis and Amiloun, the incident of the resemblance between two brothers is carried out in a manner somewhat similar to that which Shakespeare has adopted. These heroes became playfellows from their infancy; both were healthy, beautiful, and active; their persons and faces were nearly similar; and this resemblance increased to such an astonishing degree, that, when they had attained twelve years of age, it became almost impossible to distinguish one from the other, except by the colour of his clothes. Various adventures, some of which partake rather of an oriental character, result from this similarity:—

In all thing thai were lyehe,
There was nother power ne ryehe,
Who that beheld hem both,
Fayrer never more ne cowde say,
That knew the toon of the children tway,
Bote be colour of here cloth.

⁸ *A poor mean woman was deliver'd.*

The word *poor*, which is not in the first ed. 1623, was added in the second folio. Both the first and the second folios read, *delivered*.

⁹ *Gave any tragic instance of our harm.*

Instance seems here to be used in the sense of *proof*, as it is in another play. Shakespeare employs the word with great license.

¹⁰ *Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.*

To seek delays, that is, delay from death. This, the obvious meaning, has been ignored by one editor, who offers another explanation.

¹¹ *At either end the mast.*

“At th'end of either mast,” Hanmer, ed. 1744, i. 385. “By what goes before in this, and follows in the next speech of Ægeon, it appears that the infants were fastened at either end of the same mast, on the middle of which he and his wife rode, as it should seem, back to back, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed; that this mast was broke in two by a rock, just between the husband and wife, so that she was left with one child, and he with the other,” Blackstone.

¹² *Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.*

Theobald, judging from a speech of the Abbess in the fifth act, suggests that Epidaurus may not impossibly be a misprint for Epidamnus.

¹³ *For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues.*

“I cannot tell how to be satisfied with this passage. Ægeon and his wife were lashed to two several masts, expecting wreck; and, floating with the stream, as soon as it was morning, they saw two vessels making amain to them, and yet these vessels were no less than ten leagues from each other. This seems a very wild story to me, that am but a fresh-water sailor,”—Theobald. The measure of a league is not here to be taken in its present acceptation.

¹⁴ *Which being violently borne upon.*

The first folio, reads, *borne up*, which is altered, in ed. 1632, to, *borne up upon*. The present reading is that adopted by Malone, and by most editors.

¹⁵ *Gave healthful welcome to their ship-wreck'd guests.*

So the first folio, the second reading, *helpful* welcome. A healthful welcome,

that is, a kind welcome wishing health. Boswell observes it was not a helpful welcome, for the slowness of their bark prevented them from rendering assistance.

¹⁶ *What hath befall'n of them, and thee.*

And they, ed. 1623; corrected in ed. 1632. The old copy reads *have* for *hath*, one of the ordinary grammatical licenses of the day, altered to *hath* in the second folio.

¹⁷ *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care.*

Shakespeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 327, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of:—"My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*, had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast." He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast.—*M. Mason.*

¹⁸ *So his case was like.*

That is, his case being so like that of Antipholus. The reviser of the second folio inserted *for*, instead of *so*; and this unnecessary change was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—*Malone.*

¹⁹ *But retain'd his name.*

Retain'd, used, by an ordinary license, for *retaining*; or else the personal pronoun is omitted, an ordinary construction in writers of the period.

²⁰ *Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see.*

Here is one of the numerous instances of the relative pronoun not referring to the nearest antecedent. See vol. i. p. 277. The Perkins MS. unnecessarily suggests,—“Whom whilst *he* labour'd of *all* love to see,” the latter reading being probably conjectural from a passage in Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595,—“desire him *of all* love to come over quickly to my house.”

²¹ *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia.*

Clean, that is, fully, completely. This word is still in common use in the provinces. “Is his mercy cleane gone for ever,” Psalm 77, ed. 1640. “Yet let me rather cleane forget myselfe,” Smith's *Chloris*, 1596, ap. Malone. “Being translated into the garden, it receiveth another forme cleane different from the first,” Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, p. 52. “To abolish cleane, or make to be forgotten,” Rider. For *Asia*, following Plautus, Upton proposes to read *Italy*, once known as *Grecia Magna*; but by the “bounds of Asia,” Shakespeare intended to imply the parts of “farthest Greece” that were nearest to Asia.

Hic annus sextus, postquam rei huic operam damus.
Istros, Hispanos, Massylienses, Illurios,
Mare superum omne, Græciamque exoticam,
Orasque Italicas omnes, qua egreditur mare,
Sumus circumvecti.—*Plauti Menæchmi.*

Foure score houses in Beckles towne
Was burnd to ashes quite:
And that which most laments my heart,
The House of God I say,
The Church and Temple by this fyre
Is cleane consumed away.

Ballad on the burning of Beccles, 1586.

²² *To seek thy help by beneficial help.*

Mr. Collier suggests to read *thy hope*; a reading in some degree supported by the commencement of Ægeon's next speech; Pope, *thy life*; and Steevens alters only the last word in the line, *help*, to *means*. No alteration can be really necessary, Shakespeare being remarkably fond of these kind of repetitions. "Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes," King John. "If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash," Othello. "The greatest grace lending grace," All's Well. Moreover, the term *hope* conveys somewhat an imperfect meaning, and at variance with the stoical indifference of Ægeon. The expression, "hopeless and helpless," was perhaps proverbial, for it is found, with the terms reversed, in Taylor's *Wandering to see the Wonders of the West*, 1649.

²³ *If no, then thou art doom'd to die.*

If no, for, *if not*; see note in the present volume, p. 194. Malone says the second folio reads *not*, but all copies of that edition which I have met with read *no*, and my copies of the four folios also have the same reading. "If not," Rowe, ed. 1709.

²⁴ *Gaoler, take him to thy custody.*

Thus in the four folio editions. Capell reads,—“So, jailer, take him to thy custody;” Knight,—“Gaoler, take him into thy custody;” W. S. Walker,—“Go, gaoler, take him to thy custody;” and the Perkins manuscript,—“Gaoler, now take him to thy custody.” All these suggestions ignore that characteristic retardation which is so frequently met with in Shakesperian metre, and was unquestionably intentional on the part of the author. As a general rule, these efforts of the elder commentators to regulate the verse are disregarded, or passed over with very brief remarks; for although the metre of Shakespeare will probably never be perfectly reduced into a severe analytical system, yet it is usually easy of arrangement to any reader who will accept the obvious truth that an imperfect or redundant foot is admissible in any part of a verse, and that the metre is to be regulated by a due regard to the requirements of the stage, especially in respect to dialogue, and to what has been well termed “the inexhaustible variety of Shakespeare’s modulation.”

²⁵ *Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend.*

Wend, that is, go, A.S. wend-an. “Therefore gate he grete name, in alle placys where he can wende,” MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 79. “To let his daughter wend with us to France,” Orlando Furioso, 1599. “I wende, I go, *je pergez*; whyther wende you, *ou pergez vous*,” Palsgrave. “*Aller*, to goe, walke, wend,” Cotgrave.

For so sayeth Crist, withoute fayle,
That ny:e upon the worldis ende,
Pces and accorde away schalle *wende*.

Gower, *MS. Soc. Antiq.* 134, f. 37.

But whenne that I schale hennes *wende*,
Grawnte me the blysse wythowten ende.

MS. Cott. Claud. A. ii. f. 130.

²⁶ *Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings.*

Peruse, in the sense, to examine or observe, may now be considered obsolete. “To view their hoofes, to peruse their shooes, and finding in them any fault, to take the helpe of a farrier,” Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612.

²⁷ *A trusty villain, sir.*

A faithful bondman or slave. By these appellations, each Antipholus throughout this comedy denominates the Dromio attached to him. So, in the Rape of Lucrece, where a Roman *slave* is mentioned:—"The homely *villain* curt'sies to her low."—*Malone*.

²⁸ *Soon at five o'clock.*

As these words have been pointed hitherto, with a comma after the word *soon*, they must mean that the Merchant would meet Antipholus soon, namely, at five o'clock; but the present hour is about eleven, for the dinner hour was twelve; and five o'clock would not be soon, reckoning from eleven, or even from twelve. But the Merchant, I conceive, means that he will meet his friend in the evening, *nearly* at five o'clock; either a little before, or *soon* after that hour. I therefore placed no stop after the word *soon*; following, in this respect, the original copy, of which the punctuation, though it has been so much depreciated, in all doubtful cases stands for somewhat.—*Malone*.

The expression was conventional. "Soon at supper-time I'll visit you," act iii. "Soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success," Measure for Measure. "I must be trusted for my ordinary soone at night," Marston's What you Will, 1607. "Soone at night, when we doe swim our wager," Herod and Antipater, 1622.

²⁹ *And afterwards consort you till bed-time.*

Malone unnecessarily proposes to read, *consort with*. The emphasis is to be laid on the last syllable in the line. The verb *consort* is again used without the attendant preposition in Love's Labour's Lost, and in Romeo and Juliet.

³⁰ *Who, falling there to find his fellow forth.*

"To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth," Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595. "Conjuring me in private to seeke some strange digested fellow forth," Revengers Tragædie, sig. A. 3. Mr. Barron Field proposes to read, *failing there*.

³¹ *Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.*

Inquisitive is here used in the primitive sense of looking after something else, seeking for. Thus Norden, in his Surveior's Dialogue, ed. 1610, p. 36, mentions a gentleman "who hath beene inquisitive for a man of your profession." Confounds, that is, destroys. "I confounde, I distroye, *je confons*," Palsgrave, 1530. The other, and more usual meaning of the verb, would also make good sense, and perhaps agrees better with the subsequent expression,—“lose myself.”

³² *Here comes the almanac of my true date.*

He thus denominates Dromio, observes Malone, because they were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master. There is a proverbial expression, of a similar character, which implies that the almanac of my true date may signify, one who carefully attends to the duties I have imposed upon him. "It was I that pend the Morall of Man's Wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for seven yeeres space was absolute interpreter of the puppets; but now my almanacke is out of date," Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, 1621. Malone's interpretation, however, is supported by a line in the fifth act,—“And you, the calendars of their nativity.”

³³ *Are penitent for your default to-day.*

Penitent seems here to be used in a double sense, and may either mean that they are *sorry* for their master's default, because they are obliged to fast; or that

they are sufferers by it, being *obliged* by his conduct, like *penitents*, to fast and pray.—*Malone*.

³⁴ *For she will score your fault upon my pate.*

An allusion to the custom of keeping the score on a post, a practice which has continued nearly if not quite up to the present time in some parts of London, where the milkmen mark their score on the door-post. "Would thou would'st pay me: a good four pound it is; I hav't o' the post at home," Lord Cromwell. "Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song," Every Woman in her Humour, 1609, ap. *Malone*. Ben Jonson, i. 95, mentions "the post in the middle of the warehouse," which may have been a post used for the general score.

He seornes to walke in Paules without his bootes,
And seores his diet on the vitler's post.

The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vaine, 1611.

Besides, a begger hath this pleasure more,
He never payes, or never goes on score:
But let him drinke and quaffe both night and day,
Ther's neither *chalke*, nor *post*, or ought to pay.—*Taylor, 1630.*

³⁵ *Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock.*

The image of the clock of the stomach striking at the point of hunger, occurs several times in old writers. "Hee (the servingman) is commonly proud of his master's horses or his Christmas; hee sleepes when he is sleepy, is of his religion, onely the cloeke of his stomacke is set to goe an houre after his," Overbury Characters, ed. 1626. "Me puero uterus erat solarium," Plautus.

I have not heard, said Joeculo, such a talking gallowes; but, sir, the clocke of my belly bids me tell you 'tis noone: so the Jew arose, and forc'd me to stay diner.—*The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1649.*

The four folios read, *your cook*, corrected by Pope and the MS. annotator of the Dent third folio. The old reading may possibly be defended by a reference to the custom of the cooks striking with their knives upon the dresser, to signify when dinner is ready. Massinger terms the dresser, "the cook's drum."

A. It is not a little demand truely; Love, embracing all that which not onely pleaseth our selves, but God also. But such question restoreth not Nature, because the clocke of my stomacke strikes inwardly, and importunately craves his due. *P.* Hunger is his ambassadour, the members his ministers or servants, the teeth the carving blade, the hands the cupbearer, the circumference of the stomacke with the cawle, the kitchin; the vertue thereof the fire, the chaps with the tongue the cooke, Reason the steward, the Liver the storehouse.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612.*

Gentlemen, it seemes you have some private businesse amongst yourselves, which I am not willing to interrupt. I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, *my stomacke is now much upon twelve.* You know what houre my uncle keeps, and I love ever to bee set before the first graee; I am going before; speake; shall I acquaint him with your coming after?—*The Late Lancashire Witches, 1634.*

³⁶ *Home to your house, the Phœnix.*

The Phœnix was a well-known sign of houses in London. The token here engraved, from the original in the City of London Museum, is the halfpenny of William Wright in Drury Lane, the corner of Blackmor Street. In the same

collection there is preserved the token of Thomas Mills at the Phœnix in Wappinge, 1664. The sign was in common use before the great fire, and the Phœnix in Ram Alley is alluded to in Powell's Art of Thriving, 1635, p. 179. The Commissioners who decided as to the claims of those whose property was destroyed by that calamity, record their judgment as to a messuage or shop in Lumbard Street, known by the sign of the King's Head and Phœnix, MS. Addit. 5086.



³⁷ *In what safe place you have bestow'd my money.*

Bestow'd, that is, stowed or lodged. "There will I bestow all my fruits and my goods," Luke, xii. 18. "I bestowe, I lay up a thyng in a place convenient, *je reboute*; go bestowc me these bagges of money, and come agayne," Palsgrave, 1530.

³⁸ *The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.*

Ore-wrought, ed. 1623. So, in Hamlet, the word is spelt *ore-raught* in the quarto editions, and *ore-wrought* in ed. 1623, fol. 265. In the latter place, it merely means, overtook. The meaning is here, overreached, cheated.

And so partly to extenuate this their owne offence, and partly to excuse themselves that they were *over-raught* in suttile policie, they charged Para with false slaunders and imputations in the eares of the Emperour, most apt to entertaine all rumours: devising, that he could skill of the witchcrafts and enchantments of Circe, to transforme and enfeeble folkes bodies wonderously.—*Amuianus Marcellinus, tr. Holland, 1609.*

³⁹ *Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind.*

Dark-working sorcerers, that is, sorcerers who work by unknown powers, as charms, &c. Soul-killing witches, witches that destroy the souls of those who confide in them. This and the next line are well illustrated by the distinction made by Minsheu between a sorcerer and a witch:—"The conjurer seemeth by praiers and invocation of God's powerfull names, to compell the Devill to say or doe what he commandeth him. The witch dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement betweene him or her and the devill or familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of bloud or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule. And both these differ from Inchaunters or Sorcerers, because the former two have personall conference with the Devill, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremoniall formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." Jugglers deceive the eye; sorcerers change the disposition, as with love-charms, and other amulets; and witches accomplish evil effects on the bodies of their enemies, by the assistance of the devil. Warburton suggested to read, *drug-working sorcerers*; Hanmer, *soul-selling witches*; and Johnson, to transpose the epithets of dark-working and soul-killing. A similar compound occurs in the Divils Charter, 1607,—"*soule-slaiding sinne.*"

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts.—*Johnson.*

Dark-working sorcerers may only mean, *sorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.* Thus, says Bolingbroke, in the Second Part of King Henry VI. :—"wizards know their *times*: deep night, *dark night*, the silent of the night," &c. Witches themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. Hence, Sidney, in his

Astrophel and Stella:—"No witchcraft is so evill, as which man's minde destroyeth." The same compound epithet occurs in Christopher Middleton's Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, 1600:

They charge her, that she did maintaine and fecde
Soul-killing witches, and convers'd with devils.—*Steevens.*

A similar enumeration of cheats, &c., occurs in the old translation of the Menæchmi, 1595; "For this assure yourselfe, this towne Epidamnum is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans," &c.—*Steevens.* Ephesus had, amongst the ancients, a reputation of a similar character. Compare, also, the Acts, xix. 19.

⁴⁰ *Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks.*

"*Monta in banco*, a mountibanke," Florio's World of Wordes, 1598. The mountebank was a well-known character in England in Shakespeare's time, and the accompanying characteristic representation of one employed in selling his



unctions, and describing them to the spectators, a "prating mountebank," is copied from a wood-cut prefixed to an early black-letter ballad in my possession. "A mountebanke, drug-seller, or pratling quack-salver," Minsheu. The expression, "prating mountebanke," occurs in Ben Jonson's *Foxe*, ed. 1616, p. 473, in which play there is also a curious description of one. The character does not, however, appear to have been much known, in England, before the commencement of the seventeenth century, for Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, p. 272, describing the Venetian mountebanks, prefaces his observations by remarking,—"neither doe I much doubt but that this treatise of them will be acceptable to some readers, as being a mcere novelty, never before heard of (I thinke) by thousands of our English gallants." He afterwards observes, p. 274,—"the principall things that they sell are oyles, soveraigne waters, amorous songs printed, apothecary drugs, and

a common-weale of other trifles : the head mountbanke, at every time that he delivereth out anything, maketh an extemporall specch, which he doth oftsoones intermingle with such savoric jests, but spiced now and then with singular scurrility, that they minister passing mirth and laughter to the whole company, which perhaps may consist of a thousand people that flocke together about one of their stages, for so many, according to my estimation, I have seene giving attention to some notable eloquent mountbanke.”

⁴¹ *And many such like liberties of sin.*

This phraseology is unquestionably equivalent to, *sinful liberties*, or, sinful actions. The passage appears somewhat harsh, persons and things being included without system, but there are several instances of the same kind in Shakespeare. I add, however, the notes of Johnson and Steevens.

Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right.—*Johnson*.

By *liberties of sin*, I believe Shakespeare meant *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune tellers, &c., who cheat with impunity. Thus, says Ascham : “I was once in Italie myself, but I thank God my abode there was but nine days ; and yet I saw in that little tyme in one citie [Venice] more *libertie* to sinne, than ever I yet heard tell of in London in nine years.”—*Steevens*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*¹

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.²

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.³
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:⁴
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,⁵
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

Adr. How, if your husband start some other where?⁶

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;⁷
They can be meek that have no other cause.⁸

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it ery;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:⁹
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience¹⁰ would relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience¹¹ in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?¹²

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully,¹³ that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.¹⁴

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not euekold mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:¹⁵

'T is dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
 Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
 Will you come home?¹⁶ quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
 The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:
 My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;
 I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
 So that my arrant, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you,¹⁷ as you with me,
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.¹⁸

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look!¹⁹

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures: My decayed fair²⁰

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,²¹

And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.²²

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense!

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere ;
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
 Would that alone alone he would detain,²²
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel best enamelled²⁴
 Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,
 That others touch; and often touching will
 Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame!
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Ephesus, near the house of Antipholus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.²⁵
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,²⁶
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.²⁷

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I
had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must
get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall
seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I
beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath
a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
for urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor
reason?²⁸

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for
nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for
something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,²⁹ and purchase me another
dry basting.³⁰

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so eholerie.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?³¹

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?³²

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath seanted men in hair,³³ he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.³⁴

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.³⁵

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.³⁶

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming;³⁷ the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.³⁸

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.³⁹

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:⁴⁰
But, soft, who wafts us yonder?⁴¹

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,⁴²
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.⁴³
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall⁴⁴
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,⁴⁵
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and, therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;⁴⁶
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:⁴⁷
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.⁴⁸

Keep then fair league and truee with thy true bed ;
I live unstain'd, thou, undishonour'd.⁴⁹

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,⁵⁰
As strange unto your town, as to your talk ;
Who, every word by all my wit being seann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is ehang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the eourse and drift of your eompact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then eall us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To eounterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,⁵¹
But wrong not that wrong with a more eontempt.⁵²
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,⁵³
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to eommunicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;⁵⁴
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?⁵⁵
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the foreed fallacy.⁵⁶

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!⁵⁷

We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites;⁵⁸

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone,⁵⁹ thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:⁶⁰

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dincs forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I 'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.⁶¹

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

The stage direction in ed. 1623 is, "Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her sister." *Sereptus* is no doubt a corruption of *surreptus*. The other Antipholus is sometimes called in the first folio *Antipholis Erotes*, and *Antipholis Errotis*, the latter word being plausibly conjectured by Steevens to be an error for *erraticus*. These epithets were possibly obtained by Shakespeare from the old play of the History of Error.

² *Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.*

"He takes it thus," ed. 1623; "he takes it ill," ed. 1632. The first reading appears to be wrong, unless it be supposed that Adriana makes some sign on the stage to signify that when she plays the truant, her husband corrects her. The conservancy of the rhyme is not absolutely necessary.

³ *Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.*

Lash'd, that is, corrected, punished. "*Fustiguer*, to whip, scourge, lash, breech," Cotgrave. Luciana carries on the image suggested by Adriana, who, observing that asses only submit to the bridle, is told that the resistance to the curb is lashed by woe. Another explanation is offered by *lash* being often written for *leash*, a thong; the verb *lash*, to bind together, being still in use.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash*; as does Greene, in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves."—*Steevens*.

You shall to the next bush; there will I tie you, and use you like a couple of curs, as you are, and though not *leash* you, yet *lash* you whilest my switch will hold; nay, since you have left your speed, I'll see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe, meanes.—*The Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

⁴ *But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.*

This passage may have been suggested by a verse in the book of Job, xxvi. 10,—“He hath compassed the waters with bounds.”

⁵ *Men, more divine, the masters of all these.*

“Man, more divine, the master of all these, Lord of the wide world,” ed. III.

1623. The plural has been substituted to suit the last lines of the speech, but as *man* is here a noun of multitude, the original text might perhaps be allowed to remain.

⁶ *How, if your husband start some other where?*

That is, somewhere else, to some other place. "Other where, *aillieurs*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Get thee hence, and serve some other where," Lilly's Woman in the Moone, 1597. Dr. Johnson suggests a singular alteration,—“start some other hare.”

And harke, all you that are lyke us amourous ;
And you that are not, goe read some otherwhere.

Southern's Pandora, 4to. Lond. 1584.

The scholler being to have private use of it, furnished himselfe *anotherwhere*, and afterward wayted a requittall, which was thus offered.—*Gratiæ Ludentes*, 1638, p. 62.

But if those sighs be too-too truly sighs,
Which issue from the bottom of my heart,
And such as I need seek *no other where*,
They then perhaps break out onely to shew
The secret grief enclos'd within my breast.

Phyllis of Scyros, translated by J. S., 1655.

⁷ *Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause.*

Pause, that is, rest, is in quiet. "*Pauso*, to pause, stoppe, or rest," Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584. "To pause, or rest," Minsheu.

The next line explains this—"No wonder, says he, *patience*, unaffected by any calamity, untouch'd by any grief, can pause for consideration, can have leisure to recollect herself, and in imagination exert her virtues ;"—see *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 5.—*Dr. Dodd*.

⁸ *That have no other cause.*

That is, who have no cause to be otherwise.—*M. Mason*.

⁹ *As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.*

Many can yelde right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
Who, if by profe they might feele nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indede,
Which now wil needes be gods.—*Ferrex and Porrex*.

¹⁰ *With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me.*

By exhorting me to patience that affords no help. "As those poor birds that helpless berries saw," *Venus and Adonis*.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.*

Fool-begg'd patience, that is, patience only fitted to be an idiot, this foolish patience of yours will be forsaken, in allusion to the ancient custom of begging for fools, or of soliciting from the Crown the custody of the person, and the management of the estates, of a person of weak intellects.

Concerning idiots, such is the prerogative of the princes of this land, that they shall have the custody of all the lands of natural fools, and may take the profits thereof without waste, or destruction, of whose fee soever the same be holden, finding to them necessaries ; and after the death of such idiots, the land must be restored to the right heirs : But, in the mean time ; that is to say, during the life

of the idiot, the tuition of the idiot, or of his lands, cannot be devised by testament to any other person, contrary to the course of the common law, in prejudice of him to whom the wardship doth belong, saving the testator may commit the custody of such goods and chattels as he doth bequeath to the idiot, to whom he will, and during so long time as he will.—*Brydall's Non Compos Mentis*, 1700, p. 48. Cicero tells us that there was a law made by Lætorius, which provided that there should be appointed for those which were distracted, or did prodigally waste their patrimony: For as it appeareth by the common adage used among the Romans, *Ad Agnatos et Gentiles deducendus est*: they did account all prodigals or spendthrifts, mad-men; they meaning no more by that, than we do by our English Proverb, *Let him be begged for a Fool*. The reason of their adage was, because if any were distracted, by the Roman law his wardship fell *Ad Agnatos et Gentiles*, i. e. to the next of the kindred.—*Ibid.* p. 24.

“It was not the next relation only who begged the wardship of *idiots* in order to obtain possession of their property, but any person who could make interest with the sovereign to whom the legal guardianship belongs. Frequent allusions to this practice occur in the old comedies. In illustration of it, Ritson has given a curious story, which, as it is mutilated in the authority which he has used, is here subjoined from a more original source, a collection of tales, &c., compiled about the time of Charles the First, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, 6395,—‘The Lord North begg’d old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman’s house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir’d awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spyed a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my L. and the gentl. coming in againe, and finding the tapestry thus defac’d, he ask’d Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, S^r. be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there, he would have begg’d him, and so you might have lost your whole suite.’ The same story, but without the parties’ names, is related in Fuller’s Holy State, p. 182. Powel, in his Attourney’s Academy, 1630, 4to, says, ‘I shall neede to give you this monitorie instruction touching an *ideot*; that you be assured that yourselfe is somewhat the wiser man before you goe about to *beg him*, or else never meddle with him at all, lest you chance to play at handy-dandy, which is the gardian or which is the foole? and the case alter, *è converso, ad conversum*.’ In A Treatise of Taxes, 1667, 4to, p. 43, there is the following passage: ‘Now because the world abounds with this kind of fools (Lottery fools), it is not fit that every man that will may cheat every man that would be cheated; but it is rather ordained that the sovereign should have the guardianship of these fools, or that some favourite should beg the sovereign’s right of taking advantage of such men’s folly, even as in the case of lunatics and ideots.’ To this practice too, Butler alludes, in Hudibras, part iii. canto 1, l. 591. Blackstone, in treating of idiots, has spoken of it; and adds in a note, that the king’s power of delegating the custody of them to some subject who has interest enough on the occasion, has of late been very rarely exerted,” *Douce*.

Would I might be begg’d, as hee had like to have been, if his foolery do not vex my discretion; but hee gives me means, and Ile could do little, if I could not smile.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

One begd for a foole. A Knight, held to be a very wise man in his life, left behind him a sonne and heyre that was none of the best witted, to inherit his land, who was beg’d for a foole, and summoned into the Court of Wards for his

answer : When question was made unto him what hee could say for himselfe, why his lands should not be taken from him, hee said, It is reported that my father was a wise man, and begot a foole to inherit his estate after his death ; who can tell but that I, a foole, may beget a wise man to inherit after me. His answer caried it, and he and his remaine in possession of the same revenues unto this day.—*Pleasant Taunts, Merry Tales, &c.*, 12mo, n. d. This anecdote is referred to by Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*.

And should I know all this, and not take heed ?
Twere pity then but I afresh should bleed,
And you might *begge me for a fool* indeed.

Prestwick's Hippolitus, 12mo. 1651, p. 98.

'Tis known how well I live, sayes Romeo,
And whom I list, I'le love, or will despise :
Indeed it's reason good it should be so :
For they that wealthy are, must needs be wise :
But this were ill, if so it come to pass,
That for your wealth you must *be beg'd an ass*.

Witts Recreations, 12mo. Lond. 1654.

Beg him, beg him for a fool,
And send him to the ducking-stool.

Canidia, or the Witches, 4to. 1683.

¹² *Thou couldst not feel his meaning ?*

Man. No, Madam, I take commonly afore my master, for where he takes, he takes all, and leaves nothing for me to take.—*Lisan.* Oh, I *feele your meaning*.
Man. Let my master have some feeling of yours, and heele preferre your suit.—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

¹³ *And withal so doubtfully.*

Capell quaintly says,—“some readers may not be aware that *doubtfully* squints at,—redoubtedly, manfully.” See his Notes, p. 72.

The manuscript corrector proposes *doubly* for *doubtfully*, in both instances ; losing sight, as we think, of the plain meaning of words. To speak doubly is to speak deceitfully ; to speak doubtfully is to speak obscurely or unintelligibly. But certainly Luciana had no intention of asking Dromio if his master had spoken to him deceitfully. Such a question would have been irrelevant and senseless. She asks, spake he so *obscurely* that you could not understand his words ?—and the slave answers, “By my troth, so obscurely that I could scarce understand (that is, stand under) them.” This is the only quibble.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug. 1853.

¹⁴ *Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.*

The earlier expression was *horn-wood*,—“though Cayphas goe horne-wood therby,” *Chester Plays*, ii. 68. “And make their husbands to become changelings, as being turned from sober mood to be hornewood,” Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, p. 26. “And no more than as a bull's roaring and bellowing, and running horne-mad at every one in his way, when he is wounded by the dogges, and almost bayted to death,” Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596. The expression was very common, and frequently used without any allusion to cuckoldism.

¹⁵ *He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.*

“A hundred markes,” ed. 1623 ; “a 1000. markes,” ed. 1632. The error arose probably from the number being written in figures in the original MS.

¹⁶ *Will you come home, quoth I?*

The word *home*, which is not in the folio editions, was added by Hanmer.

¹⁷ *Am I so round with you, as you with me.*

He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech*, or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the King, in Hamlet, bids the Queen be *round* with her son.—*Johnson*.

¹⁸ *If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.*

An allusion to the leather covering of the foot-ball. “In winter, foot-balls is a useful and charming exercise; it is a leather ball about as big as one’s head, fill’d with wind: this is kick’d about from one to t’other in the streets by him that can get at it, and that is all the art of it,” *Misson’s Travels over England*, 1719, p. 307.

It had been the custom time out of mind for the shoemakers yearly on the Shrove Tuesday to deliver to the drapers, in the presence of the mayor of Chester, at the cross of the Rodehee, one *ball of leather* called a foote-ball, of the value of three shillings and fourpence or above, to play at from thence to the Common Hall of the said City.—*Randal Holmes’ MSS.*, ap. *Strutt*.

¹⁹ *Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.*

“When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,” *Sonnets*, ed. 1609. “Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight, and by and by cleane starved for a looke,” *ibid.*

²⁰ *My decayed fair.*

That is, my decayed fairness or beauty. “I never saw that you did painting need, and therefore to your faire no painting set,” *Sonnets*, ed. 1609.

²¹ *But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale.*

A similar image occurs in a well-known passage in *Venus and Adonis*, “I’ll be the park,” &c. Waller calls a girdle, “the pale that held my lovely deer.”

²² *Poor I am but his stale.*

A stale or stalking-horse, the pretence of his virtue, under the protection of which he follows his evil devices. There were several meanings of the word, but the above explanation best suits the context, and can be well supported by extracts from other plays. “Did I for this lose all my friends, to be made a stale to a common whore,” *Dodsley*, vi. 77. The following extracts are chiefly from *Malone* and *Steevens*.

And that is all I could do, for before
I could get earnest of any ones love,
To whom I made addresse, even she would say,
You have another mistresse, go to her;
I wil not be her *stale*.—*The Shepheards Holyday*, sig. G. i.

Must an husband be made a *stale* to sinne, or an inlet to his owne shame?—*The Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, p. 21.

Adriana unquestionably means to compare herself to a stalking-horse, formerly denominated a *stale*, behind whom *Antipholus* shoots at such game as he selects. So, in *Greene’s Groat’s Worth of Wit*, “Suppose, (to make you my *stale* to catch the woodcocke, your brother,) &c.” Again, in *Ben Jonson’s Catiline*: “—dull stupid *Lentulus*, my *stale*, with whom I *stalk*.”—*Malone*.

Using the name of Christian as a *stale*
For Arcane plots and intricate designes.
The Devils Charter, a Tragædie, 4to. 1607.

So, in King John and Matilda, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda: “—I am made your *stale*, the king, the king your strumpet,” &c. Again: “—I knew I was made a *stale* for her obtaining.” Again, in the Misfortunes of Arthur, 1587:

Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,
To looke and gape for his retireless sayles
Puft back and fluttering spread to every winde?

The serpent tempts your wife, these eares and eyes can testifie; for your sister, she's *stale*, his excuse whereby hee cloakes his vice.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

²³ *Would that alone alone he would detain.*

“Alone, a loue,” ed. 1623; “alone, alone,” ed. 1632. A similar jingle on this word occurs in King John, act iii. Would that alone the chain was the only circumstance that detained him, he would then keep, &c.

²⁴ *I see, the jewel, best enamelled.*

The remainder of this speech is apparently so corrupt, it may be well to give an exact transcript of the next few lines from the first folio:

I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:

In the second folio, *loose* is altered to *lose*, a colon is placed after *will*, and the last two lines are omitted. This singular omission is repeated in the third and fourth folios. “Yet the gold bides still, that others touch:—*but* often touching will wear gold: and (so) no man that hath a name, *but* falsehold,” Theobald. “Yet the gold 'bides still, that others touch, *though* often touching will wear gold: and *so a* man that hath a name, by falsehood and corruption doth it shame,” Heath. The reading generally adopted is,—“*and though* gold 'bides still, that others touch, *yet* often touching will wear gold: and no man, that hath a name, *but* falsehood and corruption doth it shame.” Capell reads,—“and e'en so, man, that hath a name, by” &c. No alteration yet suggested is satisfactory, but perhaps the last line may be left as in the original, Adriana meaning to say, in great anger, thinking of her husband,—no man, that hath a name (a reputation), shames it by falsehood and corruption. Jewel may be applied, in its original signification, to any kind of trinket or ornament. “Gold in time does wear away,” Damon and Pithias, 1582, ap. Malone.

Where is, in all probability, an unquestionable error for *wear*. “Were this sleeve,” Troilus and Cressida, ed. 1609; “weare this sleeve,” ed. 1623. It is used in the text as a neuter verb. “Worship weares, and worldly wights decay,” Turbervile's Songes and Sonets, 1567, fol. 76. Here, were, and similar words, were frequently misprinted. Thus in the Tempest, eds. 1623, 1632, p. 6, *here* is printed *heere*, but in ed. 1663 it is *hear*.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the term *jewel* was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to almost any kind of rich ornament or rarity.

They found a great dead fish, round like a porcepis, twelve foot long, having a horne of two yards, lacking two inches, growing out of the snout, wreathed and straight, like a wax taper, and might be thought to be a sea-unicorne. It was broken in the top, wherein some of the saylers said they put spiders, which presently died. It was reserved as a *jewell* by the Queenes commandement, in

her Wardrobe of Robes, and is still at Windsore to bee seene.—*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, 1625.

An anonymous critic has recently endeavoured to make a readable text by the following bold and violent alterations :

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty ; *yea* tho' gold bides still
The tester's touch, an often touching will
Wear *even* gold, and no man hath a name
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

²⁵ *And make a common of my serious hours.*

That is, intrude upon them at will, as upon a common.

²⁶ *If you will jest with me, know my aspect.*

Steevens explains this, *study my countenance*. It seems rather to be an astrological phrase, and to mean, *ascertain whether my aspect be malignant or benign*. He had just before mentioned the sun. Thus in 1 Henry IV. Act. I. Scene 1, "Malevolent to you in all *aspects*."—*Douce*.

Majesticke Sunne, long may thy kinde aspect
Shed downe sweet influence upon this clime.

Zouch's Dove, or Passages of Cosmography, 1613.

²⁷ *Or I will beat this method in your sconce.*

Sconce, a term for the head. "To maintain, therefore, that sconce of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there," Gull's Horn-Book, p. 78. "*Capo*, a head, a pate, a nole, a skonce," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, ed. 1598, p. 59. "*Capocchio*, a dault, a noddie, a loggarhead, a foolish pate, a shallow skonce," *ibid*. Dromio plays on the two different meanings of the word, a petty fortification being likewise so termed. "Let us to our sconce," Orlando Furioso, 1591. A somewhat similar quibble occurs in Taylor's Laugh and be Fat, ed. 1630, p. 75,—

He praises thee, as though he meant to split all ;
And saies, thou art all wit (but yet no witall)
Except thy head, which, like a skonce or fort,
Is barracado'd strong, lest wits resort
Within thy braines should rayse an insurrection,
And so captive thy head to wits subjection.

Tis cause the mercer will not trust ye : for he knowes his booke is as good as a *sconce* for ye ; youle never out, till you bee torne or fired out.—*Wilson's Cobler's Prophesy*, 1594.

A country-man being at the tearme, and hearing much rumour that my Lord of Lecester had wonne a *sconce* in the Low Countries, told his neighbours for newes when he came home that my L. of Lecester had won a Lanterne.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

His beard's not starcht, he has no subtile *sconce*,
Nor Janus-like lookes he ten waies at once.

Brathwaits Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

A sconce or block-house, also taken for the head, because a sconce or block-house is made round in the fashion of a head, whereupon comes the terme in Oxford to sconce one, *mulctare pecunia*, id est, to set up so much in the butterie booke upon his head, to pay for his punishment for his offence committed.—*Minsheu*.

²⁵ *Is neither rhyme nor reason.*

“*Absurdus*, inconvenient, foolysse, discordyng, dishoneste, abhorrynge, odiousse, agaynst all rime and reason,” Eliotes Dictionarie, ed. 1559.

²⁹ *Lest it make you choleric.*

Over-roasted or dried up meat was formerly considered to induce cholera, one of the many dietetical absurdities of our ancestors, again alluded to in the Taming of the Shrew, act iv. According to Newton’s Touchstone of Complexions, 1576, f. 133, all kinds of hot meats “are very apte to be turned into cholera.”

Fried meate is harder of dygestyon than bruled meate is, and it doth ingendre color and melancholy: bake meate, which is called flesshe that is bered, for it is bered in paste, is nat praysed in physycke.—*Andrew Boorde’s Compendyous Regyment of Healthe*, 1567.

³⁰ *And purchase me another dry basting.*

Dromio here plays upon the word *basting*, a dry basting being also a severe beating. “A dric stroke,” Palsgrave, 1530. “Hard dry bastings,” Hudibras.

³¹ *May he not do it by fine and recovery?*

An allusion to the old custom of barring entails by fine and recovery, now abolished by statute. It was accomplished by a fictitious action, described in most of the old English works on law.

³² *Being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement.*

Hair, and even feathers, were usually termed excrements. The term was, indeed, applied very generally in its primitive sense. “And howsoever hayre falls within the name of excrement, yet it is evermore the argument of a rancke or rich soyle where it growes, and of a barren where it failes; for I dare boldly pronounee, in despite of all paltry proverbs, that a man’s wit is ever rankest, when his hayre is at the fullest,” Chapman’s Justification of a strange Action of Nero, 1629. The allusion is here to the old proverb of a man having more hair than wit, shortly afterwards alluded to in the text. “You know haire is but excrement,” Cupid’s Whirligig. “His wife Queen Guinever lay buried likewise with him, the tresses of whose hair, the last of our excrements that perish, finely platted,” Lives of English Worthies.

³³ *And what he hath scanted men in hair.*

The old copy reads *them*, corrected to *men* by Theobald. The same error occurs in 2 Henry IV.,—“the eares of them,” ed. 1623; “the eares of men,” ed. 1600.

³⁴ *There’s many a man hath more hair than wit.*

Thy head is for thy shoulders now more fitt;
Thou hast less haire upon it, but more witt.

The Play of Sir Thomas More, ed. Dyce, p. 51.

Gr. My owne wit! my owne naturall wit to a haire.—*As.* Not too much haire of your owne, and wit together, father; ’tis not the fashion.—*Shirley’s Oppor-tunitie*, 1640.

This great voluminous pamphlet may be said,
To be like one who hath more haire than head;
More excrement than body:—trees, which sprout
With broadest leaves, have still the smallest fruit.

Parnassus Biceps, 8vo. 1656, quoted by Malone.

One that was a great practitioner of physiognomie, reading late at night,

happened upon a place which said hayrie men for the most part are dull, and a thick long beard betokened a fool. He took down his looking-glasse in one hand, and held the candle in the other, to observe the growth and fashion of his own, holding it so long, till at length by accident he fired it: whereupon he wrote on the margent, *Probatum est!*—*A Banquet of Jests*, ed. 1657, p. 71.

³⁵ *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*

That is, those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.—*Johnson*. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: “—Your women are so hot, I must *lose my hair* in their company, I see.”—“His *hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.”—*Steevens*.

³⁶ *Nay, not sure in a thing falling.*

In allusion to the hair. This is Heath’s emendation, the old edition reading *falsing*, from the verb, to false. “And, by my sword, for thousand kingdoms will not false my word,” *Du Bartas*. “She falsed her faith,” *Edward IV*.

³⁷ *To save the money that he spends in trimming.*

The old copies read, *trying*, the consonant, or perhaps the mark of contraction, having been accidentally omitted. All modern editors read *tiring* for *attiring*; but the one reason that he loses his hair is to save the expense of a barber, not that of a tailor. The above note was published by me about two years before the appearance of the *Perkins* annotations, where the same suggestion occurs, and is similarly supported.

³⁸ *There is no time for all things.*

“In some copies of the original and authentick edition of this copy, the letter (t) in *there* had dropped out: in one of my copies it is almost visible; accordingly it was restored in the second folio,” *Malone*. In three copies of the first folio now (1854) in my possession, the marks of the *t* are distinctly visible on a close examination, although a casual observer would scarcely notice them. A small portion of the upper part of the *t* is also visible in the copy of the same work preserved at the London Institution; while in another copy, in the possession of George Smith, esq., there is merely the slightest possible spot of ink before the *h*, and not the same trace of the missing letter as is discovered in the other copies. There cannot, however, be a doubt but that the first folio really reads *there*, the first letter used being a battered type.

³⁹ *Namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.*

“In no time,” ed. 1623; corrected in ed. 1632. The present reading is supported by the next speech, and indeed by a previous one. *Malone* reads,—“*e’en* no time;” and Mr. Knight defends the original text:—“*in* agrees well enough with the long joke about *hair* and *periwig*. *Dromio* proves that *there is no time for all things*, because a man recovers his hair, by means of a periwig, *in no time*.”

⁴⁰ *I knew, ’t would be a bald conclusion.*

Bald, metaphorically, poor, wretched, valueless. “But the morning being come, we hired a boores waggon to carry us to a place called Citezen, three miles there, or 12. English miles from Buckstahoo: a little *bald* dorp it is, where we came about noone, and found such slender entertainment, that we had no cause to boast of our good cheere or our hostesse cookery,” *Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

⁴¹ *But, soft, who wafts us yonder?*

Wafts, beckons. "It wafts me still," Hamlet, ed. 1623, the early quarto editions reading—"it *waves* me still."

⁴² *That never words were music to thine ear.*

"Her words are musick," Soliman and Perseda, quoted by Malone.

⁴³ *Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.*

See a long note on carving for a person having been considered a mark of affection, in vol. ii. p. 311. *Carv'd to* is frequently the old phraseology. "Karve this swanne, whyle I karve to these ladyes," Palsgrave, 1530.

Where love had appeared in him to her alway
Hotte as a tost, it grew cold as a kay.
He at meate carving her, and none els before,
Now carved he to al but her, and her no more.

John Heywoodes Woorkes, 4to. Lond. 1577.

This done, Lady Voluptuousnesse set mee in the highest place, and there sate on eyther side of me Licourishnesse and Drunkennesse; then the rest of the ladies sate downe in their degrees, but Voluptuousnesse sate right against mee, who curiously *carved* mee of the delicatest meate.—*The First Part of the Voyage of the Wandering Knight*, sig. F. 3.

Likewise the young man's fingers will itch to be handling of taffata, and to bee placed at the table, and to be carved unto by Mistris Dorothy; it wil make him and the good plaine old Jone his mother to passe over al respect of portion or patrimony.—*Powell's Art of Thriving*, 1635, p. 117.

Inc. Ile try your kid, if he be sweet: he looks wel: yes, he is good; Ile carve you, sir.—*Phil.* You use me too-too princely: tast, and carve too.—*Love's Pilgrimage*, ed. 1647, p. 3.

⁴⁴ *As easy may'st thou fall a drop of water.*

Fall, to let fall. "To fall it on Gonzalo," Tempest. "Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile," Othello.

⁴⁵ *And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow.*

Although all the folios read *of* not *off*, the metre, by the elision of the verb, shows the latter was the word intended. *Off* and *of* were constantly printed and written for each other in old English books. "I pull of a bridle," Palsgrave, 1530. "I am alreadye faine to live of your leavings," Cupids Whirligig, 1607.

"Take heed the thornes teare not the hornes *of* my Cowe hides, as thou goest nearc the hedges."—Heywood's *Edward the Fourth (Part First)*, sig. E 2. ed. 1619, ap. Dyce.

⁴⁶ *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot.*

"If he should heare of such adulterate wrong," Tragedy of Hoffinan, 1631. "With feigned pleasures and adulterate smiles," Wizard, a play, c. 1640, MS. See also the Inconstant Ladie, p. 90; Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 240.

⁴⁷ *My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.*

That is, with criminal lust. See examples of this mode of construction in vol. i. p. 281. Warburton proposes to read, *grime of lust*.

⁴⁸ *Being strumpeted by thy contagion.*

Shakespeare, observes Steevens, is not singular in his use of this verb. So, in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632,—"By this adultress basely strumpeted;" and again,—"I have strumpeted no Agamemnon's queen."

⁴⁹ *I live unstain'd, thou, undishonoured.*

Distain'd, ed. 1623, corrected by Theobald. "The fact undoubtedly is," observes Mr. Dyce, "the MS. having *vstain'd*, the original compositor mistook the initial *v* for a *d*, and the first half of the *n* for an *i*." It is also very likely that the *n* was erroneously only half-written with one stroke, this mistake often occurring with the *n* and the *u* in manuscripts of the period. Heath proposed to read,—“I live distained, thou dishonoured,”—that is, as long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. *Distained* was always used in the sense of *stained*, from Fr. *desteindre*.

⁵⁰ *In Ephesus I am but two hours old.*

He, very carefull of the young gentlemans safety, as it seemed, told him *the day was old*, and the waies dangerous, and should by no meanes leave his house that night.—*Nixon's Scourge of Corruption*, 1615.

⁵¹ *Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt.*

Exempt, that is, separated, parted, taken away, from *eximo*. "A verie remote and exempt place," a place separated from the rest of the town, Letter dated 1600, Collier's Memoirs of Alleyn, p. 57. A better illustration of this oblique use of the word occurs in the old play of King John, ed. 1611, sig. F. 3,—“Goe, cursed tooles, your office is exempt.” The sense of the text is, says Dr. Johnson, —if I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.

“They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt,” Triumph of Honour, Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, ii. 503, explained by Mason,—they fix you a rock in this place, from whence the other rocks are taken away. “Exempt from ancient gentry,” Henry VI. One critic suggests that Adriana means that her husband was exempt only from her power over him.

⁵² *But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.*

To wrong the wronger till he render right.—*Rape of Lucrece*.

⁵³ *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.*

This classical image (vid. Catullus, Ovid, Horace) is very frequently alluded to by our early writers. “The vine that climbs by conjugall embracements 'bout the elme,” Cartwright's Royall Slave, 1651. “They led the vine to wed her elm,” Milton. There is an emblem of a “withered elme” intertwined by a vine in Whitney, ed. 1586, p. 62.

O heav'n awake! shewe forth thy stately face,
 Let not these slumbring clouds thy beawties hide,
 But with thy cheerefull presence helpe to grace
 The honest bridegroome and the bashfull bride,
 Whose loves may ever bide like to the elme and vyne,
 With mutuall embracements them to twyne.

The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia, ed. 1593, f. 193.

So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, “The female *ivy* so enrings the barky fingers of the *elm*.” There is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the parasite plants here named its concubines.—*Donce*.

⁵⁴ *Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss.*

Idle, fruitless, bearing no fruit. “Antres vast, and deserts idle,” Othello. *Briar* is here, as Malone observes, a monosyllable.

⁵⁵ *What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?*

“To turne or drive, to wind about, *circumago*,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. “Which humbleness may drive unto a fine,” *Merchant of Venice*. The Perkins MS. reads *draws*, which is surely unnecessary.

⁵⁶ *I’ll entertain the forced fallacy.*

“The free’d fallacie,” ed. 1623. Pope suggests *favour’d*; the Perkins MS., *proffer’d*; and Steevens, *offer’d*. The present reading is taken from the Dent annotated copy of the third folio. Until I can unravel this evident mystery, I will adopt the enforced deceit. Perhaps, however, the old reading is right, the free’d fallacy, or the free fallacy, being the permitted or allowed fallacy, using a common meaning of *free*, and *free’d* being an ordinary construction before a substantive. “A notable example that a free’d woman should defend strangers,” Tacitus, English tr. 1622.

⁵⁷ *O, spite of spites!*

Yet while I languish, him that bosome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay, lets, in spight of spight,
This fauning mate tast of those sugred lips.

Sir P. S. his Astrophel and Stella, 4to. 1591.

⁵⁸ *We talk with goblins, owls, and sprights.*

Thus the first folio, the second reading, *Elves Sprights*, generally altered to *elvish sprights*, on account of the metre; but the line, in the original, may be accepted as one of the many imperfect retarding verses following a pentameter or hexameter. *Owls* has been unnecessarily altered to *ouphes*. The owl here meant is the *strix*, “a shrich owle, a witch that chaungeth the favor of children, an hagge or fairie,” Baret, 1580, the tales respecting which are ridiculed by Pliny, Holland’s translation, ed. 1601, i. 347. “I think I am sure cross’d, or witch’d with an owl,” London Prodigal. The reader may also be referred to Ovid de Fastibus, lib. vi. 135; Sheringham’s *Disceptatio de Anglorum gentis origine*, 1670; Olaus Magnus de *Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112; Lavater of *Ghostes and Spirites*, 1572.

There was no savage shape or larval hue,
No bug, no bale, nor horrid owlerie,
But all that there was, was sincere and true.

Copley’s Fig for Fortune, 1596, p. 63.

Dreading no dangers of the darkesome night,
No oules, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright.

Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil’s Night-Cap, 1623, ap. Steevens.

Strix, a stritch owle, an unluckie kinde of bird (as they of old time say) which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles, a witch that changeth the favour of children, an hagge or fairie.—*Thomasii Dictionarium*, ed. 1596.

⁵⁹ *Dromio, thou drone, thou snail.*

“Dromio, thou Dromio,” ed. 1623; but although the last word is there printed with a capital letter, and in Italics, as a proper name, the present reading, suggested by Theobald, seems too reasonable to be rejected. “Thou snail,” ed. 1623; “snail,” ed. 1632. *Drone* occurs as a term of reproach in the *Merchant of Venice*, and again, at a later period, in *Shadwell’s Lancashire Witches*, 1682.

⁶⁰ *And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.*

Call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks.—*Dr. Johnson*.

⁶¹ *And in this mist at all adventures go.*

“To buy at all adventure, or to buy a pigge in a poke, *emere alean*, hoc est *incertum rerum inventum*,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. The phrase was used up to a recent period, an instance occurring in De Foe.

An admonition to such as call their children *at all adventures*, sometimes by the names of dogs, even as they prove after.—*Smith’s Sermons*, 1609.

Philautus, seeing this lady so courteous, and loving Camilla so earnestly, could not yet resolve himselfe what to doe: but at the last, Love, which never regardeth what it speaketh, nor where, replied thus *at all adventures*: Ladies and Gentlewomen, would I were so fortunate that I might choóse every one of you for a flower, and then would I boldly affirme that I could shew the fairest posie in the world.—*Lilly’s Euphues*, 1623.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A public place opposite the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,¹ DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,²
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house :
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear³
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. Y' are sad, signior Balthazar : 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!⁴

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,
patch!⁵

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?⁶ My master stays
in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch
cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me
wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when
you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I
owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O, villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my
name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name
for an ass.⁷

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those
at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.⁸

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that 's,—When? can you tell?⁹

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?¹⁰

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.¹¹

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck,¹² to be so bought and sold.¹³

Ant. E. Go fetch me something, I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here,¹⁴ and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: Go, borrow me a erow.

Dro. E. A erow without feather: master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:¹⁵ If a erow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a erow together.¹⁶

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; feteh me an iron erow.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect¹⁷

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this,¹⁸—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part¹⁹ some eause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well exeuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.²⁰

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout,²¹

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon suecession;

For ever housed, where it gets possession.²²

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of Mirth, mean to be merry.²³

I know a wench of exeellent discourse;²⁴

Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner. Get you home,

And feteh the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;

For there 's the house ; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste :
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Street.*

Enter LUCIANA²⁵ and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?²⁶
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?²⁷
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness :
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness :
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :
 Bear a fair presenee, though your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the earriage of a holy saint ;
 Be seeret-false : What need she be acquainted ?²⁸
 What simple thief brags of his own attain :
 'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;²⁹
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
 Being compaet of eredit,³⁰ that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.³¹
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
 'T is holy sport to be a little vain,³²
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.³³
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,³⁴
 To drown me in thy sister flood of tears,³⁵
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,³⁶
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie ;³⁷
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !³⁸
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ;³⁹ how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should,⁴⁰ and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No ;
 It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.⁴¹
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee ;⁴²
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still ;
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syraeuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man; thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself?

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence:⁴³ I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.⁴⁴

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe,⁴⁵ but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why she sweats,⁴⁶ a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ;—but her name and three quarters,⁴⁷ that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.⁴⁸

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland ?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard, in the palm of the hand.⁴⁹

Ant. S. Where France ?

Dro. S. In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.⁵⁰

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them ; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath.⁵¹

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of carracks⁵² to be ballas'd at her nose.⁵³

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ?⁵⁴

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or diviner⁵⁵ laid claim to me ; call'd me Dromio ; swore, I was assur'd to her ;⁵⁶ told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch :

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,⁵⁷ and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.⁵⁸

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road ;

And if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk, till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,⁵⁹
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, with the chain in his hand.

Ang. Master Antipholus ?

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here 's the chain ;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine :⁶⁰
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Enter Antipholus of Ephesus.*

“Perhaps,” says Steevens, “throughout the play we should read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakespeare might have found in some quotations from Pliny. Antiphilus is also one of the heroes in Sydney’s *Arcadia*.”

² *To see the making of her carkanet.*

A carkanet was a richly ornamented or jewelled necklace, in this instance probably a chain necklace set with precious stones. The term was also occasionally applied to a bracelet; or to a conspicuous chain-like ornament for the hair. “*Monile collo sublimi*, a carkanet,” Calender of Scripture, 1575. “*Collier et autre bague pendant au col*, a collar or carkanet,” Hollyband’s *Dictionarie*, 1593. “*Carcan*, a carkanet, or collar of gold, &c., worne about the necke,” Cotgrave. “*Fermaillet*, a carkanet, or border of gold, &c., such as gentlewomen weare about their heads or hoods,” *ibid.* “And cast away her rings and carkanet cleene,” Harington’s *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, p. 315, there given as the translation of the Latin line, “*abripuit digitis gemmas, colloque monile*,” which occurs in an epigram by Nevill on the death of Sydney, published in 1578.

They have applied *carcanets* and *chaines* to their necks, brasselets to their hands, rings to their fingers, spectacles to their eies, paynting to their cheekes, jewels to their eares, tyres and borders of gold to their heads, and garters to their leggs.—*Le Roy, Interchangeable Course*, 1594.

Nay, I’ll be matchless for a carkanet,
Whose pearls and diamonds, plac’d with ruby rocks,
Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.

Histriomastix, or the Player Whipp’d, 1610.

I’le clasp that neck, where should be set
A rich and orient carkanet.

Randolph’s Poems, 4to. 1638, p. 105.

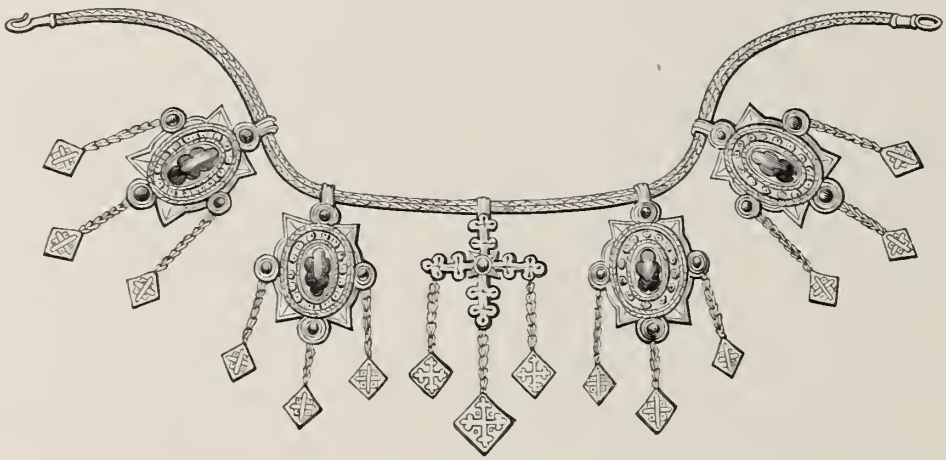
What a shop of guganiffes hang upon one backe? Here, the remainder of a greater worke, the reliques of ancient manor converted to a pearle chaine. There the moiety of an ill-husbanded demaine reduced to a *carknet*.—*Brathwait’s English Gentlewoman*, fol. 1641.

A carkenet most pretious and rare,
Fretized with carbuncles which Hebe sent,—
The same which Pyrocles did first invent,—

Did circle twice her sacred neck and brest,
In which the Muses and the Graces rest.

Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania, by N. B., 4to. 1655.

Carkanets are very frequently mentioned in our old writers. The following few references may be worth giving: Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, p. 52; Soliman and Perseda, 1599; Antonio's *Revenge*, 1602; Marston's *What you Will*, 1607, sig. D. 4; 52nd Sonnet, spelt *carconet* in ed. 1609; Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, ii. 315, *Massinger's City Madam*; *Du Bartas*, by Sylvester, there classed with bracelets; Middleton, ed. Dyce, ii. 300; "a carkanet of pearl," *Changes*, 1632; "rubie carkanets on the neck," *Partheneia Sacra*, Svo., Paris, 1633; Marston's *Six Tragedies and Comedies*, 1633, sig. P. 5; "carquenets stucke full of shining gems," Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, p. 419; "a carkanet of pure round pearl," *Davenant's Wits*, 1636; *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, B. 2; verses prefixed to *Sheppard's Epigrams*, 1651; "beset with orient jems, like a rich carcanet," *Benlowes' Theophila*, 1652; *Shirley's Honoria and Mammon*, 1659, p. 22; "a necklace or carqnet of jewels," *Howel's Lex. Tet.* 1660, sect. 34; "huge carkanets of gems," *Howard's British Princes*, 1669, p. 81; *Davenant's Madagascar*, Works, ed. 1673, p. 212.



Warton unnecessarily suggested that *caskinet* in Cartwright's *Love's Convert*, 1651, is an error for *carkanet*. Both terms are found in a very curious enumeration of articles relative to female ornament in the play of *Lingua*, 1607: "—such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings, and conformings; painting blue veins and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, *cascanets*, dressings, purles, falls, squares, buskes, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, *carcanets*, rebatos, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fussles, partlets, frisllets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, anulcts, bracelets—fardingals, kirtlets, buske-points, shoe-ties, &c." The above representation of a carkanet was selected by Mr. Fairholt from a curious specimen in Venetian work of the sixteenth century; and this species of carkanet will be found curiously illustrated by the following extracts from an early inventory of jewels:

Item, one litle carkanett contayninge xx.tie peeces of golde, with bells at it, and small pearles pendaunt. Item, a carkanett of golde with ix. peeces indented, and viij. rounde peeces, and in the midst of every one of the saied peeces a small diamonde, and in everye one of the peeces indented is fower small rubies sett aboute the diamonde, and at the same carkanett is xxxiiij.tie pendaunts with xxxiiij.tie litle rubies, and xvj. litle diamonds. Item, a litle carkanett with



The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse,
Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Roceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes ;
The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants our well-dealing COUNTRYMEN,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes :
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious COUNTRYMEN and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Syracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no traicke to our aduersé townes :
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Syracusian* Marts and Faires :
Againe, if any *Syracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies :
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him :
Thy iustitice, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.

Duk. Well *Syracusian* ; say in brieve the cause
Why thou departe dost from thy natieue home ?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus* ?

Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my grieife unspeakeable :
Yet that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me ;
And by me too, had not our hap beene bad :
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death :
And he great store of goods at randone leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse ;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soons, and safe arrived where I was :
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes :
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfesame Inne,
A poore meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Maletwins both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanelly proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne :
Vnwillling I agreed, alas, too soone we came aboard :
A league from *Epidamium* had we sayld
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any tragicke Instance of our harme :
But longer did we not retaine much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death ;
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was : (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes :
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispo'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas waxe calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this ;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

H

For

sparekes of rubies. Item, a carkanett sett with xv. small buttons of golde, eache sett with one diamonde, iiij.^{or} buttons of golde, eache sett with one small rubie, and cxxxj. meane pearles. Item, a carkanett sett with xv. rubies in golde like buttons of sundrye sorts, and lx. meane pearles by fowers laced upon a thred. Item, a litle carkanett contayninge ix. pendaunt peeces of jett gar: slightlye with golde sparekes of diamondes, rubies, and small pearle.—*A Booke of Jewells*, 1587, MS. Append. to the Old Royal Library, Mus. Brit.

³ *Marry, so it doth appear.*

Theobald reads, *don't appear*. "I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again," Johnson.

⁴ *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!*

The last name is printed *Ginn* in ed. 1623, a corruption of *Jin*, the nick-name for Joan. It is not a contraction of *Jinny*, as observed by Mr. Dyce, the latter name standing for *Jane*. It may be just worth notice that Maud is the nick-name of Matilda, and Gillian of Julian.

⁵ *Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!*

Momar, a fool, in the ancient Sicilian dialect, presumed to be the primitive of *mome*, a very common old English term for a fool; but no very satisfactory derivation has yet been discovered. The word is so common, that a few extracts and references to examples may be thought sufficient for the use of the reader:—Ralph Royster Doyster, act 3; Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience, repr. p. 47; Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568, two instances; Wilson's Cobler's Prophesie, 1594; "wide-gaping momes," Skialetheia, 1598; "*Caparrone*, a gull, a ninnie, a mome, a sot," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598; Warner's Albions England, iv. 20; Tom Tyler and his Wife, pp. 9, 14; Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630; Decker's Gull's Horn-Book, repr. p. 33; pref. to Sheppard's Epigrams, 1651; Phillis of Scyros, an excellent Pastorall, by J. S., 4to. 1655; Wit Restor'd, 1658; Brome's Songs, 1661, p. 105; Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 321; History of Jack of Newbury, two instances; mome-free, Du Bartas; "th'envious momes," verses to the reader in Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623; "momes and hoydons, that know not chalk from cheese," Day's Blind Beggar of Bednal Green, 1659.

And pluck up thy hart, thou faint harted *mome*,
As long as I lyve, thou shalt take no harme.

The Conflict of Conscience, by N. Woodes, 1581.

And yet, to speake the veritie, I roame not farre from home;
My yecres be not expyred yet, that bound me for a *mome*.

The Castell of Courtesie, by James Yates, 1582.

He which to London did convey the pigge,
Which was so wondrous long, so monstrous bigge,
Tell him from me he was a very *mome*,
For I knowe greater piggs he left at home.

Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598.

She will make a *mome* of thee, if shee get the upper hand once; Eludet, ubi te evictum senserit.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 460.

That man may well be call'd an idle *mome*,
 That mocks the cocke because he weares a combe :
 A man to better use may put his tongue,
 Then flowt an asse because his eares be long.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

“Colcs’ dog, the untutor’d mome, must neither goe to church, nor bide at home,” Taylor, *ibid.*

My mother is to be married, they say,
 Old foolish doating *moam* !
 While I fantastick tricks do play;
 She’d better have staid at home.

Mad Pranks of Tom Tram, part ii, ch. 2.

You must, Sir Clown, is for a King,
 And not for zuch a *mome*,
 You might have said, by’re leave, fair maid,
 And left your *must* alone.—*Wit and Drollery*.

Malt-horse, a term of contempt applied to a slow dull person; slow as a brewer’s horse. “Why, he has no more judgement then a malt-horse,” Every Man in his Humour, 1616, p. 17.

⁶ *What patch is made our porter?*

Patch, that is, fool. See the Menæchmi, 1595, in this volume, p. 317.

⁷ *Or thy name for an ass.*

That is, or changed your own name for that of an ass. A little previously, Antipholus of Ephesus had called him an ass, and he confesses he must be one to bear so much chastisement without retaliation. The Perkins MS. reads, “for a face,” which seems an unnecessary alteration, however great may be its ingenuity.

⁸ *Let my master in, Luce.*

Luce is also the name of a character in May’s Comedy of the Heire, 1633, generally, but unnecessarily, altered by modern editors to *Lucy*. “Luce, a woman’s name, *Lucia*,” Coles. “I am Luce, your poor landress,” Day’s Blind Beggar of Bednal Green, 1659.

⁹ *When? can you tell?*

“And then conclude the match, marrie, at least, When, can you tell?”—Day’s Law Trickes, 1608, ap. Dyce. “*Ham.* And which way went they? faith, wee’ll hunt at those.—*Sibill.* At those? upon some no: when, can you tell?—*War.* Upon some, I.”—The Shoo-makers Holy-day, or the Gentle Craft.

¹⁰ *You’ll let us in, I hope?*

This dialogue being in rhyme, it has been generally conjectured that either a line, rhyming with the present one, has been omitted, or that *hope* is a misprint for *trou*. The occurrence of a line, without its corresponding rhyme, in comical doggrel dialogues of this description, is not without precedent.

¹¹ *We shall part with neither.*

“Tyrwhitt mistakes the sense of this passage. To part does not signify to *share* or divide, but to depart or *go away*; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either,” M. Mason. Warburton reads, *have part*.

¹² *It would make a man mad as a buck.*

An old proverbial phrase. "He was as wylde as a bucke, but I have made hym as attamed as a lambe," Palsgrave, 1530.

¹³ *To be so bought and sold.*

A proverbial phrase, meaning to be cheated, deluded, or overreached by foul practises. "To be bought and sold in a company," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 230. Skelton uses the phrase, "solde and bought," but I think in a more literal sense. "All the news ran upon the Duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France," Bacon's History of Henry VII.

I ever thought by his red beard hee would prove a Judas : here am I bought and sold ; he makes much of me indeed.—*Marston's Insatiate Countesse*, 1631.

¹⁴ *Break any breaking here.*

Break any breaking, a common kind of repetition, similar to, "Grace me no grace," in Richard II. "Tinkers, quod you, *tinke me no tinkes*, I'll meddle with them no more," Common Conditions, 1570.

¹⁵ *For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.*

"Why doest not as well aske mee whether I cate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porridge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes," Menæchmi, 4to. Lond. 1595.

¹⁶ *We'll pluck a crow together.*

We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus. The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had——*tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.—*Steevens*.

Our wives and daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain ; tho' our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for 't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves ; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow with som of 'em.—*Sun's Darling*, orig. ed.

¹⁷ *And draw within the compass of suspect.*

Suspect, that is, suspicion. This is a very common word, and occurs, e. g., in Marston's *Malcontent*, Marlowe, Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, Davenant's *Wits*, Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631, &c. "They enjoyed each others company without suspect of any," Westward for Smelts, 1620.

¹⁸ *Once, this.*

Once, that is, once for all. This use of the word is exceedingly common in old plays. "Once, twenty-four ducattes he cost me," Gascoigne's *Supposes*. Malone once proposed to read,—*own this*.

Once this, may mean, once for all, at once. So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, book i. : "Some, perhaps, loving my estate, others my person ; but *once* I knew all of them," &c. Again, *ibid.* book iii. : "—She hit him, with his own sworde, such a blowe upon the waste, that she almost cut him asunder : *once* she sundered his soule from his body, sending it to Proserpina, an angry goddess against ravishers."—*Steevens*.

¹⁹ *Her wisdom . . . Plead on her part.*

For *her*, the first folio reads *your*, in both of these instances. The obvious correction was first made by Rowe, ed. 1709, p. 291.

²⁰ *The doors are made against you.*

Made, that is, fastened. "Make the door or windows, i. e., fasten them, North, Salop, Leic.," Grose and Pegge, ed. 1839, p. 103. "To make the door, to shut or fasten the door," Herefordshire Glossary, p. 63; compare also Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary, p. 63; Evans' Leicestershire Words, p. 54. The phrase again occurs in *As You Like It*.

²¹ *And that supposed by the common rout.*

"I suppose, I thynke or conjeecture; I can nat tell for a truthe, but I suppose it be so," Palsgrave, 1530. This verb, in the simple sense of, to conjecture, may now be considered obsolete, and, indeed, was probably so in the time of Dr. Johnson, for he has given a note on the word here as used in that sense.

For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture.—*Johnson*.

²² *For ever housed, where it gets possession.*

Thus in ed. 1623, with the exception of the first verb being written *hous'd*. "For ever hows'd, where it once gets possession," ed. 1632. The exact reading of the first folio can, however, be defended by other examples. Dr. Johnson, ed. 1773, p. 178, proposed to read, in the previous line, *lasting slander*.

"This line and the next were certainly intended to rime; and if so, a foot is lost in the first of them, for *succession* of four syllables has no consonance with *possession* of three: this was seen when the play was in modeling; but what the lost foot might be, or what the sense of *succession* indeed, was not seen at that time by the editor, nor is he sure that he has hit on them now, but his conjecture is this: By *succession* is meant—*successive* progression, a progress from mouth to mouth; the work of *Slander* herself (personify'd *more poetico*), and her food, what she *lives* or subsists by: this being allow'd, the hiatus, or foot that is wanting, may properly enough be fill'd up by the words—*it's own*," Capell.

²³ *And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.*

"That is, though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. Warburton's explanation differs very little from nonsense," Heath. Theobald altered *mirth* to *wrath*.

²⁴ *I know a wench of excellent discourse.*

There is a similar speech by Menæchmus, in the old play of 1595. See p. 300.

²⁵ *Enter Luciana.*

"Enter Juliana," ed. 1623. Corrected in the second folio.

²⁶ *Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot.*

Love-springs, the young plants or shoots of love. "Bud of love," *Romeo and Juliet*. "Springe or ympe that cometh out of the rote," Huloet's *Abcedarium*, fol. 1552. "*Viburnum*, the spring that cometh out of the roote of a tree, a shoote," Cooper's *Thesaurus*, ed. 1584. "To spring in stalkes, to bring forth springs, shootes, or shrubbes," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "Infinit numbers of hedge rowes, groves, and springs," Harrison's *Description of England*, where the term is used for underwood. It clearly appears, however, from the former quotations, that the proper meaning of *spring* is the first shoot of a plant from the ground, and that such is the meaning intended by the poet. "This canker that eats up love's tender spring," *Venus and Adonis*. "These oilets are properly (in twigs or sets of trees) those buds called, where the new spring first shooteth forth,"

Holland's Pliny, 1601, i. 526, the term *sprigs*, generally considered a corruption of the other, occurring on the same page. Cotgrave, in v. *Bourgeonner*, has the verb, "to bud, spring, or sprout out," but the substantive is given as, "the young bud, sprig, or putting out, of a vine," in v. *Bourgeon*. "The nightingale among the thick-leav'd springs," Faithful Shepherdess. "Even in the spring and glory of their birth," Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623, ii. 23.

²⁷ *Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?*

"Shall love in *buildings* grow so *ruinate*," ed. 1623. The evident error of *buildings* for *building*, was corrected by Theobald, who, to complete the rhyme, preserved *ruinate*, but added *hate* at the end of the second line of the speech. The appropriateness of this addition may fairly be questioned, while the present text, which was suggested by Capell, involves so slight an alteration, at the same time that the conditions of sense and rhythm are fully observed, there cannot be much hesitation in accepting it as final. Heath reads,—"*Shall a nipping hate*," and the Perkins MS.,—"shall unkind debate," in the second line, which changes *rot* from a neuter to an active verb, Shakespeare generally using it as the former. Another suggestion by Theobald was, to add *thus* at the end of the second line, rhyming it with *ruinous*. "Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall," Two Gentlemen of Verona.

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew.—*Sonnets*.

Ruinate, that is, ruined, destroyed. "And that which might not be consumed with the rage of fire, was ruynate and destroyed with hande," Holinshed, 1577.

This realme will never stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleare *ruinate*.

Troubles of Queene Elizabeth, 1639.

²⁸ *What need she be acquainted?*

This verb is not common without the preposition. An instance occurs in the English poem, Ovid de Arte Amandi, 1677, p. 59.

²⁹ *Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed.*

Then use thy tallent; youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly thinke thyselfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact;
Let her have shame that cannot closcly act,
And seeme the chast, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knowes our hart.

Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, ed. 1601.

³⁰ *Being compact of credit.*

Compact of credit, that is, entirely formed of belief. "The one compact of flesh, and bloud, and bone," Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

³¹ *We in your motion turn, and you may move us.*

Motion is here used in the rather unusual sense of a single puppet. "The motion says you lie, he is called Dionysius," Bartholomew Fair.

³² *'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain.*

That is, light of tongue, not veracious.—*Dr. Johnson*.

³³ *Far more, far more, to you do I decline.*

"I declayne, I bowe or go downwarde," Palsgrave, 1530. To decline, to bend

forwards towards something. So, again, in the present scene,—“declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain.” Baret has,—“To decline, to turne, or hang towarde some place,” Alvearie, 1580. “The love of a father, as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither *declining* to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite,” Greene’s *Penelope’s Web*, ed. 1601, ap. Dyce.

³⁴ *O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note.*

Mermaid, in this passage, and in some others, was only another name for a siren. “The mermayden hyghte sirena is a see beaste wonderly shape, and draweth shypmen to peryll by swetenes of songe, and so this nowne sirena cometh of siren, that is to understand, draughte or drawing;” Bartholomeus de proprietatibus Rerum, ed. 1535. “There is in this see (of Inde) plenty of other fyssh, the which have hedes and bodyes lyke unto a mayde, and have fayre tresses made of theyre here, the shape of theyre bodyes unto a mayde, and the reimanaunt is lyke the body and tayle of a fysshe; and some have wynges lyke foules; and theyre songe is so swete and so melodious, that it is mervayle to here; and they be called seraines or mermaydens,” Boke callyd the Myrroure of the Worlde. “The songs of the mermaids, famous witches, or enchauntresses,” Holland’s *Pliny*, 1601, ii. 372. “Thy mermaid voice hath done me double wrong;” *Venus and Adonis*.

And therefore as the voyce of a mare-maid is oftentimes the occasion of drowning him who doth not well stop his eares to such a false harmonie, the which danger the antient wise men knowing, have written the meanes by the which a man may know the true friend from the flatterer.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

³⁵ *To drown me in thy sister flood of tears.*

Sister flood, ed. 1623; sisters flood, ed. 1632. The alteration is not grammatically necessary; see vol. i. p. 279. “The voice drown’d in a flood of joy at their arrival;” Ben Jonson, i. 95.

³⁶ *Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs.*

“His silver skin laced with his golden blood;” *Maebeth*, ap. Malone.

³⁷ *And as a bed I’ll take thee, and there lie.*

Bed is misprinted *bud* in ed. 1623, corrected in ed. 1632. “My bosom as a bed shall lodge thee;” *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Edwards proposes to read, *take them*; and Steevens thinks the earliest reading may possibly be right,—I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower.

³⁸ *Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.*

Love is here the queen or goddess of Love, as in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, act iv., in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and in *Venus and Adonis*,—

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Compare, also, the ballad of the Spanish Lady,—

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy.

³⁹ *Not mad, but mated.*

Mated, overcome, confounded. “I mate or overcome, *je amatte*; he hath utterly mated me,” Palsgrave, 1530. There may be, though not necessarily, a play upon words, *mated* also signifying *matched*. “That being mad herself, she’s madly mated;” *Taming of the Shrew*. See also the fifth act of this play.

The Frenchmen he hathe so *mated*,
And theyr courage abated,
That they are but halfe men.—*Skelton*.

⁴⁰ *Gaze where you should.*

“Gaze when you should,” ed. 1623, corrected by Pope.

⁴¹ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*

That is, my only heaven upon earth, and the only claim I wish from heaven, in other words, the sole object of my prayers. “My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,” Rape of Lucrece. “An earthly heaven, or shining Paradise,” Peele's Tale of Troy, ed. 1604. The tobacconist in the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1649, calls tobacco “my heaven on earth.” The thought is found in a variety of early works.

What a vanity was it for me to make earth my heaven, and so to admire and even adore this earth, that it is a hell to forsake it? What a wofull bargain have I made to sell my soule for vanity?—*Rowland's Heavens Glory*, 1628.

⁴² *Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.*

Am thee, in all the folios, the present reading having been suggested by Steevens. She is his “sweet hope's aim.” Some editors read, *mean thee*. “Like to Cassius, sits sadly dumping, aiming Cæsar's death,” Greene's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 19. “I make my changes aim one certain end,” Drayton's Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy, ap. Steevens. “I ayme, I mente or gesse to hyt a thynges.” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁴³ *Without he say, sir-reverence.*

A corruption of the phrase *save reverence*, which was said as a kind of apology before the utterance of anything that might be considered objectionable, but often simply as an apology in speaking to a superior. “Sa-reverence, *salva reverentia*, saving regard or respect; an usual word, but miscalled *sir-reverence* by the vulgar,” Blount's Glossographia, ed. 1681, p. 572. Cf. the Citie Match, fol. ed. p. 43; Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651; Yorkshire Ale, 1697, p. 12; Fletcher's Poems, p. 10; Much Ado about Nothing, act 3.

I am halfe ashamed to speake of the honest men, that be in this age; and mee thinkes, when I have to doe with some of them, I should borrow his manners, that having to tell a sober tale to a Justice of Peace, would still begin his speeches with, *Sir reverence of your worships honesty*. The fellow had learned good manners, and we may well put a *Sir reverence* when wee doc speake of honesty nowe a dayes; for every rich man is an honest man, there is no contradiction to that, and this makes a number of them to gather wealth, they care not howe, by the undoing of their poore neighbours, because they woulde be honest.—*Rich's Honestie of this Age*, 1614.

A worthy Knight there is of ancient fame,
And sweet *Sir Reverence* men doe call his name:
By whose industrious policie and wit,
There's many things well tane were else unfit:
If to a foule discourse thou hast pretence,
Before thy foule words name *Sir Reverence*,
Thy beastly tale most pleasantly will slip,
And gaine thee praise, when thou descrv'st the whip.
There's nothing vile that can be done or spoke,
But must be covered with *Sir Reverence* cloake.

Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Mopsus almost whatere he means to speak,
 Before it sir-reverence the way must break :
 Such mancers hath sir-reverence learnt at school,
 That now sir-reverence Mopsus is a fool.

Wit's Recreations, 12mo. Lond. 1640.

⁴⁴ *She'll burn a week longer than the whole world.*

It is barely possible that Dromio may here be playing upon the word *week*, which also signified the wick of a candle. "Like as the *week* or match of a candle, link, or torch," Cawdray's *Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600.

For as a candle's stuff with cotton *weeke*,
 So thou art cramm'd up to the brim with Greeke.—*Taylor*, 1630.

What by the holding downwards, and what by
 The extinguisher; which *week* will longest be
 In lighting, which spend fastest; he must heare
 Nothing but moyties, and lives, and farmes,
 Coppies, and tenures: he is deaf to th' rest.

Cartwright's Ordinary, 8vo. Lond. 1651.

Here lies a tallow-chandler, I need not tell it,
 If your nose be not stopt, you may easily smell it :
 Then, gentle reader, herein learn you may,
 He that made many *weeks*, can't make one day.

Cotgrave's Wit's Interpreter, 1671, p. 281.

⁴⁵ *Swart, like my shoe.*

Swart, or *swarth*, i. e. dark, dusky, infuscus. Steevens says, 'black, or rather of a dark brown:' but hear Shakespeare, *King Henry VI*, Part I.:—'And whereas I was black and *swart* before.' Malone says, 'Steevens's first definition is right. *Swart* is a Dutch word; and the Dutch call a blackamoor a *swart*!' It is certainly a Dutch word; but it is an English word also, and unquestionably not derived from the Dutch. It runs through all the northern dialects; we have it from the Saxon *sweart*, or the Gothic *swarts*.—*Singer*.

No goblin, or *swart* faërie of the mine,
 Has hurtfull power ore true virginity.—*Comus*, ed. 1637.

⁴⁶ *For why she sweats.*

In all editions, a note of interrogation is placed after *why*, which is erroneous according to Mr. Dyce, *for why* being equivalent to, because, for this reason that, the reason being. "For why, *la rayson*," Palsgrave, 1530. "It cannot be imagin'd by the sunne, for why I have not seene it shine to daie," *Warning for Faire Women*, 1599, ap. Dyce. Compare Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, p. 92. The phrase is often printed in old books with a note of interrogation. There is an instance of this in Sheppard's *Epigrams*, 1651, p. 133, where the meaning is obviously equivalent to, because. It occurs without a note of interrogation, but followed by a comma, in Peyton's *Glassc of Time*, 1623, pp. 33, 53.

I am for to be loved, *for why* you must me prove ;
 You youthfull laddes, that youthfull are, it doth you much behove.

Yates' Hould of Humilitie, 4to. Lond. 1582.

Thomas, kneele downe ; and, if thou art resolv'd,
 I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes,
 For why the deede is meritorious.

The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, 1611.

It is, however, by no means impossible that in many cases, and possibly in the passage in the text, *for why* is to be construed something in this manner,—why is it so? the reason is, &c. Thus, in Willobie his Avis, 1605,—“For why? the sword that Phineas wore is broken,” in other words,—why is it so? the reason is because the sword, &c. The interrogative mode of punctuating this phrase is of such frequent occurrence, it is difficult to believe it can be always attributed to the typographer; and, indeed, it is even found in Cowper, and perhaps in later writers. Mr. Dyce himself follows the original punctuation in this respect of a passage in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594,—

For why? I make it not so great desert
To be begot or borne in anie place.

For why in the *Zoddiake of Life*, translated by B. Googe, 1565, sig. SS. 5, is equivalent to *why*,—“For why might not this world,” &c.

⁴⁷ *But her name and three quarters.*

“But her name is three quarters,” ed. 1623, corrected by Dr. Thirlby. Mr. Collier punctuates the original text, which he retains, in this manner,—“Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip,” observing that an ell Flemish is three quarters of a yard. This interpretation, which is too subtle for the occasion, destroys the humour of the speech.

Cook. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.—*Gnoth.* As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.—*Tail.* Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?—*Gnoth.* She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter.—*The Old Law*, 1656, ed. Dyce.

⁴⁸ *I could find out countries in her.*

Shakespeare had the hint from Rabelais, where friar John is humorously mapping, as it were, Panurge:—“Behold there Asia, here are Tygris and Euphrates; lo here Afric—on this side lieth Europe.”—*Dr. Grey.*

⁴⁹ *I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.*

The situation of barrenness is placed in the corner of the palm of the hand, the furthest from the thumb and the nearest to the wrist, in a diagram given in Saunders' *Physiognomie and Chiromancie*, ed. 1671, p. 51. It is generally supposed that a sentiment of a kind similar to that in the text would not have been introduced before a Court where James was the sovereign; but such a monarch would have been more likely to have been amused at the allusion, than offended by a mere insinuation of Scotland being then comparatively a poor country, for the fact was generally acknowledged even by its warmest admirers.

⁵⁰ *Arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.*

“Against her heire,” ed. 1623; “against her haire,” ed. 1632. *Heir* is seldom spelt *hair*, although *hair* is often spelt *heir*, as in *Macbeth*, ed. 1623, p. 133; and, on the whole, I am inclined to believe a double meaning is intended. See p. 297. The covert allusion is to the French distemper, which, in one stage, breaks out in the forehead, and gradually destroys the hair of the head. There are several notices of this in the works of the early dramatists. In the Latin dictionary of Coles, in a “Collection of English words which agree in sound, yet differ in sense and orthography,” are placed,—hair of the head, heir to an estate. Davies, in his *Scourge of Folly*, p. 3, has a quibble on the two words,—

Yet talkes he but of heads and heires apparant,
Though his owne head has not one haire apparant.

One of the comparatively few instances of *heir* spelt *hair* occurs in Rowland's *Heavens Glory*, 1628, p. 61,—“mongst those haire.”

⁵¹ *I felt it hot in her breath.*

This passage has hitherto been passed over without any comment, nor am I sure that I understand it. Perhaps the allusion is to the fiery threats which Spain had recently used towards England, when she sent out her invincible armada; or is the allusion merely to the heat of her climate?—*Malone*.

⁵² *Who sent whole armadoes of carracks.*

“*Caracca*, a kinde of great ship, in Spaine called a *carricke*,” Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. The term appears to have been applied, in Shakespeare's time, to any sailing vessel of great burden. “*Duæ naves Hispanicæ, vulgo carricks dictæ, capiuntur ab Anglis*,” MS. Sloane 392, f. 402. See Du Bartas, p. 42; D'Avenant's *Madagascar*, 1648, p. 17; Webster, ii. 49; Hardyng's *Chronicle*, f. 211; *Morte d'Arthur*, ii. 433. “*Bucentaurus*, a great shyppe or *carricke*,”

Elyot's *Dictionarie*, ed. 1559. The great carrack, which was taken in the year 1592, was of the following dimensions, according to Hakluyt,—length over all 165 feet, extreme breadth 46 feet 10 inches, and length of keel for tonnage 100 feet: her draught of water when laden at Cochin was 31 feet, but on her arrival at Dartmouth only 26 feet, “being lightened in her voyage by divers means some 5 foote.” This vessel is thus alluded to in Eliot's *Fruits for the French*, 1593,—“they talke of the great *carricke* which our English tooke the other day of the Spaniards comming from the East Indies.” There was a smaller and swifter kind of vessel called by this name, as appears from the *Squyr of Lowe Degré*, 819; and in Holinshed, *Description of Scotland*, p. 22, small fishing boats called *carrocks* are alluded to. They



are called *carrukes* in a speech in the *Mistaken Husband*, 1675, p. 13.

The proud Spanish *caracks*, if they be not yet sufficiently dismayed by the wracke they suffered in their former adventure, but dare againe attempt the like.—*Babilon, a Part of the Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas, Englished by William L'Isle*, 1596.

⁵³ *To be ballas'd at her nose.*

The old editions read *ballast*, which appears to be merely the participle of the verb to ballase or balase, a form which was more common in Shakespeare's time than, to ballast. “*Ballesc* or *lastage* for shippes, *saburra*; *balessed*, *saburratus*,” Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552. “*Sáburro*, to balase a ship,” Cooperi *Thesaurus*, ed. 1584. “*Balase*, wherwith shippes are even poysed to go upright,” Baret.

“Loded with gravell, or other like yearth, balased by translation full,” *ibid.* “They did balasse their vessels with these Island stones, to keepe them from turning over in their so tedious a voiage,” Harrison’s Description of England, p. 235. “And sent them home ballast with little wealth,” Greene’s Orlando Furioso, 1594. “Weak ballac’t soules,” Ford’s Honor Triumphant, Lond. 1606. “With some gall’d trunk, ballac’d with straw and stone,” Hall’s Satires. “He runs as if he were ballassed with quicksilver,” Dutchess of Malfy, 1623. “*Balasse*, gravell, or any thing of waight layd in the bottome of shippes to make them goc upright,” Cockeram’s English Dictionarie, 1626. “Well rigg’d and ballac’d both with beere and wine,” Taylor’s Workes, 1630. *Disbalased*, unloaded, occurs in Nash’s Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596; *unballac’d*, Hall’s Satires, and Powell’s Love’s Leprosie, 1598. The verb is probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlæstan*, to freight or load a ship.

Court-ship is a vessell of royall and magnificent burthen, of eminent command, and invincible force, if she be well man’d, carefully rig’d, discreetly *ballac’d*, and wisely steer’d.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

Like a ship without sand or gravell in the keele of her to keep her steady, through lack whereof the barke goes rouling and tottering to and fro, because their shallow braines want that due weight and counterpoise that should *ballace* their understanding, and keep it straight and upright.—*Bulwer’s Artificiall Changling*, 1653.

⁵⁴ *Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?*

A joke of a somewhat similar description, comparing persons to countries, occurs in Archee’s Jests, ed. 1657, p. 159,—“Two Dutchmen, the one very tall, and the other of exceeding low stature, walking together in the street, a pleasant gentleman, seeing them, said to his friend,—See, yonder goe together High Germany and the Low Countries.”

⁵⁵ *This drudge, or diviner.*

Warburton reads, “this drudge of the devil,” the last three words being added by himself without the slightest necessity or authority. Capell suggests,—this drudge, this divine one.

⁵⁶ *Swore, I was assured to her.*

Assured, that is, affianced. “Know you this day I have assur’d my daughter unto Lisander,” Poor Man’s Comfort, 4to. 1655.

“Virgo desponsa, a maide betrothed, affianced, or *made sure* to a husband,” Nomenclator, 1585.

⁵⁷ *If my breast had not been made of faith.*

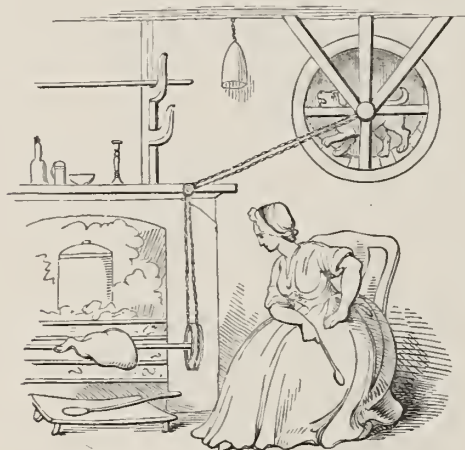
Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch’s power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford Editor thinks a breast made of *flint* better security; and he therefore put it in.—*Warburton*.

⁵⁸ *And made me turn i’ the wheel.*

Machines or jacks for turning the spit, probably moved by weights like a clock, and governed by wheels, had been invented in Shakespeare’s time, although they were not then in general use. An early notice of them occurs in the Nomenclator or Remembrancer of Adrianus Junius, 1585,—“*automatarius faber*, a maker of devises and motions that goe and turne of themselves, as clocks, jacks to turne spits, &c.” Gerard, in his Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 153, mentions “cods or seede vessels sixe square, in shape like the wheeles of a jacke to turne the spit;” and see also the epistle of Heminge and Condell prefixed to the folio edition of 1623. They are also spoken of, as in use, in the Orbis Sensualium Pictus, ed. 1689, p.

73,—“he rosteth some on spits, and with a jack;” and Wilkins, in his *Mathematical Magick*, 1648, says that “the ordinary jacks, used for roasting of meat, commonly consist but of three wheels.” Skinner, also, in his *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*, 1671, has, “a kitchen jack, machina qua verva in culina circumaguntur.” It appears from a curious passage in Bromes’ *Antipodes*, 1640, that the jack was then coming into frequent use, a project being mentioned “for putting downe the infinite use of jacks, whereby the education of young children, in turning spits, is greatly hindred.” The “winding up of a jacke” is alluded to in Stephens’ *Essayes and Characters*, 1615. This mechanical jack has now been superseded by the smoke-jack, and by a kind of clock-jack. The service was originally performed by boys, called turn-spits or turn-broaches, to whom there are many allusions in our early authors, e. g., Lydgate’s *Minor Poems*, p. 52; *Nomenclator*, 1585, in v. *Mediastinus*; *Witts Recreations*, 1654; “poor children that did stay to turn the broaches,” *Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury*. “Ho, boy, come hither; come, turne the spit,” *Marrow of the French Tongue*, ed. 1625, p. 162. “A child of the keching for the broches,” *Antiq. Repert.* iv. 230. In an inventory, dated 1610, mention is made of, “two payre of andirons to turne the spytt;” and, earlier, in a will dated 1493, of, “a speete with an aundeiren.” These may possibly refer to some other contrivance for turning the spit.

The turn-spit alluded to in the text was a very curious contrivance, consisting of a hollow cylindrical wheel, which turned on an axis that communicated, by



various methods, with the spit, the motive power of the wheel being supplied by a dog that was trained to turn in it while the meat was being roasted. The turnspit dog is noticed by several of our early writers, and particularly by Dr. Caius, in his *Liber de Canibus Britannicis*, 1570,—“vel quod in officio culinario, cum assandum est, inserviant, et rota minore gradiendo, verva circumagant, pondereque suo æquabiliter versent, ut ne calo aut lixa quidem artificiosius; quos hinc canes versatores, seu veruveratores, nostrum vulgus nominat.” In Stevenson’s *Norfolk*

Drollery, 12mo. 1673, are the following curious verses “upon a dog call’d Fudle, turnspit at the Popinjay in Norwich:”—

Fudle, why so? some Fudle-cap sure came
 Into the room, and gave him his own name.
 How should he catch a fox? He’l turn his back
 Upon tobacco, beer, French-wine, or sack.
 A bone his jewel is; and he does scorn
 With Æsop’s cock, to wish a barley-corn.
 There’s not a soberer dog, I know, in Norwich,
 What a pox, wou’d ye have him drunk with porridg?
 This I confess, he goes a round, a round,
 A hundred times, and never touches ground;

And in the middle region of the aire,
 He draws a circle like a conjurer.
 With eagerness he still does forward tend,
 Like Sisyphus, whose journey has no end.
 He is the soul, (if wood has such a thing ?)
 And living posie of a wooden ring.
 He is advanc'd above his fellowes, yet
 He does not for it the least envy get.
 He does above the Isle of Doggs commence,
 And wheels th' inferiour spit by influence.
 This though befalls his more laborious lot,
 He is the Dog-star, and his days are hot.
 Yet, with this comfort, there's no fear of burning,
 Cause all this while th' industrious wretch is turning :
 Then no more Fudle say, give him no spurns,
 But wreck your tene on one that never turns.
 And call him, if a proper name he lack,
 A Four-foot Hustler, or a Living Jack.

In an inventory, dated 1601, the following entry occurs amongst the goods in the kitchen,—“Item, a baking-pan, a dog-wheell, with other implementes, iij.s. iiij.d.” An inventory of a later date, 1626, mentions, “the jacke, threc jacke waytes.”

There is no turnespit dog bound to his wheele more servily then you shal be to her wheele; for as that dogge can never climbe the toppe of his wheele, but when the toppe comes under him, &c.—*Eastward Hoe, as it was playd in the Blackfriars*, 1605.

There is comprehended, under the cures of the coursest kinde, a certaine dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the waight of their bodies, so dilligently looke to their businesse, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feate more cunningly. Whom the popular sort hereupon call *turnespets*, being the last of all those which wee have first mentioned.—*Topsell's Four-Footed Beasts*, 1607.

Alas the while! poore kitchin boyes may curse
 That whirling jacks and dogs in wheeles turne broaches.
Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

That devotion, like fire in frostie weather, burnes hottest in affliction. That such fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to spare firewood. That a covetous man is a dogge in a wheele, that toyles to roast meat for other mens eating.—*The Overbury Characters*, ed. 1626.

Roast meat, which long-back'd cures do spin on spits,
 Are far more nutritive, though they'r gross bits.
Gayton's Art of Longevity, 4to. Lond. 1659.

The kitchen's deck'd with earthen plates
 Half broken and half whole,
 Two iron dogs instead of grates,
 And turf instead of coal.
 An ancient turn-spit well nigh pin'd
 For want of many a meal,
 With age and hunger quite grown blind,
 And turning of the wheel.—*Old Ballad*.

Here are brave martiall blades that, at three words, and three motions, will give fire; here are more armes then heads or feete; yet, when one moves, like wheeles in a jaeke, they all move.—*Lupton's London and the Countrey Carbonadoed and Quartred into severall Characters*, 1632, p. 71.

“The turn-spit, such as run in a wheel to turn meat at the fire,” Holme’s Acad. Arm. ii. 184. “A dog that turns the spit, bestirs himself, and plies his feet to climb the wheel,” Butler. “A covetous man is like a dog in a wheel that roasteth meat for others,” Ray’s Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 5. “Turnspits are dry,” *ibid.* p. 83. “Nay, there is no turn-spit dog bound to his wheel more servilely, than you will be to hers; for as the dog never elimbs to the top of his wheel, but when the wheel comes under him,” Cuckolds’ Haven, 1685. Compare also Win Her and Take Her, 1691, p. 22; Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil, p. 57; Gerard’s Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 35.

The turnspit dog was familiar to all till within a comparatively recent period. Dr. Johnson, in his last illness, observed of an attendant that he was “as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel.” The above engraving is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a representation of a whole contrivance of the wheel, and the manner in which it was made, by the dog’s assistance, to turn the spit, taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales at the close of the last century. “Newcastle is a pleasant village: at a decent inn here, a dog is employed as turnspit; great care is taken that this animal does not observe the cook approach the larder; if he does, he immediately hides himself for the remainder of the day, and the guest must be contented with more humble fare than intended,” Wigstead’s Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797, 8vo. Lond. 1800. The reader will probably be surprised to learn that an example of this fashion should still exist, but it appears from the following memorandum by Mr. Octavius Morgan, that the turnspit dog is not quite extinct:—“In the ancient town (once I should have said city) of Caerleon, in the county of Monmouth, at a small humble old-fashioned inn called the Hanbury Arms,—from the old family of Hanbury, the proprietors of the estate,—one of these turnspits still exists, and daily performs its service as of old, for in the kitchen of this inn still exists the original wheel set up ages ago, and the culinary operation of roasting is always performed through its instrumentality, it being worked by the dog in question. The animal is curiously cunning, and at the same time fond of its work, for, when placed in the wheel for the purpose of shewing its operation, it can scarcely be made to move it more than a turn or two, and shows the greatest anxiety to get out; but, as soon as a joint of meat is put down to the fire, the dog works with the greatest alacrity, never stopping till the meat is cooked.”

⁵⁹ *But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong.*

Pope reads, guilty *of*, but the old text is unquestionably right, as proved by the following extracts given by Malone.

The phraseology of Shakspeare’s age was, guilty *to*, not guilty *of*. So, in the Winter’s Tale:—“But as the unthought of accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do—.” Again, in the Guls Hornbooke, by Thomas Dekker, 4to. 1609, p. 36:—“For by this means you shall get experience by being *guilty to* their abominable shaving?” Again, in an extract from a letter written by Sir Henry Wotton, Birch’s Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, i. 309:—“But I have carried therein, as in all my other charges, an honest respect to my lord’s service, and am not *guilty to* myself of any bad dealing in this information.”

⁶⁰ *I thought to have ta’en you at the Porpentine.*

“Porpyn, beaste, havinge prikes on his backe, *histrix*,” Huloet’s Abecedarium, 1552. The same form of the word occurs in Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519.

Gallus, that greatest roost-cock in the rout,
 Swelleth as big as Bacchus did with wine:
 Like to a hulke he beares himselfe about,
 And bristels as a boare or *porpentine*.

The Mous-trap, 4to. Lond. 1606.

The xxiiij. day of Feybruarii was bered ser Wylliam Sydnay knyght, in the contey of Kentt, at ys plasse callyd Penthurst, with ij. harolds of armes, with ys standard, and ys baner of armes, and ys cote armur, and iiij. baner-rolles of armes, ys target, and mantyll, and helmett, and the crest a bluw *porpyntyn*, and vij. dosen and di. skochyons; and ther wher mony mornars, and ther wher a grett dolle of mony.—*Machyn's Diary*, 1552-3.



It has been already noticed (p. 320) that the Porpentine or Porcupine was the name of a London sign, the accompanying engraving of a leaden token of one being copied from a specimen preserved in the truly valuable museum of London antiquities formed by C. Roach Smith, esq., F.S.A.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Ephesus.*

Enter a MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:¹
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus:²
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,³
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!⁴

[*Exit DROMIO.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up,⁵ that trusts to you.
I promised your presenee, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd dueats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.⁶

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance⁷ to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.⁸

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.⁹
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you 'll answer me, or no;
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*¹⁰

Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away:¹¹ our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.¹²
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish sheep,¹³
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:¹⁴
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,¹⁵
 There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
 Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
 And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave : be gone.
 On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt* MERCHANT, ANGELO, OFFICER, and ANT. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
 Where Dowsabel did claim me¹⁶ for her husband :
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
 Thither I must, although against my will,
 For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
 Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye¹⁷
 That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no ?
 Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad or merrily ?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?¹⁸
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.¹⁹
Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he ?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
 First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair ?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
 He is deformed, crooked, old, and sear,
 Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere ;
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;
 Stigmatical in making,²⁰ worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;²¹
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go : the desk, the purse ; sweet, now, make haste.²²

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him ;²³

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;²⁴

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper,²⁵ one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;²⁶

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;²⁷

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.²⁸

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter ; he is 'rested on the case.²⁹

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well ;

But he's in a suit of buff,³⁰ which 'rested him, that can I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [*Exit* LUC.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :—³¹

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?³²

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;

A chain, a chain : do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 't is time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes ; If any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he 's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt,³³ and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn baek an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there 's the money, bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syraeuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me,³⁴
As if I were their well-aequainted friend ;³⁵
And every one doth eall me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor eall'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syraeuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for : What, have
you got rid of the picture of Old Adam new apparell'd ?³⁶

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam
that keeps the prison : he that goes in the calf's-skin that was
kill'd for the Prodigal ;³⁷ he that came behind you, sir, like an
evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 't is a plain ease : he that went like a
base-viol, in a ease of leather ;³⁸ the man, sir, that, when gentle-
men are tired, gives them a bob,³⁹ and 'rests them ; he, sir, that
takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance ;⁴⁰ he
that sets up his rest⁴¹ to do more exploits with his mace, than a
morris-pike.⁴²

Ant. S. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he, that brings any

man to answer it, that breaks his band! one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,—God give you good rest!

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition⁴³ put forth to-night; and then were you hind'ed by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.⁴⁴

Ant. S. The fellow is distraet, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;⁴⁵ and here she comes in the habit of a light weneh; and thereof comes, that the wenehes say,—God damn me,—that 's as much to say,—God make me a light weneh. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenehes will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.⁴⁶

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat,⁴⁷ and bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon,⁴⁸ that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend!⁴⁹ what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a soreeress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,⁵⁰
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. and DROMIO S.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty dueats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforee
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty dueats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and a GAOLER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,⁵¹
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus;
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.⁵²

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred dueats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*ANTIPHOLUS beats him.*]

Gaol. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Gaol. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.⁵³ I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep;⁵⁴ rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcome'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the COURTEZAN with PINCH.*⁵⁵

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end;⁵⁶ or rather the prophecy, like the parrot,—Beware the rope's end.⁵⁷

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk?

[*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His inevitity confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!⁵⁸

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!⁵⁹

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan,⁶⁰ hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?⁶¹
Did this companion with the saffron face⁶²
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home!⁶³ Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were loek'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and seorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal seorn'd you.⁶⁴

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these eontraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of dueats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-inaker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou loek me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, loek thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were loek'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned paek,
To make a loathsome abjeet scorn of me :
But with these nails I 'll pluek out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter Attendants, who bind ANTIPHOLUS E. and DROMIO E.,
after a slight struggle.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man ! how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them
To make a reseue ?

Gaol. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantie too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Gaol. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !⁶⁵

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad,
Good master ; ery, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk.

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Attendants, with ANT E. and DRO. E.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

Gaol. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man : What is the sum he owes ?

Gaol. Two hundred dueats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Gaol. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it :—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is ;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and
DROMIO of Syraeuse.*

Luc. God, for thy merey ! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords ; let 's eall more help,
To have them bound again.

Gaol. Away, they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt OFFICER, ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.*⁶⁶

Ant. S. I see, these witehes are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur ; feteh our stuff from thence :
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no
harm ; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold :⁶⁷ methinks they
are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad
flesh⁶⁸ that elaims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
stay here still, and turn witeh.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.⁶⁹

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *And want gilders for my voyage.*

“A *Gilder* or *Gulden*, called *Charles his Gilder*, in silver is worth three shillings ten pence. It hath an imperial head crowned, with *Carolus D. G. Rom. Imp. Hisp: Rex*, on an other of the same is *Carolus D. G. Rom. Imp. Hisp. Rex. D. Burg. Com. Flan.* on the one side; and on the other an escochion set on a cross flourished having 1. a Fesse, 2. Semy de Flowers de lis, a Bordure Gobony: 3. Bendy, 4. Lion Rampant, on an Escochion, a Lion Rampant: Inscribed, *Du Mihi Virtute Con Hostes Tuos*. Another of the same, hath an Archducal crown on the escochion. A *Gilder*, or *States Gilder*, is worth four shillings three pence. It hath the arms abovesaid with a royal crown, and Order of the Fleece, with *Pace et Justitia*, on the other side a Demy King in armour holding of a scepter, inscribed, *Phs. D. G. Hisp. Z. Rex. Dux Bra.* 1578,” Holme, 1688.

² *Is growing to me by Antipholus.*

Growing, that is, accruing. So afterwards, in this act,—“and, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.” Pope unnecessarily reads, *owing*. The verb, to grow, is constantly applied to riches, as in Adams’ *Happines of the Church*, 1619, 4to. p. 172.

³ *Among my wife and her confederates.*

“Their confederates,” ed. 1623. The obvious error was corrected by Rowe.

⁴ *I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!*

A rope worth a thousand a year, for your purpose. So, in 3 Henry VI.,—“A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, to make this shameless callet know herself.”

⁵ *A man is well holp up, that trusts to you.*

Holp up, helped up, assisted, is a phrase still in use in the provinces, generally in the ironical expression,—I am finely holp up!

⁶ *Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.*

Will for *shall* is very common in works of the Shakespearian period. The editors generally, but unnecessarily, alter it in an instance which occurs in the first act of the *Taming of the Shrew*.

⁷ *You use this dalliance.*

Dalliance, that is, trifling. “To dallie, to trifle and toy with trifling words,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. Gifford explains it here,—hesitation, delay,—but the above ordinary meaning best suits the context. See the passage quoted in Massinger, ed. Gifford, i. 81.

⁸ *Either send the chain, or send me by some token.*

That is, by an ordinary transposition, send some token by me, or send some token whereby it may be known that I am a true messenger. See the present volume, p. 193. Pope unnecessarily alters *either* to *or*, in misapprehension of the metrical regulation of the line.

⁹ *Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.*

This is a proverbial phrase, as noticed by Mr. Collier. Day wrote a comedy entitled, *Humour out of Breath*, 4to. Lond. 1608.

¹⁰ *Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

“Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay,” direction in ed. 1623, the *h* in *the* being in the Roman character, a slight distinguishing mark of the first folio, the word *the* being wholly in italics in ed. 1632.

¹¹ *And then, sir, she bears away.*

“And then,” ed. 1623; “then,” ed. 1632. Steevens retains *and*, and omits *she*; both changes having been suggested by an unnecessary desire to improve the metre.

¹² *The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.*

Aqua-vitæ hath his denomination, in that it recovereth and maintaineth life: The common manner of making it is to distill it out of the lees of wine, or of the lees of strong ale and wine together, by adding thereto lycorice, annis-seeds, and graines; but this common vendible *Aqua vitæ*, both in regard of the grosse substances from whence it ariseth, as also of the rude manner of preparing and distilling it, may more rightly be named *Aqua mortis*, the water of death; for it causeth more hurt than commodity to them that use it.—*Venner’s Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637.

¹³ *Why, thou peevish sheep.*

Peevish, that is, silly, as in several other places. Compare the following lines in Breton’s *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592,—

Which pilgrimage is not, as poets faine,
Nor *pievish* people blindely doe conceive.

The play on the words *sheep* and *ship* has been already noticed in the notes to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. ii. p. 42.

¹⁴ *You sent me for a rope’s end as soon.*

Capell adds, “a rope!,” at the commencement of this line, for the sake of the metre; and Steevens reads,—“you sent me, sir.”

¹⁵ *That’s cover’d o’er with Turkish tapestry.*

The old inventories contain numerous notices of articles of furniture ornamented by Turkey work, which seems to have been much esteemed. “Six pieces of tapestry, six cheyres of Turkey worke, twelve stooles of Turkey worke; twelve cushions of Turkey worke; eight old stooles of Turkey worke; one Turkey worke cushion,” Inventory of the Goods of the Countess of Leicester, 1634-5, MS.

¹⁶ *Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.*

Dowsabel, *douce et belle*, a favorite name for a rustie girl. It occurs in several old plays and ballads. “To east away as pretty a Dowsabel as an chould chance to see in a summer’s day,” London Prodigal. See also Jonson’s *Alchemist*, Works, ed. Gifford, iv. 102; and Drayton’s *Shepherd’s Garland*, 1593,—

He had, as antique stories tell,
 A daughter cleaped Dowsabell,
 a mayden fayre and free :
 And for she was her fathers heire,
 Full well she was ycond the leyre,
 of mickle curtesie.

¹⁷ *Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye.*

Heath (Revisal, 1765, p. 199) unnecessarily reads,—*perceive assuredly*, and Capell thinks the last word may be an error for, *sincerely*.

¹⁸ *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face.*

“Oh, his,” ed. 1623, corrected in ed. 1632. “A singular metaphor, expressive of the flushings that joy brings into the face of a lover, in discourse with his mistress. The meteors meant here are those frequent meteors, the *Aurora borealis*; out of which, superstition has often coin'd armies, and knights tilting in field, whereof they have some little resemblance in their coruscations and dartings,” Capell. The allusion, observes Steevens, is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost* :

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

¹⁹ *First, he denied you had in him no right.*

The use of an unnecessary negative is exceedingly common in writers of the period. “You may deny that you were not the cause,” Richard III. “Not that I deny that men should not be good husbands,” Instructions of the Earl of Northumberland, 1609. *From Malone.*

²⁰ *Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.*

Stigmatical in making, that is, observes Dr. Johnson, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition; or, perhaps, merely,—deformed in body, and worse deformed in mind. “Wilt thou not, thou stigmaticall rogue,” Terence in English, ed. 1614. “If you spy any man that hath a look stigmatically drawn, like to a fury's,” Decker's *Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1655, ap. Steevens. The word is used metaphorically in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598,—“a most dangerous and stigmatical humour.” Taylor, the Water-Poet, speaks of, “contaminous, pestiferous, preposterous, stygmaticall slavonians, slubberdegullions.”

²¹ *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.*

“Not with Timoclea you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea,” Lilly's *Campaspe*, 1584. “O you winged lapwings, farthest cry, when we come neerest to 't,” *History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609. “You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not,” *Lingua*, 1607. “False, lapwing cries,” Jonson's *Poetaster*. “The lapwing cries most, furthest from her nest,” Ray's *English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 256. Allusions to this are exceedingly common.

We were many times in a wood, and indeed seldome out, yet it may be this sir dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest of the nest.—*Rowley's Search for Money*, 1609.

You fly still, quoth Marpesia, from my demand, playing like the lapwing that cryeth farthest from her nest.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

The lapwing hath a piteous, mournful cry,
And sings a sorrowful and heavy song;
But yet she 's full of craft and subtilty,
And weepst most being farthest from her young.

The Phoenix and Turtle, ap. Richardson.

Well, here is Stellio; He talke of other matters, and flie from the marke I shoot at, lapwing-like flying far from the place where I nestle.—*Lilly's Mother Bombie*.

This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of Coney-catching, 1592, says: "But again to our priggers, who, as before I said—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is." Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be."—*Stevens*.

²² *Sweet now, make haste.*

The word *sweet* is here used rather in the idea of supplication, than with the intention of any great familiarity. The Perkins MS. reads *swift*. "Sweet now," and, "good now," &c., were common phrases.

²³ *A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.*

In an everlasting garment, that is, a garment made of the stuff called everlasting or perpetuana, which was much worn by sergeants. "Were 't not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen, I would quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, sear up my conscience, and turn *sergeant*," *Woman Hater*, 1607, Beaumont and Fletcher, ap. Dyce, i. 65. "An everlasting bale, hell in trunk-hose," *Rump Songs*. The Perkins MS. adds *fell* at the end of this line, and also inserts a line after the next one,— "Who has no touch of merey, cannot feel." These stupendous alterations of the original text have been made in misapprehension of the author's intention, the first line of the speech evidently rhyming with the previous one, so that the second and third (if any) should be made to rhyme; but the fact is, as previously observed, there is no necessity for these species of emendations, suggested by the ordinary license of blank-verse being mixed with rhyme, in the same way that Shakespeare so frequently inserts short speeches of prose in the midst of verse.

The onely negromaneer to conjure downe this devill is (if he begins to roare or spit fire) some *everlasting constable*, or new-elected beadle, that desires to be knowne a man in his office, or rather some justice of peace, who can seldome or never make him quiet, while they have charm'd them into the small circumferenee of a Compter.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

²⁴ *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough.*

"A Feind, a Fairie," ed. 1623. The emendation (*fury*) is by Theobald, and is here adopted in consideration of Dromio's thoughts, throughout this speech, referring to hell; for although there undoubtedly were malevolent fairies in the old English mythology, yet they are not mentioned as under the control of the devil, or as inhabiting the infernal regions. There is a curious parallel description in Fennor's *Compters Common-wealth*, 1617, in a notice of one of the gaolers,— "This lump of man's flesh conveyed me up a paire of staires, and so to a doore, where another *fury* like himselfe sate, telling me that, if I meant to have entranee there, I must pay my fees, or else I could have no farther passage that way." It

should not be forgotten that the same speaker, in the second act, calls Ephesus the fairy land; but, on the whole, his present speech may rather be considered as referring exclusively to his emblematical character of a prison.

Since writing the above note, I have met with passages in other works that confirm the original reading; but the specious reasoning by which Theobald's suggestion is sustained may be allowed to remain as a warning to others, as it is now to myself, to be more than ever tenacious of interfering with the old text. In the present instance, after a long consideration of the subject, and having special regard to the bearing of the dialogue, I had accepted the emendation as probable, and as greatly superior to the reading of the first folio. The first of the following extracts is nearly sufficient in itself to place the matter beyond a doubt.

You dastards of the night and Erybus,
Fiends, *Fairies*, hags that fight in beds of steele,
Range through this armie with your iron whips,
Drive forward to this deed this Christian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedie.

The Battell of Alcazar, fought in Barbarie, 1594.

Mr. Dyce here suggests that *furies* may be the true reading, but the passage in Shakespeare and the present one mutually support each other.

Amph. Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I conjure thee.

Jup. Friends, I appeale to you:
When have you knowne me mad? when rage and rave?
Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus
Be recompens't? to be out-brav'd, out-fac'd,
By some deluding fairy?—*Heywood's Silver Age, 1613.*

But God above soone sendeth Michaell downe,
Who binds Semixa with a sacred frowne,
Chaines him in hell, and all his of-scum race
Ties to the hils as fairy goblins base.

Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623, Second Age, p. 59.

²⁵ *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper.*

A back-friend, a secret enemy, Dromio playing on the word, which alludes also to the sergeant's mode of arrest. "Adversaries and back-frendes," Hall, Henry VII. f. 1. "I have admonished thy backe-friends to use the according to thy desert," Lomatius on Painting, by Haydock, 1598. "*Inimico*, an enemie, a foe, an adversarie, a back-friend," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

A shoulder-clapper was a common cant term for a sergeant or bailiff. "And fear none but these same shoulder-clappers," Satiromastix, ap. Hawkins, p. 159. The sergeant, in the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1640, p. 57, says,—“all I desire at your hands is to know whether by my place (my trade of shoulder-clapping) I shall ever come to any good or no.” The designation continued long in use, instances of it occurring in Poor Robin's Almanacs for the years 1738 and 1740.

The thought of my arrest did not so much affright me as the countenances of those peuter-button'd *shoulder-clapping* catch-poles that scazed on my body.—*The Compter's Common-wealth, 1617.*

If you can (either for love or money) provide your selfe a lodging by the water side: for above the conveniencie it brings to shun *shoulder-clapping*, and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it addes a kind of state unto you, to

be carried from thence to the staires of your play-house.—*Decker's Guls Horne-Booke*, 1609.

²⁶ *The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands.*

Lands seems to be here merely used in the sense of *lanes*, and is possibly the latter word altered for the sake of the rhyme. In the North of England, the long spaces between furrows in a ploughed field are termed *lands*, and it is by no means impossible that the word was applied, in Shakespeare's time, as synonymous with *lanes*. According to Mr. Collier, Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio has *lans*, but the letter *d* was no doubt merely omitted accidentally. The three copies in my possession read *lands*, but Malone's copy (Shakespeare, ed. 1821, iv. 225) also appears to have had *lans*. The alteration of words for the sake of rhyme, especially the alteration of the final letter to *d*, was not unusual in poems of the sixteenth century. Thus, in the extremely rare poem, the *Historie of Violenta and Didaco*, published in 1576,—

Perchaunce she is not of haggard's kind,
Nor hart so hard is bend,
But thy distylling teares in fine
May move her to relend.

²⁷ *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.*

Hounds are said to *hunt counter*, when they hunt backward the way the chase came: to *run counter*, when they mistake the direction of their game. "*Contrepied*, that which we call counter in hunting," Cotgrave. "The lord Willmott was resolved to *fly counter* towards London," Account of the Escape of Charles II. "He can shew you where to hunt, when the hounds goe counter, how to breake the fault, follow the game," Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions, 1616. Dromio is of course playing on this meaning of the word, in allusion to the counter or prison, which was a frequent subject of jocularitv. "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter*, or such like places of prison: He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare: meaning imprisonment," Baret. There is another joke on the same word in the *Blacke Booke*, 1604, Middleton, ed. Dyce, v. 540. The comparison of a sergeant to a hunting-dog occurs in the *Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet*, 1630,—

The serjeant I before the jaylor name,
Because he is the dog that hunts the game:
He worries it, and brings it to the toyle,
And then the jaylor lives upon the spoyle.

To draw dry-foot, that is to follow the game by the scent of the foot. "Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his *dry-foot* hunting," Dumb Knight, 1608. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 230, mentions "a bloudhound, whose office is to follow the fierce, and now and then to pursue a theefe or beast by his *drie foot*." The phrase is common, and a few references will suffice; Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, i. 52; Scot's Philomythie, 1616; Ram Alley, 1636; "it loves to hunt dry-foot, and can sent a traine in no ground so well as the City," Decker's English Villanies, 1638; Crowne's Country Wit, ed. 1693, p. 6.

Instead of licking, hee's a biting whelpe,
And ranceles most, when he most seemes to helpe,
And he hunts *dry foot*; never spends his throat,
Till he has caught his game, and then his note

Luls him asleepe fast in extortions bands,
There leaves him, takes his fee o'th goods and lands.

All the Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

The next ingredient of a Diurnall is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull sagacity it *hunts dry-foot*, while they are yet in their causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the mother have troubled the kingdome, and (for all Sir Walter Earle looks like a man-midwife) not yet delivered of so much as a cushion? But actors must have their properties; and, since the stages were voted downe, the onely play-house is at Westminster.—*Cleaveland's Character of a London Diurnall, 1647.*

Thou art like a dry-foot-dog, that (out of a whole heard of deer) singles out one, whose sent he only followes, and tires himself to catch that, when he might have twenty in the mean time.—*The Miser, 1672.*

A hound that draws dryfoot, means what is usually called a blood-hound, trained to follow men by the scent. The expression occurs in an Irish Statute of the 10th of William III, for preservation of the game, which enacts that all persons, licensed for making and training up of setting dogs, shall, in every two years, during the continuance of their license, be compelled to train up, teach, and make, one or more hounds to hunt on dryfoot.—*M. Mason.*

²⁸ *One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*

The name of hell was given to several of the dungeons of the prisons, and, according to Steevens, to an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons, probably to the very worst. Another dungeon, called the hole, is mentioned in Taylor's Praise and Vertue of a Jayle, 1623, and in various other works; and it would seem from a passage in Massinger's City Madam, that the *hole* was the dungeon next superior, in point of comfort, to the *hell*. A sergeant, in the Overbury Characters, ed. 1628, is described as "a divell made somtimes out of one of the twelve Companies, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hel; that is his stage." Fuller, in his Worthies, ed. 1662, mentions a place under the Exchequer Chamber called Hell, adding,—“I am informed that formerly this place was appointed a prison for the King's debtors, who never were freed thence until they had paid their uttermost due demanded of them.” The name of this place survived up to a very recent period. “Ask any how such news I tell, of Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's hell,” Counter Rat, ed. 1693.

Before judgment, that is, on what is called *mesne process*: when a man is arrested *after judgment*, he is said to be taken in execution. Shakespeare is here using technical language.—*Malone.*

Meum toke a chamber in Theeving-lane; Tuum, a little darke roome that had but one window, no bigger then a cat might creepe through, hard by *Hell*, neare to the upper end of Westminster Hall.—*A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum, 4to. Lond. 1639.*

An account of the local situation of *hell* may be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. x. p. 83, as the Commons passed through it to King William and Queen Mary's Coronation, and gave directions concerning it. In Queen Elizabeth's time the office of Clerk of the Treasury was situated there, as I find in Sir James Dyer's Reports, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of “one Christopher Hole, Secondary del Tresurie, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del Clerke del Tresurie al Hell.”—*Vaillant.*

²⁹ *He is 'rested on the case.*

The verb is here generally, perhaps unnecessarily, printed with a mark of contraction. “I reste, as a sergente dothe a prisoner, or his goodes, *je arreste*;

he hath rested me for a mater that is nat worthe a grote," Palsgrave, 1530. With respect to the word *case*, Dromio is quibbling on the law term, and the ordinary meaning of *case*, the body.

Action upon the Case (*actio super casum*) is a general action given for redress of wrongs done to any man without force, and by law not especially provided for, and is now most in use. For, where you have any occasion of sute, that neither has a fit name, nor certain form already prescribed; there the Clerks of the Chancery, in ancient time, conceived a fit Form of Action for the thing in question, which the civilians call *Actionem in Factum*, and we, Action upon the Case.—*Blount's Law Dictionary*, 1691.

³⁰ *But he's in a suit of buff.*

This reading is taken from the third folio, but with hesitation, for the original, "but is in," may be an instance of the suppression of the personal pronoun. So, in the Jew of Malta, ap. Malone,—“Burhew, in brief, *shalt* have no tribute here,” for, *thou shalt*. There are quibbles on the words *suit* and *band* in an epigram by John Davies of Hereford, 1611,—

Levisius to his laundresse being in debt
For working, washing, and such idle stuffe,
His band he past to her in sute to set,
Which, when she finger'd, she was in her ruffe;
Because so long he held her due in hand,
And so she tooke advantage of his band.

³¹ *That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.*

“Thus he,” ed. 1623, corrected in the second folio.

³² *Not on a band, bnt on a stronger thing.*

Band is the old form of *bond*, and a band was also any kind of string, instances of both meanings being here given: there is another quibble on the word in the next scene. In Richard the Second, ed. 1608, sig. I. 2, the term *bond* is spelt *band* in one speech, and *bond* in the next.

Here i-gyf I 5ow be *band*
An c. pownd worth of land.—*Sir Degrevant*, 869.

Have thys rope yn thyn hande,
And holde the faste by the *bande*.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38.

Band is used in one of the senses which is couched under these words, in our author's Venus and Adonis:—“Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*.” See also Minshcu's Dictionary, 1617, in v. “*Band*, or obligation.” In the same column is found—“A *bond*, or thong to tie withal;” also—“A *band* for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck.” These interpretations sufficiently explain the equivocation here intended.—*Malone*. “To take band,” that is, a bond, MS. dated 1598, quoted at p. 193.

Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond*.—A bond, an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns. Ben Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says—“—Statute, and *band*, and wax shall go with me.” Again, without personification:—“See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax.” Again, in *Histriomastix*, 1610: “—tye fast your lands in statute staple, or these merchant's *bands*,”—*Steevens*, who, in a previous edition, also alludes to the Walks of Islington and Hogsden,—

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse,
Faylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Roceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more.

I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pittie from our threatening looks:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no traffick to our aduers Towns:
Nay more, if any born at *Ephesus*
Be teen at any *Syracusian* Marts and Faires:
Again, if any *Syracusian* born
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.

Duk. Well *Syracusian*; say in brief the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*?

Mer. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Then I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidaurium*, till my factors death:
And he great store of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six moneths old,
Before her self (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe arriv'd where I was:
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same Inne,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboard.
A league from *Epidaurium* had we sayld
Before the alwayes winde-obeying deep
Gave any tragick Instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearfull minds
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death;
Which though my self would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Fors't me to seek delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other means was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And lest the Ship then sinking-ripe to us,
My wife, more carefull for the latter born,
Had fastned him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as Sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had been like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at either end the Mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Dispers't those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The Seas wax calme, and we discovered
Two Ships from farre, making amain to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurum* this;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Garber the sequell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, do not break off so,

H

For

From turning over goods in other's hands,
And from the settings of our marks to bands.

³³ *If he be in debt.*

“If I be in debt,” ed. 1623, altered to, “if Time’s in debt,” in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio. “If Time be in debt,” Rowe, ed. 1709, p. 301. Mr. Dyce supports the last reading, observing,—“in the MS. used for the first folio, the word (because it had occurred so often just before) was probably written here contractedly *T*, which the compositor might easily mistake for *I*.” The notion of Time “stealing” upon us is every where alluded to, and the expression is a favorite one applied to Time and Age,—“For Age with stealing steps,” as Lord Vaux has it. We are told, in the Scriptures, that the Last Day shall overtake us as a thief in the night. “Stealing Time, the subject to Delay,” Sir P. Sydney, quoted in England’s Parnassus, 1600, p. 284.

³⁴ *There’s not a man I meet, but doth salute me.*

“This actually happened in the case of Sir Henry Wotton, when he was on his travels, about the time this play appears to have been written. See his letter to Lord Zouch, July 10th, 1592, Reliq: Wotton: ed. 1685, p. 676,” Malone.

³⁵ *As if I were their well acquainted friend.*

See a note on this mode of construction in vol. i. p. 278. A specimen of it has already occurred in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii,—“then *she* plots, then *she* ruminates, then *she* devises: and what *they* think in their hearts *they* may effect,” the pronoun *they* referring generally to wives. Again, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona,—“to *their* instruments tune a deploring dump,”—*their* referring to musicians, the presence of whom had been implied but not expressed.

³⁶ *Have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell’d.*

The words, *rid of*, which are not in the old copy, were supplied by Theobald, and appear to be necessary to the sense. Adam was often called “old Adam,” as in Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 153. The allusion is to Adam, after the fall, being clothed with skins, and he was then “new apparell’d” in leather, and, like the sergeant, in buff. “But in deede, Adam, whome God did firste create, made the fyrste lether coates for himselfe, and his wyfe Eve, our old mother, leaving thereby a patrone to all his posteritic of that craft,” Langley’s Abridgemente of the Notable Worke of Polidore Virgile, fol. 67. Mr. Collier, who adheres to the old text, says, “what have you got,” is a vulgar phrase for, “what have you done with?” This requires contemporary illustration.

These jests on Adam’s dress are common among our old writers. So, in King Edward III. 1599:—“The register of all varieties, since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour.” Again, in Phillip Stubbes’ Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. 1583: “Did the Lorde clothe our first parents in *leather*, as not having any thyng more precious to attire them withall,” &c.,—*Steevens*. “Like leathern Adam clad,” Help to Discourse, ed. 1667, p. 161.

³⁷ *He that goes in the calf’s-skin that was kill’d for the Prodigal.*

If there be any meaning in this, beyond a verbose mode of mentioning calf’s-skin, Dromio possibly means to imply that the sergeant is dressed from the funds allotted to prodigals, those who generally fill his prison; otherwise, it seems difficult to account for the allusion to the parable.

Jack having borrowed a scarlet cloak, a fine laced band, and a good hat, he puts them on, throwing his cloak over one shoulder, *so that it quite hid his calve-skins*, and goes into the park, where many people passed thorow upon sufferance,

and there Jack walks up and down very proudly.—*The Birth, Life and Death of John Franks.*

³⁸ *He that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather.*

The same simile is spoken of a gaoler in Fennor's *Compters Common-wealth*, 1617,—“like a base viol, he went grumbling up staires with me.”

³⁹ *Gives them a bob, and 'rests them.*

The first folio reads *sob*, the present reading being suggested in a MS. note in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio, and also by Hammer. The usual reading is *job*, and *sop* has also been suggested; but neither of these, nor the one here adopted, fully carries out the quibble evidently intended. Bob, in the sense of a slap or blow, is very common. “That thing's not done without sound bobs,” Cotgrave. “But what is *giving a job*, l. 24? *Job*, at this time of day, means—a put-off, a delay accompany'd with slight; a sense not corresponding with any thing in the passage in question: the Oxford edition has—*bob*; meaning, probably,—tap on the shoulder; for *bob* is a stroke, though not of that sort: but *job* may as well have that sense put upon it, as take the other in one so constrain'd,” Capell's Notes, p. 76.

Well, of all my disguises, yet now am I most like my selfe: being in this serjeant's gowne. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till hee layes hold upon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of unrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I under-goe by this exploit; pray Heaven, I come well of.—*Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed. p. 63.

⁴⁰ *And gives them suits of durance.*

A play upon words, durance being the name of a kind of strong stuff made with thread or silk, again alluded to in Henry IV. A tradesman's bill, dated 1723, now before me, mentions “sixteen yards of fine durance, l. l. 4.” The suit of durance in the text is the “everlasting garment,” previously alluded to.

Not in a durance suite remaine I here,
Yet in a suite like durance hemm'd with feare.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

⁴¹ *He sets up his rest to do more exploits.*

He sets up his rest, that is, he makes up his mind, a common proverbial phrase. See notes to the Merchant of Venice.

⁴² *With his mace, than a morris-pike.*



That is, than with a morris-pike. The morris-pike, or Moorish pike, a formidable weapon much in use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. According to Langley's *Abridgement of the Notable Worke of Polidore Virgile*, fol. 47, “justynge-speares and morespikes (invented) by Tyrrhenus; they were used firste in the siege of Capua.” A large number of morris-pikes are mentioned in a list of munitions of war at Carisbrooke Castle in the year 1547, and they are frequently alluded to by our old writers. *Maurice-pike*, Warburton. Cotgrave mentions, “*Zagaye*, a fashion of slender, long, and long-headed pike used by the Moorish horsemen.” The head of the morris-pike here engraved by Mr. Fairholt, as an example of its form, is copied from Meyrick.

The Frenchemen with quarelles, *morispikes*, slynges, and other engynes, began to assaut the walles.—*Hall, Henry VI.* f. 73.

The fourth shilde blewe, betokenyng the assaulte, with such wepons as the capitain of the castle shal occupie, that is, *Morrice pike*, sworde, target, the poynt and edge abated.—*Hall, Henry VIII.* f. 133.

In France, near to the borders of Spain, they sowe ashkey, which, when they grow to such a greatnesse that they may be slit into four quarters, and big enough to make pikes, then they cut them down; and I have seen divers acres together thus planted: hence come the excellent pikes called Spanish pikes.—*Hartlib's Legacy of Husbandry*, 1655.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills stept forth, and bows went back;
The moorish pikes, and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

The Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 103.

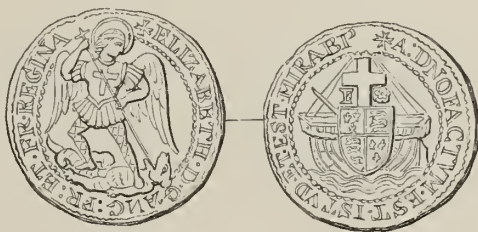
The mace was a prominent characteristic of the outward equipment of a sergeant, and is frequently alluded to by the early dramatists. There is a story in Arhech's Banquet of Jestes, 1657, p. 155, of a grocer who was imprisoned for debt, who observes,—“I have lost by tobacco, I have lost by sugar, and I have lost by many things: but it was *mace* which gave me the last fatall blow that sunk me.” There is a woodcut of a bailiff, with his mace, dressed in a jerkin and cloak, in Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, f. 87.

⁴³ *The bark Expedition put forth to-night.*

Although Dromio is speaking metaphorically, the probability is that the name Expedition was known as applied to a vessel. Lambarde, in his Perambulation of Kent, 1596, mentions ships called Swiftsure, Antelope, and Swallowe.—Since writing the above, I observe Expedition given as an early name of a ship in the Rev. J. Hunter's Founders of New Plymouth, 8vo. Lond. 1854, p. 190.

⁴⁴ *Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.*

This is an anachronism, but of no great importance to the consistency of the comedy. The following account of the old English gold coin, the angel, is extracted from Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688,—“The Angel, or the Noble Angel: so called because St. Michael the Archangel, slaying the dragon, is on one side, with the inscription, *Henricus Viii. D. G. Ang. et Fr.* and on the other side, a ship with one mast and tackles, and an es-cochion with France and England quarterly, and this writing about, *Per Cruce Tua Salva Nos*: It is three penny weight, seven grains, and a quarter: and worth eleven shillings. The Half Angel hath the same impresses, and is worth five shillings, six pence. The Old Angel Noble of England hath the same impression, but on the ship side, it hath this writing, *A. Dno: Factum Est Istud Et Est Mirabili*: it was four penny weight ten grains: and passed for fourteen shillings, six pence. The half of that Angel was so stamped, it contained two penny weight, four grains, and is worth seven shillings six pence.” According to Fleetwood's Chronicon Preciosum, ed. 1707, p. 20, the angel varied in value from 6s. 8d. in the reign of Henry VI., to ten shillings in 6 Edward VI.



⁴⁵ *Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam.*

This speech, which is full of quibbling, is stated by Theobald to be beyond his comprehension. The meaning, such as it is, appears to be this:—this woman is worse than the devil, for she's the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and hence comes it that the wenches say, God damn me (a quibble on *dam*), in other words, God make me a dam, here a light wench. Women appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. The expression, "angels of light," is introduced similarly in a prophane manner in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607, sig. F. 3.

It had been better for me my mistresse angell had beene light, for then perhappes it had not lead mee into this darknesse.—*The Two Angrie Women of Abington*, 1599.

⁴⁶ *We'll mend our dinner here.*

That is, by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market.—*Malone*.

⁴⁷ *Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat.*

You, omitted in ed. 1623, is inserted in the second folio. Malone suspects some words have been omitted, such as,—“if you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away*, or bespeak a long spoon.” The old copy reads, *or bespeak*, the alteration made in the text (adopted by Rann, 1786) being less violent than that above suggested. The words *and* and *or* were occasionally misprinted for each other, and another instance occurs in 2 Henry VI. In Pope's edition, *or* is omitted, and the same reading is adopted by Theobald. Capell reads, *so bespeak*.

⁴⁸ *Marry, he must have a long spoon.*

See a note on this phrase in vol. i. p. 425. “*Cretizandum cum Cretensi*, hee must have a long spoone that will eate with the devill,” Withals' Dictionary, 1634, p. 554. “He must have a long spoon who will eat with the devill,” Howell, 1659. “He's a rare mes-mate for the devil, and makes a long spoon of your ladle,” *Hudibras Redivivus*, 1705.

The Palatine having well consider'd all these things, caus'd great levies of pioneers to be made amongst the Bonstomaehians and the Gasterians, and order'd them to be extraordinarily furnish'd with all the utensils and instruments for mining and sapping, as spades, shovels, pickaxes, mattocks, and long spoons, such as Magog was wont to use when he eat with the devil.—*The Pagan Prince*, 1690.

⁴⁹ *Avoid thee, fiend!*

“Avoid then,” ed. 1623. The correction was inserted by me in an edition of Shakespeare published a few years ago, and has since been independently suggested by Mr. Dyce. The fourth folio reads,—*Avoid thou*.

⁵⁰ *A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin.*

With this may be compared the following curious passages in the Pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen,—

Here is an egg of a black hen, a quill pluckt from a erow.
 Who with this pen writes on this egg a charm that I do know,
 And names the party whom they like; the same shall love again.
 Here are two hearts, the one was taken out of a black cat,
 The other from a pidgeon: here is the blood of a bat;
 Here is a peece of virgin wax; here's an enchanted bean,
 To make you go invisible!
 Here's things will make men melt in fits of love:
 A wanton goat's brain, and the liver of a purple dove,

A cock's eye, and a capon's spur, the left leg of a quail,
 A goose bill, and a gander's tongue, a mounting eagle's tail;
 But sith they must be taken in th' increasing of the moon,
 Before the rising of the sun, or when the same is down,
 And closely wrapt in virgin parchment on a Friday night,
 I will not trouble you with these.

In Middleton's *Witch*, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims,—“There's one come downe to fetch his dues,—a kisse, a coll, a sip of blood.”

⁵¹ *And will not lightly trust the messenger.*

That is, says Malone, and will not easily believe the messenger's account of my having been attached in Ephesus. Mr. Knight places a colon at the close of this line, and a comma at the end of the following one.

⁵² *Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*

Dromio plays upon the word *pay*, which signified, to beat, and is, indeed, still used in some of the provinces in that sense.

If they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so *pay* their armes that they cannot sometimes untye them, if they would.—*Robin Goodfellow*, 1620.

When he had well din'd and had filled his panch,
 Then to the winecellar they had him straight way,
 Where they with brave claret and brave old Canary,
 They with a foxe tale him soundly did *pay*.

The King and a poore Northerne Man, 1640.

If the honest countryman in the isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire, where they grow little else but hemp, had been acquainted with Shakespeare's works, I should have imagined that he borrow'd his jest from hence. At the beginning of the rebellion in 1641, a party of the Parliament soldiers, seeing a man sowing somewhat, asked him what it was he was sowing, for they hoped to reap his crop? I am sowing of hemp, gentlemen, says he, and I hope I have enough for you all.—*Dr. Grey*.

⁵³ *You may prove it by my long ears.*

He means, says Steevens, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them.

⁵⁴ *I am wak'd with it, when I sleep.*

Does not this antithetical speech of Dromio bear a ludicrous, but probably accidental resemblance, to Cicero's celebrated encomium on literary studies: *Pro Archia Poeta*:—*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, &c?*—*Boswell*.

⁵⁵ *Pinch.*

The direction in the old copy is,—“and a *school-master*, called *Pinch*.” In many country villages, the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: “I would have ne'er a *cunning school-master* in England, I mean a cunning man as a school-master; that is, a *conjurer*,” &c.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁶ *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end.*

This Latin proverb occurs in Fulwell's *First Parte of the Eighth Liberall Science*, 1579,—“wherefore, gentle Maister Philodoxus, I bid you adew, with this motion or caveat, *respice finem*.” Warburton notes a joke, similar to that in the text, in a pamphlet written by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington, which

concludes with the following play upon the word,—*Respice finem, respice funem*. The last phrase occurs in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602. There is a short poem on the motto, *Respice finem*, in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, beginning,

Lo, here the state of every mortall wight,
See here the fine of all their gallant joyes.

⁵⁷ *Beware the rope's end.*

“As for *prophesying like the parrot*,” says Warburton, “this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, sir; my parrot prophesies*. To this Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:”—

‘ Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, rope, and, walk, knave, walk.’

In the *Prognostication* appended to Bretnor's *New Almanaeke*, 1615, the evil days of August are noted as 17, 18, and 21, the proverb assigned to them being, “A rope for parrat.”

In the comedy of *Englishmen for my Money*, by W. Haughton, 1616, one of the characters exclaims, “An almond for a parrot? a rope for a parrot;” and the same words are to be found in Dekker's *Honest Whore*, A. i. se. 12.—*Collier*.

The goose does hisse, the duck cries quack;
A rope the parrot that holds tack.

Lilly's Mother Bombie, 12mo. Lond. 1632.

Li. Tush, it is not for the blaeknesse, but for the babling, for every houre she will ery, walke, knave, walke.—*Pet*. Then will I mutter, a rope for parrat, a rope.—*Lilly's Mydas*, 1632.

Why doth the parrat cry, a rope, a rope?
Because hee's cag'd in prison out of hope.
Why doth the parrat eall, a boate, a boate?
It is the humour of his idle note.
O pretty Pall, take heed, beware the eat;
Let watermen alone, no more of that.
Since I so idly heard the parrat talke,
In his owne language I say, Walke, knave, walke.

All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

He weares about his necke a collar, not of SS, for that will not be allowed him, but rather a white silke rope, which is the cause belike the pages so upraid him for it in saying, A rope for parat.—*A Strange Metamorphosis of Man transformed into a Wildernesse*, 1634.

⁵⁸ *Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!*

Viden' tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur eolor,
Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide!

⁵⁹ *Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!*

“Thus stands she in a trembling eestasy,” Venus and Adonis. There is an allusion to trembling, as a sign of being possessed with a devil, in the *Tempest*.

⁶⁰ *I charge thee, Satan.*

Then came the bishop Cramadas,
And kneled before the Sowdon,
And charged him, by the hyc name Sathanas,
To saven his goddes ychon.

The Romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, Middlehill MS.

⁶¹ *You minion, you, are these your customers?*

Customers, friends or companions, persons who visit you. This word is sometimes, but not always, used in a bad sense. “*Consuetudo*, custome, usage, company or familiar conversation,” Cooperi Thesaurus, ed. 1584. “*Aventore*, a customer or a frequenter to a place,” Florio’s Worlde of Wordes, 1598, ap. Dyce. “Aristippus was a customer of one Lais, a notable misliving woman,” Udal’s Erasmus, ap. Singer. The term, in the last instance, appears to be used in the sense of a man visiting a woman with bad intentions, and Antipholus, in the text, speaks of “the *guilty doors*.”

⁶² *Did this companion with the saffron face.*

Companion is here, and in some other places, used in contempt. It is, as Steevens observes, equivalent in force to a similar modern application of the word *fellow*.

⁶³ *Din’d at home!*

Thus the ancient copy. Theobald and subsequent editors read—*I din’d*, &c. which might be admitted, were we sure that a verse was intended. But Shakespeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short speeches in prose, in the midst of verse. I have therefore adhered to the old copy.—*Malone*.

⁶⁴ *The kitchen-vestal scorn’d you.*

Dr. Johnson explains the compound kitchen-vestal, her charge being, like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning.

⁶⁵ *O most unhappy strumpet!*

Unhappy is here, and in some other cases, used in the sense of, mischievous.

⁶⁶ *Exeunt Officer, Adriana, and Luciana.*

“Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened,” ed. 1623. At the end of the previous line there is the direction, “runne all out,” in the same edition.

⁶⁷ *You saw, they speak us fair, give us gold.*

They speak us fair, give us gold, as you yourself *saw*, or have seen. An ingenious correspondent, Colonel Roberts, proposes to read—either you *see*, or else *spake* and *gave*; but I think the text is as the author wrote it. He did not, I conceive, mean that either of the Dromios should be very correct in language.—*Malone*.

⁶⁸ *But for the mountain of mad flesh.*

Shakespeare is fond of this image. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff thinks that, if he had been drowned, he would have swelled so large he would have been “a mountain of mummy.” So, again, in Henry IV.,—“these lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain.”

⁶⁹ *Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.*

Stuff is the genuine old English word for all moveables. ‘Baggage,’ says Baret, ‘is borrowed of the French, and signifyeth all such *stuffe* as may hinder or trouble us in warre or traveling, being not worth carriage, *impedimenta*.’—*Singer*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE—*A public place in Ephesus.*

Enter MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.¹

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain,² which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee;
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTEZAN, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad.—
Some get within him,³ take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.⁴
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and DROMIO S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the LADY ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our confrence:⁵

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanced it ;
Still did I tell him, it was vild and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :⁶
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou sayest, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull Melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair,
And, at her heels,⁷ a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures,⁸ and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:⁹
It is a branch, and pareel of mine oath,¹⁰
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit* ABBESS.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforee my husband from the abbess.¹¹

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melaneholy vale,¹²—
The plaec of depth,¹³ and sorry exeeution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what eause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syraeusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the
Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proelaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most saered duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your graee, Antipholus, my husband,—
Who I made lord of me and all I had,¹⁴

At your important letters,¹⁵—this ill day
 A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
 That desp'rately he hurried through the street,—
 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;
 Whilst to take order¹⁶ for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,¹⁷
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,¹⁸
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them: then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most graecious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose,¹⁹
 Beaten the maids a-row,²⁰ and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;²¹
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:²²
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:²³
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serr. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:²⁴ [Cry within.
Hark, hark, I hear him; Mistress, fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason!

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant me justice!²⁵
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars,²⁶ and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,²⁷
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio. [Aside.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots²⁸ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,²⁹
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman loek'd me out this day from dinner :
 That goldsmith there, were he not paek'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 'That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats: He with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vild confederates; along with them
 They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,³⁰
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man:³¹ this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,³²
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home³³
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction,
 For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with him,
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miraele.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false you burden me withal!³⁴

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!³⁵
 I think, you all have drunk of Circe's eup.³⁶
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither.
 I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [Exit ATTENDANT.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
 Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my eords:
 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath ehang'd me, since you saw me last;
 And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,³⁷
 Have written strange defeatures in my face:³⁸
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not;³⁹ and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so craek'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd eares?⁴⁰
Though now this grained faee of mine⁴¹ be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,⁴²
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses⁴³ (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syraeusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syraeusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, and
DROMIO of Syraeuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who decipherers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 And gain a husband by his liberty:
 Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
 That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
 O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
 And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:⁴⁴
 If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
 That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
 But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
 By force took Dromio and my son from them,
 And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
 What then became of them, I cannot tell;
 I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.⁴⁵
 These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,⁴⁶ —
 These are the parents to these children,
 Which accidentally are met together.
 Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say 'nay' to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
 Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
 I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
 If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouehsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discours'd all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error,
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail⁴⁷
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.⁴⁸—
The duke, my husband, and my echildren both,
And you, the ealendars of their nativity,⁴⁹
Go to a gossips' feast,⁵⁰ and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!⁵¹

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, COURTEZAN,
MERCHANT, ANGELO, and ATTENDANTS.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embraee thy brother there, rejoice with him.⁵²

[*Exeunt all but the two* DROMIOS.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchin'd me for you to-day at dinner;⁵³
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts⁵⁴ for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *His word might bear my wealth at any time.*

That is, his word is sufficient in my estimation to warrant me in trusting him to the entire extent of my possessions.

² *So to deny this chain.*

This is one of the numerous instances of the redundant particle *to*, an example of which has previously occurred in the present volume, p. 77, "or else *to* let him suffer," and others are quoted in vol. i, pp. 274, 444. "Lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have," All's Well that ends Well.

³ *Some get within him.*

That is, close with him, grapple with him.—*Steevens.*

⁴ *For God's sake, take a house.*

That is, to take refuge in a house; perhaps the speaker is implying a religious house. See the next line. There appears to be a slight discrepancy in the superior of the priory being entitled an abbess, but an abbey seems often to have been considered synonymous with a priory. Hakluyt, iii. 545, speaks of "the priory or abbey."

⁵ *It was the copy of our conference.*

Copy, that is, pattern, example, theme. "The first copie, example, or patterne," Baret's *Alvcarie*, 1580. Copy is used for pattern in *Twelfth Night*; and by Ben Jonson, and some others, in the Latinized sense of abundance, copiousness, chief part, in which latter sense it may possibly be used here. "By *copy*, I suppose, we are to understand here the old word *copie* (*a copia*), *i. e.*, the fullness of our conference, all the subject of our talk. As in *Hall's Chronicle*, in Henry V. f. 8, b.—If you vanquish the Numidians, you shall have *copie* of beasts, *i. e.*, plenty of them," Theobald's *Letters*.

Dr. Verplanck has a curious, and probably a fanciful, theory (hinted at by Mr. Singer) that the word was distinguished from *copy*, in its modern sense, by its being spelled *copie*, when meaning plenty. "Almost the *copie* of my child that's dead," *Much Ado about Nothing*, ed. 1600; "Almost the *copie* of my childe that's dead," ed. 1623; "Almost the *copy* of my child that's dead," ed. 1685.

I am persuaded that *copy* in the present instance neither means *theme* nor *pattern*, but *copie*, *plenty*, *copious source*, an old Latinism, many times used by Ben Jonson. So Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, 1589, book i, ch. 14:—

“Cicero,” said Roscius, “contended with him by varietie of lively gestures to surmount the *copy* (*i. e.* copiousness) of his speech.” So Cooper, in his Dictionary:—“*Copiose et abundanter loqui*, to use his words with great *copie* and abundance of eloquence.” The word is spelt *copie* in the folio; and in King Henry V., where it means *pattern, example*, it is spelt *copy*. But the sense of the passage here will show that my interpretation is right. Gifford is correct in saying that the word was not introduced by Jonson; it is to be found in Hormanni *Vulgaria*, printed in 1519. The latest vocabulary in which I find it is Bullokar’s *Expositor*, 1616, of which there are later editions. It is not in Philips’s Dictionary. “Luckily,” says Mr. Gifford, “its uncouthness has long since banished it from the language which it only served to stiffen and deform.”—*Singer*.

⁶ *It seems, his sleeps were hinder’d by thy railing.*

Sleeps, that is, slumbers. The term is similarly used in *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

⁷ *And, at her heels.*

Her refers to Melancholy, the word *kinsman* being merely used generically for one who is akin or related to something else, not necessarily a male; in the same way that *homo* was applied to a woman as well as to a man. Heath proposes to read,—

Sweet recreation barr’d, what doth ensue,
But moodie (moping) and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair?
And at their heels a huge infectious troop.

The second folio reads, “*muddy* and dull melancholly,” the words *moody* and *muddy* having formerly been often pronounced alike. “The merchant exposeth thee, as the wind of his moody (or muddy) fancie hurries him,” Preface to Sheppard’s *Epigrams*, 1651.

⁸ *A huge infectious troop of pale distemperatures.*

—— macies et nova februm

Terris incubuit cohors.—*Horat.*

⁹ *To make of him a formal man again.*

Formal, in his right senses and character. “Like a fury crown’d with snakes, not like a formal man,” Anthony and Cleopatra.

¹⁰ *It is a branch, and parcel of mine oath.*

Alexander was neither the sonne of God, nor yet certaine lord of any part or *parcel* of the earth, but was as mortall as himself.—*Fennes Frutes*, 1590.

¹¹ *And take perforce my husband from the abbess.*

The second folio here has the stage-directions, *Exeunt*, and, “Enter Merchant and Goldsmith;” and after the fourth following speech, “Enter Adriana and Lucio,” the last word being of course an error for Luciana. The same directions are repeated in the third and fourth folios.

¹² *Comes this way to the melancholy vale.*

In the first folio, neither of the words *melancholy*, nor *vale*, are printed with capitals. In the second, they are printed, “the Melancholly vale,” repeated exactly eds. 1663 and 1685, the word *vale* not being printed with a capital letter in any early edition. These minutiae are worth notice, it being stated by Mr. Hunter, whose references to the early editions seem generally to have been made somewhat hastily, that the folios read,—the Melancholy Vale, which would be accepted as

the name of the valley, in the same manner as there is Evil Town introduced into the travels of Maundevile.

¹³ *The place of depth, and sorry execution.*

Although the reading of ed. 1663, "the place of death," conveys a more obvious meaning, yet having regard to the probability that the author intended to convey the idea of an intensity of *depth* to "the melancholy vale," which would add to its gloom, and also to the somewhat objectionable pleonasm of *death* and *execution*, I am inclined to follow Mr. Hunter in adhering to the original text. Mr. Hunter suggests an allusion to the Barathrum, which would be irreconcilable with the mode in which the merchant was to be executed,—"*beheaded* publicly for his offence." *Sorry*, sorrowful, creating sorrow. Hell is called a "sory place" in Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, 7283, and a like phrase is applied to the Temple of Mars in the same work.

It was done as the kinge commaunde ;
His soule was fet to helle,
To daunse, in that sory lande,
With develes that wer ful felle.

The Romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyn, Middlehill MS.

¹⁴ *Who I made lord of me and all I had.*

So the original, in consonance with the grammatical usages of the time. Modern editors unnecessarily alter *who* to *whom*, following ed. 1632.

But you're enchanted, sir, you're doubly free
From the great guns, and squibbing poetry:
Who neither bilbo, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of verses.

Cleveland's Poems, 12mo. Lond. 1651.

¹⁵ *At your important letters.*

So the first folio, the eds. 1632 and 1663 wrongly reading, "impotent letters," the Dent MS. correcting the latter to, "import'nate letters." The fourth folio has, "impotent letter." *Important* occurs in several other places in the sense of, importunate, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, &c. The allusion in the text is an anachronism, evidently being to the custom of royal letters "being sometimes addressed to ladies with great fortunes in behalf of certain persons who had the means of obtaining them," Hunter, i. 226. Henry VIII., in a letter to a Mrs. Coward, thus urges the claims of his "trusty and well-beloved servant, William Symonds, one of the sewers of our chamber," after some preliminary compliments to the lady,—“we, considering our said servant's commendable requests, his honest conversation and other manifold virtues, with also the true and faithful service heretofore many sundry ways done unto us, as well in our wars as otherwise, and that he daily doth about our person for our singular contentation and pleasure, for the which we assure you we do tender his provision accordingly well, and desire you, at the contemplation of these our letters, to be of like benevolent mind toward our said servant, in such wise that matrimony, to God's pleasure, may shortly be solemnized between you both.”

Wydowes dooth curse lordes and gentyll men,
For they constryayne them to mary with theyr men,
Ye, wheder they wyll or no.—*Hjcke Scornor*.

In the passage before us, Shakespeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the king had in England in the marriage of his wards, who were the heirs of his tenants holding by knight's service, or *in capite*, and were under age; an

interest which Queen Elizabeth in Shakespeare's time exerted on all occasions, as did her successors till the abolition of the Court of Wards and Livories; the poet attributes to the Duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus.—*Malone*.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, ed. 1623, p. 136,—“among other importunate and most serious designes,” the quarto of 1598 reads,—“among other *importunt* and most serious designes,” *importunt* being apparently an error of the press for *important*.

¹⁶ *Whilst to take order.*

That is, to take measures. Compare *Othello*, act v. She went to take measures to repair the wrongs the which she supposed her husband had committed in madness.—*Anon*.

¹⁷ *Anon, I wot not by what strong escape.*

A strong escape, observes Steevens, means an escape effected by strength or violence. *Malone* once proposed to read, *strange escape*.

¹⁸ *And, with his mad attendant and himself.*

Capell proposes to read,—“And *here* his mad attendant and himself.” Warburton suggests the correct reading is, “*mad* himself.” The old text is certainly right.

Here we have another attempt to re-write our author's plays; but these efforts at emendation are wholly unnecessary. Though our poet has expressed himself loosely, he plainly meant to say, that Antipholus broke loose: and his mad servant and himself, being full of ire and furnished with drawn swords, they met Adriana, &c. The text, I have no doubt, is what the author intended it to be.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *My master and his man are both broke loose.*

The construction changes in the next sentence, a license which is of continual occurrence in writers of this period.

²⁰ *Beaten the maids a-row.*

A-row, that is, in a row, successively, one after another. “For thre nyȝtes a-rowe he seyȝe that same syȝt,” *Chron. Vilodun.* p. 68. “Ther that mani stode a-rowe,” *Legend of Pope Gregory*, p. 31. “The frounca comyth when a man fedith his hauk with porke, cat, other kydde, iij. melys arewe,” *MS. Harl.* 2340. “A thousand tyme a-row he gan hire kisse,” *Chaucer, Cant. T.*, 6836, some MSS. reading *on rowe*. “I shall tell thee arowe all that I sawe, *ordine tibi visa omnia exponam*,” *Hormanni Vulgaria*. “I shall tell the all the story a-rewe, *perpetuo tenore rem explicabo*,” *ibid.* “And drawes with wine the Trojan tentes arowe,” *Turberville's Ovid*, ap. Steevens.

²¹ *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire.*

Sir Chorineus a flamyng brond from of the aultar caught,
And to Ebusus cumming fast, whilst he prepaard to fight,
Into his face the bronde he forst; his huge beard brent alight.

Twyne's translation of Virgil's Æneid, 1573, lib. xii.

His father Dionysius was so fearefull and mistrustfull of everie bodie, that he woulde suffer no man with a paire of barber's sissers to polle the heares of his head, but caused an image-maker of earth to come unto him, and with a hotte burning cole to burne his goodly bush of heare rounde about.—*Plutarch's Lives*, ed. North, 1579, p. 1033.

²² *To quench the hair.*

That is, to cool the hair, to quench the fire in the hair. "In drinke minister daily, in stead of common water, the water wherein yron hath often bene *quenched*," Barrough's Method of Physick, 1624.

²³ *His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.*

Malone quotes the following passage from the Choice of Change, 1598,— "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies, 1. They are shaven and notched on the head, *like fooles*." The following extract, from the romance of Ipomydon, may explain this passage still further,—

Righte unsemely, on queynte manere,
He hym dight, as ye shall here.
A barbor he callyd, withouten more,
And shove (*shaved*) hym both byhynd and before,
Queyntly endentyd oute and in;
And also he shove halfe his chynne:
He semyd a fole, that queynte syre,
Both *by hede* and by atyre.

"*Zuccone*, a *shaven* pate, a *notted* poule, a *pouled* pate, a gull, a *ninnie*, a joulthead," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. In Kyng Roberd of Cysylle, MS. Harl. 1701, the angel-king,—

— clepyd a barbur hym before,
That as a fole shulde he be shore
Alle arounde lyke a frere,
An hondbrede above the ere;
And on hys crowne makyn a croys.

²⁴ *To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.*

Warburton thinks *scorch* an error for *scotch*, and his suggestion is supported by Mr. Dyce, the same misprint occurring in Macbeth, cd. 1623, p. 140; but as Antiphilus is only just before described as being furnished with a fire-brand, the threat may be literally intended. The word *scorch* does not necessarily imply the burning of hair, but simply, in this case, to burn the skin. Compare Revelations, xvi. 8. *Scotch* supplies perhaps a better meaning, but it is clearly impossible, on any safe rule of criticism, to alter the original text, when there is nothing in it repugnant to sense. It may be mentioned, however, that the term *scotch* is applied to the disfigurement of the face in Bulwer's Artificiall Changeling, 1653, p. 253.

²⁵ *Justice, most gracious duke! O, grant me justice!*

There is some similarity between this speech, and the first one which is spoken by Isabella in the fifth act of Measure for Measure.

²⁶ *When I bestrid thee in the wars.*

Saved you by placing myself before you, and receiving the wounds that would otherwise have been inflicted on you. So in 1 Henry IV.—"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so: it is an act of friendship."

²⁷ *Unless the fear of death doth make me dote.*

The prefix to this speech in the first folio is *Mar. Fat.*, meaning perhaps Merchant Father. Ægeon is afterwards placed as *Fath.*, and *Fa.*

²⁸ *While she with harlots feasted in my house.*

The term *harlot* was originally applied to a low depraved class of society, the

ribalds, and having no relation to sex. In Shakespeare's time, the term was frequently one of mere contempt, applied either to men or women.

He was unhardy that harlot,
And hidde hym in *Inferno*.—*Piers Ploughman*, ed. Wright, p. 354.

Chaucer translates *roy des ribaulx*, by *king of harlots*, and in his description of the Sompnour, he characterises him as "a gentil harlot and a kind," as one who would lend his fair partner for a twelvemonth for a quart of wine. In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery, the young man who is detected with her is called a harlot.

Salle never harlott have happe, thorow helpe of my lorde,
To kylle a crownde kyng with krysme enoyntede.
The Romance of Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, fol. 79.

Nay, harlott, abyde styлле with my knyghts I warne the,
Tyll the children be slayn all the hool rought.
The Digby Mysteries, Candlemas Day, p. 12.

In Ben Jonson's *Fox*, Corbaccio calls Volpone a harlot, Works, ed. Gifford, iii. 312. "The harlot king," *Winter's Tale*. In the *Chester Plays*, ed. Wright, ii. 167, Antichrist, who is not very choice in his language, addressing Enoch and Heli, says,—

Out on you, harlottes! whence come ye?
Where have you any other godes but me?

²⁹ *Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire.*

Well, Philautus, to set downe precepts against thy love will nothing prevaile: to perswade thee to goe forward, were very perillous: for I know, in the one, love will regard no lawes, and in the other, perswasions can purchase no liberty. Thou art too *heady* to enter in where no heed can helpe one out.—*Lilly's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

³⁰ *A mere anatomy, a mountebank.*

Anatomy, that is, a skeleton. In *How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad*, 1602, a schoolmaster is similarly described as, "that rat, that shrimp, that spindle-shank, that wren, that sheep-biter, that lean chitty-face, that famine, that lean envy, that all-bones, that bare anatomy, that Jack-a-lent, that ghost, that shadow, that moon in the wane," repr. "No lecture at Surgeons Hall upon an anatomie may compare with them in longitude," Nash's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596. "That stole downe his father's anotomy (*sic*) from the gallows," Hoffman, 1631. "Rack't carcasses make ill anatomies," Donne's *Poems*, p. 28.

³¹ *A living dead man.*

This thought, according to Steevens, appears to have been borrowed from Sackvil's *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates*:

—— but as a *lyring death*,
So *ded alive* of life hee drew the breath.

Satan is a killing master; his wages is hell fire. But all in grace is living and enlivening. Idols are dead, and never were alive: men are alive, but shall bee dead: pleasures are neyther alive nor dead: devils are both alive and dead; for they shall live a dying life, and dye a living death. Onely the living God gives everlasting life.—*Adams' Happines of the Church*, 1619.

³² *Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer.*

“The difference betweene conjuration and witchcraft is that the conjurer seemeth by praier and invocation of God’s powerfull names, to compell the devill to say or doe what he commandeth him; the witch dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement betweene him or her, and the devill or familiar, to have his or her turne served in lieu or stead of bloud, or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule; so that a conjurer compacts for curiositie to know secrets, and worke marvels, and the witch of meere malice to doe mischief: and both these differ from inchaunters or sorcerers, because the former two have personall conference with the devill, and the other meddles but with medicines and cceremoniall formes of words called charmes, without apparition,” Minsheu. Pinch had attempted to expel Satan by his “holy prayers.”

³³ *And in a dark and dankish vault at home.*

“Dankyshe or moyst,” Huloet’s *Abcedarium*, 1552. Another instance of *dankish* occurs in the *French Alphabet*, ed. 1615, p. 154.

³⁴ *And this is false, you burden me withal.*

Mr. Dyce, referring to the last speech of Adriana, proposes to place a full stop after the word *chain* in the previous line, and then read,—“So help me heaven, as this is false you burden me withal!” On the whole, however, as the speaker is evidently and naturally desirous to disclaim possession of the chain in the strongest terms, I adhere to the old reading, which is also supported by a previous speech,—

Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

³⁵ *Why, what an intricate impeach is this!*

And, scaping cleane without *impeach* or stay,
Now stand before the Persian king this day.

The Warres of Cyrus, King of Persia, 4to. Lond. 1594.

³⁶ *I think, you all have drunk of Circe’s cup.*

Mr. Dyce, referring to the *Æneid*, vii. 15, observes that Virgil evidently meant us to understand that those whom Circe had transformed, were deprived of reason. “Resembling those Grecians, that, with Ulysses, drinking of Circes drugges, lost both forme and memorie,” Grene’s *Never too Late*, 1611, ap. Dyce.

³⁷ *And careful hours, with Time’s deformed hand.*

That is, hours full of care. “Thou art *careful* and troubled about many things,” Luke, x. 41. *Deformed* for *deforming*, the passive participle used for the active.

³⁸ *Have written strange defeatures in my face.*

The word *defeature* is generally synonymous with *defeat*, in the numerous instances of the term in contemporary writers; but in the three passages in which it occurs in Shakespeare, twice in the present play, and once in *Venus and Adonis*, it is formed from a rather peculiar use of the verb *defeat*, to undo or alter, an instance of which will be found in *Othello*. “*Disfaire*, to undoe, to spoile, to waste, to marre, to unmake, to defeate,” Florio’s *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. “*Un visage desfaict*, growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour,” Cotgrave. Gifford, in his edition of Massinger, ii. 73, ridicules the commentators for not being aware that *defeat* and *defeature* were used indiscriminately by our old writers. Hasty censure on Shaksperian critics not unfrequently recoils upon the reputation of the complainant, even where the reproach comes

from a writer of a merit so high as was that of Gifford. The commentators were no doubt perfectly well aware of the ordinary meaning of the word, at the same time that they had sufficient critical sagacity to perceive that it could not, in the text, be made to bear its usual signification, and thinking probably that circumstance was too obvious to require a special notice. It may perhaps be as well to add instances of the common use of the term in contemporary writers.

In this so heave and unlooked for mischance, a very great number of souldiors, and tenne tribuncs besides, were missing: upon which *defeatore*, the Alemans taking more heart to them, and very stoutly every day approching neere unto the Romanes fortifications, whiles the morning mists dimmed the light, ran up and downe braving with their drawne swords, grating their teeth, and letting flye big and prowde menaces.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland, 1609.*

Fame, who hath as many tongues as there are mouthes in the world, hearing of the honourable *defeatore* given by those worthy champions to their ignoble but insulting enemies.—*Dekker's Strange Horse Race, 1613.*

³⁹ *Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not.*

This is generally but erroneously printed with a note of interrogation after *sir*. The old copy has, "*I sir*," and as *ay* is generally printed *I*, it is usually in an editor's discretion to adopt which he pleases. We may perhaps read,—"*I, sir? but I am sure I do not*," as suggested in Ritson's Remarks, 1783, p. 29. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, in the latter part of the speech, Dromio is quibbling on the word *bound*.

⁴⁰ *Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?*

That is, the key or sound of my voice, which is untuned, or put out of tune, by my cares and anxieties.

⁴¹ *Though now this grained face of mine.*

Grained, says Steevens, is furrowed, like the grain of wood. Compare a traditional tale relating to Shakespeare, printed in vol. i. p. 198.—

Thou son of fire, *with thy face like a maple,*
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple.

⁴² *In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow.*

"Drizly snow," extract in an old MS. commonplace-book. Heath suggests, *grizzled*, but the original text conveys a better meaning. "*Gresillé, drizled on, covered or hoare with reeme*," Cotgrave. The comparison of grey hairs to snow is a favorite simile with Elizabethan poets; e. g., Daniel thus concludes a beautiful sonnet in his *Delia*, ed. 1592, p. 37,—

Thou maist repent that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes uppon thy golden heares.

The image first occurs in the Revelations, i. 14.

⁴³ *All these old witnesses, I cannot err.*

In the two last lines there is no need of alteration; the old man says—"all these old witnesses (above mentioned—*I cannot err* or be mistaken in them) tell me thou art, &c.—'I cannot err' should be read as in a parenthesis, and the sense is clear. Some would read—*which* or *that* cannot err, to avoid, as they call it, so uncouth a parenthesis, but an attentive reader will perceive great beauty in the words so understood.—*Dr. Dodd.*

This line should be read:—"All these *hold* witnesses I cannot err," all these

continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c.—*Warburton*. The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words, *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses*, I believe, he means *experienced, accustomed ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in the *Tempest*:—“If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head,” &c. Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, “But if my frosty signs and chaps of age, *grave witnesses* of true experience,” &c.—*Steevens*. *Ægeon* calls them *old witnesses*, because they were of the same age with himself, and he had from his youth been accustomed to give credit to them, and had hitherto seldom found they had deceived him, especially when they all concurred in the same testimony.—*Heath*.

⁴⁴ *If I dream not, thou art Emilia.*

Thomas Hull wrote an alteration of this play, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1779, and printed in 1793. In a MS. of his in my possession, he says,—“I have always thought that some part of the original play has been lost: neither *Ægeon* nor *Æmilia* express the smallest surprise or joy at such an unexpected meeting, after a separation of twenty-five years. My opinion has been sufficiently proved by the alteration I presumed to make of this comedy, from which I claim no merit, but that of having reproduced a neglected piece of our great bard, after it had lain hid for a number of years, to frequent exhibition and universal approbation.” Hull forgets the presumption of by-play so necessary in almost every one of Shakespeare’s dramas.

⁴⁵ *Why, here begins his morning story right.*

The first six lines of this speech are, in the old copy, placed just before *Ægeon*’s last speech. The transposition, which is essential to the sense, was made by Capell, the “morning story” of course alluding to the narrative of *Ægeon* in the first act.

⁴⁶ *Besides her urging of her wreck at sea.*

Blackstone says, “*Æmilia* may be supposed, at her first coming to Ephesus, to have urged her wreck at sea, in order to move compassion: the Duke (comparing this, *Ægeon*’s morning story and the likeness of the twins together) pronounces, these plainly are the parents of these children, which how she has proved herself to be, unless by some former story, is difficult to say.” Mr. Collier appears to adopt this explanation; but surely the Duke merely means to say, “Besides her mentioning or introducing her wreck at sea,” which is an additional proof of the correctness of his conjecture. Mason says the abbess does not hint at her shipwreck; but, what amounts to the same thing, she confesses to have been saved on the raft. Malone thinks a line following the present one, to the effect of,—“These circumstances all concur to prove”—has been omitted: but the Duke, in his amazement, may well be presumed to speak somewhat disjointedly. Hanmer wildly reads,—“both sides emerging from their wreck at sea.”

⁴⁷ *Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail.*

In former editions: *thirty-three* years. ’Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. *Ægeon*, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:—“My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, at eighteen years became inquisitive after his brother;” &c. And how long it was from the son’s thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where *Ægeon*, mistakenly, recognises the twin-brother for him,

we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act:—"But *seven* years since, in Syracuse bay, thou know'st we parted;—" so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute.—*Theobald*.

Capell reads *twenty-three*. "Been gone," ed. 1632. The original text is correct, *but*, in this line, having the force of, but only, but merely.

⁴³ *My heavy burden ne'er delivered.*

"My heanic burthen are delinered," ed. 1623; "my heavy burthens are delivered," ed. 1632. The excellent emendation in the text was first suggested by Mr. Singer. Theobald reads,—"*nor*, 'till this present hour, my heavy *burthens* are delivered;" Malone,—"*until* this present hour, my heavy burden *not* delivered;" Capell,—"*and*, 'till this present hour, my heavy burthien *not* delivered;" the Perkins manuscript,—"*and*, *at* this present hour, my heavy burdens are delivered." Mr. Collier suggests, *un-delivered*, and Mr. Singer prints,—"*here* delivered." An anonymous critic suggests,—"*has* delivered."

⁴⁹ *And you, the calendars of their nativity.*

The Abbess here addresses herself to the two Dromios, whom she denominates the calendar of the nativity of her sons, because she ascertained, with as much precision as a calendar, the time when her sons were born, the twin Dromios having been born on the same day with their masters. So Antipholus of Syracuse, on Dromio of Ephesus coming to him, whom he mistakes for his own servant, says:—"Here comes the *almanack* of my true date."—*Malone*.

⁵⁰ *Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me.*

Warburton proposes to read, *gaude with*, and Heath, *joy with*, the former critic deriving his emendation from Fr. *gaudir*. No alteration is really necessary, these kinds of repetitions being quite in Shakespeare's manner, and of constant occurrence in poems of the sixteenth century.

Some times a chaunce doth chaunce
By chaunce to please the minde:
Some times againc a chaunce doth chaunce
That no such chaunce we finde.

Yates' Hould of Humilitie, 4to. Lond. 1582.

"*Caquetoire*, a place wherein women meet and prattle together, as a myll, an oven, a gossips feast," Cotgrave. The gossips' feast mentioned in the text would be the baptismal feast, the sponsors having been formerly termed gossips; God-sibb, A. S. "*Godsib*, now pronounced *gossip*: our Christian ancestors understanding a spirituall affinity to grow betweene the parents, and such as undertooke for the childe at baptisme, called each other by the name of *Godsib*, which is as much to say as that they were sib together, that is, of kin together through God; and the child in like manner called such his God-fathers or God-mothers," Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, ed. 1628, p. 223. In Shakespeare's time, both the godfather and godmother were termed gossips, but, at a later period, the appellation was genercally limited to the latter.

⁵¹ *After so long grief, such nativity!*

Johnson proposes to read, "*such festivity*," but the next speech clearly shows that the original text is correct. Her sons had only then been born *to her*. Hanmer reads, *felicity*.

⁵² *Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.*

The old stage-direction is literally thus,—"*Exeunt omnes. Manet* the two Dromio's and two Brothers." The error of *manet* is repeated in the second and

fourth folios, the third folio reading *maunet*, making an additional blunder. The modern arrangement of the scene being closed by the two Dromios alone, is unquestionably to be preferred.

⁵³ *That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner.*

An allusion to the would-be wife whom Dromio found in the kitchen.

⁵⁴ *We'll draw cuts for the senior.*

Cuts, lots. Cuts were generally drawn in the following manner. Slips of unequal length were held in the hand of one of the party, with the ends peeping out, and he who drew the longest one was the winner. Sometimes the shortest slip decided the event, as in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, ed. Urry, p. 7; and in *Walton's Angler*, ed. 1676, p. 89. The custom of drawing cuts is frequently mentioned, e.g., in *Palsgrave*, 1530, "I drawe lottes, or drawe cuttes;" *Marston's Malcontent*; *Sydney's Arcadia*; *Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663; *Marriage Night*, 1664, p. 14; *The Libertine*, 1676, p. 54; *Familiares Colloquendi Formulæ*, 1678, p. 118,—“let us draw cuts, *sortiamur partes*;" *Howard's Committee*, p. 28; *Ramsay's Poems*, ed. 1721, p. 81.

And ther they were at a long stryf which of them shulde go; and so at last they acorded and sware, and made promyse before all the company, that they shulde *drawe cuttes*, and he that shulde have the *longest strawe* shulde go forthe, and the other abyde.—*Lord Berners, Froissart's Cronycle*.

At length, in regard that their going out was taken notice of by other gentlemen, and if no bloud were drawn, it might redound to both their disparagements, they agreed betwixt themselves to give one another some slight hurt or scratch in such a place where they could best endure it, and so drew cuts who should give the first wound.—*A Banquet of Jestes new and old*, 1657.

“Shakespear, on the other hand, was beholding to no body farther than the foundation of the tale; the incidents were often his own, and the writing intirely so. There is one play of his, indeed, the *Comedy of Errors*, in a great measure taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. How that happen'd, I cannot easily divine, since, as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been master of Latin enough to read it in the original, and I know of no translation of *Plautus* so old as his time,” *Rowe's Life of Shakespeare*, 1709. Compare also the preface to *Langbaine's Momus Triumphans*, 4to. 1688, and that work, p. 21, a note to the *Comedy of Errors* being,—“the ground from *Plautus's Ampitruo* and *Mænectrini*.” The same writer, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 8vo. 1691, p. 455, says that *Shakespeare's comedy*, “is founded on *Plautus his Mænechmi*, and if it be not a just translation, 'tis at least a paraphrase, and I think far beyond the translation, call'd *Menechmus*, which was printed 4to. Lond. 1595.”

Bentley, one of the publishers of the comedy of the *Mistaken Husband*, 4to. Lond. 1675, an anonymous production to which *Dryden* contributed a scene, thus alludes to the *Comedy of Errors* in his address to the reader:—“the resemblance of one man to another has not only been the foundation of this, but of many other plays. *Plautus his Amphitruon* was the original of all, and *Shakespear* and *Moliere* have copied him with success. Nevertheless, if this play in it self should be a trifle, which you have no reason to suspect, because that incomparable person would not from his ingenious labours lose so much time as to write a whole scene in it, which in it self sufficiently makes you amends, for poetry being like painting, where, if a great master have but touch'd upon an ordinary piece, he makes it of value to all understanding men; as I doubt not but this will be by his additions.”

An alteration of the *Comedy of Errors*, by *Thomas Hull*, was acted at *Covent*

Garden in 1779, published in Svo. 1793. Another adaptation, by W. Woods, under the title of the Twins, or Which is Which, was performed at Edinburgh, and printed there in Svo. 1780, and again in a collection of farces, 12mo. 1783, &c. William Shirley, a dramatist of the last century, compiled another alteration, under the title of *All Mistaken*, a comedy which was neither printed nor acted. The first named piece was revised by J. P. Kemble. A farce entitled, Every Body Mistaken, by William Taverner and Dr. Brown, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1716, is believed to have been merely an alteration of the present comedy; but it was never printed. It is scarcely necessary to say that the above, like all other attempts to improve the works of Shakespeare, are not of the slightest critical or literary value.

Collations of the Comedy of Errors with the text of the play in the first folio edition of 1623.—P. 85, col. 1, Proceed, Solinus, *Salinus*, ed. 1632; and by the doom, *thy doom*, ed. 1685, and Rowe, 1709; excludes all pity, ed. 1623; to admit, *t' admit*, ed. 1632; marts and fairs, *or fairs*, MS. Dent; and to ransom him, *to* omitted in ed. 1632; a hundred marks, *mark*, ed. 1685; to speak my griefs, *my grief*, ed. 1632; in Syracuse was I born, *Syracuse*, ed. 1685; and by me, *and by me too*, ed. 1632; and he, *and lo*, M. Mason, *and the*, eds. 18th century; great care, *great store*, ed. 1632; left, *leaving*, ed. 1632. P. 85, col. 2, that women bear, sic in ed. 1623 in my copies, but one copy is said to read *bears*; a mean woman, *poor mean*, ed. 1632; a doubtful, *a dreadful*, Theobald; yet the incessant weepings, *weeping*, ed. 1632; had fast'ned, *fastened*, ed. 1632; was carried, sic in ed. 1623; the seas waxt, *seas wax*, eds. 1632, 1663, *seas was*, ed. 1685, *sea was*, Rowe, 1709. P. 86, col. 1, violently borne up, *borne up upon*, ed. 1632; gave healthful welcome, *helpful welcome*, ed. 1632; had not their back, sic in ed. 1623, corrected to *bark* in ed. 1632; that by misfortunes, *thus by misfortunes*, MS. Dent and Heath; and for the sake, *sakes*, ed. 1632; to dilate at full, *the full*, Rowe, 1709; what have befall'n of them, *of* omitted in ed. 1685; and they till now, *and thee*, ed. 1632; so his case was like, *for his*, ed. 1632; in farthest Greece, *Greene*, ed. 1663; to bear the extremity, *th' extremity*, ed. 1663; his liveless end, sic in ed. 1623; too soon be, *be too soon*, ed. 1685. P. 86, col. 2, Syracusan marehant, *Syracusan merchant*, ed. 1632; for a rival here, *for arrival here*, ed. 1632; the weary sun set, *sun sets*, ed. 1685; till I come, *tell I*, ed. 1632; within this hour, &c., this and the next line are transposed in ed. 1632; having so good a mean, *a means*, ed. 1632; go to my inn, *the inn*, ed. 1632; I will go lose my self, *lose my life*, ed. 1632, corrected to *my self* again in MSS. Dent and Wheler; to mine own content, *my own*, ed. 1632; in quest of them, *of him*, ed. 1632; unhappy a, *a* omitted in ed. 1632; a Wensday last, *Wednesday*, ed. 1685. P. 87, col. 1, should be your cook, *you cook*, ed. 1632, *your clock*, MS. Dent; stays for you, sic in ed. 1623; for God sake hold, sic in ed. 1623; exeunt Dromio, *exit Dromio*, ed. 1632; ore-wrought, sic in ed. 1623; liberties of sin, *liveries of sin*, M. Mason; to go seek this slave, *go* omitted in ed. 1685; Actus Secundus, *Actus Secunda*, ed. 1632; perhaps some merchant, *merchants*, ed. 1632; he takes it thus, *it ill*, ed. 1632. P. 87, col. 2, are their males subjects, sic in ed. 1623, altered by some to *subject*; wild wat'ry seas, *wide wat'ry seas*, ed. 1632; sense and souls, *sonl*, ed. 1632; fish and fowls, *fowl*, ed. 1632; at too hands, *at two hands*, ed. 1632; a hundred marks, *a 1000. marks*, ed. 1632; I know not thy mistress, *thy mistress not*, Seymour; out on thy mistress, *on my*, ed. 1632; *I know no mistress, out upon thy mistress*, Steevens; so that my arrant, *my errand*, ed. 1685; upon my shoulders, *thy shoulders*, ed. 1632; in conclusion, the last letter misprinted *e* in ed. 1632. P. 88, col. 1, you must case me in leather, *Exit* added in ed. 1632; unkindness blunts it, *blots it*, ed. 1632; you

know he promis'd, *promised*, ed. 1663; a loue, *alone*, ed. 1632; where gold and no man, &c., this and the next line omitted in ed. 1632; jealousy Exit, *Exeunt*, ed. 1632; Enter Antipholis Erotis, *Antipolis Erotes*, ed. 1632; so madly thou did didst, sic in ed. 1623, *did* being properly omitted in ed. 1632. P. 88, col. 2, why first for flouting me, *first why*, Capell; I'll make you amends next, *next time*, Malone; I pray you eat none of it, *eat not*, ed. 1632; and recover the lost hair of another man, *lost bait*, ed. 1685; what he hath scanted them in hair, *men in*, MS. Dent. P. 89, col. 1, nay not sound, *sound ones*, ed. 1632; namely in no time, *in* omitted in ed. 1632; hath thy sweet aspects, *some sweet*, ed. 1632; should'st thou but hear, *but* omitted in ed. 1632; the poison of thy flesh, *my flesh*, ed. 1632; contagion, *catagion*, ed. 1685; wants wit in all, sic in ed. 1623. P. 89, col. 2, and this thou, *and thus*, ed. 1632; converse, misprinted *conversie* in ed. 1632; with your gravity, *your* misprinted *you* in ed. 1632; be it my wrong, *by it*, ed. 1685; to thy stranger state, *stronger state*, Rowe, 1709; the freed fallacy, *the forced fallacy*, MS. Dent; owls and sprights, *owls and elves sprights*, ed. 1632; and answer'st not, omitted in ed. 1632; thou snail, *thou* omitted in ed. 1632; am I not, *am not I*, Theobald; to put the finger in the eye, *thy eye*, ed. 1632; man and master laughs, sic in ed. 1623. P. 90, col. 1, you must excuse us all, *all* omitted by Steevens; carkanet, *carkaner*, ed. 1685; your own hand-writing, *own* omitted in ed. 1632; y'are sad, sic in ed. 1623; your welcome deer, sic in ed. 1623; Oh signior, *Ah*, ed. 1685; makes a merry feast, sic in ed. 1623; go get thee, *get the*, ed. 1632; and you'll tell me, sic in ed. 1623; if thou hast been, *hast bid*, ed. 1632, *hast bin*, MS. Dent. P. 90, col. 2, you'll let us in I hope, *I trow*, eds. 18th century; make a man mad, *as mad*, ed. 1632; with your, *with you*, ed. 1632. P. 91, col. 1, the doors are made, *are barr'd*, modern edition; where it gets, *once gets*, ed. 1632; that chain will I bestow, *I will*, ed. 1632; upon mine hostess, *upon my*, ed. 1632; some hour hence, *hour sir*, ed. 1632; Enter Juliana, *Luciana*, ed. 1632, but the erroneous direction to Luciana's speech is allowed to remain in eds. 1632, 1663, 1685; of his own *attaine*, sic in ed. 1623, corrected to *attaint* by Rowe, 1709; shame hath a bastard fame, *bastard frame*, ed. 1685; ill deeds is, *ill deeds are*, ed. 1632; make us not believe, *us but*, Theobald. P. 91, col. 2, we in your motion turn, *motion run*, ed. 1685; nor by what wonder, *what wander*, ed. 1685; feeble shallow, *shaddow*, ed. 1632, *shadowy*, MS. Dent; nor to her bed no homage, *a homage*, ed. 1632; in thy sister flood, *thy sisters*, ed. 1632; and as a bud, *a bed*, ed. 1632; if she sink, *if he*, Heath; her good will Exit, *Exit* omitted in ed. 1632; and besides myself, sic in ed. 1623. P. 92, col. 1, a very reverent body, sic in ed. 1623, *reverent* being merely the old spelling of *reverend*; will burn a Poland winter, *Lapland winter*, some editions; I found it by the barrenness, *by her*, eds. 18th century; against her heire, ed. 1623, *haire*, ed. 1632; chalkle, ed. 1623, *chalky*, ed. 1632; whole armadoes of caracks, *carrects*, ed. 1623; the mark of my shoulder, *marks of*, ed. 1632, *marks on*, ed. 1685. P. 92, col. 2, if every one knows us, *knew us*, Steevens; hie time, sic in ed. 1623; but least myself, sic in ed. 1623; Dromio from the Courtizans, part of orig. stage-direction in ed. 1623; that labour may you save, *you may*, ed. 1685. P. 93, col. 1, and their confederates, *and these*, MS. Perkins; a man is well holp up, *hope up*, ed. 1685; to the utmost carat, *charect*, ed. 1623, *raccat*, ed. 1632; and if I have not, sic in ed. 1623; both wind and tide stays, sic in ed. 1623; for this gentleman, *for the*, ed. 1632; or send me by, *by me*, Heath; what should I answer you, *why should*, ed. 1663; you wrong me more, *more* omitted in ed. 1632; to pay this sum, *the sum*, ed. 1632; consent to pay thee, *thee* omitted in ed. 1632. P. 93, col. 2, and then sir, *and* omitted in ed. 1632; and I have bought, *brought*, ed. 1632; to hier waftage, sic in ed. 1623. P. 94, col. 1, worse in mind, *the mind*, ed. 1632; on whose, ed. 1623, *one whose*, ed. 1632; countermands, *countermines*, Warburton; but is in a suit,

but he's in, ed. 1663; that can I tell, *I can*, ed. 1663; thus he unknown, *that he*, ed. 1632; no no the bell, *no the bell*, ed. 1685; Time is a verie bankerout, sic in ed. 1623; if I be in debt, *if Time's in debt*, MS. Dent; There's not a man, *An.S.* prefixed in ed. 1632. P. 94, col. 2, gives them a sob, *bob*, MS. Dent, *sop*, conjecture; to bed and says, *and sayeth*, ed. 1632; is there any ships, *any ship*, ed. 1632; if do expect, *if you do*, ed. 1632; avoid then, *avoid thou*, ed. 1685. P. 95, col. 1, that you know. Exit, *Exeunt*, ed. 1632; too much to lose, *Exit* added in ed. 1632. P. 95, col. 2, or rather the prophecy, *rather I'll*, Warburton; and you shut out, *and and*, ed. 1685; my bones bears witness, *bones bear*, ed. 1632; the vigor of his rage, *of your*, eds. 18th century; Is't good to sooth him in these contraries, sic in ed. 1623, *smooth, contraries*, ed. 1632, *it's good*, ed. 1663; both man and master is possess'd, sic in ed. 1623. P. 96, col. 1, and art confederate, *and are*, ed. 1632; out on thee villain, *on the*, ed. 1685; will you be bound for nothing, *nothing thus*, eds. 18th century; how idly, sic in ed. 1623; he did bespeak a chain for me, *for me* proposed to be omitted by Steevens on account of the metre. P. 96, col. 2, you saw they speak, *they spake*, ed. 1632; he doth deny it, *he did*, ed. 1632; of very reverent, sic in ed. 1623, one old spelling of *reverend*; I wonder much, *I* accidentally omitted in ed. 1685; and mine honesty, *and my*, ed. 1685. P. 97, col. 1, to fetch my poor, *to* omitted in ed. 1685; sower sad, sic in ed. 1623; and much different, *much much*, ed. 1632; by wrack of sea, *at sea*, ed. 1632; for my urging it,—perhaps the repetition of these words may be a misprint, the compositor taking them in mistake from the previous line, instead of copying the author's right words; the venom elamors, *the venomous*, ed. 1663, *the venom'd*, Hanmer; poisons more deadly, sic in ed. 1623; unquiet meales make, *makes*, ed. 1632; thou sayest, *thy sayest*, ed. 1632; but moody, *but muddy*, ed. 1632; hath scar'd, *have scar'd*, ed. 1632; why bear you these, *why hear*, ed. 1663. P. 97, col. 2, my husband from the abbess, *Exeunt. Enter Merchant and Goldsmith*, ed. 1632; the place of depth, *of death*, ed. 1663; to see a reverent, *reverend*, ed. 1663; we will behold his death, *Enter Adriana and Lucio*, ed. 1632; bare head, *bare headed*, ed. 1632; so much we tender him, *Enter Adriana*, ed. 1632; who I made lord of me, *whom I*, ed. 1632; important, *impotent*, ed. 1632, *import'nate*, MS. Dent; whether we pursu'd, *whither*, ed. 1632; we may bear him hence, *thence*, ed. 1663. P. 98, col. 1, Oh mistress, *Mess.* prefixed in ed. 1632; and the while his man, *and the* omitted by Heath; send some present help, *some other*, ed. 1632; dost report to us, *of us*, ed. 1632; thou shall find me, *thou shalt*, ed. 1632; while she with, *whilst*, ed. 1632; so befall my soul, *so fall*, Capell. P. 98, col. 2, that I this day of him, *from him*, ed. 1632; and a fortune-teller, *a* omitted in ed. 1685; and gazing in mine eyes, *my eyes*, ed. 1685; my bonds in sunder, *asunder*, ed. 1632; he would not plead so coldly, *so coolly*, Dr. Grey. P. 99, col. 1, I am sure you both, *you* omitted in ed. 1632; times extremity, the letter *x* omitted in some copies of ed. 1623; drizled snow, *drizly*, MS. Extracts. P. 99, col. 2, his morning story, *this*, ed. 1685; and these, *and those*, ed. 1632; your most, *your must*, ed. 1685; her sister here, *her sister* omitted in ed. 1632. P. 100, col. 1, but gone, *been gone*, ed. 1632; heavy burthen, *burthens*, ed. 1632. P. 100, col. 2, how shall we, *how shall I*, ed. 1632; for the signior, *signiority*, ed. 1663.

