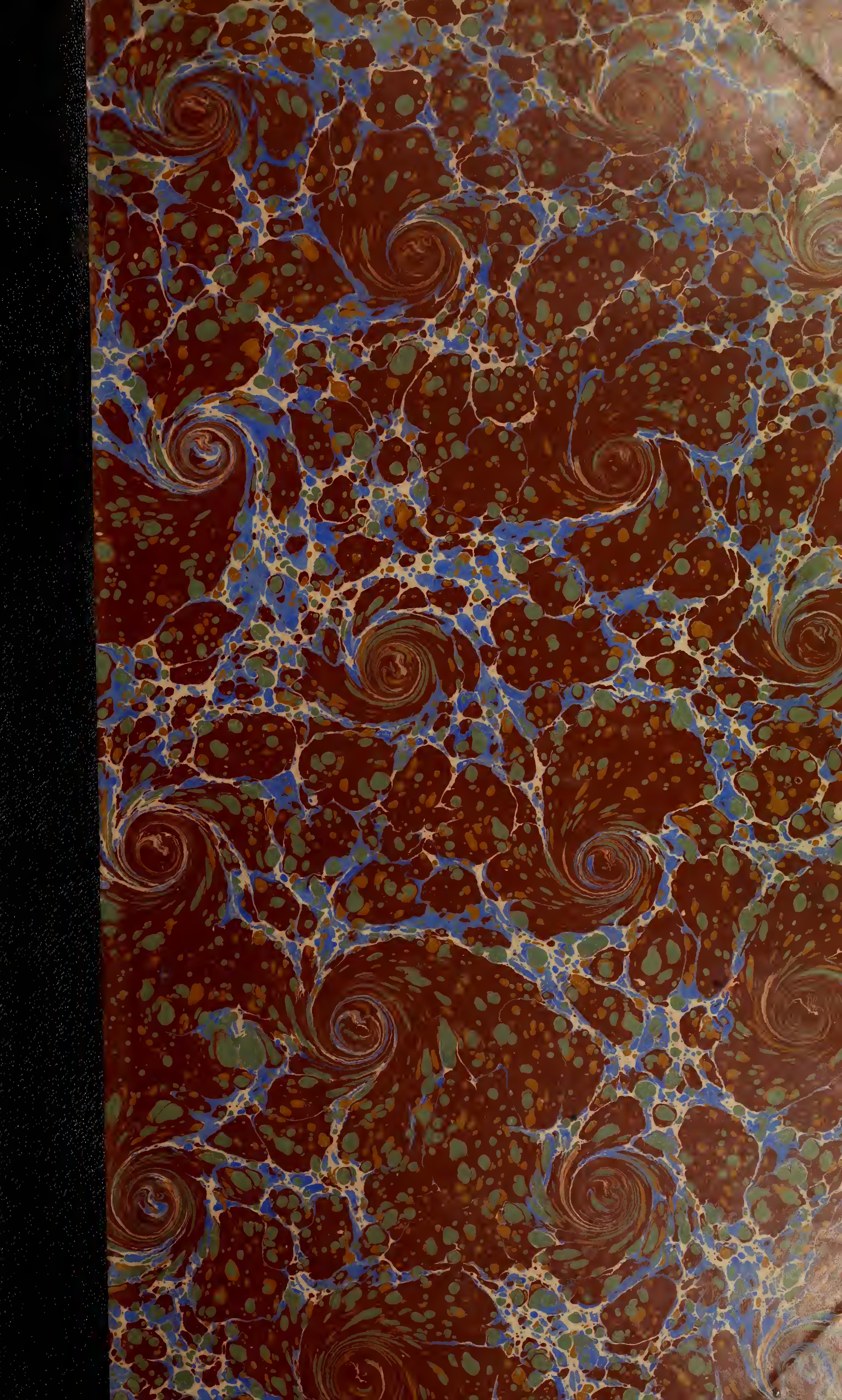

The Works

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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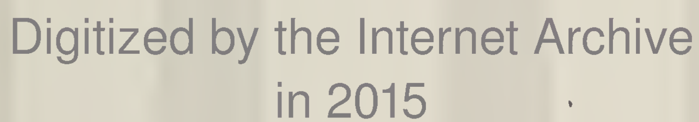
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PAGEANT of the NINE WORTHIES.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
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 THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

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

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

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Much Ado about Nothing.

EARLY EDITIONS.

(1). Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London—Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600. 4to. Sigs. A—I.4, in fours.

(2). In the First Folio Edition of 1623.

(3). In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.

(4). In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.

(5). In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

The serious portion of the plot of Much Ado about Nothing is derived from one of Bandello's novels, first published in the year 1554, which was probably known to Shakespeare in the French translation of Belleforest. This tale, observes Dunlop, appears to have been suggested by a story in the Orlando Furioso, book the fifth. In this narrative, to quote the analysis of the writer just named, "the duke of Albany is enamoured of Gineura, daughter of the king of Scotland. The princess, however, being prepossessed in favour of an Italian lover, the duke has recourse to stratagem to free himself from this dangerous rival. He persuades the waiting-maid of Gineura to disguise herself for one night in the attire of her mistress, and in this garb to throw down a ladder from the window, by which he might ascend into the chamber of Gineura. The duke had previously so arranged matters, that the Italian was a witness to this scene, so painful to a lover. Gineura was condemned to death for the imaginary transgression, and was only saved by the opportune arrival of the paladin Rinaldo, who declares himself the champion of the accused princess." In the frontispiece prefixed to this portion of Ariosto's work in Harington's translation, fol. Lond. 1591, p. 31, the incident of the ascent of the ladder, which constitutes the main similarity between the stories of the poem and the comedy, is conspicuously pourtrayed; but, if Shakespeare were acquainted with Ariosto's tale, he may have derived his knowledge of it from an earlier source, a metrical translation of it having appeared as early as 1565,—"The Historie of Ariodanto and Jeneura, daughter to the King of Scottes, in English verse by Peter Beverley, Imprinted at London by Thomas East for Fraunces Coldocke," no date, but entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1565-6, and

aeeording to Warton, reprinted in the year 1600. Unless Harington has mistaken the translator's name, there was another early version of the same tale, for in a note to the fifth book, he says,—" Some others affirme that this very matter, though set downe here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinsewoman of the Dukes, whieh is here figured under the name of Geneura, and that indeede sueh a praetise was used against her by a great lord, and diseovered by a damsel, as is here set down : howsoever it was, sure the tale is a pretie eomieall matter, and hath bin written in English verse some few years past, learnedly and with good graee, though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turbervil;" but as no eopy or even notiee of such a translation has yet been diseovered, the probability is that Harington's memory has deeeived him. It is a very curious eireumstanee that Ariosto's tale was dramatized in English at an early period, the following entry occurring in the Revels' Aeeounts, in the book relating to the period, 1581-2 to 1582-3, ed. Cunningham, p. 177,—"A Historie of Ariodante and Geneuora shewed before her Majestie on Shrovetuesdaie at night, enacted by Mr. Muleasters ehildren : for which was newe prepared and imployed one citty, one battlement of canvas, vij. ells of sarcenet, and ij. dozen of gloves." Thus it would seem that the serious incidents of Much Ado about Nothing may have been long familiar to Shakespeare, as well-known subjeets for dramatie representation. They were also partially introduced, but with ineffable dulness, into Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. ii. e. 4.

There ean be little doubt but that Shakespeare had seen the story related by Ariosto in some form, for the incident of Don John's friend persuading the maid-servant to personate her mistress at the window is not introduced into the novel of Bandello under similar eircumstanees. The latter is thus analyzed by Dunlop. " Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, had a daughter named Fenicia, who was betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona, a young man of the same city. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, having resolved to prevent the marriage, sends a confidant to Timbreo to warn him of the disloyalty of his mistress, and offers that night to show him a stranger sealing her chamber window. Timbreo aeeepts the invitation, and in consequence sees the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, asecnd a ladder, and enter the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, he next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects his allianee. Fenicia,

on hearing this intelligence, sinks down in a swoon. This is followed by a dangerous illness, which gives her father an opportunity of preventing reports injurious to her fame, by pretending she is dead. She is accordingly sent to the country, and her funeral rites are celebrated in Messina. Girondo, struck with remorse at having occasioned her death, now confesses his villainy to Timbreo, after which they proceed together to make the requisite apologies to her family. The sole penance which the father imposes on Timbreo is, that he should espouse a lady of his selection, and that he should not demand to see her previous to the performance of the bridal ceremony. At the nuptial festival, Timbreo, instead of the new bride he awaited, is presented with the innocent and much-injured Fenicia." The striking similarity of this story to the main incidents of the present comedy, and the coincidence in the name of the injured lady's father, will be readily perceived. It is, however, difficult to account for the deviations made by Shakespeare, without entertaining the supposition that he was immediately indebted, neither to Bandello or Belleforest, but to some English version of the tale, in which the motive for the inexcusable stratagem perpetrated upon the heroine was differently related. Such a motive might have been in the poet's mind, and unconsciously assumed by him in the construction of his plot; for it must be admitted that no reasonable cause is exhibited, in the play itself, to account for Don John's intense hatred of Claudio. On the other hand, it is possible that Shakespeare intended to pourtray, in Don John, one of those wretched characters to whom the success of another is a sufficient incentive to inextinguishable hatred and malice.

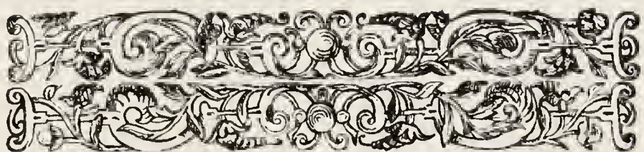
The principal incident in the Italian novel is traced by Skottowe to a period as early as the date of the Spanish romance, Tirante the White, composed in the dialect of Catalonia about the year 1400; and, according to Simrock, the ninth novel in the Introduction to Cinthio's Hecatommithi also represents a deception similar to that which was practised upon Fenicia, but it is there contrived by a servant-maid, who has fallen in love with her master, against her mistress. This particular incident is probably likewise to be met with in other sources, and is not in itself of great importance in the consideration of the inquiry as to the materials directly employed by the great dramatist. As far as our researches have yet extended, the probabilities are in favour of Shakespeare having either been indebted to Bandello,

through the medium of Belleforest, or to some early English translation of the Italian novel, which may have been published in the sixteenth century, although no copy or fragment of such a work has yet been discovered. It is also to be presumed, from a circumstance previously mentioned, that the poet was acquainted with the story of Ariosto, in its original or translated form, or possibly in the ancient English drama of Ariodante and Geneuora.

The story of Bandello was also employed by the German dramatist Ayrer, in the construction of the comedy of Phænicia, published in 1618; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, Ayrer's play is founded upon the incidents of the Italian novel. Tieck supposes that the German play is merely a version of an earlier English drama, the same which was used by Shakespeare in the composition of Much Ado about Nothing; and his conjecture is supported by the following entry in the accounts of the Revels at Court in 1574;—"the expences and charges wheare my L. of Leicesters men showed theier matter of Panecia, x.*s*,"—the "matter of Panecia" being, in all probability, the play of Phænicia, one which may have continued to maintain its position as an acting drama during Shakespeare's early career. "In the German version," observes Mr. Thoms, "we find Timbreo not only witnesses the ascent of Gerwalt to Phænicia's chamber; but, like Shakespeare's Claudio, he overhears an amorous conversation between Gerwalt, and Jahn, the clown of the piece, and the servant of Gerando disguised as Phænicia,—and this fact alone furnishes a strong presumption that Shakespeare was indebted not to Bandello, but to some earlier dramatist, for the plot of this comedy. A careful perusal of the old German play has indeed satisfied my mind that it is derived from an earlier English composition," that probably which is alluded to in the entry above given. Ayrer's comedy, however, is not in itself very illustrative of Shakespeare's play, and it no doubt differed most materially from its English prototype. It is reprinted by Tieck, in the Deutsches Theater, ed. 1822, tom. ii.

The quarto edition of 1600, printed by Valentine Simmes, is the chief and best authority for the text of this play. That it was reprinted from that edition in the folio of 1623, clearly appears from the occurrence of peculiarities in each that could not possibly have appeared accidentally in both places; but the folio edition has a singular reading, not found in the quarto, in which "Jack Wilson" is mentioned, which leads to the supposition

Fac-simile of the Title and first Page of the original Edition of Much Ado about Nothing, from a copy of that Work in the possession of the Editor.

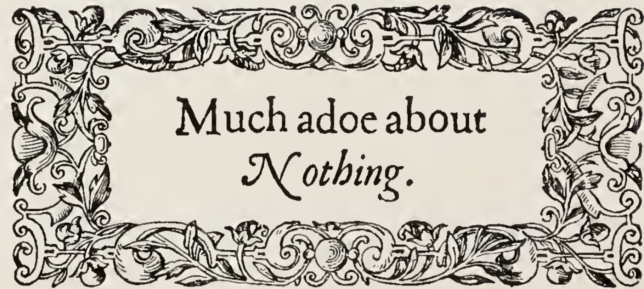


Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley.
1600.



Enter Leonato gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this letter, that don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neare by this, he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leona. How many gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leona. A victory is twice it selfe, when the atchiuer brings home ful numbers: I find here, that don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a yong Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion, he hath indeed better bettred expectation then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vnckle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

A 2 **Leo.**

To face p. 7.

that the reprint of the former was taken from a playhouse copy of the printed edition of 1600, an exemplar of it, with a few manuscript directions and notes, having probably taken the place of the author's holograph drama. It seems impossible, on any other grounds, to account for all the curious differences, as well as for the important coincidences, which are to be traced between the two copies; and the modern text may be safely formed from a collation of these early editions, the weight of authority evidently being in favour of the quarto. The latter is thus entered in the Books of the Stationers' Company,—"23 Augusti, 1600; Andrewe Wise, William Aspley,—Twoo bookes, the one called Muche Adoo about Nothinge: th'other the second parte of the History of Kinge Henry the iiij.th with the Humors of Sir John ffallstaff; wrytten by Mr. Shakespere, xij.*d.*" It appears also amongst some books "to be staied" in an entry dated August 4th, which is believed to refer to the same year 1600, there described as "the Commedie of Much Adoo about Nothinge, a book," which, with the others there named, was probably attempted to be pirated by other booksellers.

It appears from the title-page of the quarto edition, that Much Ado about Nothing had been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's company either in or before the year 1600, or perhaps at continuous periods from a year previously; but no very early notice of the performance of the comedy has yet been discovered. In fact, the only extrinsic mention of it as an acting play, during the author's lifetime, occurs in the MS. accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., the originals of which are perserved in the Bodleian Library; in which it is stated (see facsimile) that Much Ado about Nothing was one of the dramas performed by John Heminges, and the rest of the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613. A subsequent entry in the same volume of accounts is still more curious, mention being there made of a play entitled Benedick and Beatrice, for so the scribe's orthography may fairly be interpreted; and a difficult question arises for consideration, whether this title be that of another and possibly an older play on the same subject, or merely a second title to Much Ado about Nothing, the fact of the play being mentioned under its accepted name in the same accounts, under the same date, leading us in some degree to the former conclusion. The entry occurs in the following terms:—"Item,

paid to the said John Hemings, xx. die Maii, 1613, for presenting six severall playes, viz. one play called A bad Beginning makes

Item paid to John Heminges uppon the Cowncells warrant dated att Whitehall xxᵒ die Maij 1613 for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the La: Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene severall playes viz one playe called Filaster, One other called the Knott of Fooles, One other Much adoe abowte nothinge, The Mayds Tragedy, The merye Dyvell of Edmonton, The Tempest, A Kinge and no Kinge, The Twins Tragedie, The Winters Tale, Sr John Falstafe, The Moore of Venice, The Nobleman, Caesars Tragedye And one other called Love lyes a bleedinge, All which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte,

a good Ending; one other called, the Captain; one, the Alchemist; one other, Cardano; one other, Hotspur; one other, Benedicte and Bettris; all played in the tyme of this accompte." Leonard Digges, in his commendatory verses on Shakespeare, speaks of Benedick and Beatrice as the prominent characters by which the play was then known, and who were doubtlessly exceedingly popular with the audience,—

— let but Beatrice
And Benedicke be seene, loe! in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full.

and there is a curious testimony to the fact of their being familiar to the mind of the public, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 480,—"many times those which at the first sight cannot fancy or affect each other, but are harsh and ready to disagree, offended with each other's carriage, like Benedict and Betteris in the comedy, and in whom they finde many faults, by this living together in a house, conference, kissing, colling, and such like allurements, begin at last to dote insensibly one upon

another." Were it not, therefore, for the two entries in Lord Harrington's accounts, the conclusion in favour of the second notice referring to the present comedy would scarcely be questioned; and, notwithstanding the difficulty created by those entries, it would probably be rash to decide otherwise without the assistance of further evidence on the subject. There can be no doubt but that the adventures of Benedick and Beatrice, and the ludicrous representation of the process of their conversion to mutual affection, attract the principal attention both of the reader and the audience, and that the impression made even by the inimitable blundering of the constables, as well as by the more serious scenes, is secondary.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, *Prince of Arragon.*

Don John, *his bastard Brother.*

Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*

Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.*

Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*

Antonio, *his Brother.*

Balthazar, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

Borachio, } *Followers of Don John.*
Conrade, }

Dogberry, } *Two foolish Officers.*
Verges, }

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy, *attendant on Benedick.*

Innogen, *Wife to Leonato.*

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato.*

Beatrice, *Niece to Leonato.*

Margaret, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
Ursula. }

Messengers, Watch, Town-Clerk, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Messina.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*An open space before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Innogen,[1] Hero, Beatrice, *and others, with a* Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,[2] and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation[3] than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle, here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.[4]

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.[5]

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness! There are no faees truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[6] return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none sueh in the army of any sort.

Inn. What is he that you ask for, nieee?

Hero. My eousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills[7] here in Messina, and ehalleng'd Cupid at the flight:[8] and my uncle's fool, reading the ehallenge, subserib'd for Cupid, and ehalleng'd him at the bird-bolt.[9] I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.[10]

Inn. Faith, nieee, you tax signior Benedick too mueh; but he 'll be meet with you,[11] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good serviee, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty vietual,[12] and he hath holp to eat it: he 's a very valiant treneherman;[13] he hath an exeellent stomaeh.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.[14]

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man:[15] but for the stuffing!—Well, we are all mortal.[16]

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my nieee: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benediek and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last eonfliet, four of his five wits[17] went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm,[18] let him bear it for a differenee[19] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable ereature.[20] Who is his eompanion now? He hath every month a new sworn-brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible. He wears his faith[21] but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next bloek.[22]

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[23]

Beat. No, an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[24] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad.[25] God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter DON PEDRO,[26] *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others,* DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge[27] too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:[28]—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it,[29] as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain,[30] if you come in her presence.

Bene Then is Courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain, I am

loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face!

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer: But keep your way, a' God's name! I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.— Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than

she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.[31]

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into! But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack,[32] to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder,[33] and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?[34]

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?[35] Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.[36] Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.[37]

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord:[38] "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.[39]

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.[40]

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat[41] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,[42] all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is,[43] (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.[44]

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love,[45] than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen,[46] and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[47]

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat,[48] and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.[49]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."[50]

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick[51] bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vildly painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—"Here you may see Benedick, the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.[52]

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice,[53] thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God:[54] From my house, (if I had it)[55]—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July,
Your loving friend, BENEDICK.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime garded[56] with fragments, and the gards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,[57] examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENE.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?[58]

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying,—I lik'd her ere I went to wars:—[59]

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end,
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love
That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:[60]
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,[61] thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,[62]
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner[63] with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.
Then, after, to her father will I break;[64]
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[65] in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant,[66] he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins,[67] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord![68] why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn,[69] goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am:[70] I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.[71]

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late[72] stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker[73] in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.[74] Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.[75]

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model[76] to build mischief on? What is he for a fool,[77] that betroths himself to unquietness!

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[78] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:[79] I whipt me behind the arras;[80] and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,[81] and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Enter Leonato, Innogen.*

Innogen, wife of Leonato, is introduced in the original in the stage direction here and in the second act, but, as no speeches are assigned to her, her name has hitherto been omitted. It seems, however, unlikely that Innogen should be thus twice introduced, had she not been intended by the poet for one of the characters. I have, therefore, ventured to select a few unimportant speeches, hitherto assigned to Leonato, as her portion. The stage-direction in the quarto edition of 1600, is as follows:—"Enter Leonato governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger."

Innogen, being mentioned even from the first quarto edition downwards in two entrances of this play, it seems as if the poet had in his first plan designed such a character, which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous to receive; the name ought therefore to be expung'd, there being no mention of her in the play, no one speech addressed to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine Hero's mother to be there. And, besides, if Innogen were on the stage, as the printed copies suppose, the person, who comes as a guest to her house, must certainly have paid his compliments to her as well as to the daughter.—*Theobald's Letters.*

[2] *But few of any sort, and none of name.*

That is, but few of any rank, and none of great celebrity. This interpretation, given by Mr. Dyce, is unquestionably correct, and is confirmed by the Messenger's subsequent observation,—"there was none such in the army *of any sort*," that is, rank. "Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort," Every Man out of his Humour. "Long time I lived in the court, with lords and ladies of great sort," Ballad of Jane Shore. "A ship, and in her many a man of sort," Chapman's Homer, Odyssey, lib. xvi., ap. Steevens.

[3] *He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation.*

He has exceeded expectation in a greater measure than you must expect, &c. Plain sense, in many of these scenes, must yield to the charm of a jingle.—*Seymour.*

[4] *Without a badge of bitterness.*

A somewhat similar expression occurs in Chapman's version of the tenth book of the Odyssey:—"—our eyes wore the same wet *badge* of weak humanity." This is an idea which Shakespeare seems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in Macbeth: "—my plenteous joys, wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow."—*Steevens.*

A *badge* being the distinguishing *mark* worn in our author's time by the servants of noblemen, &c., on the sleeve of their liveries, with his usual licence he employs the word to signify a *mark* or *token* in general. So, in Macbeth:—"Their hands and faces were all *badg'd* with blood."—*Malone.*

The above passage is thus explained by Capell,—"the joy spoken of there wore the modestest garb that joy can do, that is, silence and tears."

[5] *In great measure.*

That is, in great abundance. "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in great measure," Psalm lxxx.

[6] *Is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?*

Either from the Spanish *montánte*, a two-handed sword; or an adaptation of a well-known fencing term, the *montant*, as it is termed in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. The term itself occurs in Every Man in his Humour, and as late as 1663 in the Villain, p. 28, in the latter place spelt *montalto.* A blustering swaggerer, described in the Mous-trap, 1606, is termed Monsieur Montanus, but this is perhaps an adaptation from the Latin.

[7] *He set up his bills here in Messina.*

"And, Tamburlaine like, hee braves it in her behalfe, setting up bills like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meete me at," Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriell Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596. "And these jolly mountibanks clapt up their bills upon every post, like a fencer's challenge," Dekker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. Fencer's challenges are also mentioned in Hale's Private Schoole of Defence, 1614. The literal meaning of *bill*, a paper or petition, was nearly out of use at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and came to signify any kind of advertisement, but especially any printed on single sheets or pieces of paper, and affixed to posts, doors, &c. They were in very common use in Shakespeare's time. Norden, in his Surveiors Dialogue, ed. 1610, p. 14, states that it was then common for surveyors in London to stick their bills upon posts, "to solicite men to affoord them some service;" and, at an earlier period, it appears that even London Stone was not exempted from this mode of publicity,—"Set up this bill at London Stone," Pasquill and Marforius, 1589. "This is rare; I have set up my bills without discovery," Every Man out of his Humour. "I have bought foils already, set up bills, hung up my two-hand sword," Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620. A "bill on St. Paul's Church door," in verse, occurs in the Rump Songs.

> On many a post I see Quacke-salvers bills
> Like fencers challenges, to shew their skills:
> As if they were such masters of defence,
> That they dare combat with the Pestilence.
>
> *The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, fol. Lond. 1630.

> No introduction, nor those crabid words
> Of quartredges or stipend to be found
> Upon the posts, whereon my *bills* are fixt.
>
> *The Wizard, a Play*, 1640, MS. Heber.

In Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing, Dauncing, vaine Plaies, 1579, we are told that they used "to *set up their billes* upon postes certain dayes before, to admonish the people to make resort unto their *theatres*, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." In the play of Histriomastix, a man is introduced setting up *text*

billes for playes; and William Rankins, another puritanical writer against plays, in his Mirrour of Monsters, 1587, 4to, p. 6, says, that "players by *sticking of their bils* in London, defile the streetes with their infectious filthines." Mountebanks likewise set up their bills. "Upon this scaffold also might bee mounted a number of *quacksalving empericks*, who arriving in some country towne, clap up their *terrible billes* in the market place, and filling the paper with such horrible names of diseases, as if every disease were a divell, and that they could conjure them out of any towne at their pleasure," Dekker's Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light, 1616, 4to, sign. H. Again, in Tales and quick Answeres, printed by Berthelette, a man having lost his purse in London "*sette up bylles* in divers places, that if any man of the cyté had founde the purse and woulde brynge it agayn to him, he shulde have welle for his laboure. A gentyllman of the Temple *wrote under one of the byls* howe the man shulde come to his chambers, and told where." It appears from a very rare little piece entitled, Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings talked of by two olde Seniors, 1594, that Saint Paul's was a place in which these bills or advertisments were posted up. Thomas Nashe, in his Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1595, speaks of the "maisterlesse men that *set up theyr bills in Paules for services*, and such as paste up their papers on every post, for arithmetique and writing schooles:" we may, therefore, suppose that several of the walks about Saint Paul's cathedral then resembled the present Royal Exchange with respect to the business that was there transacted: and it appears indeed, from many allusions in our old plays, to have been as well the resort of the idle, as the busy. The phrase of *setting up bills* continued long after the time of Shakspeare, and is used in a translation of Suetonius published in 1677, 8vo, p. 227.—*Douce.*

This Water-Taylor, with his confederates, presuming he had bound mee with his earnest-money, printed his challenge-bill, and my answere annexed thereunto, without my hand, knowledge, or consent: Nay more: My answere was by him set up so meane and insufficient to so braving a challenge.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Play-bills were certainly introduced at a very early period, being alluded to by Archbishop Grindall in 1563. In 1587, John Charlewood obtained a license for "the onlye ymprinting of all manner of billes for players, provided that, if any trouble arise herebye, then Charlewood to beare the charges." Robert Daborne, in the postscript of a letter preserved at Dulwich College, says,—"I pray, sir, let the boy giv order this night to the stage-keeper to set up bills against Munday for Eastward Hoe, and one Wednesday, the new play." The earliest copy of a play-bill known to exist is given in the Adventures of Five Hours, fol. 1663,—"The Prologue enters with a play-bill in his hand, and reads,—This day, being the 15th of December, shall be Acted a new Play, never Plai'd before, call'd The Adventures of Five Hours." An earlier one, but dated the same year, referring to the Humorous Lieutenant, I have been informed is a forgery, but I have no means of ascertaining the correctness of such an opinion. One writer thinks that the passage in the text may allude to the joco-serious challenges and answers used in the Tournaments of Love, on the Continent, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The origin of the phrase *posting-bills* is seen in a rare little tract by R. Aggas, A Preparative to platting of Landes and Tenements for Surveigh, 1596, which he wrote because his *flying-papers* would not "abide the pasting to poasts." See also Norden, quoted above.

The following account of one of the challenges above mentioned was discovered by Steevens in MS. Sloane 2530, a register of a School of Defence, temp. Edward VI. and Elizabeth:—"Item, a challenge playde before the King's majestie (Edward VI.) at Westminster, by three maisters, Willyam Pascall, Robert Greene, and W. Browne, at seven kynde of weapons: that is to say, the axe, the pike, the

rapier and target, the rapier and cloke, and with two swords, agaynst all alyens and strangers being borne without the King's dominions, of what countrie so ever he or they were, geving them warninge by theyr *bills set up* by the three maisters, the space of eight weeks before the sayd challenge was playde; and it was holden four severall Sundayes one after another." It appears from the same work, that all challenges "to any maister within the realme of Englande, being an Englishe man," were against the statutes of the "Noble Science of Defence."

[8] *And challenged Cupid at the flight.*

Flights, observes Gifford, "were long and light-feathered arrows that went directly to the mark," note to a passage in Cynthia's Revels,—"I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose . . . . O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and butt-shafts," Jonson's Works, ii. 370. "Flyght, a shafte, *pennet, volet*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Not a flight drawn home, a round stone from a sling, a lover's wish, ere made that haste that they have," Bonduca.

The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving*, a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are used. In other words, he challenged him to *shoot at hearts.* The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt, an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows: whence the proverb,—A fool's bolt is soon shot.—*Douce.*

To chase the flying deere over the lawne
With hound, or well-aym'de *flight.*—*Aminta*, 1628.

Again, in A Woman Kill'd with Kindness, 1617:—"We have tied our geldings to a tree, two *flight-shot* off." Again, in Middleton's Game of Chess:—"Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a *flight.*" Again, in the Entertainment at Causome House, &c. 1613:—"— it being from the park about two *flight-shots* in length." Again, in the Civil Wars of Daniel, b. viii. st. 15:

—— and assign'd
The archers their *flight*-shafts to shoot away;
Which th' adverse side (with sleet and dimness blind,
Mistaken in the distance of the way,)
Answer with their *sheaf-arrows*, that came short
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.—*Steevens.*

Holinshed makes the same distinction in his account of the same occurrence and adds, that these *flights* were provided on purpose. Again, in Holinshed, p. 649: "He caused the soldiers to shoot their *flights* towards the lord Audlies company." Tollet observes that the length of a *flight-shot* seems ascertained by a passage in Leland's Itinerary, 1769, vol. iv, p. 44: "The passage into it at ful se is a *flite-shot* over, as much as the Tamise is above the bridge."—*Ibid.*

Item, the ffiftenth daye of Maie next following there shalbe certaine archers of the said ladyes in the fieldes at the howers aforenamed to shoot standart arrowe and fflight with all commers, and he that will come and furthest shootes without stand at any of these games, or at all, that is to saie, the answerer that shootes the standart furthest to have a prise delivered him by the judges, and he that shootes next another, and so in like case at the arrowe and fflight.—*MS. Harl.* 69.

[9] *And challenged him at the bird-bolt.*

"At the Burbolt," eds. 1600, 1623; an old form of the word, corrected by Theobald. It is worthy of remark that Cupid's arrows are constantly presumed to

be bird-bolts, short thick arrows, unpointed, with large blunted extremities. "The desperate god Cuprit, with one of his vengible bird-bolts, hath shot me into the heel," Locrine. "That is Sagittarius, the signe of the archer; blinde Cupid maketh bird-bolts there to dazle woodcocks," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post, 1613. "Cupid, pox of his bird-bolt! Venus, speak to thy boy to fetch his arrow back, or strike her with a sharp one," Love in a Maze, 1632, ap. Steevens. Cupid's bird-bolt is again mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost.

> Some boundlesse ignorance should on sudden shoote
> His grosse-knob'd burbolt.—*What You Will*, 1607.

They say Cupid is a boy, yet I have known him confute the oppinon of all your phylosophers: for they hold everie light thing tendes dyrectlye up: but I thinke all knowe hee makes everie light wench fall directly downe. Well, I am sure a hath knocked mee with his *bird bolt*, for the which Venus give him correction; for I doe alreadie love a ladye of an imcomparable delicacie, but shee's another mans, and will shutte her eares as close to keepe out charmes, as great men doe their gates, to keepe in almes.—*Cupid's Whirligig.*

Dr. Farmer quotes the following from the title-page of an old pamphlet,—"A new *post*—a marke exceeding necessary for all men's arrows: whether the great man's *flight*, the gallant's *rover*, the wise man's *pricke-shaft*, the poor man's *but-shaft*, or the fool's *bird-bolt*."

Flight is, as the word expresses,—an arrow; sharp, and of greatest speed, sent from cross-bows: the *bird-bolt*, (spelt corruptedly—*burbolt*, before the third modern) the reverse of the other arrow; blunt, and sent from ord'nary bows against rooks, &c.: Hence the wit of this passage; Benedick's challenge intimates that he had sharpness and wit to *fly* from Cupid; and the *fool's*, that his wit was as dull as his, and he in the same danger: If this be not the passage's tendency, the editor gives it up as inexplicable.—*Capell.*

[10] *I promised to eat all of his killing.*

A similar joke occurs in King Henry V., act iii.

[11] *He'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.*

To be meet with, a very common phrase equivalent to, to be even with, to be a match for. "Tarlton, having flouted the fellow for his pippin which hee threw, hee thought to bee *meet with* Tarlton at length," Tarlton's Jests, 1611. "Well, Ile prevent her, and goe meete her, or else she will be meete with me," Marriages of the Arts, 1618. See also vol. i. p. 481; Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, iv. 411; London Prodigal, act iii; Dodsley, ed. 1825, vii. 345.

[12] *You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it.*

Chalmers, in his Supplemental Apology, p. 381, offers the following curious but improbable conjecture:—"There can be but little doubt, that *the wars*, which were thus mentioned, alluded to the Irish campaign of 1599. The fact is, as we may learn from Camden, and from Moryson, that there were complaints of the badness of the provisions, which the contractors furnished the English army in Ireland. And such a sarcasm, from a woman of rank, and fashion, and smartness, must have cut to the quick; and must have been loudly applauded by the audience; who, being disappointed by the events of the campaign, would be apt enough to listen to a lampoon on the contractor, rather than on the general; who, by his great pretensions, and small performances, had disappointed the expectations of the Queen, and the hopes of the nation. From all those intimations, it appears to be

more than probable, that Much Ado About Nothing was originally written in the autumn of 1599."

[13] *He is a very valiant trencher-man.*

This word, although admitted into modern dictionaries, may be considered obsolete. "A very sufficient souldier in that service, and, to my knowledge, a tall trencherman," Divils Charter, a Tragædie, 1607. "You are a rare trencher-man," Davenant's Siege, ed. 1673, p. 69.

His doublet is of cast satten cut sometime upon taffata, but that the bumbast hath eaten through it, and spotted here and there with pure fat to testifie that he is a good *trencher-man.—Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 63.

Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an ace of his wish. But, gentlemen, every man as his lucke serves, and so agree we: I would not have you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in jest; now let's too't in earnest, I meane with our teeth, and trie who's the best *trencher-man.—Englishmen for my Money.*

[14] *Stuffed with all honorable virtues.*

Stuff'd, in this instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Edwards observes that Mede, in his Discourses on Scripture, speaking of Adam, says, "—he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Again, in the Winter's Tale: "—whom you know of *stuff'd sufficiency.*"—*Steevens.*

"I stuffe an house with suche implementes as is necessarye for it; his house is as wel stuffed as any house that I knowe in this towne of his degré," Palsgrave, 1530. "My grounde is well stuffed of all sortes of good frutes," ibid. Cotgrave gives a phrase nearly parallel to that in the text,—"*Chevaliers de bonne estoffe*, knights well armed, and well managing their armes."

[15] *He is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing.*

The truth is, Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man;* and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuffed man* was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold. In Lyly's Midas, we have an inventory of Motto's *moveables:*—Item, says Petulus, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *bed's head.*—The *beast's* head, observes Licio; for *Motto is stuff'd in the head*, and these are among *unmoveable goods.—Farmer.*

Beatrice seems to use the term *stuffing* in a sense analogous to the Latin *vestis fartum*, used by Plautus for the body; or, possibly, in reference to his mental qualities.

[16] *Well, we are all mortal.*

This was one of the affected expletive phrases of Shakespeare's time. "Sir Gyles Goosecap has alwayes a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for every thing is, because wee are all mortall," Sir Gyles Goosecappe, Knight, a Comedie presented by the Chil: of the Chappell, 1606.

[17] *Four of his five wits went halting off.*

The five senses were formerly termed the *five wits*, but Shakespeare seems to consider them distinct. A character in the old interlude of the Five Elements, says,—

I am callyd Sensual Apetyte,
All creatures in me delyte,
I comforte *the wyttys five;*
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge,
I refreshe the syghte and felynge
To all creatures alyve.

The term *wit* is used by most of the Elizabethan writers in the sense of intellectual power. Thus Roger Ascham, in the preface to his Scholemaster, 1571,—"We had then farther taulke togither of bringing up of children; of the nature of quicke and hard wittes; of the right choice of a good witte; of feare and love in teachinge children." Compare also some verses prefixed to Speed's Theatrum Imperii Magnæ Britanniæ, 1616,—

In which thou hast, with paine, with care, and skill,
Surveid this land more neere then ere it was:
For which thy wit thou strain'd hast to thy will,
That wils as much as wit can bring to passe.

[18] *If he have wit enough to keep himself warm.*

A proverbial expression, meaning, to take care of himself:—If he have wit enough to take care of himself, let him exhibit it to show the difference between himself and his horse. "Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm," Cynthia's Revels. "Your house has been kept warm, sir:—I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are wise too," Scornful Lady. "How now, beldame? you are the wise woman, are you? and have wit to keepe yourselfe warme enough, I warrant you," Wise Woman of Hogsdon, 1638.

But sit at home and learne thys old sayd saw,—
Had I revenged beene of everie harme,
My cote had never *kept me halfe so warme.*—*Gascoigne*, 1587.

A wise man, Ile warrant him, for *he can keepe himselfe warme:* no friend to the barber it should seeme by his rusticall, overgrowne, and unfinified beard.—*The Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes*, 1609.

Warburton unnecessarily reads,—"to keep himself *from harm.*" If any further proof of the correctness of the old text were needed, it would be found in the following curious lines, entitled, "Wit kept by warmth," in Heywood's Epigrammes upon Proverbs, 1577,—

Thou art wise inough, if thou keepe thee warme;
But the least colde that cumth kilth thi wit by harme.

[19] *Let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse.*

To bear anything for a difference, is a phrase in heraldry. So, in Hamlet,—"You may wear your rue with a difference."—*Steevens.*

[20] *To be known a reasonable creature.*

Reasonable is here used in the sense of, endowed with reason.

Go out of the schip, thou and thi wiif, thi sones and the wyves of thi sones with thee, and lede out with thee alle livynge beestis that be at the of ech fleish, as wel in volatils as in *unresonable* bestis.—*Wickliffe*, MS. Bodl. 277.

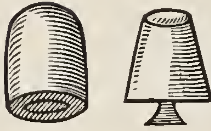
Like as it doth not follow, that a litle childe hath no reasonable soule, because he hath not the use of it: or that the trees be dead in winter, because they beare no fruite; or that there is no fire, because there is no flame.—*Cawdray's Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600.

[21] *He wears his faith.*

That is, his faith or attachment in friendship; or, as Warburton explains it,—profession of friendship.

[22] *It ever changes with the next block.*

The bloek was properly the mould on whieh the hat was formed, but the term came to be used oceasionally for the fashion of it, and sometimes for the hat itself. "A hatter's block, or a felt-maker's bloek, or hat-maker's block, with a round top: there are blocks of all fashions, as high and low, round and square, or flat on the crown, and sugar-loaf like," Holme's Acad. Arm. 1688. "That is a gentleman, and will afford us hats of newest bloeke," Knaves of Spades and Diamonds. "Of what fashion is this knight's wit? of what block?"—Decker's Satiromastix. The annexed representations of hat-blocks are taken from Holme's work above eited.



He weares a hat now of the flat-crownc blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet Freneh;
He takes tobaeco, and doth weare a locke;
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.
Epigrammes by I. D. ad fin. Ovid's Elegies, 1596.

And above all, eurse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch fashion) for your mistres in the eourt, or your punck in the cittie, within two hours after, you encounter with the very same *block* on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.—*Decker's Guls Horne-Booke,* 1609.

A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.
Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

I have seene sixe or seven fashion hunting gallants together sit seorning and deriding a better man then themselves, onely because either his hat *was of the old blocke,* or that his ruffe was not so richly lac'd, his cloake hath beene too plaine, his beard of the old translation, his bootes and spurres of the precedent second edition, and for such slight occasions a man hath beene slighted, jeerd and wonderd at, as if he had beene but a zany to the fashion, or a man made for the purpose for them to whet their scorne upon.—*Taylor's Workes,* 1630.

His hat weares a fether, and his head a hat of a neate blocke.—*The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen,* 1649.

The Spaniard's eonstant to his *block,*
The French inconstant ever,
But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me the English bever.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 270.

[23] *The gentleman is not in your books.*

That is, is not in your favour: a common proverbial phrase, the origin of which is very doubtful, and is not satisfactorily explained by any of the suggestions of the eommentators. It seems more important, in these matters, to settle the exact meaning of a phrase, than to indulge in conjectures respecting its source; for the origin of the greater number of our popular sayings and proverbs is involved in impenetrable obscurity. "I must have him wise as well as proper; he comes not in my books else," The Widdow, a Comedie, 1652. "What is it to read a play in a rainy day, when it may be the means of getting into a fair ladies books," Old Batchelour, 1693.

> That wench is modest! oh, shees *in my bookes*,
> I onely love her for her modest lookes.
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica*, fol. Lond. 1609.

A kindred phrase, with an opposite meaning, also occurs:—"Secretary Conway is somewhat *off the books*, as the voice goes, and will shortly retire to his government in the Isle of Wight, with a title of Viscount Newport, or, as some say, to be Deputy of Ireland, and Sir John Coke is in speech to succeed him," Letter dated in the year 1625.

The obvious explanation of the phrase in the text is that the individual alluded to is not in your Album Amicorum, in the list of your friends. It was a very common practice, in the sixteenth century, to preserve registers of friends, some of such books being made extremely interesting by short pieces of composition annexed, which are in the autographs of the persons acquainted with the collector; a page being generally appropriated to each friend. "We weyl haunse thee, or set thy name into our felowship boke, with clappynge of handes . . . from henceforthe thou may'st have a place worthy for thee in our whyte: from hence thou may'st have thy name written in our boke," Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540, ap. Steevens. In MS. Harl. 847, a manuscript of the time of Queen Elizabeth, some verses by "W. C. to Henrie Fradshum gent: the owener of this booke" commence as follows:—

> Some write theire fantasies in verce,
> In theire bookes where they frendshippe shewe,
> Wherein oftymes they doe rehcrce
> The great good will that they doe owe.

This phrase has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, "alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houshold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men."—*Farmer*.

A *servant* and a *lover* were, in Cupid's vocabulary, synonymous. Hence perhaps the phrase—*to be in a person's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*. That in all great families the names of the servants of the household were written in *books* kept for that purpose, appears from the following passage in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, a comedy, 1639: "See, Master Treatwell, that his name be *enrolled* among my other *servants*. Let my steward receive such notice from you." "Let me be *unroll'd*," says our poet's Autolycus, "and my name be put in the *book* of virtue."—*Malone*. Lord Burghley has preserved a list of his servants in his household book, in the British Museum, MS. Lansd. 118.

[24] *Is there no young squarer now.*

A *squarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakespeare uses the word to *square*. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, it is said of Oberon and Titania, that they never meet but they *square*. So the sense may be,—'Is there no *hot-blooded* youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?'—*Johnson*.

[25] *And the taker runs presently mad.*

Though, indeed, in a little time, the venome being very strong, these and the braine also are overcome, as appeares by the symptomes that follow, as lethargies, *frenzies*, vomitings, fluxes, &c., which I shall reckon up in the conclusion.—*Bradwell's Physick for the Sicknesse, commonly called the Plague*, 1636.

[26] *Enter Don Pedro.*

The stage-direction in the edition of 1600 is,—"Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard."

[27] *You embrace your charge too willingly.*

In other words, you undertake your burden or office too willingly. "The administration or doing of a thing; an office or charge of doing a thing," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. Douce interprets *charge* to mean here, the person committed to your care; but the above explanation appears more simple and natural.

[28] *The lady fathers herself.*

According to Steevens, this phrase is common in Dorsetshire. Jack fathers himself, that is, is like his father.

[29] *While she hath such food to feed it.*

A kindred thought occurs in Coriolanus,—"Our very priests must become mockers, if they encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are."—*Steevens.*

[30] *Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain.*

Convert, turn. So, in the old translation of the Bible,—"Howbeit after this, Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked way."

[31] *Being no other but as she is, I do not like her.*

Benedick reminds us, says White, of the man in the epigram:—"Non amo te, Salidi, nec possum dicere quare."

[32] *Or do you play the flouting Jack.*

Jack was formerly a term of contempt. "Go, go, *flowting Jack*," Warner's Menæchmi, 1595. "He hoped to live to see the day when a minister should be as good a man as any upstart Jack gentleman in England," Select Lives of English Worthies. The term also occurs in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Minsheu, Henry IV., and Taming of the Shrew, all quoted by Malone.

> Wert thou not my Alvaro, my beloved,
> One whom I know does dearely count of me,
> Much should I doubt me that some scoffing Jacke,
> Had sent thee in the midst of all my griefes,
> To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.
>
> *Haughton's Woman will Have her Will*, 1616.

[33] *To tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder.*

Speak you this seriously, or do you jest, as if you told us blind Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan, the blacksmith, a rare carpenter? There is a similar piece of banter in the Mad Lover, Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. 1647, p. 2,—"Sure, madam, this fellow has been a rare hare-finder; see how his eyes are set." Steevens, I think unnecessarily, considers the allusion in the line in the text is discovered by the assistance of quibbles similar to those about *hair* and *hoar* in Mercutio's song in the second act of Romeo and Juliet: and Seymour thus paraphrases the former,—Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with pleasant paradoxes? to say that a lover is a good sportsman, and a blacksmith an excellent cabinet-maker? It is scarcely necessary to observe that *hare-finder* is technical in sporting language. "The hare-finder shall give the hare three so-ho's before he put her from her lear, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising," Holme's Acad. Arm. fol. Chester, 1688, iii. p. 74.

A gallant, full of life and void of care,
Ask'd of his friend if he would *find a hare;*
He that for sleep more than such sports did care,
Said, Go your ways, and let me here alone;
Let them find hares that lost them, Ile find none.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 312, from Harrington.

I know not whether I conceive the jest here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick asks, whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and to tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may show the quick sight of Cupid; but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this: "Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?"—*Johnson.*

I believe no more is meant by those ludicrous expressions than this—"Do you mean," says Benedick, "to amuse us with improbable stories?" An ingenious correspondent explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?" for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the god of fire) *a good carpenter.* In other words, "Would you convince me, whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched?"—*Steevens.*

[34] *In what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?*

That is, shall I be merry or serious to fall in with your humour or state of mind; metaphorically expressed as singing with you in your own song.—*Anon.*

[35] *But he will wear his cap with suspicion.*

Dr. Johnson most naturally explains this,—"subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy." Malone, I think, refines too much when he says,—"perhaps the meaning is,—Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that state where he must live in apprehension that his night-cap will be worn occasionally by another; so, in Othello,—For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too." A man who wears his cap with suspicion can scarcely be said to be concealing the emblems of cuckoldism, although that meaning is suggested by a passage produced by Henderson from Painter's Palace of Pleasure, p. 233,—"All they that weare hornes be pardoned to weare their cappes upon their heads." The words "wear his cap" may rather be regarded as expletives, and belonging to some early vernacular phrase,—he will wear his cap with suspicion, in other words, he will be always in a state of suspense. The cuckold, in the Boke of Mayd Emlyn, is represented as wearing a fool's hood or cap, as in the accompanying engraving copied from the title-page of that most rare tract. In a subsequent scene, Beatrice recommends Margaret to wear her wit in her cap.

[36] *And sigh away Sundays.*

This is a proverbial expression, the exact meaning of which has not been recovered; but it signifies, according to Warburton, "that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably." This is probably mere conjecture, but on the supposition that a person who was sad on the only holyday of the week would be always in low spirits, "sigh away Sundays" may be equivalent to, "sigh always."

[37] *If this were so, so were it uttered.*

This and the three next speeches I do not well understand; there seems something omitted relating to Hero's consent, or to Claudio's marriage, else I know not what Claudio can wish *not to be otherwise.* The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,—*Claud.* If this were so, so were it.—*Bene.* Uttered like the old tale, &c. Claudio gives a sullen answer, *if it is so, so it is.* Still there seems something omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing.—*Johnson.*

If, says Claudio, evading an explicit answer, this assertion of his were true, it is a truth that might quickly be declared. He alludes to the short answer, &c., which Benedick has just mentioned. Benedick replics, My lord, he is like the old riddling tale, it is not so, and 'twas not so; but (now he mentions his own private wish) I say, God forbid that it should be so! Claudio then re-assumes his part in the dialogue, and adds, If I do not change the object of my affections, God forbid it should be otherwise. Benedick, by saying God forbid it should be so, means, God forbid you should be married. The other returns for answer, If I continue as much in love with her as I am at present, God forbid I should not.—*Steevens.*

[38] *Like the old tale, my lord.*

A modernized version of the old tale, here alluded to, has been preserved, taken from oral recitation by Blakeway, whose integrity is unimpeachable:—"Once upon a time, there was a young lady, called Lady Mary in the story, who had two brothers. One summer, they all three went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them, was a Mr. Fox, a batchelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither; and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it, and went in; over the portal of the hall was written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold:' she advanced: over the stair-case, the same inscription: she went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same: she proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.' She opened it; it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste; coming down stairs, she saw out of a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brother's house. After a few days, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual; whether by invitation, or of his own accord, this deponent saith not. After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said, she would relate to them a

remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, 'It is not so, nor it was not so;' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, 'It is not so, nor it was not so,' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so:' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,' Lady Mary retorts, 'But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces." With a portion of this may be compared the Faerie Queene, III. xi. 54. Other traditional tales of a like description have been printed, but there are reasons for suspecting the authenticity of one purporting to relate to the Baker family, and which is very similar to the above narrative; and the others are not sufficiently illustrative to deserve insertion.

[39] *I spoke mine.*

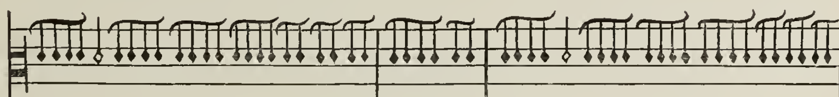
So the edition of 1600, the first folio reading,—"I speak mine;" but, as Steevens observes, Benedick means that he spoke his mind when he said—"God forbid it should be so," that is, that Claudio should be in love, and marry in consequence of his passion.

[40] *But in the force of his will.*

Alluding to the definition of a heretic, one who is wilfully wrong, and maintains an opinion by the mere strength of his will.

[41] *But that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead.*

Recheat, from Fr. *rechater*, properly a call to bring the hounds *back* from a wrong scent, but also used for other purposes in hunting. "Et si vos chiens ne vienent mie a vostre volunte si hastivement cum vous vodriez, vous devez corneer quatre mootz pur hastier la gent ver vous, e pur garnier la gent qe le cerf est meu; dunkes devez vous rechater sus vos chiens treis fiez," Art de Venerie par G. Twici, temp. Edw. II. "With blowyng out your hornes, with chatyng and rechatyng," Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 234. "The rechate, with three winds," is given, with the notes, in the "measures of blowing" appended to Turbervile's Book of Hunting, ed. 1611, in the following form:



The following account of the recheats is extracted from Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688:—"A Recheat, when they hunt a right game,—ton-ton-tavern tone, ton-ton-tavern ton-ton-tavern ton-ton-tavern tavern tavern tavern, ton-ton-tavern tavern ton-ton-tavern tone ton-ton-tavern ton-ton-tavern ton-ton-tavern tavern tavern tavern.—A double Recheat.—The trebble Recheat.—A Recheate or Farewell at the parting,—ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone tone-ton, ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone ton tone ton tone ton tone, ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone tone.—Ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone tone-ton, ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone ton tone tone ton ton-tavern ton tone ton tone ton tone ton-tavern ton tone ton tone ton tone ton tone."

So, in the Return from Parnassus: "—When you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then you must sound three notes, with three winds; and *recheat*, mark you, sir, upon the same three winds. Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the *recheat* before, so now you must sound the relief three times." Again, in the Booke of Huntynge, &c. bl. l. no date,—"Blow the whole *rechate* with three wyndes, the first wynde one longe and six shorte; the seconde wynde two shorte and one longe; the thred wynde one longe and two shorte."—*Steevens.*

"But that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead," that is, I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.—*Johnson.* The term is used as a verb in the Art of Venerie,—

Lo, now he blows his horn, even at the kennell dore,
Alas! alas! he blows a seeke! alas, yet blows he more!
He jeopardes and *richates;* alas! he blows the fall,
And sounds the deadly doleful note which I must die withall.

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries is preserved an engraved sheet, published about the year 1700, entitled, "The hunting notes for the horn," in which are given the notes for various recheats, viz.,—a recheat when the hounds hunt a right game; the double recheat; the treble recheat; a new warbling recheat for any chace; the royal recheat; a running recheat with very quick time; a recheat or farewell at parting. A similar list is preserved in the Bagford collection.

[42] *Or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick.*

The invisibility of the emblems of cuckoldism is frequently alluded to by our old writers. "Upon her good man's head they two had planted a monstrous paire of invisible hornes," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. "Give me your hand; here's even now to all the invisible hornes i' th' City," Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640. The emblem of the bugle is also employed by Lilly. "If it had stoode on thy head, I should have called it a horne: wel, 'tis hard to have one's browes imbrodered with bugle," Mydas, ed. 1632. A baldrick was a belt, girdle, or sash, thong or cord, of various kinds; sometimes a sword-belt. There are several instances where it would seem to have been merely a collar or strap round the neck, though it was more generally passed round one side of the neck, and under the opposite arm. See Hayward's Annals of Qu. Eliz. p. 30; Fabian, p. 540; Prompt. Parv. p. 27; Hall, Henry VIII., ff. 3, 6; The Faerie Queene, I. vii. 29; Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 8; Croft's Excerpta Antiqua, p. 13; Cyprian Academy, 1647, ii. 21; MS. Bib. Reg. 7 C. xvi. f. 68; Cunningham's Revels Accounts, p. 126; Strutt, ii. 50; Patterne of Painfull Adventures, p. 206; Todd's Illustrations, p. 320; Heywood's Iron Age, first part, 1632, sig. H; MS. Addit. 6761, f. 40. "My silken bauldrick bears my bugle," Drayton. "*Anabole*, ornamentum a collo dependens, a baudrik," Ortus Vocabulorum. The annexed figure of a huntsman, with his horn hanging from a baldrick, is taken from a large engraving in Turbervile's Booke of Hunting, ed. 1611.

The hurt watz hole, that he hade hent in his nek,
And the blykkande belt he bere theraboute,
A belef as a bauderyk bounden bi his syde,
Loken under his lyfte arme, the lace, with a knot,
In tokenyng he watz tane in tech of a faute.
Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyght, ed. Madden, p. 91.

Then kerve him out in the middes of both the cakes, stuffe, and all the brede of a sauser; and close it well, that the stuffe goo not out, and leve a good large hole in the middest, of *bawdricke* wise; then bake him faire, and cast on suger, and sarve him forth.—*Wyl Bucke his Testament.*

In the Jocalia, annexed to what is called the Wardrobe Roll, p. 352, is the following entry:—"Unum *baudre* de serico argent' munitum pro uno cornu Regis;" which is supposed to be descriptive of a belt for one of the King's hunting-horns. The word is from the old French term *baudrier*, which at first meant a piece of dressed leather, but, in process of time, a girdle or belt made of such dressed leather: and *baudrier* is from *baudroyer*, to dress or curry leather, and sometimes, to make belts. Menage says this comes from the Ital. *baldringus*, and that, from the Lat. *balteus;* from whence the Baltic Sea has its name, because it goes round as a *belt.* This word, *baudrier*, among the French sometimes signified a girdle, in which people in former times used very generally to put their money. —*Boucher.*

And in her hand she held a bended bowe,
A *bawdrik* on her back, and bugle horne.
Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, 1599.

Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas, and Spenser, term the zodiac "heaven's baldrick." So, also, in Poole's English Parnassus, 1657, p. 340, mention is made of "Heaven's shining bauldrick."

Bugle, that is, bugle-horn, hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—"or that I should be compelled to carry a horn on my forehead where there is nothing visible to support it." So, in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boisteau's Theatrum Mundi, &c. bl. l. no date: "Beholde the hazard wherin thou art (sayth William de la Perriere) that thy round head become not forked, which were a fearfull sight *if it were visible and apparent.*" It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets.—Steevens.*

Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn;
He that disdains it in heart or mind either,
May be the more subject to wear the bull's feather.
The Loyal Garland, 12mo. Lond. 1686.

[43] *And the fine is.*

Grant this work which in hand I have,
A lucky *fine* and end may make.
The Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 3.

[44] *Look pale for love.*

"*Palleat* omnis *amans*, color est hic aptus amanti."—*Ovid*, ap. White.

[45] *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love.*

There is a covert allusion in this speech that will not admit of a particular explanation. Debauchees imagine that wine recruits the loss of animal spirits. *Love* is used here in its very worst sense, and the whole is extremely gross and indelicate.—*Douce.*

[46] *Pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.*

In extreme contempt at such a worthless instrument, not, as Warburton says, because "the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful." Edwards well observes that "the humor lies, not in the painfulness of the execution, but the ignominy of the instrument, and the use he was to be made of after the operation."

[47] *Thou wilt prove a notable argument.*

That is, observes Dr. Johnson, an eminent subject for satire.

[48] *Hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.*

In some counties in England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in a wooden bottle, such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor, and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion.—*Steevens.*

In Warres, or the Peace is Broken, bl. l., occurs this passage, "—arrowes flew faster than they did at a *catte in a basket*, when Prince Arthur, or the Duke of Shordich, strucke up the drumme in the field." In a poem, however, called Cornu-copiæ, or Pasquil's Nightcap, or an Antidote to the Head-ache, 1623, p. 48, are the following passages:—

> Fairer than any stake in Greys-inn field, &c.
> Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
> Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do shoot.* . . .
> Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was framed,
> Or some wilde beast that ne'r before was tamed;
> Made at the charges of some archer stout,
> To have his name canonized in the clout.

The foregoing quotations may serve to throw some light on Benedick's allusion. They prove, however, that it was the custom to shoot at factitious as well as real cats.—*Steevens.*

Lysand. But if this deitie should draw you up in a basket to your countesses window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the towne to shoot at: how then?

Thar. If shee doe, let them shoote their bolts, and spare not: I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort.—*The Widdowes Teares.*

Brand gives the following account of the sport of the cat and the barrel, extracted from a Particular Description of the Town of Kelso, by Ebenezer Lazarus, 8vo. Kelso, 1789, p. 144:—"There is a society or brotherhood in the town of Kelso, which consists of farmers' servants, ploughmen, husbandmen, or whip-men, who hold a meeting once a-year for the purpose of merriment and diverting themselves: being all finely dressed out in their best clothes, and adorned with great bunches of beautiful ribands on the crown of their heads, which hang down over their shoulders like so many streamers. By the beating of a drum they repair to the market-place, well mounted upon fine horses, armed with large clubs and great wooden hammers, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when they proceeded to a common field about half a mile from the town, attended all the way with music and an undisciplined rabble of men, women, and children, for the purpose of viewing the merriment of *a cat in barrel*, which is highly esteemed by many for excellent sport. The generalissimo of this regiment of whip-men, who has the honorable style and title of *my lord*, being arrived with the brotherhood at the place of rendezvous, the music playing, the drum beating, and their flag waving in the air, the poor timorous cat is put into a barrel partly stuffed with soot, and then hung up between two high poles, upon a cross-beam, below which they ride in succession, one after another, besieging poor puss with their large clubs and wooden hammers. The barrel, after many a frantic blow, being broken, the wretched animal makes her reluctant appearance amidst a great concourse of spectators, who seem to enjoy much pleasure at the poor animal's shocking figure, and terminate her life and misery by barbarous cruelty." The author, having

called the perpetrators of this deed by a name no softer than that of the "Savages of Kelso," concludes the first act with the following miserable couplet:—

The cat in the barrel exhibits such a farce,
That he who can relish it is worse than an ass.

A similar kind of sport seems to be alluded to in the following passage in Braithwaite's Strappado for the Devil, 1615, p. 162:—

If Mother Red-cap chance to have an oxe
Rosted all whole, O how you'le fly to it,
Like widgeons, or like wild geese in full flocks,
That for his penny each may have his bitte:
Set out a pageant, whoo'l not thither runne?
As twere *to whip the cat at Abington.*

In Frost Fair, a very rare topographical print, printed on the River Thames in the year 1740, there is the following reference: "No. 6, Cat in the Basket Booth." Although it is doubtful whether it was used merely as an ale-booth, or intended to invite company to partake of the barbarous sport, it is equally a proof that Shakespeare's rustic game or play of the Cat and Bottle continued in use long after his days.—*Brand.*

[49] *Let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.*

This is generally presumed to be an allusion to Adam Bell, the celebrated archer of the North of England, whose adventures are familiar to all readers of our early popular poetry; the previous notice of the ballad-maker perhaps confirming this opinion. In the ancient metrical history, however, of Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley, the last named character holds the principal position as a wonderful archer, the story of William Tell and the apple being there adopted and applied to him; but as, in an example quoted below, this incident is named of Adam Bell, it is not impossible that there were versions of the poem in which that personage appears in the place of William of Cloudesley. There were numerous early editions of the metrical history here referred to, which is accessible in the well-known collections of Percy, Ritson, and Gutch, and one, hitherto unnoticed, printed for William Jaggard in 1610, is preserved in Wood's collection in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford: other editions, without date, appeared in the sixteenth century, and, with dates, in 1605, 1628, 1632, 1668, and 1683. "He shoots at thee too, Adam Bell," Decker's Satiromastix.

Mr. Hunter, New Illustrations, i. 245, considers Adam Bell a veritable personage, and notices an annuity granted to a person of this name on April 14th, 7 Hen. IV., issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in the forest of Sherwood, with other circumstances connected with his history, which appear in some degree to favor the supposition that he may have been the hero of the ballad narrative; but the name is not of sufficiently unusual occurrence to justify any certain conclusion from such coincidences. Mr. Collier suggests that Benedick's allusion to Adam may be merely a quibble on the designation of *the first man*, an explanation that could scarcely be adopted with safety. It may have been suggested by Voltaire's remark on Pere Adam, whom he said was not *le premier des hommes.*

Or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matters being, for the most part, stories of old time; as the Tale of Sir Topas, the Reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, *Adam Bell* and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rhymes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales; and in tavernes, and alehouses, and such places of base resort.—*Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

My merry muse begets no tales of Guy of Warwicke, nor of bould Sir Bevis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my penne with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, Little John, the Fryer and his Marian; nor will I call to minde the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold yeomen of the North, Adam Bell, Clem of the Clough, nor William of Cloudesly, those ancient archers of all England.—*The History of Tom Thumbe the Little*, 1621.

Old Robin Hood your western dames excel,
Scarlet, and Little John, and Adam Bell.
Sir A. Cokaine's Small Poems of divers Sorts, 1658.

Now lean atturney, that his cheese
Ne'r par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged proctor, that controules
The feats of punck in court of Paul's;
Do each with solemn oath agree,
To meet in fields of Finsbury:
With loynes in canvas bow case tyde,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand;
Like ghosts of *Adam Bell*, and *Clymme:*
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him.—*Davenant's Works*, p. 291.

They did not then enamel'd musquets carry
To train in Moor-fields, and in Finsbury:
But did in comely archery excell,
Like honest grave children of *Adam Bell*,
And Climme oth' Clough; now each of you will be
More than a furious William Cloudeslee.—*Rump Songs*, p. 117.

Besides, whenever he shoots at 'em, he as certainly splits their hearts in two, as ever *Adam Bell* did the apple upon his childs head; for, little urchin as he is, he's such a dad at his bow and arrows, that ne're a Finsbury archer of 'em all can pretend to come near him.—*The Ladies Dictionary*, 1694.

And there lyes books, and here lyes ballads,
As Davic Lindsay, and Gray-steel,
Squire Meldrum, Bewis, and Adam Bell.
Colvill's Whiggs Supplication, 12mo. Lond. 1710.

Aiming at a cat in this position, I suppose, was a custom, like that Shrovetide one, which I have heard of in some counties, of hanging a cock in an earthen jug cross a street, and throwing at it; and he that broke the pitcher, and fetched down the cock, was entitled to it. But why should the man that did this be called Adam?—Mr. Bishop conjectured for me, that it should be *a dab* (or dabster). I will venture to propose another guess to you, that I think bids fairer at the poet's meaning. In an old comedy called Law Tricks, written by John Day, and printed in quarto, 1608, I find this speech:—"I have heard old Adam was an honest man and a good gardener, loved lettuce well, sallads and cabbage reasonably well, yet no tobacco." Again:—"Adam Bell, a substantial outlaw, and a passing good archer, &c." How much archery was in vogue needs no mention; and it may be presumed this *Adam Bell* was such a proficient in the science, that his skill might bring his name into a proverb.—*Theobald's Letters.*

[50] *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*

This line, taken primarily from the Latin or Italian, is first found in English

in Watson's Passionate Centurie of Love, printed (without date) in 1582, where it occurs in the 47th section here reprinted :—

This Passion conteineth a relation throughout from line to line; as, from every line of the first staffe, as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second staffe; and from the second staffe unto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this posie a scholler set down over this sonnet, when he had well considered of it,—Tam casu, quam arte et industria. The two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine, sonnetto 103: —Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena.—El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,— Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale—E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.

In time the bull is brought to weare the yoake;
In time all haggred haukes will stoope the lures;
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest oake;
In time the marble weares with weakest shewres:
    More fierce is my sweete love, more hard withall,
    Then beast, or birde, then tree or stony wall.
No yoake prevailes, shee will not yeeld to might;
No lure will cause her stoope, she beares full gorge;
No wedge of woes make printe, she reakes no right;
No shewre of teares can move, she thinkes I forge:
    Helpe, therefore, heav'nly boy! come, perce her brest
    With that same shaft which robbes me of my rest.
So let her feele thy force, that she relent;
So keepe her lowe, that she vouchsafe a pray;
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent;
So forge, that I may speede without delay;
    Which if thou do, I'le sweare, and singe with joy
    That Love no longer is a blinded boy.

The Italian lines above quoted are taken from Aquilano (Seraphino), whose poems were first collected and published at Venice in 1502. The first line in the above is written,—"In tyme the bull is brought to *beare* the yoake"—in the original presentation copy of Watson's Sonnets, MS. Harl. 3277; but Shakespeare is generally supposed to have adopted the line in the text from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy,—"In time the savage bull sustains the yoke." The earliest edition of the latter play, known to exist, bears the date of 1599, but it is certain that it was printed some time previously, the "former impression" being alluded to in the title-page; and, according to Malone, it is quoted by Nash in 1593. "Tempore ruricolæ patiens fit taurus aratri," Ovidii Tristia, iv. 6. 1; "Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra juvenci," De Arte Amandi, i. 471.

[51] *But if ever the sensible Benedick bear it.*

Sensible, rational; in opposition to an unreasoning animal.

[52] *Thou would'st be horn-mad.*

"So th' horn-mad bull must keep the golden fleeces," Optick Glasse of Humors, 1639. "And then for horne-mad citizens, he cures them by the dozens, and we live as gently with our wives as rammes with ewes," Brome's Antipodes, 1640. One of the tracts of Taylor the Water-Poet is entitled, "Grand Pluto's Remonstrance, or the Devil Horn-mad," 1642. "Nay, faith, 'twould make a man horne-mad," Homer à la Mode, 1665. "Some are horn-mad, and some are Bible-mad," Epilogue to Neglected Virtue, 1696. The phrase continued long in use, an instance of it occurring in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1741.

[53] *If Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice.*

"The name of a cortezan of Venice is famoused over all Christendome," Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 263, at the commencement of his well-known account of the Venetian courtezans.

Long before this comedy was produced, various writers had characterised Venice as the place where Cupid "reigns and revels." So Greene; "Hearing that of all the citties in Europe, Venice hath most semblance of Venus vanities . . . . Because therefore this great city of Venice is holden Loves Paradice," &c.—Never too Late, sig. Q 2, ed. 1611.—*Dyce.*

[54] *To the tuition of God: From my house.*

This is in allusion to the antiquated mode of concluding dedications and letters. Reed refers to the dedication to Googe's first edition of Palingenius, 1560,—"and thus committyng your Ladiship with all yours to the tuicion of the moste mercifull God, I ende: From Staple Inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." So, in the conclusion of a letter which Lucrece is supposed to write,—"So I commend me from our house in grief," Rape of Lucrece. "Thus leving youe to the tuicion of the lyving God, I byd youe hartely farwell: From Burton, this x.th of Julye, 1577," Letter in the Loseley Manuscripts, p. 267. "And thus hopinge you will accomplishe this our requestes, wee comitt you to Godes tuition: From Douglas in the Isle of Manne, this first of June in Anno Domini, 1608," Alleyn Papers, p. 35. Drayton, observes Malone, thus concludes one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1619,—"And so wishing you all happiness, I commend you to God's tuition, and rest your assured friend."

[55] *From my house, if I had it.*

There is the same sort of joke, observes Mr. Dyce, in the translation of the Menæchmi, 1595,—"*Men.* What, mine owne Peniculus?—*Pen.* Yours (ifaith), bodie and goods, *if I had any.*"

[56] *Your discourse is sometime garded with fragments.*

Garded, ornamented as with gards. See vol. iii. p. 133. "A livery more garded than his fellows," Merchant of Venice.

[57] *Ere you flout old ends any further.*

Old ends, that is, old quotations, scraps, fragments of proverbial sentences, &c. The expression is exceedingly common, and again occurs in Richard III. "Some odd ends of old jests," Warning for Fair Women, 1599. "Nor hales he in a gull *old ends* reciting," Ben Jonson's Fox, iii. 169. "Apply old ends of comfort to her griefe, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her wordes are but dead comforts," Widdowes Teares, 1612. "Hee will talke ends of Latine, though it be false, with as great confidence as ever Cicero could pronounce an oration," Overbury Characters. "To translate old ends to modern time," verses pref. to Cartwright's Poems. "Or, at best, treating her with nothing but ends of plays, or second-hand jests," Shadwell's Virtuoso, 1676.

Darke charnell-houses, where they keep their chat,
Of tortures, tragicke *ends*, and funeralls,
Which they solemnize for their festivalls.
Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

A dictionary of all words of art,
And Lullies *old ends*, he hath got by heart.
Scot's Philomythie, 8vo. 1616.

Many silly gentlewomen are fetched over in like sort by a company of gulles and swaggering companions, that have nothing in them but a few players' *ends* and complements.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 490.

> Well, when I had thus put mine *ends* together,
> I shew'd them others, that I might see whether
> They would condemn them, or them justifie.
>
> *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678.

'Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.' This, I think, is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, 'examine, if your sarcasms do not touch yourself.'—*Johnson.*

[58] *Dost thou affect her, Claudio?*

It has been objected to this speech, that the matter has been amply discoursed of previously; but Don Pedro may now, he and Claudio being left alone, be presumed to ask the question seriously. Claudio's previous speech is a selfish one; and indeed selfishness is a prominent feature in his character.

[59] *Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars:—*

It is obvious that Claudio is interrupted by Don Pedro just as he is beginning "to twist so fine a story." It has not hitherto been so printed.—*Collier.*

[60] *The fairest grant is the necessity.*

That is, the best gift is that which confines itself to the real necessities of the case; or, to use the words of Mr. Smibert, "if one receives a *grant* to the full of his *necessity*, he is served in the *fairest* way, and needs no more." Another explanation, suggested by Warburton, is,—the best motive for granting your suit, is the necessity you stand in of making it; your absolute want of such an advocate is the strongest reason for my undertaking that office. Seymour translates the line thus,—"the fairest acknowledgement you can make is the necessity which rules you; you are in love, and you cannot help it." Hayley proposes to read, *to necessity;* and the Perkins manuscript, *fairest ground*, neither of which alterations appear to be necessary.

Grant (which the Oxford copy makes—*plea*) is—cause of granting; the fairest argument you can urge to prevail on me to be your advocate, is the necessity you stand in of one to do you that service.—*Capell.*

[61] *'Tis once, thou lovest.*

'Tis once, that is, once for all. The expression is very common in old plays, and occurs several times in Shakespeare. "When I doo play my prizes in print, Ile be paid for my paines, *that's once*, and not make myselfe a gazing stocke and a publique spectacle to all the worlde for nothing," Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596. See other examples in Peele's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 129.

[62] *I will assume thy part in some disguise.*

"Where is this spoken? Antonio immediately comes in with Leonato, and tells him that a servant of his had overheard the Prince and Claudio concerting this business in an alley near Antonio's orchard; and afterwards, Borachio tells John the Bastard he had overheard them, from behind an arras in Leonato's house, laying the same scheme. And yet it is plain, that Claudio had not yet been in Leonato's house; nor does . . . . . the stage till after this conference betwixt the Prince and him; nor are we to imagine that they held the same conference in two distinct places," Theobald's Letters. The only method of reconciling

part of this inconsistency is to presume a lapse of time between the first and the second scene, which perhaps would be more naturally assumed were the second act to commence with the second scene of the first act. There is a discrepancy in the localities noted as the scene of the conference between the Prince and Claudio, which seems inexplicable, except by the assumption that they had had more than one conversation on the subject.

[63] *And take her hearing prisoner.*

"Her beauty took his mind prisoner," Judith, xvi. "This object, which takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye," Cymbeline. "And take the winds of March with beauty," Winter's Tale.

[64] *Then, after, to her father will I break.*

"I breake a mater to a person, *je entame;* I dare nat breake the mater to hym first," Palsgrave, 1530.

Tell me but this, did you ever *break* betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certain lord i' th' court?—*Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.

[65] *Walking in a thick-pleached alley.*

Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven. The term is still in use, applied to a method of lowering hedges, by partially cutting the principal stems, and intertwining them with the rest. "Her hedges even-pleach'd," Henry V. "*Plesser*, to plash, to bow, fould or plait young branches one within another; also, to thicken a hedge, or cover a walke, by plashing," Cotgrave.

Pleach is described to be a branch of white-thorn brought down and laid horizontally in a fence to thicken a weak part. It is notched (or snotched) at the point of tact with the earth which is loosened to encourage the pleach to strike root, and to which it is kept fixed down by a hooked (or crome) stick, or peg. This operation is called *pleaching*, and is more used in Norfolk than in Suffolk, and is there more talked of than used.—*Moor.*

[66] *If he found her accordant.*

Accordant, that is, compliant, yielding, agreeing, consenting, from the neuter verb *accord*, or from the French *accordant.*

[67] *Cousins, you know what you have to do.*

Some editors reading *cousin*, Malone remarks,—"Surely *brother* and *cousin* never could have had the same meaning: yet, as this passage stands at present, Leonato appears to address himself to Antonio, (or as he is styled in the first folio, *the old man*,) his *brother*, whom he is made to call *cousin.* It appears that several persons, I suppose Leonato's *kinsmen*, are at this time crossing the stage, to whom he here addresses himself. Accordingly, the old copy reads, not *cousin*, but—*Cousins*, you know what you have to do.—You all know your several offices; take care to assist in making preparations at this busy time for my new guests." The old text is undoubtedly correct.

"Cousins," observes Steevens, "were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domesticks, of great families, such as that of Leonato. Petruchio, while intent on the subjection of Katharine, calls out, in terms imperative, for his *cousin Ferdinand.*"

[68] *What the good year, my lord!*

This exclamation, corrupted probably from *goujere*, the French disease, was in common use in the time of Shakespeare. It was frequently used literally, as in Holyband's French Littelton, ed. 1609, p. 10,—"God give you a good mor-

row and a good yeare,—*Dieu vous doint bon jour et bon an.*" See also the quotation from Florio, given below. "A good yeare take her, for using me so," Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661. "What a goodyer aile you, mother?,"—Isle of Gulls. "Why, what a good year means my John?," Wit Restor'd, 1658. "What the good yeare, Master Moore! I marvell that you will now soe playe the foole," Roper's Life of More.

T. Give me that single sute of plaine taffeta.—*R.* It is in the bottome of the cheast.—*T.* With a *good-yeare* to thee, why doest thou not take it foorth?—*R.* I thought you would have worne it no more, because it is too straight for you, and it is almost worne out.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

A *good yeere* on him for his good caveat, for he hath had since some young scholars that have learned to put in the like caveats.—*Harrington's Apologie*, 8vo. Lond. 1596.

But you are a traveller; I pray you tell us how the *goodyer* he came to be so great in England.—*Nixon's Scourge of Corruption*, 1615.

> Let her a *good yeere* weepe, and sigh, and rayle,
> And put on all the powre her beauty hath.—*Aminta*, 1628.

[69] *Being born under Saturn.*

Saturn was an unlucky planet in astrology. It is thus mentioned in some Latin verses, entitled, *Condiciones Planetarum*, in an ancient MS. preserved in the Savilian Library,—

> Jupiter atque Venus boni, Saturnusque malignus;
> Sol et Mercurius cum luna sunt mediocres.

The man which is borne under Saturne shall be false, envious, full of debate, and full of law, and shall be cunning in currying of leather, and a great eater of bread and flesh; and he shall have a stinking breath, heavy thoughts, malicious, a robber, a fighter, and covetous, and yet shall keep and be wise in counsayle; and he shall love to sinne wilfully, a teller of stories, jests, and such like; he shall have little eyes, black hayre, great lippes, broad shoulders, and shall looke downeward; he shall not love sermons, nor goe to the Church; and beware of his hands.—*The Compost of Ptolomeus, Prince of Astronomie*, n. d.

They which have Saturne in the tenth burnt, or the lord of the tenth burnt, or be by Saturne oppressed, or that have the tayle of the dragon in the tenth, receive commonly some forme of dishonour, and often be deprived of theyr estate, when the fortunes doe not intermingle theyr favourable beames: except when they be also unfortunate in theyr proper houses or exaltations, or in the signes of Aries and the Lyon. You must note that Saturne and Mars hinder greatly the good fortunes, until that the man hath passed the number of yeres corrispondent to the number of the smal yeres of the said planets: and if they hinder any more time, it shal bee untill that the man shall accomplish the number of yeeres aunswering to the number of degrees of the overthwart ascentions of the signe in the which they shall be at the nativity. Saturne or Mars in the eleventh out of their principal dignities, deprived of the beames of the favourable planets, signifie some great sute against hys friendes, or some great evill by reason of them.—*Kelway's Discourse of the Judgement of Nativities*, 1593.

[70] *I cannot hide what I am.*

This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.—*Johnson.*

[71] *And claw no man in his humour.*

Claw, to stroke, scratch or tickle, and hence metaphorically, to flatter. "I clawe, as a man or a beest dothe a thyng softely with his nayles; clawe my backe, and I wyll clawe thy toe," Palsgrave, 1530. "Take hede of him that by the back thee claweth," Wyat. Hence *claw-back*, a flatterer, as in Warner's Albions England, ap. Reed,—

> The overweening of thy wits does make thy foes to smile,
> Thy friends to weepe, and *claw-backs* thee with soothings to beguile.

Again, in Wylson on Usury, 1571, p. 141: "—therefore I will *clawe* him, and saye well might he fare, and Godds blessing have he too. For the more he speaketh, the better it itcheth, and maketh better for me."—*Reed.*

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson's opinion that the verb *claw* in this place means to *flatter;* I rather conceive it implies to *interrupt;* and the whole tenor of the speech to run thus: "I will have the full indulgence of *my own* humour, and not interrupt or seek to *prevent that* of any *other person.*"—*MS. by T. Hull.*

[72] *You have of late stood out against your brother.*

The brothers Don Pedro and Don John have quarrelled, and have been reconciled. Conrade remarks to the latter, "You have *of late* stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace." The MS. correction is, "till of late," which, as any one looking at the context even with half an eye, may perceive both spoils the idiom and impairs the meaning of the passage.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[73] *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace.*

The common wild or dog-rose was popularly called a canker, the sense which appears to be here intended. The term is still occasionally in use in the provinces, the late Major Moor having informed me that he had heard it in Suffolk applied to the dog-rose as well as to the wild poppy. "H'as undone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker," Maids Tragedie, 1622. "Whether she be a white-rose, or a canker, is the question," Maid in the Mill, ed. 1647, p. 20. See also Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 501. "A rose, a lily, a blew-bottle, and a canker-flower," Heywood's Love's Mistress, 1636. Compare also the fifty-fourth Sonnet, ed. 1609,—

> The canker bloomes have full as deepe a die,
> As the perfumed tincture of the roses.

The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expression, *a rose in his grace?* If he was a *rose* of himself, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus: 'I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his *garden;*' that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindness or cultivation. But a less change will be sufficient: I think it should be read, 'I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose *by* his grace.'—*Johnson.*

The former speech, in my apprehension, shews clearly that the old copy is right. Conrade had said: "He hath ta'en you new into his *grace*, where it is impossible that you should take *root* but by the fair weather that you make yourself." To this Don John replies, with critical correctness: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a *rose* in his *grace*." We meet a kindred expression in Macbeth: "—Welcome hither: I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour to

make thee full of *growing*." Again, in the Third Part of Henry VI.,—"I'll *plant* Plantaganet, *root* him up who dares."—*Malone.*

[74] *For I use it only.*

That is, for I make nothing else my counsellor.—*Steevens.*

[75] *Enter Borachio.*

"*Borrácho*, a drunkard," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. "*Borrácha*, a bottle with haire; also a drunken woman," ibid. "The Spaniards, *borachio;* the Italian, *boraco*,—to title a drunkard by," Heywood's Philocothonista, 1635. "*Oudre*, a borrachoe, a great leatherne bottle, or budget like a bottle, made commonly of a goat's skinne, and used for the conveying of wine," Cotgrave. "Like a Boracchio armed all in sacke," Divils Charter, a Tragædie, 1607. "A bottle or borracho full of vineger" is mentioned in the Second Book of Rabelais, 1653, p. 174. Borachio is also the name of a character in the Atheist's Tragedie, 1612.

Imagine, then, how they should doe with drinking of water. Let us rather give it to Cavallero Bottazzo to fill his *boracho* withall.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo*, 1586.

Yes, not so much with wine, it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard, as a German sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an English man to pay his debts. I am no *Borachia;* Sack, Maligo, nor Canary breeds the calenture in my brains; mine eye made me, not my cups.—*The Spanish Gipsie.*

One night when I was ther, he sent his boy with a *borracho* of leather under his cloak for wine; the boy coming back about ten a clock, and passing by the guard, one ask'd him whither he carried any weapons about him (for none must wear any weapons there after ten at night); No, quoth the boy, being pleasant, I have but a little dagger.—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1650.

His girdle was made of three hundred elles and a halfe of silken serge, halfe white and half blew, if I mistake it not. His sword was not of Valentia, nor his dagger of Saragosa, for his father could not endure these *hidalgos borrachos maranisados como diablos:* but he had a faire sword made of wood, and the dagger of borled leather, as well painted and guilded as any man could wish.—*The First Book of Rabelais*, 1653.

[76] *Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?*

Model is here used in an unusual sense, but Bullokar explains it, '*Model*, the *platforme*, or form of any thing.'—*Singer.*

[77] *What is he for a fool.*

That is, what a fool is he, or, what manner of fool is he? E. K., the commentator on Spenser's Pastorals, on the line, "What is he for a lad," observes, "a strange manner of speaking, q. d., what manner of lad is he?" See Jonson, ed. Gifford, iii. 397, the note on the line,—"What is he for a vicar?"—which occurs in the Silent Woman. "What is he for a creature," Every Man out of his Humour. "But what are you for a man," Lilly's Mother Bombie, 1594. "And what art thou for a man that thou shouldest be fastidious of the acquaintance of men," Warner's Syrinx, 1597, ap. Dyce. "What is she for a saint," Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640. "What is she for a fool would marry thee, a madman," Middleton, ed. Dyce, ii. 421.

You have said enough of him; but, I pray you, what is he for a man that doth follow him? He hath a sticke in his hand, which he whisketh as he leadeth the horse by the bridle.—*Nixon's Strange Foot-Post*, 1613.

Sus. But come, what was a for a man? *Nan.* What was a for a man? Why,

a was a man for a woman, what should a be? And yfaith he was a neate lad too, for his beard was newly cut bare; marry, it showed something like a medow newly mowed: stubble, stubble.—*Sharpham's Fleire.*

[78] *As I was smoking a musty room.*

The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In the Harleian Collection of MSS. No. 6850, fol. 90, in the British Museum, is a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Puckering's steward, relative to Suffolk Place before Queen Elizabeth's visits to it in 1594. The 15th article is—"The *swetynynge* of the house in all places by any means." Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 261: "—the smoake of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to *sweeten* our chambers."—*Steevens.*

The smoake of juniper wood being burned, besides that it yeeldeth a good sent to perfume any house, it is of good use in the time of infection, and driveth away all noysome serpents, flies, waspes, &c.—*Parkinson's Theater of Plants*, 1640.

Noe roomes perfumed with profuse excesse,
Nor ambergreece in every dish and messe.
The Newe Metamorphosis, MS. written about 1600.

Muffett, in his Health's Improvement, ed. 1655, p. 21, observes,—"Concerning the tempering of aire in our houses: Is it too hot and dry? then coul it by sprinkling of vinegar and rose-water, by strewing the floure with green flags, rushes newly gathered, reed leaves, water-lilly leaves, violet leaves, and such like: stick also fresh boughes of willow, sallow, poplar, and ashe, for they are the best of all, in every corner. Is it too cold and moist? amend it by fires of clear and dry wood, and strew the room and windows with herbs of a strong smell, as mints, penniroial, cammomil, balm, nep, rue, rosemary and sage. Is it too thick and misty? then attenuate and clear it in your chamber first by burning of pine-rosin, then presently by burning in a hot fire-shovel some strong white-wine vinegar." Again, p. 25, he advises persons, in localities infected by the plague in summer, "to correct the air about them with good fires, and burning of lignum aloes, ebony, cinamon bark, sassaphras, and juniper, which retaineth his sent and substance a hundred years. Burn also the pils of oringes, citrons, and lemons, and myrrh and rosen; and the poorer sort may perfume their chambers with baies, rosemary, and broom itself. Make also a vaporous perfume in this sort; take of mastick and frankincense of each an ounce, citron pils, calamint roots, herb-grass dried, and cloves, of each three drams; make all into a gross powder, and boil it gently in a perfuming pot with spikewater and white wine."

[79] *Hand in hand, in sad conference.*

Sad, serious, as in numerous other instances, and before, in this act,—a sad brow. So, in the next act,—"the conference was sadly borne." Palsgrave, 1530, has,—"Sadde, full of gravyté, *grave*."

[80] *I whipt me behind the arras.*

The objective pronoun *me* is here taken from the edition of 1600. He has just said, "comes me the prince and Claudio." This use of the pronoun has been previously noticed.

[81] *You are both sure, and will assist me?*

Sure, safe, trustworthy. "*Stable*, stable, firme, sure, stedfast, immoveable, constant, assured," Cotgrave.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, Hero, Beatrice, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heartburn'd an hour after.[1]

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Inn. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said,—God sends a curst cow short horns;[2] but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing,

I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.[3]

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd,[4] and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold,[5] with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens,[6] he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there ive we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece [*to* HERO], I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make cursey,[7] and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another cursey, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mast'red with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[8] tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace:[9] the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes Repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.[10]

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN,[11] BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked. They converse in groups.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?[12]

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend[13] the lute should be like the case![14]

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[15]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.[16]

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen!

[*Goes aside.*

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen!

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answered.

[*They part different ways.*

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well,[17] unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand[18] up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word,[19] I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.

[*Mixing with the company.*

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales;'[20]—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What 's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester,—a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:[21] none but libertines delight in him: and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet;[22] I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge' wing saved,[23] for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but* DON JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?
D. John. I heard him swear his affection.
Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.
D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.
[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.
Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself;
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;[24]
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.[25]
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of?[26] About your neck, like an usurer's chain,[27] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.
Claud. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover:—So they sell bullocks! But did you think the prince would have served you thus?
Claud. I pray you leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.
Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base, though bitter, disposition[28]

of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[29] I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady;[30] and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! what 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her.[31] She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw;[32] huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance[33] upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs! If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her: she would infect to the North star.[34] I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too.

Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel.[35] I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, *and* HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest arrand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot;[36] fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard;[37] do you any embassage to the Pigmies,[38]—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.[39] [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it[40]—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice; therefore, your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down,[41] lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange,[42] and something of that jealous complexion.[43]

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I

have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say 'Amen' to it!

Beat. Speak, count; 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool,[44] it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance![45]—Thus goes every one to the world[46] but I, and I am sunburn'd;[47] I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element[48] in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness,[49] and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to Church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection,[50] the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain,[51] of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach,[52] he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be

medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them,[53] I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw on Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend[54] a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[55] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* BOY.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[56]

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love:—and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife: and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[57] He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her;[58] fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.[59] Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony![60]

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.[61]

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with music.*[62]

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we 'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection :—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing :
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos ;
Yet will he swear, he loves.
D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come :
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing![63] [*Music.*
Bene. Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts[64] should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money,[65] when all 's done.
Balth. [*Sings.*]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;[66]
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,—
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, 'Hey nonny, nonny.'

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.
Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.
D. Pedro. Ha? no ; no, 'faith ; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.
Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him : and I pray God his

bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[67] come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*to* CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit* BALTH.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on:[68] the fowl sits. [*Aside to* D. PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?[69] [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection;[70] it is past the infinite of thought.[71]

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull,[72] but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him: for she 'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock,[73] till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That!

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;[74] rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, curses, prays;[75]—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms[76] to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daff'd all other respects,[77] and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.[78]

Claud. He is a very proper man.[79]

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore, God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels, you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests[80] he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage,[81] and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.[82] —They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say,

I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit,—nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love[83] with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No! The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.[84]

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there 's a double meaning in that.[85] "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;"—that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you are as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew! I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *But I am heart-burned an hour after.*

The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks.—*Johnson.*

[2] *God sends a curst cow short horns.*

This is a very common old English proverb. So, in the early interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, printed in 1661,—

And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst cow.

" Curst cowes have short horns, *dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi;* Providence so disposes that they who have will, want power or means to hurt," Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 118. The same Latin and English proverbs are given in Walker's Dictionarie of Idiomes, 1670, p. 433; and other examples of the English one occur in Herbert's Outlandish Proverbs, 1640, No. 531; Howell's English Proverbs, 1659, p. 1; Canidia or the Witches, 1683; The Pagan Prince, 1690; Yorkshire Dialogue, ed. 1697, p. 71.

But herein I have tolde hym my opinion, whiche is, that sithe he will leane so muche to his owne inclination, that God will sende a shrewde cowe shorte hornes, whiche hetherto he hath done to hym.—*A Letter sent by F. A. touching the Proceedings in a private Quarell and Unkindnesse between Arthur Hall and Melchisedech Mallerie*, 1576.

Mary gip, goodman upstart, who made your father a gentleman? soft fire makes sweet malt, the curstest cow hath the shortest hornes, and a brawling curre of all bites the least.—*Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier.*

Now if I can be thought blame worthy, which I confesse, no not of the most partiall; yet the most that nation can (if they would) say any thing to mee, reverencing and approoving their owne proverbes, is this: (As the dogge doth barke, the winde carries it away): In answere whereof, I say; it is the true nature and qualitie of a dogge to barke, yet he seldome hurtes that so barkes; for our auncient proverbe is, *The barking dogge bites least, as the curstest cow hath the shortest hornes.—Sir T. Smith's Voiage and Entertainment in Russia*, 1605.

A cavallo comedór cabéstro corto, to a greedy eating horse, a short halter, i., to a prodigall man meane fortune, a curst cow short hornes.—*Percivale's Spanish Grammar*, ed. 1623.

A certain townesman was boasting what revenge he would take on another whom he conceived had wronged him; the same party, hearing his threates, answered him that curst cowes have short horns; the former man's wife standing

by, and willing to take her husband's part, replyed, yea, but I hope my husband is none of those cowes, sir.—*A Banquet of Jests new and old*, 1657.

[3] *I had rather lie in the woollen.*

Steevens explains this,—between blankets, without sheets. Another critic thinks it may possibly mean,—I would rather lie in my grave. Burying in woollen was common at the close of the seventeenth century, and indeed was then ordered by Act of Parliament. The practice was, to some extent, in vogue previously; a woollen shroud being occasionally mentioned; but, on the whole, the explanation given by Steevens seems to be the most obvious and natural. Davenant, in his Law against Lovers, 1673, p. 293, reads, *in woolen.*

[4] *Take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd.*

The bear-herd (berrord, ed. 1600), that is, bear-ward, or bear-keeper. The term is common, although the above is the only passage cited by Dr. Johnson. The annexed engraving of a bear-ward leading his bear by a rope, and carrying a banner displaying an uncovered cup announcing "the bear bayting," is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a copper-plate containing a series of London Cries of the time of James I., preserved in the Print-Room of the British Museum. The reader will find the phrase of leading apes into hell, illustrated in the notes to the Taming of the Shrew.

[5] *Like an old cuckold, with horns on his head.*

The notion of the devil being distinguished by a pair of horns, here alluded to by Beatrice, was sufficiently general to deserve Browne's refutation. The evil angel is represented by Holme, in his Academy of Armory, 1688, "with eagle's tallons, *horned*, and winged like a dragon, cloven feet, having a fire-brand in his right paw, and elevating the left proper; as the devil or Satan is the Prince of Darkness, so he is described by dark and blackish colours." Another coat is described, in the same work, of "the devil or Satan transformed into an angel of light, *having short horns*, dragon's wings, a long robe close girt, and eagle's feet." In our childhood, observes Reginald Scot, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, 4to. Lond. 1584, p. 152, "our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ouglie divell, *having hornes on his head*, fier in his mouth, and a taile in his breech, eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, clawes like a beare, a skin like a niger, and a voice roring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we heare one crie, *Bough!*, and they have so fraied us with bull-beggers, spirits, &c., that we are afraid of our owne shadowes, insomuch as some never feare the divell but in a darke night." Sir T. Browne attributes the legend of Satan having a tail and horns to the ancient accounts of the apparition of the

devil in the shape of a goat; or, rather, subsequent writers have adopted this explanation as implied by his notice of the latter.

The annexed engraving of "an old cuckold, with horns on his head," the horns dropping money, is copied from one in a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century. The notion of the husbands of false women wearing horns is a very ancient one, and is not confined to this country. Part of the following is extracted from Brand. In the Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems, by R. H., 8vo. Lond. 1664, p. 5, "Why cuckolds are said to wear horns?" we read: "Is not this monster said to wear the horns, because other men with their two fore-fingers point and *make horns* at him?" Ibid, p. 28: "Why the abused husband is called cuckold? Since Plautus wittily, and with more reason, calls the adulterer, and not him whose wife is adulterated, cuculum, the cuckold, because he gets children on others' wives, which the credulous father believes his own: why should not he then that corrupts another man's wife be rather called the cuckow, for he sits and sings merrily whilst his eggs are hatched by his neighbours' hens?" A cuckold, G. *cocú*, B. *kockoec*, *horen-dragher*, quasi, qui gestat cornua, T. *kuckuck*, L. *currúca*, Anglice a cuckold, and also a hedge-sparrow, quia ut illa cuculi pullum pro suo educat, sic et ille alienos pro suis; cuculus apud Plautum eum significat, qui alienam tangit uxorem et vitiat, id est, adulterum,—*Minsheu*. "*Cornuto*, horned, also a cuckold," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

The Italian *cucolo*, a *cuckow*, gives us the verb to *cucol*, without the terminating *d*, as the common people rightly pronounce it, and as the verb was formerly and should still be written. "I am *cuckolled* and fool'd to boot too," Beaum. and Fletch., Women Pleas'd. To *cucol*, is, to do as the *cuckow* does: and *cucol-ed*, *cucol'd*, *cucold*, its past part., means *cuckow-ed*, that is, served as the *cuckow* serves other birds. The whole difficulty of the etymologists, and their imputation upon us of absurdity, are at once removed by observing, that, in English, we do not call them *cuculi*, but *cuculati*, if I may coin the word on this occasion, i. e. we call them not *cuckows*, but *cuckowed*.—*Tooke's Diversions of Purley*, pt. ii. c. 2, n.

[6] *For the heavens.*

This petty oath again occurs in the Merchant of Venice, and is equivalent to, —by heaven! "We meane to drinke, for the heavens," Menæchmi, 1595, reprinted in vol. iii, p. 302. In some cases, however, the meaning may be more

literal, for Cotgrave has,—" *Faire haut le bois*, to quaffe, tipple, carouse for the heavens."

[7] *It is my cousin's duty to make cursey.*

The quarto of 1600 has *cursie* in both instances in this speech, and it appears to be a genuine archaic form of the word *courtesy*. The first folio reads *curtsie* in the first instance, and *cursie* in the second. "I must straine *cursie* with you," Lilly's Mother Bombie, ed. 1632. There seems to be a distinction made between the word when used in the sense of complaisance, and the same when it signifies the reverence made by women. In the first act, the former is spelt *curtesie* in two places in ed. 1600.

[8] *If the prince be too important.*

Important, importunate, as in several other places. Pope unnecessarily alters the original word to *importunate*.

[9] *Is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace.*

A dance adapted to a Scotch jig is what is intended. Jigs, observes Holme, Acad. Arm. 1688, are "running merry tunes." A measure was a kind of grave solemn dance, mentioned also in several other of Shakespeare's plays. Beatrice has just previously used the term *measure* in the generic sense of measure in a dance, or a dance generally. "My legs can keep no measure in delight," Richard II. "After they had daunced many *measures*, galliards, corantoes, and lavaltos," Marston's Masque at Ashby Castle, MS.

The cinque-pace was a dance the measures of which were regulated by the number five, sometimes, but erroneously, considered to be synonymous with the galliard. There is an early copy of the tune in the Skene MS. at Edinburgh, and Mr. Dauney, describing it in connection with the speech in the text, observes, —" it would seem as if the *bad legs* had referred to the tottering fabric of the tune; the *faster and faster* to the acceleration of its movement towards the close; the *sinking* into his *grave*, to the slow and solemn strain of the finale: indeed, it is not improbable that Shakespeare might have intended an additional play upon the word *grave*, as being a musical term used to denote a slow movement of the *grave* kind," Ancient Scotish Melodies, 1838, p. 300. "He seem'd the trimmest dancer that ever trode a cinque-pace after sutche musicke," Palace of Pleasure. "Or of his daunce observed cinquopas," Thynne's Debate, p. 52. "He fronts me with some spruce, neat, sinquepace," Marston's Satyres, repr. p. 141. "A whole daies walke seemes as a cinquepace," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615. Sir John Davies thus alludes to it in his poem on dancing, ed. 1622,—

Five was the number of the musicks feet,
Which still the daunce did with five paces meet.

[10] *Till he sinks into his grave.*

The Perkins manuscript reads, *sink apace*, an alteration of singular ingenuity; but, even if such a double play upon words is likely to belong to the time of Shakespeare, it is, I imagine, somewhat at variance with the author's intention, who is making Beatrice in this speech sarcastic rather than jocular. The nature of the pun seems to be modern, but even if that be not the case, and I confess to a doubt on the subject, it would be dangerous to insert it into the text on such an authority. The quibble was partially suggested by Capell, p. 121.

[11] *Don John.*

The early edition reads, by mistake, *or dumb John*. The error is continued through all the four folio editions.

Fac-simile of the original Tune to the Dance called the Cinque-pace, from the Skene Manuscript preserved in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh.

Sincopas.

Fins

To face p 68

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

[12] *Will you walk about with your friend?*

The term *friend* was frequently applied to a lover of either sex, as in Measure for Measure, Othello, &c. Some editions of the last century omit the word *about.*

[13] *For God defend.*

Defend, that is, forbid, prohibit. "God diffende it, *a Dieu ne plaise*," Palsgrave, 1530. "And that poynt to his apostles purly defended," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 485. "In this kinde you might venter foure of your elbowes, yet God defende your coate should have so many," Marston's Malcontent, 1604. So, in the ancient MS. Romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne,

> But saide, damsele, thou arte woode;
> Thy fadir did us alle *defende*
> Both mete and drinke, and other goode,
> That no man shulde them thider sende.

[14] *The lute should be like the case.*

That is, says Theobald, that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask. *Favour*, that is, countenance.

[15] *Within the house is Jove.*

So the quarto of 1600, the folio incorrectly reading *Love* for *Jove.* The allusion is to the story of Baucis and Philemon in the eighth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. My visor is the thatched roof of Philemon; within the roof is a divinity. There is a similar image in As You Like It, act iii,—"O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house." The thatched roof is thus mentioned in Golding's translation,—

> ———————Neverthelesse one cotage afterward
> Received them, and that was but a pelting one in deede;
> The roofe thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.

"Perhaps," says Blakeway, "the author meant here to introduce two of the long fourteen-syllable verses so common among our early dramatists, and the measure of Golding's translation (of Ovid)." Nobody, I should suppose, could doubt it. But are the lines Shakespeare's own, or taken (at least partly) from some poem of the time which has perished? To me they read like a quotation.—*Dyce.*

Hanmer, ed. 1747, p. 145, thinks the words, "Speak low, if you speak love," are "a line quoted from a song or some verses commonly known at that time." They appear to be somewhat out of place in the mouth of Don Pedro, and inconsistent with the tenor of the previous dialogue. Heath conjectures they should be given to Margaret.

[16] *Well, I would you did like me.*

This, and the next two speeches spoken by Balthazar, are, in all modern editions, assigned to Benedick. The present arrangement, first introduced into the text by Theobald, is sanctioned by the opinions of Tieck and Dyce, the latter observing that the effect of the scene is considerably weakened, if Benedick enters into conversation with any other woman except Beatrice. Mistakes in the prefixes are exceedingly common in old English plays. It is clear, observes Theobald, "the dialogue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converses with Beatrice: and so every man talks with his woman once round." The prefix *Mar* is altered to *Mask* (for *masker*) in ed. 1663.

I do not heartily concur with Theobald in his arbitrary disposition of these speeches. When Benedick says, *the hearers may cry, Amen*, we must suppose that Balthazar leaves Margaret, and goes in search of some other sport. Margaret utters a wish for a good partner; Balthazar repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, desiring, as he says in the following short speech, to put himself to no greater expence of breath.—*Steevens.*

Capell supports the original distribution of the speeches, observing,—"Leonato, his niece, daughter, and brother, enter before the rest, and they only are privy to each other's persons and dresses: they receive their visitors, masqu'd; and the Prince,—having singl'd-out Hero, by chance or otherways,—after a few speeches open, engages her in a conversation apart, his last words intimating it's nature: while this is passing between them, Benedick, who is in search after Beatrice, lights upon Margaret; a sharp one, her voice suiting her sharpness; this voice betrays her to Benedick, who quits her smartly and hastily; a manner resented slightly by Margaret, who expresses it in her prayer; for her *good dancer* means—one that could move as nimbly as the one who had just left her."

[17] *You could never do him so ill-well.*

Steevens notes a similar compound in the Merchant of Venice,—"He hath a better-bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine."

[18] *Here's his dry hand up and down.*

Up and down, entirely. A dry hand was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. To this Maria alludes in Twelfth Night.—*Steevens.*

[19] *At a word, I am not.*

"*Absolvere uno verbo*, to make an ende shortely, to tell at one woorde," Eliotes Dictionarie, 1559.

> Than seyd thei all, at a word,
> That cokwoldes schuld begynne the bord.—*MS. Ashm.* 61.

[20] *I had my good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales.*

The 'Hundred Merry Tales' was the title of a very popular jest-book of the sixteenth century; only two or three copies, all more or less imperfect, are now known to be in existence. The title of one of these simply consists of the words, A C. Mery Talys, the colophon being as follows,—"Here endeth the booke of a C. mery Talys: Imprinted at London at the sygne of the Meremayde at Powlys gate nexte to Chepesyde," with Rastell's device on the last leaf. This printer died in the year 1536. The earliest separate notice of the work occurs in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1557-8, when "a boke called an hundreth mery tayles" is mentioned as being licensed to John Wally or Whalley. In January, 1581-2, it was licensed to John Charlwood, and it had no doubt been printed in the interval between these dates. James Roberts was the next publisher, if a list of his works by Coxeter, printed in Ames, p. 1031, may be relied upon. It is mentioned by Laneham, in the list of works in Captain Cox's library given in his Letter from Kenilworth, printed about the year 1575; and also in the following works,—Epistle pref. to Hanmer's Eusebius, 1585; English Courtier and the Cuntrey Gentleman, 1586; Harrington's Apology, 1596; Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630, in the names of Authors prefixed to *Sir Gregory Nonsence;* in a list of popular books cried for sale by a ballad-man in the London Chaunticleres, a witty Comedy, 1659; Archæologia, xviii. 430; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, x. 361.

I could tell you more, as he hath done, out of that most learned author, *the*

Book of Merry Tales, from whence his best jests are derived: but that, as the old manciple of Brazen-noze College in Oxford was wont to say, There are more fools to meet with.—*Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596.

I could fill a whole volume, and call it the second part of the *hundred mery tales*, onely with such ridiculous stuffe as this of the Justice; but *Dii meliora;* I have better matters to set my wits about: neither shall you wring out of my pen (though you lay it on the racke) the villainies of that damnd keeper, who killd all she kept.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

Bevis of Hampton he had read, and Guy of Warwick stout;
Huon of Bordeaux, though so long, yet he had read him out.
The Hundred Tales and Scoggin's Jests, and Arthur of the Round Table;
The twelve Wise Men of Gotham too, and ballads innumerable.
The Trimming of Tom Nash, poem in MS. Sloane 1489.

The following very curious notice of this work having been a favorite one with Queen Elizabeth, occurs in a letter dated 1603 preserved in the State Paper Office:—"About ten dayes synce dyed the Countess of Notingham. The Queene loved the Countess very much, and hath seemed to take her death very heavelye, remayning ever synce in a deepe melancholye, with conceipte of her own death, and complayneth of many infirmyties sodainlye to have overtaken her, as impostum, megrin in her head, aches in her bones, and continuall cold in her legges, besides notable decay in judgement and memory, insomuch as she cannot attend to any discources of government and state, *but delighteth to heare some of the* 100 *merry tales, and such like, and to such is very attentive;* at other tymes very impatient and testye, so as none of the Counsayle, but the secretary, dare come in her presence."

In the True State of the Case of John Butler, B. D., treating of a Marriage dissolved and made null by Desertion, 1697, the author maintains and avows that he has carried into practice a doctrine not unlike to that of Milton, in his Tractate of Divorce; although he does not appear to have been aware of his having had so illustrious a precursor. His notions on this subject having been controverted, he makes this angry reply to one of his antagonists: "I have collected thereout (i. e. from the work he answers) a centiloquy of lies, &c.: had they been collected together as a little book I have seen when I was a school-boy, called *An Hundred Merry Tales*, perhaps it might have fetched *a penny a book*."—*Boswell.*

The volume of the "Hundred Merry Tales" was reprinted by Mr. Singer in 1815, under the title of, "Shakspeare's Jest Book, Part ii," in the original orthography, and a neat modernized edition was printed by Woolley and Cook of London about the year 1850. A few specimens from the former will probably satisfy the reader's curiosity:—

Of him that said that a woman's tongue was lightest of digestion. A certayn artificer in London there was, whyche was sore seke, and coulde not well dysgest his meat, to whom a physicyon cam to give hym councell, and sayd that he must use to ete metis that be light of digestyon and small byrdys, as sparrowes, swalowes, and specyally that byrd which is called a wagtayle, whose flessh is mervelouse lyght of dygestyon, bycause that byrd is ever movying and styryng. The seke man, herynge the phesicion say so, answered hym and seyd, Syr, yf that be the cause that those byrdes be lyght of dygestyon, than I know a mete moch lyghter of dygestyon than other sparow, swallow, or wagtaile, and that is my wyves tong, for it is never in rest, but ever mevying and sterryng.

Of the scoler that gave his shoes to cloute. In the Universyté of Oxenforde there was a scoler that delyted moche to speke eloquente Englysshe and curious

termes, and came to the cobler with his shoes, whyche were pyked before, as they used that tyme to have them clouted, and sayde this wyse:—Cobler, I praye the sette two tryangyls and two semycercles upon my subpedytales, and I shall paye the for thy laboure. The cobeler, because he understoode hym nat halfe, answered shortely, and sayd,—Syr, your eloquence passeth myne intellygence, but I promyse you, yf ye meddyll with me, the clowtynge of youre shoon shall cost you threpens. By this tale men may lerne that it is foly to study to speke eloquently before them that be rude and unlerned.

Of the plowmannys sonne that sayde he sawe one make a gose to creke swetely. There was a certayn plowmans son of the contrey of the age of xvj. yeres, that never coming moche amonge company, but alway went to plough and husbandry. On a tyme, this yonge lad went to a weddyng with his fader, where he se one lute upon a lute, and whan he came home at nyght, his moder asked hym what sporte he had at weddynge. This lad answeryd and sayd,—By my trouth, moder, quod he, there was one that brought a gose in his armes, and tykled her so upon the neck, that she crekyd the swetlyest that I hard gose creke in my lyfe.

Of the courtear and the carter. There came a courtyer by a carter, the whiche in derysyon preysed the carters backe, legges, and other membres of his body mervaylously; whose gestynge the carter perceyved, and sayde he had another properté than the courtyer espyed in hym, and whan the courtyer had demanded what it shulde be, he lokyd asyde over hys shulder upon the courtyer, and sayde thus:—Lo, syr, this is my propertie: I have a walle eye in my hede, for I never loke over my shulder thys wyse, but lyghtlye espye a knave. By this tale a man may se that he that useth to deryde and mocke other folkes, is sometyme himselfe more deryded and mocked.

[21] *His gift is in devising impossible slanders.*

Impossible slanders are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them.—*Johnson.* Johnson's explanation appears to be right. Ford says, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, that he shall search for Falstaff in *impossible* places. The word *impossible* is also used in a similar sense in Jonson's Sejanus, where Silius accuses Afer of—"Foul wresting, and *impossible* construction."—*M. Mason.* Warburton unnecessarily proposes to read *impassible.*

[22] *I am sure, he is in the fleet.*

This singular expression seems to be used metaphorically by Beatrice, in the sense of, in the fleet or company of sail, in other words, in the company here present. "I would he had boarded me," that is, accosted me; and there may be a quibble intended, *fleet* meaning also a *floor.* The word *board* sometimes implied something further, as in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 286. If any reliance may be placed on the use of capital letters in the early editions, it may be mentioned that *fleet* is so distinguished in the quarto and in the three first folios; a reading which, if adopted, would lead to the impression that Beatrice intended to insinuate that Benedick was imprisoned for his slanders. She had previously said that Benedick both pleases men and angers them, meaning that he pleased some by the slanders which angered others.

[23] *There's a partridge' wing saved.*

The wing seems to have been formerly considered the delicate part of this bird. "The wing of a partridge, or the buttocke of a nunne," are mentioned as the most delicate parts of those birds in Eliot's Fruits for the French, 1593, p. 119. The following tale is extracted from Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies,

1614:—"Old Maister Palmer of Agmerine was a pleasant gentleman, and being one day at dinner with the Duke of Sommerset, no sooner was a dainty morsell of meate carv'd him, but straight the servingmen were ready for cleane trenchers to receave it from him: At last a lady carv'd him a *partridge-wing*, and a serving man foorthwith cleane-trencher'd him, and went cleane away with it. Which the merrie gentleman perceiving, said aloud unto all the honourable company: A faire flight, sirs; marke, marke it well: oh, the faire flight!" This anecdote is repeated, in nearly the same words, in Archee's Jests, ed. 1657, p. 205.

[24] *All hearts in love use their own tongues.*

The imperative is frequently used without the auxiliary verb *let*. Hanmer unnecessarily reads, *use your own*.

[25] *Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.*

That is, fidelity is dissolved in the senses by the charms of love. *Blood*, in the sense of *passion*, is used again in the present act, and in several other places.

As wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person whom it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump; so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea.—*Steevens*.

> And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contain'd my *blood*,
> And was more worthie.—*Chapman's Homer*, Il. iii.

[26] *What fashion will you wear the garland of?*

It was the custom for those who were disappointed in love to wear willow garlands. See further in the notes to Othello.

> A moneth I spent in wat'ring of my pillow,
> And then bethought me of a garland willow.
> *Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654.

In the Gest of Syr Corneus, MS. Ashmole 61, the willow garland is represented as placed on the heads of cuckolds,—

> And when the cokwoldes wer sette,
> Garlandes of wylos sculd be fette,
> And sett upon ther hedes.

[27] *About your neck, like an usurer's chain?*

Large chains of gold were frequently worn by wealthy citizens and merchants, many of whom were usurers. This practice is frequently alluded to in old English plays.

Chains of gold, of considerable value, were, in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they now are, on publick occasions, by the Aldermen of London. See the Puritan, or the Widow of Watling-Street, i. 3; Albumazar, i. 7; and other pieces.—*Reed*. Usury seems about this time to have been a common topick of invective. I have three or four dialogues, pasquils, and discourses on the subject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of these, it appears that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age.—*Steevens*. So, in the Choice of Change, containing the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three sortes of people, in respect of use in necessitie, may be accounted good:—*Merchantes*, for

they may play the *usurers*, instead of the Jewes." Again, ibid.: "There is a scarcitie of Jewes, because Christians make an occupation of *usurie*."—*Malone.*

[28] *The base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice.*

That is, 'It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.' The old copies read—"*base*, though *bitter*:" but I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe, we may safely read,—'It is the base, *the* bitter disposition.'—*Johnson. Though* is probably right, conjunctions being somewhat indiscriminately used by our early writers. Mr. Knight observes,—"Benedick means to say that the disposition of Beatrice, which pretends to speak the opinion of the world, is a grovelling disposition, although it is sharp and satirical."

[29] *As melancholy as a lodge in a warren.*

They used in the old time in their vineyardes and cucumber gardens, to erect and builde little cotages and lodges for their watchfolkes and keepers that looked to the same, for feare of filchers and stealers; which lodges and cotages, so soone as the grapes and cucumbers were gathered, were abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented. From this forsaking and leaving of these lodges and cotages, the prophet Isaiah taketh a similitude, and applieth the same against Jerusalem, the which hee pronounceth should be so ruinated and laid waste, that no relicke thereof should be left, and that it should become even as an empty and tenantlesse cotage or lodge in a forsaken vineyard and abandoned cucumber garden:—The daughter of Sion, saith he, shall remaine like a cotage in a vineyard, and like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and shall be like a besieged citie.—*Newton's Herbal for the Bible*, 1587.

By the *solitarinesse* of the house I judged it *a lodge in a forrest*, but there was no bawling of dogges thereabout; by the multiplicitie of barnes I thought it some farmer's tenement, but there was no grunting of swine neare it.—*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

[30] *The good will of this young lady.*

Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the stage. Perhaps, both she and Leonato were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in with only Claudio.—*Steevens.* I conceive that, in the usage of Shakespeare's time, and even of our own, the demonstrative pronoun is sometimes used when the thing spoken of is not actually present, if it has been the subject of previous conversation. So, in this play: "shall quips, and sentences, and *these* paper bullets of the brain," and in numberless other instances.—*Blakeway.*

[31] *My visor began to assume life, and scold with her.*

'Tis whimsical, that a similar thought should have been found in the tenth Thebaid of Statius, v. 658:—"—ipsa insanire videtur Sphynx galeæ custos—."—*Steevens.*

[32] *That I was duller than a great thaw.*

Dr. Sherwen transforms *thaw* into the Anglo-Saxon þeow, a born slave, a serf. The great thaw is unquestionably an allusion to the oppression of spirits experienced on the weather changing from a cheerful frost to a general thaw.

[33] *With such impossible conveyance.*

In other words, with such extraordinary dexterity; the term *impossible* being

here hyperbolical, in the sense of, so excessive as to appear impossible. The meaning of the passage has, however, been so much contested, it may be well to add the principal notes of the commentators.

Dr. Warburton (following Theobald) reads *impassable:* Sir Thomas Hanmer *impetuous*, and Dr. Johnson *importable*, which, says he, is used by Spenser, in a sense very congruous to this passage, for *insupportable, or not to be sustained;* also by the last translators of the Apocrypha; and therefore such a word as Shakespeare may be supposed to have written.—*Reed.*

Importable is very often used by Lydgate, in his Prologue to the translation of the Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas, &c., as well as by Holinshed. *Impossible* may be licentiously used for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders. So, in the Fair Maid of the Inn, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—" You would look for some most *impossible* antick." Again, in the Roman Actor, by Massinger: " —to lose ourselves, by building on *impossible* hopes."—*Steevens.*

Impossible may have been what Shakespeare wrote, and be used in the sense of *incredible* or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of *impossible* slanders.—*M. Mason.*

I believe the meaning is—' with a rapidity equal to that of *jugglers*, who appear to perform *impossibilities*.' We have the same epithet again in Twelfth Night: " There is no Christian can ever believe such *impossible* passages of grossness." So Ford says, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—" I will examine *impossible* places." Again, in Julius Cæsar:—" Now bid me run, and I will strive with things *impossible*, and get the better of them." *Conveyance* was the common term, in our author's time, for *sleight of hand.* So, in King Henry VI.,—" Thy sly conveyance, &c."—*Malone.*

The old reading, '*impossible* conveyance,' is right, and means only *excessive* dexterity. This hyperbolical expression is somewhat analogous to what the grammarians call double superlatives, such as *most highest, chiefest, most universal*, &c., which warm and animated writers, who abound more in fancy than in judgment, are apt to fall into, especially if they chance to compose in an age, a nation, or at a time of life, when correctness is not much sought after. And indeed similar modes of expression are not wanting in the best writers. When Demosthenes says, 'I have performed all, even with an industry beyond my power,' what is the industry he speaks of, but an *impossible* industry? To the example quoted by Steevens from Beaumont and Fletcher, may be added this other from the same authors: 'Design me labours *most impossible*, I'll do them, or die in them,' Love's Cure; and in Jonson's Sejanus, Silius accuses Aper of malicious and manifold applying, foul arresting, and *impossible* construction.—*Anon.*

[34] *She would infect to the north star.*

" I warrant, if the winde stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate to the leades of Ludgate," Puritaine or the Widdow of Watling-streete, 1607. " Her breath would rout an army sooner than that of a cannon," Cartwright's Ordinary, ed. 1651, p. 7.

[35] *You shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel.*

Até, the goddess of Revenge, was represented in rags, or, at least, in garments of a hideous character.

[36] *Bring you the length of Prester John's foot.*

Prester John was a name formerly given to the King of India, the appellation

having been obtained under the impression that he was a Christian. There is a curious account of the origin of the name in a manuscript of Maundevile's Travels preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, cited by Weber:—"There was sumtyme an emperour that was a noble man and a dowty; and he hade many Christen kynges under him. And the emperour thowght that he wold se the manere of Cristen men servyse in holy church. And than wer chyrches in all the cuntres, in Torky, Surrye, Tartari, Jerusalem, Palastari, Arabi, and Harrape, and all the lond of Egypt; and all the londes wer that time Cresten. And yt was on a Saturdaye in Wytson-weke wan the busschope made ordyrs; and he

beheld the servyce, and he askyd a knyght what folke schuld be tho that stode before the busschope. And the knyght seyd, they schuld be prestes; and than he seyd, that a wold no more be callyd emperour nor kynge, but prester. And he wold have the name of hym that cam out, what that ever he hight. And so yt happid, that the prest that cam out fyrst hight John, and so hath all the emperours sythyn be callyd Prester Jon." The annexed engraving of the "rydynge of Prester John" is copied from a MS. of Maundevile of the fifteenth century, MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 C. 38. For another account, the reader may be referred to the work of Matthew Paris, a monk of St. Alban's, who wrote before the middle of the thirteenth century. Marco Polo, in his travels, mentions the former subjection of the Tartars to him. See Marsden's edition, book i. ch. xliii. Roger Bacon did not believe the extraordinary tales which were current relative to Prester John,—*de quo tanta fama solebat esse, et multa falsa dicta sunt et scripta*, Opus Majus, edit. Jebb, p. 232. See, for a most profound and learned dissertation on the personage and history of Prester John, M. D'Avezac's Introduction to his edition of the History of the Tartars, by John de Plan-de-Carpin, 4to, 1838, pp. 165-168. Early notices of this personage are all but innumerable, and he is also frequently mentioned by writers of the Elizabethan period. One traveller, Edward Webbe, published, in 1590, an account of "the rare and most wonderfull things" which he "hath seene and passed in his troublesome travailes in the landes of Jewrie, Egypt, Grecia, Russia, and *Prester John*," a curious work filled with most marvellous tales. See, also, Bibl. Grenvill., i. 23; Reliq. Antiq., ii. 114; Hudibras, ed. Grey, ii. 436; Randolph's Aristippus, 1630, p. 23; Brown's Vulgar Errors, ed. 1658, p. 404, &c.

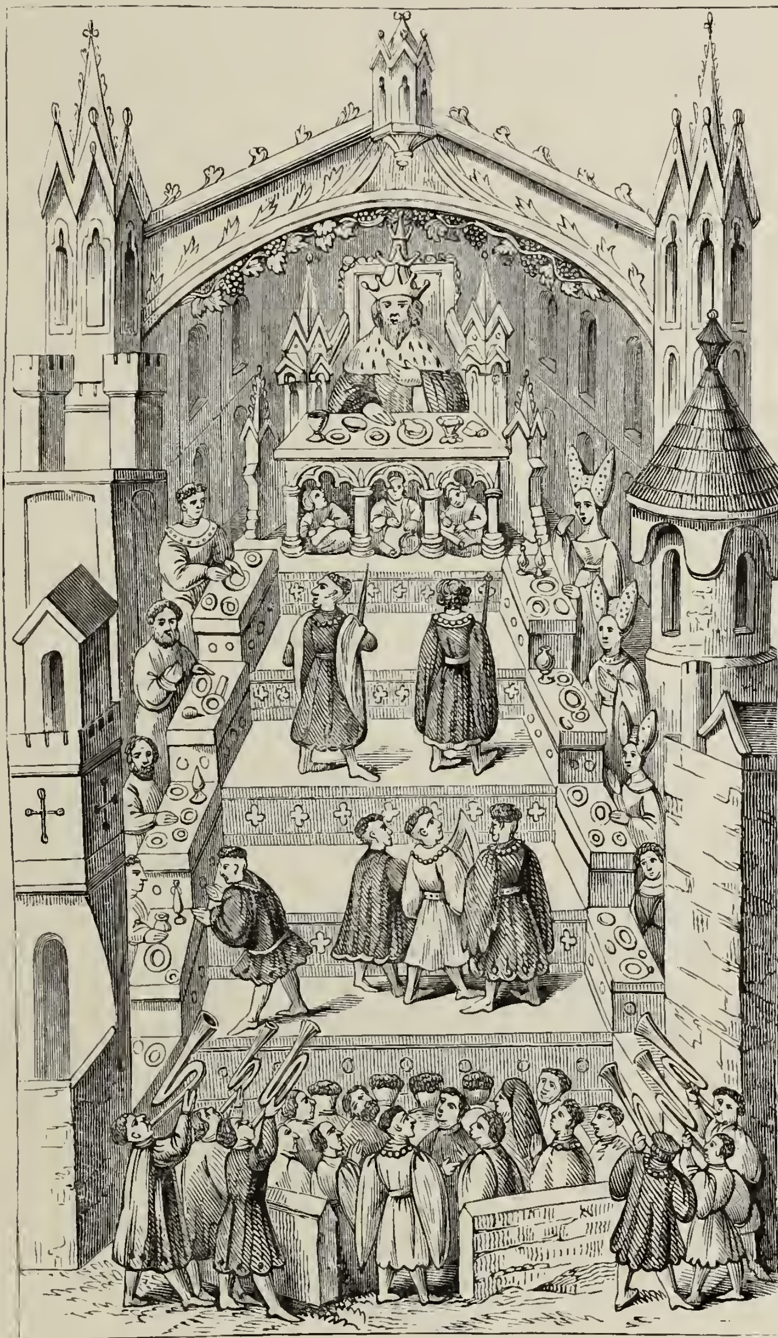
[37] *Fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard.*

No more? I'd thought you would have bid me pull
The Parthian King by th' beard, or draw an eye-tooth
From the jaw royall of the Persian Monarch.

Cartwright's Siedge or Love's Convert, 1651, p. 157.

Such an achievement, however, Huon of Bourdeaux was sent to perform, and performed it. See chap. 46, edit. 1601: "—he opened his mouth, and tooke out

his foure great teeth, and then cut off his beard, and tooke thereof as much as pleased him."—*Steevens.* "Thou must goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse, to bring me thy hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his



greatest teeth. Alas, my lord, (quoth the Barrons,) we see well you desire greatly his death, when you charge him with such a message."—Huon of Bourdeaux, ch. 17.—*Bowle.*

Several chapters respecting the Great Cham may be seen in Maundevile's Travels, and they are thus entitled in the common chap-book edition:—Wherefore the Emperor of Cathay is called the great Caane; How the great Caane was hid

under a tree, and so escaped his enemies because of a bird; Of the great Caane's letters, and the writing about his seal; Of the governance of the country of the great Caane.

> He talks much of the kingdome of Cathaya,
> Of one great Caan, and goodman Prester John,—
> What e're they be — and sayes that Caan's a clowne
> Unto the John he speakes of; and that John
> Dwels up almost at Paradice.—*Brome's Antipodes*, 1640.

I only say,—if he had,—my great, great, great, great-grandfather's ashes (his that gave the Sultan the lye, and took the Cham of Tartary by the whiskers royal) would blush to see any of his posterity not true to honour.—*Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil*, 1691.

The account which Maundevile gives of the immense state and dignity of the Great Cham, exhibits in a strong light the magnitude of the daring which should imagine the feat alluded to in the text:—"The halle of the palays is fulle nobelyche arrayed, and fulle merveylleousely atyred on alle partyes, in alle thinges, that men apparayle with ony halle. And first, at the chief of the halle, is the Emperours throne, fulle highe, where he syttethe at the mete: and that is of fyn precyouse stones, bordured alle aboute with pured gold and precyous stones and grete perles. And the grees that he gothe up to the table, ben of precyous stones, medled with gold. And at the left syde of the emperoures sege, is the sege of his firste wif, o degree lowere than the Emperour: and it is of jaspere, bordured with gold and precioűse stones. And the sege of his seconde wif is also another sege, more lowere than his firste wif: and it is also of jaspere, bordured with gold, as that other is. And the sege of the thridde wif is also more lowe, be a degree, than the seconde wif. For he hathe alweys thre wifes with him, where that evere he be. And aftre his wyfes, on the same syde, sytten the ladyes of his lynage, ȝit lowere, aftre that thei ben of estate. And alle tho that ben maryed han a countrefete, made lyche a mannes foot, upon here hedes, a cubyte long, alle wrought with grete perles, fyne and oryent, and aboven, made with pecokes fedres and of other schynynge fedres; and that stont upon here hedes, lyke a crest, in tokene that thei ben undre mannes fote and undre subjectioun of man. And thei that ben unmaryed, han none suche. And aftre, at the right syde of the Emperour, first syttethe his eldest sone, that schalle regne aftre him: and he syttethe also o degree lowere than the Emperour, in suche manere of seges, as don the Emperesses. And aftre him sytten other grete lordes of his lynage, every of hem a degree lowere than other, as thei ben of estate. And the Emperour hathe his table allone be him self, that is of gold and of precious stones, or of cristalle, bordured with gold, and fulle of precious stones or of amatystes or of Lignum Aloes, that comethe out of Paradys, or of ivory, bounden or bordured with gold. And everyche of his wyfes hathe also hire table be hire self. And his eldest sone, and the other lordes also, and the ladyes, and alle that sitten with the Emperour, han tables allone be hem self, fulle riche. And there nys no table, but that it is worthe an huge tresour of golde. And undre the Emperoures table, sitten thre clerkes, that writen alle that the Emperour seythe, be it good, be it evylle; for alle that he seythe, moste ben holden: for he may not chaungen his word, ne revoke it." A very curious illumination of this court of the Great Cham is given in an English Manuscript of Maundevile, of the fifteenth century. (See the preceding page.)

[38] *Do you any embassage to the Pigmies.*

A few memoranda on this trite mythical subject, exhibiting the opinions of

early English authors respecting it, will be all that can be thought really illustrative of the text. In the travels of Sir John Maundevile, in some of the early printed editions, is the following chapter, "Of the land of Pigmie, the people whereof are but three spans long," chap. 64:—"When men pass from the city of Chibens, they pass over a great river of fresh water, and it is near four mile broad, and then men enter into the land of the great Caane; This river goeth through the land of Pigmie, and there men are of little stature, for they are but three spans long, and they are very fair both men and women, though they be little, and they are married when they are half a year old, and they live but eight year, for he that liveth eight year is holden very old; these small men are the best workmen of silk and cotton, and all manner of things that are in the world; and these men travel not, nor till land, but they have among them great men as we are, to travel for them, and have great scorn of those great men, as we would have of gyants, or of them, if they were among us." Compare this with the earlier version printed in ed. 1839, p. 212. Curious fanciful representations of pigmies are found in MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 C. xxxviii (here engraved); MS. Harl. 3954, f. 45; the early printed editions of Maundevile's Travels; Hortus Sanitatis, here copied from a wood-cut in ed. 1536, &c. The following chapter, *De Pigmeis*, is extracted from Wynkyn de Worde's edition of Trevisa's translation of Glanvillus de Proprietatibus Rerum:—"Pigmei ben lytyll men of a cubite longe, and the Grekes calle them Pigmeos, and they dwelle in mountayns of Ynde; and the see of occean is nyghe to them, as Papias sayth. And Austyn sayth in this wyse, that Pigmei ben unneth a cubite longe, and ben perfyghte of aege in the thyrde yere, and wexe olde in the seventh yere; and it is sayd that they fighte wyth cranes. Plinius spekyth of Pigmeis, and sayth that Pigmei ben armyd in yren, and overcome cranes, and passe not theyr boundes, and dwelle in temperat londe under a mery party of heven in mountayns in the Northe syde; and the fame is that cranes pursewe theym, and Pigmei armyd ride on gote backes with arowes in spryngynge tyme, and gadre an hoste, and come to the see, and dystroy ther egges and byrdes wyth all theyr myght and strengthe, and done suche viages in thre monthes; and but thei dide so, cranes shold so encreace, and be soo many, that Pigmei sholde not wythstonde theym. And they make theym howses to dwelle in of fethers, and wyth the pennes of cranes, and of the shelles of her egges, as he sayth; and sayth also that Aristotle meanyth that Pigmei live in dennes." There is a chapter, *an Pymæi fuerint*, in Eusebii Historia Naturæ, ed. 1635, p. 83, and also two other chapters upon them, ibid. pp. 85, 86; and Browne devotes a chapter to the refutation of their existence in his Vulgar Errors, iv. 11. "The chiefe physition to King Twadell, which was King of the Pigmies, which king and his subjects are but two

foote high from the ground," is mentioned in the black-letter History of Tom Thumbe the Little, 12mo. Lond. 1621.

The king of the Pigmies was a subjcct for incantation, as appears from the following curious paper in the magical manuscript of Dr. Caius, in the possession of Lord Londesborough:—

How to call the kinge of the Pigmies.—By what means and how yow may call the kinge or queens of the Pigmcis yn what place soever and what hower soever yow please, by the force and vertu of a certayn number by whome theis nombers were made and ynvented; first the nomber doth appeare here; thow shalt repeat v. tymes the Lords Prayer, and the Salutations of the Angels, and once the Symbols Creede, by puttynge the numbers accordinge to the multiplication of those prayers. Whether one will call them ynto a christall or any other fitt place, doinge all things secretly, but by requestynge the king or the queene of the Pigmies by the wonds of Christe, and by the joy of thc blessed Virgine Mary, and by the vertew of the multiplied number, &c., yow shall request and besech in earnest that he will offer himselfe to thye eyes to be seene. This bcinge done, annoynte and paynte thy eyes with dew that ys yn the fcild yn the compasse of thy cercle, soe thy matters shall end happely. Therefore by this reason all will appere most trewe.

[39] *I cannot endure my lady Tongue.*

"My Ladie Tongue," ed. 1600; "this Lady tongue," ed. 1623; "this Ladyes tongue," ed. 1632. Heath approves of the last reading, becausc a dish has been just mentioned. Thc text of the first edition is more humorous, and agrecs perfcctly well with the context.

[40] *And I gave him use for it.*

Use, that is, usury, interest of money. So, in Fletcher's Poems, p. 68,—

O tis a thing more than ridiculous,
To take a man's full sum, and not pay *use.*

Sccurity is his secretarie, and sergeants his serving-men: he liveth by *use*, like a bawde, and dealeth deceitfully, like a cheating gamester.—*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

[41] *You have put him down, lady.*

The answer of Beatrice was scarcely worth imitation, yet the quibble, such as it is, is introduced into the Noble Stranger, 1640.

[42] *But civil, count; civil as an orange.*

An old pun on the Seville orange. "For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange," Nash's Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters, 4to. 1592. Cotgrave translates *aigre-douce*, "a civile orange, or orange that is betweene swcet and sower," and the same occurs in Howell's Lexicon Tetraglotton, 1660, in v. *Orange.*

[43] *And something of that jealous complexion.*

So in ed. 1600. "A jealous," ed. 1623. Yellowncss is an epithet applied to jealousy in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Sce notes in vol. ii. p. 319.

[44] *I thank it, poor fool.*

Poor fool was a phrase of endearment. See King Lcar.

[45] *Good Lord, for alliance!*

Boswell appropriately explains this,—"Good Lord, how many alliances are forming! Every one is likely to be married but mc."

[46] *Thus goes every one to the world but I.*

To go to the world, an old phrase for entering into matrimony, joining in the active business of the world by commencing house-keeping. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposed to read *wood* for *world.*

[47] *And I am sun-burned.*

Hero, who was "too *brown* for a fair praise," was less fair than Beatrice, who is here speaking partially in disappointment, but in some degree ironically. Beatrice, in saying she is sun-burned, implies that her beauty is impaired; so, in Troilus and Cressida,—

> The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
> The splinter of a lance.

Beatrice goes not to the world, and her ironical explanation is that her features are too homely. "It is for homely features to keep home," Comus, 748.

[48] *There's little of the melancholy element in her.*

"Does not our life consist of the *four elements?*," says Sir Toby, in Twelfth-Night. So, also, in King Henry V.: "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him."—*Malone.*

[49] *She hath often dreamed of unhappiness.*

Warburton translates *unhappiness*, a wild, wanton, unlucky trick, the term *unhappy* having been often used in the sense of *unlucky.* Theobald suggests to read, *an happiness*, but there appears to be no real necessity for disturbing the original text.

Leonato observes that his niece has little of the melancholy element in her; that she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever (i. e. always) sad even then; for she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, which yet was so short-liv'd, that presently she was merry again, and waked herself with laughing. This interpretation appears to have support in a passage of Rousseau's Eloisa, Letter the seventh,—"You know I never in my life could weep without laughing; and yet I have not less sensibility than other people."—*Seymour.*

[50] *A mountain of affection.*

Shakespeare frequently uses the term *mountain* metaphorically in the sense of a great quantity, a large mass. Thus Falstaff says, if he had been swelled, he would "have been a mountain of mummy," Merry Wives of Windsor. Dromio of Syracuse calls the kitchen-wench a "mountain of mad flesh," Comedy of Errors. Lies "gross as a mountain," Henry IV. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposed to read, "a *mooting* of affection."

In one of Stanyhurst's poems is the following phrase to denote a large quantity of love:—"Lumps of love promist, nothing perform'd," &c. Again, in the Renegado, by Massinger: "—'tis but parting with a *mountain* of vexation." Thus, also, in King Henry VIII., we find "a *sea* of glory," in Hamlet, "a *sea* of troubles." Again, in Howel's History of Venice: "though they see *mountains* of miseries heaped on one's back;"—in Bacon's History of King Henry VII.: "Perkin sought to corrupt the servants to the lieutenant of the Tower by *mountains* of promises."—*Steevens.*

[51] *He is of noble strain.*

Strain, A.S. stry'nd, stock, race, lineage. The term continued in poetical use till a late period. It occurs in Spenser, Dryden, Shadwell, Prior, &c., and in Sc. IV.

strynd, streind, stryne, explained, "family, descent," by Kennett, in his Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

Hee is not so inquisitive after newes derived from the privie closet, when the finding an eiery of hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good *straine*, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

[52] *And his queasy stomach.*

Queasy, squeamish, nice, delicate, tender, faint. "Queasie, *fastidiosus*, *delicatulus*," Coles. The term in Holinshed, Chronicles of Ireland, p. 136, seems to be applied in the sense of, slight, short, insufficient,—"as could in that quesie time be assembled." Compare Middleton, ed. Dyce, i. 321, ii. 236; Jonson, ed. Gifford, iii. 18; Antony and Cleopatra, &c. "Look, sister, how the queazy-stomach'd graves vomit their dead," Quarles's Emblems.

What nedth all this, my love of long growne?
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye,
But now your woordes make my harte all *quesye*.
The Play of Wit and Science, p. 37.

A *queazie* lover may impart,
What mistresse 'tis that please his hart.
Wits Recreations, 12mo. Lond. 1640.

[53] *Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.*

"I dispyte, I grutche or reprime agaynst a thing, *je me despite*," Palsgrave, 1530. "I dispyte a person, I set hym at naught or provoke hym to anger, *je despite*," ib. "It dispiteth me, *il me despite*. It dispyteth me to se his facyons," ib.

[54] *Intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio.*

Intend used for *pretend*, as in Taming of the Shrew, and in Richard III.

[55] *Hear Margaret term me Claudio.*

The correctness here of the old text scarcely merits serious discussion, and Mr. Knight has well remarked that it is supported by the expression, *term me*. It has, however, been the subject of much controversy, and the following notes may, therefore, be added. The reader need scarcely be reminded that it is not necessary the plot should be carried out in the exact form described in Borachio's speech. In point of fact, the Prince and Claudio witnessed the occurrence at some distance off, and probably out of the reach of hearing.

I am obliged here to give a short account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The business stands thus: Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by his intercessions with her father, to be married to fair Hero; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his spleen zealous to disappoint the match. Borachio, a rascally dependant on Don John, offers his assistance, and engages to break off the marriage by this stratagem. "Tell the prince and Claudio," says he, "that Hero is in love with *me;* they won't believe it; offer them proofs, as, that they shall see me converse with her in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her waiting-woman Margaret; and I'll prevail with Margaret, at a dead hour of night to personate her mistress Hero: do you then bring the prince and Claudio to overhear our discourse; and they shall have the torment to hear *me* address Margaret by the name of Hero; and her say sweet things to me by the name of Claudio." This is the substance of Borachio's

device to make Hero suspected of disloyalty, and to break off her match with Claudio. But, could it displease Claudio, to hear his mistress making use of *his* name tenderly? If he saw another man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reasonably think her betrayed, but not have the same reason to accuse her of disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming Claudio make the prince and Claudio believe that she lov'd Borachio, as he desires Don John to insinuate to them that she did? The circumstances weighed, there is no doubt but the passage ought to be reformed, as I have settled it in the text—*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio.*—*Theobald.*

I am not convinced that this exchange is necessary. Claudio would naturally resent the circumstance of hearing another called by his own name; because, in that case, baseness of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonness of insult: and, at the same time he would imagine the person so distinguish'd to be Borachio, because Don John was previously to have informed both him and Don Pedro, that Borachio was the favoured lover.—*Steevens.*

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his mistress, Hero, for such he would imagine Margaret to be, address Borachio, or any other man, by his name, as he might suppose that she called him by the name of Claudio in consequence of a secret agreement between them, as a cover, in case she were overheard; and *he* would know, without a possibility of error, that it was not Claudio, with whom, in fact, she conversed.—*Malone.*

[56] *Bring it hither to me in the orchard.*

The boy here goes out, Benedick musing till he returns. He does so very quickly, and Benedick then dismisses him. This arrangement is not understood in representation. There is no necessity for the change of direction introduced by Mr. Collier, Benedick entering solus, and the Boy afterwards, although the old editions give some countenance to that arrangement. The entrances of "such small deer" as Pages are, observes Mr. Dyce, frequently omitted in the old copies of plays.

According to Malone, the term *orchard* was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to a garden, as well as to a plantation of fruit-trees; but the word may perhaps more correctly be said to have been so applied only when the latter formed a prominent feature in a garden. A distinction seems generally to have been made between the terms, although, in the present comedy, the *orchard* is not exactly what we now understand by that word.

[57] *Carving the fashion of a new doublet.*

In Barnaby Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults, 4to. 1606, p. 6, we have the following account of a Fashionmonger: "— here comes first the Fashionmonger, that spends his time in the contemplation of sutes. Alas! good gentleman, there is something amisse with him. I perceive it by his sad and heavie countenance: for my life, his tailer and he are at some square about the making of his new sute; he hath cut it after the old stampe of some stale fashion, that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."—*Reed.*

When we wore short-wasted doublets, and but a little lower than our breasts, we would maintaine by militant reasons that the waste was in its right place, as Nature intended it: but when after (as lately) we came to weare them so long wasted, then began we to condemn the former fashion as fond, intollerable, and deformed, and to commend the later as comely, handsome, and commendable. A kind of madnesse or selfe-fond humour that giddieth (as one saith) our understandings, so new fangled and sudden, that all the tailors in the world cannot invent novelties sufficient; one selfe-same judgement, in the space of fifteene or

twenty yeares, admitting not only two or three different, but also cleane contrary opinions, with so light and incredible constancy, that any man would wonder at it. The waste (as one notes) is now come to the knee; for the points that were used to be about the middle, are now dangling there, and now more lately the waste is descended down towards the ankles.—*Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653.

[58] *Virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her.*

Cheapen, to ask the price of any thing.—*Salop.* This explanation is from More's MS. additions to Ray. "I see you come to *cheap*, and not to buy," Heywood's Edward IV. p. 66. "Cheap, to cheapen," Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033. "I cheape, I demaunde the price of a thyng that I wolde bye," Palsgrave.

[59] *Her hair shall be of what colour it please God.*

The practice of dying the hair, here negatively alluded to, is frequently mentioned by Elizabethan writers. Benedick's judgment may be compared with the second extract below given.

The practice of colouring the hair in Shakspeare's time, receives considerable illustration from Marie Magdalene her Life and Repentance, 1567, where Infidelitie (the Vice) recommends her to a goldsmith to die her hair yellow with some preparation, when it should fade; and Carnal Concupiscence tells her likewise that there was "other geare besides goldsmith's water," for the purpose.—*Douce.*

If any have haire of her own naturall growing, whiche is not faire enough, then will they die it in divers colours, almost chaunging the substaunce into accidentes by their devilish and more then thrise cursed devises. So, whereas their haire was geven them as a signe of subjection, and therefore they were commaunded to cherish the same, now have they made it an ornament of pride and destruction to themselves for ever, excepte they repent.—*The Anatomie of Abuses by Phillip Stubs*, 1584.

It will bee heere objected and saide of some nice and vaine woman, that all which wee do in painting our faces, in dying our hayre, in embawming our bodies, in decking us with gay apparell, is to please our husbandes, to delight his eyes, and to retaine his love towardes us. O vaine excuse, and most shamefull answere, to the reproche of thy husbande! What couldest thou more say to set out his foolishnesse, then to charge him to be pleased and delighted with the divel's tyre? Who can paint her face, and curle her hayre, and change it into an unnaturall colour, but therein doth worke reproofe to her Maker, who made her? as though she could make herselfe more comely then God hath appoynted the measure of her beautie? What doe these women but goe about to reforme that which God hath made? not knowing that all things naturall is the worke of God, and things disguised and unnaturall bee the workes of the divell.—*The Seconde Tome of Homilies*, 1595.

In the Treasure of Evonymus, 1559, p. 208, are given receipts for "waters for the dying of heares of the heed and other." One of these is somewhat curious,—"Sponsa solis beeten, otherwyse the siedes of Solsosium beeten, put it in milke of a woman that nurceth a boy ten otherwise xl. daies, and then make an oyl: this oyll, sod with leved gold, seething it gentely by the space of one day, is marvelous, for if a man washe his heares therwith, they shall becum lyke gold: if the face be wet, and rubbed with the same, it shal be plaine and cleare, that it shall seme angellike, continuinge for the space of v. dayes." Gerard, in his Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 1145, says, "the rootes of the (barbery) tree steeped for certaine daies togither in strong lie made with ashes of the ash tree, and the haire often moistned therewith, maketh it yellow." Compare Lyte's Niewe Herball, 1578, p. 684.

The following receipts for colouring the hair are extracted from a curious little work, Delights for Ladies to adorne their Persons, 12mo. Lond. 1628 :—" *To colour a black hair presently into a chestnut-colour* :—This is done with oile of vitriol; but you must do it very carefully, not touching the skin. *To make haire of a faire yellow or golden colour* :—The last water that is drawn from honey, beeing of a deepe redde colour, performeth the same excellently; but the same hath a strong smell, and therefore must be sweetned with some aromatical bodie: or else, the haire being first clean washed, and then moistened a pretty while by a good fire in warme allome water with a sponge, you may moisten the same in a decoction of turmerick, rubarb, or the bark of the barberry tree; and so it will receive a most faire and beautifull colour. The dogberry is also an excellent berry to make a golden liquor withall for this purpose: beat your allom to powder, and when the water is ready to seethe, dissolve it therein: foure ounces to a pottle of water will be sufficient: let it boyl awhile, strain it, and this is your allome liquor wherwith you must first prepare the haire. *How to colour the head or beard into a chesnut-colour in halfe an hour* :—Take one part of lead calcined with sulphur, and one part of quicklime; temper them somewhat thin with water; lay it upon the hair, chafing it well in, and let it dry one quarter of an houre or thereabout: then wash the same off with fair water divers times, and lastly with sope and water, and it will be a very naturall hair-colour. The longer it lyeth upon the haire, the browner it groweth. This coloureth not the flesh at all, and yet it lasteth very long in the hair."

What a curious accommodation to these people had some fountaine been, that had a harmelesse property to colour their haire according to their mindes, such a one as the river Crathis mentioned by Plinie, whose nature was to make haire yellow, which efficacy Ovid attributes to another. Montanus, taking notice of this erroneous practise of women in his time in Verona, and other parts of Italy, very rationally and learnedly observes, that this endeavour for ornament cast them into a greater mischiefe, for although they obtained their end in colouring their haires, yet afterwards thereupon they become shorter, hard and harsh, whereas commonly women have long and soft haire. But these women, choosing ever that which is worst, use strong waters which are dryers; for although they think their haire is coloured by them, yet they rather burne them and make them short; they destroy moreover their substance, and which is worse, they destroy life it selfe: a caution to be considered of by our gallants.—*Bulwer's Man Transform'd or the Artificiall Changling*, 1653.

The text admits of another interpretation, that her hair shall be of the colour it pleases Providence; in other words, that it is a matter of indifference to Benedick.

[60] *As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.*

A similar reflection occurs in the Merchant of Venice.—" Soft stillness and the night, become the touches of sweet harmony."—*Seymour.*

[61] *We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.*

A young fox is what is probably meant by kid-fox, but the term *kid* is certainly erroneously applied, the young of foxes being properly *cubs*, the male-fox being called a dog-fox. The term *kid* was used to designate a roebuck or roe in the first year; but the present is not the only instance in which the poet is at fault in hunting phraseology, and it may reasonably, therefore, be concluded that he was not versed in field sports. Warburton suggested to read *hid-fox*, and Dr. Grey refers to the old English *kidde*, known, discovered, explaining the passage thus,—We will be even with the fox, now discovered.

The meaning of Claudio's threat, to fit Benedick with a penny-worth, is obvious, but no other example of the phrase has been pointed out. To fit a person, in the sense to be even with him, is sufficiently common, and there is a passage in the play of Englishmen for my Money, which is somewhat parallel to the line in the text,—

> Well, crafty *fox*, you that worke by wit,
> It may be, I may live to *fit* you yet.

"I care not for the loss of him, but if I fit him not, hang mee," Heywood and Broome's Late Lancashire Witches, 1634. The nearest approach to Shakespeare's phrase I have met with, occurs in the English translation of Terence by R. Bernard, ed. 1614,—"*De te sumam supplicium*, I will take my penie-worths of thee; I will punish thee."

[62] *Enter Balthazar, with music.*

This is the direction in ed. 1600, there being no corresponding one in the folio of 1623, but in the latter the previous stage-direction is, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, *and Jacke Wilson*," which in the quarto is merely, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, *Musicke*." See the present volume, pp. 6, 7. Who this Jack Wilson really was, has been the subject of considerable discussion. There is mention made of "Wilsone the pyper" in a list of inhabitants of Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in the year 1596, a MS. preserved at Dulwich College, who may be the individual in question; unless it be presumed that Jack Wilson was not the *original* Balthazar, but some one introduced into the performance of the play some time after the publication of the quarto, in which case Dr. Rimbault may be right in his opinion that Shakespeare's Jack Wilson was no other than Dr. Wilson, afterwards Professor of Music at Oxford. It is worthy of remark that the learned Doctor is styled Jack Willson in an early anecdote preserved in MS. Harl. 6395, and that he is characterized by Anthony Wood as, "a great humourist, and a pretender to buffoonery." In October, 1620, "Mr. Wilson the singer" dined with Edward Alleyn; Memoirs, p. 153. This last-named person was perhaps the John Wilson, *musician*, who is so named in the register of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in 1624, the son of Nicholas Wilson, *minstrel*, and who was born in 1585,—Collier's Memoirs of Actors, p. xviii. There are, then, no fewer than three persons of the name of Wilson, any one of whom may be the individual alluded to in the first folio.

Balthazar, the musician and servant to Don Pedro, was perhaps thus named from the celebrated Baltazarini, called De Beaujoyeux, an Italian performer on the violin, who was in the highest fame and favour at the court of Henry II. of France, 1577.—*Burney*.

[63] *Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing!*

Don Pedro, according to Mr. Collier, means to play upon the similarity of sound between *noting* and *nothing*, to indicate his opinion of Balthazar's music. Theobald altered *nothing* to *noting*.

[64] *Is it not strange that sheeps' guts.*

The sheep's "flesh, blood, and milke, is profitable for meat, his skin and wooll both togither and assunder for garments, his guts and intrals for musicke," Topsell's Historie of Foure-footed Beastes, 1607.

[65] *Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.*

The expression "for my money" is still in occasional use, but chiefly in the phrase, "he's the man for my money," in other words, he is the person it will suit

Fac-similes of portions of Much Ado about Nothing, from the first folio, and from the early quarto edition, showing the insertion in the former of the name of Jack Wilson as the singer of "Sigh no more, Ladies".

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?
Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is,
As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.
Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?
Clau. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.
Prince. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.
Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once.

about Nothing.

haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the prince and monsieur Loue, I wil hide me in the arbor.

Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke.

Prince Come shall we heare this musique?
Claud. Yea my good lord: how stil the euening is,
As husht on purpose to grace harmonie!
Prince See you where Benedicke hath hid himselfe?
Claud. O very wel my lord: the musique ended,
Weele fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Enter Balthaser with musicke.

Prince Come Balthaser, weele heare that song againe.
Balth. O good my lord, taxe not so bad a voice,
To slaunder musicke any more then once.
Prince It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me wooe no more.
Balth. Because you talke of wooing I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his sute,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loues.
Prince Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting.
Prince Why these are very crotchets that he speakes,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.
Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well a horne for my mony when alls done.

The Song.

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonnie,

D Con-

me to employ. In the British Museum is preserved the original black-letter ballad of, "Yorke, Yorke, for my monie," dated 1584, a song which continued popular so long as to be mentioned with commendation in Brome's Northern Lass. "Town, town, for my monie," Robin Hood's Courtship with Jack Cade's Daughter. So, also, the comedy of Englishmen for my Money, the phrase again occurring in the play itself,—"yet, for my money, well fare the Frenchman." Again, in Wits Recreations, 1640,—

> Bag-piper, good luck on you,
> Th'art *the man for my money.*

[66] *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.*

Imitated by Milton in Lycidas, 165,—"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more."

[67] *I had as lief have heard the night-raven.*

The night raven is considered by some authors synonymous with nycticorax, the night-crow. "The night-raven or crowe is of the same maner of life that the owle is, for that she onely commeth abrode in the darke night, fleing the daylight and sunne; there is a certaine shrick-owle or owlet, which when she crieth she shricketh, and is thought to be one of this kinde," Maplet's Greene Forest, 1567. Batman, in his additions to the chapter on the night-crow in Batman uppon Bartholome, 1582, says,—"This kinde of owle is dogge-footed, and covered with haire; his eyes are as the glistering ise; against death hee useth a straunge whoup: There is *another kinde of night-raven*, blacke, of the bignesse of a dove, flat-headed, out of the which groweth three long feathers like the coppe of a lapwing, his bill gray, using a sharpe voice, whose unaccustomed appearaunce betokeneth mortalitye: he prayeth on mice, weesells, and such like." The latter is no doubt the bird alluded to in the text, and it is similarly described in Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688,—"The Nyticorax, or Night-Raven, hath three distinct feathers with strong shafts in its head, after this manner; the body like a plover, or pigeon, but hath no tail longer then the point of his wings. The bill is black, the legs and feet long, and of a yellowish green; its back and crown of the head, black; neck ash colour, throat and belly tinctured with yellow, a white line from the eyes to the bill, wings and tail are cinereous."

> Some foule contagion of th' infected heavens
> Blast all the trees; and in their cursed tops
> The dismall night-raven and tragicke owle
> Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.
>
> *Ben Jonson's Poetaster or the Arraignment*, 1602.

> When as the *Night-raven* sung Pluto's mattins,
> And Cerberus cried three Amens at a houl;
> When night-wandring witches put on their pattins,
> Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul.
>
> *Cleaveland's Poems*, Lond. 1651.

Rare! I ha't, into a *night-ravens;* it will smite with my revenge; for when the evening growes late, these prying statesmen sit in their closets plotting some innocents fall, which to their net may bring a golden draught: my wings shall beat their casements open, and with horrid clamors and croakes affright their guilty souls.—*Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort*, 1655.

Compare, also, Milton's L'Allegro, v. 7.

[68] *Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.*

Alluding to the stalking-horse, a real or factitious horse under which the sportsman shelters himself from the sight of the game. A long account of the stalking-horse is given in the Gentleman's Recreation, fol. 1686. "Flattery is the stalkeing-horse of pollicy," Maides Revenge, 1639. See further in the notes to As You Like It.

[69] *Sits the wind in that corner?*

A common proverbial expression, used in various forms. "Wher sits the winde? no newes from Germany," Life of the Dutches of Suffolke, 1631. "Nay, if the winde be in that corner, Ile leape no leapes but this," Killigrew's Claracilla, 1641. The phrase also occurs, with slight variations, in Flora's Vagaries by Rhodes, ed. 1670, sig. D. 2; Durfey's Sir Barnaby Whigg, 1681, p. 35; Congreve's Old Batchelour, 1693, p. 7; Durfey's Comical History of Don Quixote, 1694, p. 32; and as late as 1778, in Foote's Maid of Bath,—"Well, Miss, comes the wind fra' that corner?"

Sits the winde there, wife? Ha, thinke ye so? By yea and nay then, wife, he deales not well.—*Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

[70] *She loves him with an enraged affection.*

With an affection kindled by the fiercest desire. *Enraged* is used in Venus and Adonis, st. 5, in the sense of, enraged by loving passion.

[71] *It is past the infinite of thought.*

That is, it is past the infinite stretch, the utmost power, of thought; in other words, it surpasses the infinite power of thought to imagine it. The construction of the sentence may be interpreted either by a not unusual elision of the particle *of* as redundant, or by considering *infinite* as a substantive; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that the latter term is constantly applied figuratively to any thing in excess. "Thinke! why, 'ts past thought; you shall never meet the like opportunitie," Every Man out of his Humor, 1600.

Warburton hath happily explained the broken construction of this passage; but I think he is mistaken in his correction, by which he substitutes *definite* for the common reading, *infinite.* His objection is, that 'human thought cannot sure be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety.' But, if we may be allowed to talk metaphysically on so trifling an occasion, I would observe that thought may be considered in a double view, as it respects the being in which it resides, and as it respects the object which it apprehends. In the former view, as it is the action of a finite agent, it is undoubtedly finite; but in the latter view, if it were not infinite, we could not have even the conception of infinity. Thus there can be no number, no magnitude, no distance, no duration, no finite perfection in any degree how great soever, but we find ourselves still able to conceive a greater; nay, we find ourselves even necessitated, from the very nature of the thing, to carry our conceptions further, since otherwise the idea of infinite would be absolutely unknown to us. In this sense, therefore, thought may be very properly termed infinite, as we can set no limits to its apprehension; and it is in this very sense that the word is used in this place. The affection of Beatrice is past the comprehension of thought, however in its own nature unlimited. An hyperbolical expression, for which every reader will naturally and readily make the proper allowances.—*Heath.*

Here are difficulties raised, only to shew how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him

with an enraged affection: It (this affection) is past the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt stops, or imperfect sentences. *Infinite* may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the speaker only means that thought, though in itself unbounded, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion.—*Johnson.*

The meaning, I think, is,—" but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive."—*Malone.* Shakespeare has a similar expression in King John:—" Beyond the *infinite* and boundless reach of mercy—."—*Steevens.*

[72] *I should think this a gull.*

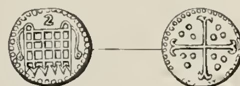
Gull, a deceit, or falsehood. " *Baliverne*, a lye, fib, gull," Cotgrave. "*Baye*, a lye, fib, foist, gull, rapper, a cosening tricke or tale," ibid.

[73] *And there will she sit in her smock.*

> Who no sooner absent
> But she calls Dwarfe (so in her scorne she stiles me)
> Put on my pantofles, fetch pen, and paper
> I am to write, and with distracted lookes,
> In her smocke, impatient of so short delay
> As but to have a mantle throwne upon her,
> She seal'd I know not what, but 'twas indors'd,—
> To my lov'd Paris.—*The Roman Actor*, 1629.

[74] *She tore the letter into a thousand halfpence.*

Halfpence, here metaphorically used for very *small pieces*, pieces no larger than halfpence. The halfpence of Elizabeth's time were small silver coins. "A half-penny silver hath the rose on one side, and the thistle or a portcullis on the other," Holme, iii. p. 28. So, in Chaucer, a farthing is used symbolically for a small spot:—" in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught," Prol. Cant. T. 134. It is explained, " a farthing, a thin scale," in Speght's Glossary. The Elizabethan halfpenny, here engraved by Mr. Fairholt, has no legend on either side, but merely a portcullis with a mint-mark over it on the obverse, and a cross moline, with three pellets in each angular division, on the reverse. Queen Elizabeth, says Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, p. 281, contracted with the Mint-Master in 1600, " that of silver of the standard of eleven ounces two penny weight, he should coyne shillings, halfe shillings, fourth parts of shillings, and pieces of two pence, and of one penny, and of halfe pence." See, also, Harrison's Description of England, p. 218.



> She now begins to write unto her lover,—
> Then turning back to read what she had writ,
> She teyrs the paper, and condemns her wit.
> *Drayton's Mortimeriados*, 4to. Lond. 1596.

[75] *Tears her hair, curses, prays.*

" Prays, curses," old editions; " prays, cries," Perkins MS. If any alteration be requisite, the transposition I have here adopted is more probably right than the violent alteration of the Perkins manuscript. Claudio is endeavouring to impress an opinion of Beatrice's being frantic with love, and this is well imagined by her alternately cursing and praying.

[76] *It were an alms to hang him.*

Equivalent to the modern phrase, it were a charity or good deed. So, in the interlude of the Disobedient Child,—

> It were almes, by my trothe, thou were well beaten,
> Bycause so longe thou hast made me tarye.

[77] *I would have daff'd all other respects.*

Daff, a corrupted or provincial form of *doff*, to do off, or put aside, occurs several times in Shakespeare, and again in the fifth act of the present comedy. "There my white stole of chastity I daff'd," Lover's Complaint.

[78] *The man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.*

That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, to *contemptuous.* —*Johnson.*

In the argument to Darius, a tragedy, by Lord Sterline, 1603, it is said, that Darius wrote to Alexander "in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous.* Again, Drayton, in the 24th Song of his Polyolbion, speaking in praise of a hermit, says, that he—"the mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forsook."—*Steevens.*

[79] *He is a very proper man.*

That is, a very handsome man. See Twelfth Night and Othello.

[80] *It seems not in him, by some large jests he will make.*

Large, liberal, free, licentious, as again in the fourth act. It is not every one who uses profane jests, who is necessarily an infidel; and the remark, here applied to Benedick, is one of the poet's happy moral sentiments.

[81] *When they hold one an opinion of another's dotage.*

A MS. annotator of the fourth folio in the possession of Mr. De Quincy of Boston, United States, reads, "hold an opinion of one another's dotage." The original text is one of the many cases of transposition common in works of the Elizabethan period.

[82] *The conference was sadly borne.*

Sadly, seriously. "Away with light rayment, and learn to go sadly," Bansley. "The king faineth to talke sadlie with some of his counsell," Promos and Cassandra, 1578.

> I praie the, Lord, that lore lere me,
> After thy love to have longynge,
> And *sadli* sette myn herte in the,
> And in thy love to have likynge.—*Omelia Origenis*, c. 1530.

This I observed, and sat very *sadly*, till a striplin requested me to follow him where the old man sat at a table furnished, not superfluously, but with sufficient nourishment; downe he bad me sit and welcome.—*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

[83] *For I will be horribly in love with her.*

So, in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent, with the additions by Webster, 1604,—"I would he had, for I love Hector horribly."

The following short contemporary note on Macready's personification of

Benedick, although his exact interpretation of the character is liable to objection, may be worth adding as the opinion of his conversion by a great actor:—"His great peculiarity consists in the ludicrous manner in which he seizes on the distress of Benedick on finding the theory of a whole life knocked down by one slight blow. His chief scene is the soliloquy after he has heard Don Pedro and his companions narrate the story of Beatrice's love. The blank amazement depicted in his countenance, and expressive of a thorough change in his internal condition, is surpassingly droll. The man is evidently in a state of puzzle, and a series of the quaintest attitudes of reflection evince his perplexity. Then, when he throws himself into lovemaking in real earnest, when he follows about the angered Beatrice, distressfully endeavouring to make himself heard, his manner is completely that of the unbeliever turned fanatic, who thinks he cannot go too far in his state of faith. He has resolved to be in love 'most horribly,' and he sets about it heart and soul."

[84] *Bid you come in to dinner.*

There is a slight oversight here, the scene being in the evening, as appears from a speech of Claudio's. Late dinners were then unknown; and, to make the action consistent, *supper* should be substituted both here and in Benedick's subsequent speech.

[85] *There's a double meaning in that.*

The second meaning he alludes to would be probably,—she was unnecessarily desired to bid him to dinner, for she was perfectly willing to go of her own accord. There is, however, more humor in considering Benedick to be completely under the power of imagination in the supposed discovery of a double meaning in the words of Beatrice.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose.[1] This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[2]
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him[3] wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,[4]
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,[5]
Misprising what they look on;[6] and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak:[7] she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good,
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward:[8] if fair fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;[9]
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,[10]
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vildly cut:[11]
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;[12]
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd,[13] and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,[14]
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,[15]
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy. Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing,[16] argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow:[17] Come, go in;

I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's lim'd,[18] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?[19] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.[20]
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;[21]
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'*s House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.[22] I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman[23] dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell,[24] and his tongue is the clapper;[25] for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.[26]

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.[27]

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm![28]

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief,[29] but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy[30] that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once,[31] as, a German from the waist downward, all slops;[32] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.[33] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: 'a brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.[34]

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, The sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring,[35] and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.[36]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.[37]—Old signior,

walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.[38]

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den,[39] brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

[*To* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and, in dearness[40] of heart, hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances short'ned, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.[41]

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero![42]

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES,[43] *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[44] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or Francis Seacoal;[45] for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune;[46] but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.[47] You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall compre-

hend all vagrom men;[48] you are to bid any man stand,[49] in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen:[50]—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.[51]

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make[52] with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled:[53] the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night,[54] you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues,[55] he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own,[56] and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigitant,[57] I beseech you. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

2 *Watch.* Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd;[58] I thought there would a scab follow.[59]

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house,[60] for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2 *Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore, know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich;[61] for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed.[62] Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

1 *Watch.* I know that Deformed;[63] 'a has been a vile thief this seven year;[64] 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. [*Aside.*

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.[65]

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[66] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests[67] in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules[68] in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry;[69] where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night;—I tell this tale vildly,—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and, possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?[70]

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch.* You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak ;[71] we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity,[72] being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question,[73] I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato[74] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it 's not so good ;[75] and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another ; I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner :[76] and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it 's but a night-gown in respect of yours ; cloth o' gold, and cuts,[77] and laced with silver ; set with pearls, down-sleeves,[78] side-sleeves,[79] and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel :[80] but for a fine, quaint,[81] graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not asham'd ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not mar-

riage honourable in a beggar?[82] Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—"a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in, "the heavier for a husband?" None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into—Light o' love;[83] that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love,[84] with your heels;—then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.[85]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.[86]

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[87]

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk,[88] there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[89]

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me,[90] they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap. —By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus,[91] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.[92]

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging:[93] and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.[94]

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.[95]

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.[96]

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous:[97] *palabras,* neighbour Verges.[98]

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers;[99] but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound[100] more than 't is: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.'[101] God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God 's a good man;[102] an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:[103]—An honest soul, i' faith, sir,—by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike;[104] alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.—

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons,[105] and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid

him bring his pen and inkhorn[106] to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com:*[107] only get the learned writer to set down our exeommunieation, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

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[1] *To listen our propose.*

Listen, for *listen to.* So, in the Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640,—"Listen, then, my purpose." *Propose*, ed. 1600; *purpose*, ed. 1623. *Propose*, Fr. *propos*, conversation, the *conference*, as Ursula calls it shortly afterwards. The verb *propose* occurs previously in this speech, and again in Othello.

Purpose, however, may be equally right. It depends only on the manner of accenting the word, which, in Shakespeare's time, was often used in the same sense as *propose.* Thus, in Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 72: "—with him six persons; and getting entrie, held *purpose* with the porter." Again, p. 54:—"After supper he held comfortable *purpose* of God's chosen children."—*Reed.*

[2] *As coy and wild as haggards of the rock.*

A haggard was a wild hawk; technically, one that had preyed for herself before being captured. The haggard was considered very difficult to tame. Turbervile, in his Booke of Falconrie, gives the following account "of the haggart falcon, and why shee is called the peregrine or haggart," p. 33,—"I have many times studied with myselfe, for what cause the haggart falcons, the most excellent birdes of all other falcans, have beene tearmed haggart or peregrine hawks; and at first was of opinion, that men so called them, for that they are brought unto us from farre and forraine countries, and are indeede meere strangers in Italie, (and as a man may cal them) travailers. And this I know for truth, they are not disclosed or eyreed in Italie, and besides that there are few in Italie, that do take them at any time, but the greatest store of them are brought and conveied thither from forraine regions; but if they should be tearmed peregrine or haggart falcons, for this only cause, and onely in respect hereof, and nothing else, then might we as well bestow that name also upon all other falcons, that are not bred in Italie, as upon the Tunician and other hawkes that are passengers. Wherefore I am of opinion, that for three causes principally, and in chiefe, they are called haggart or peregrine falcons:—First, because a man cannot find, nor ever yet did any man, Christian or Heathen, find their eyrie in any region, so as it may wel be thought, that for that occasion they have atchieved and gotten that name and terme of peregrine or haggart falcons, as if a man would call them pilgrims or forrainers. The second cause is, because these falcons do rangle and wander more then any other sort of falcons are wont to doe, seeking out more strange and uncouth countries, which indeede may give them that title of haggart and peregrine hawks, for theyr excellency, because they doe seeke so many strange and forraine coasts, and doe rangle so farre abroad. The third and last cause, I doe thinke, may be

their beauty and excellency, because this word (*peregrino*) or peregrine, doth many times import an honourable and choice matter, had in great regard: but it skilleth not much which of these three alleadged is the true cause; wee will not stand upon that nice point, for that a good falconer ought much more to regard the searching out of the true nature and property of hawkes, then to have so great and speciall respect unto their names and tearmes." In another part of the same work occurs the following notice of this hawk:—"The second is the haggart falcon, which is otherwise tearmed the peregrine falcon. The haggart is an excellent good bird, but (as my author affirmeth) very choyce, and tender to endure hard weather: but, in mine owne conceit, shee is in nature farre otherwise. And my reason is this, that shee should be better able to endure cold then the falcon gentle, because shee doth come from forraine parts a straunger, and a passenger, and doth winne all her prey and meat at the hardest by maine wing, and doth arive in those parts, where shee is taken, when the fowles doe come in great flockes, which is the very hardest part of the yeare. Moreover, being a hote hawke by kind, shee should the better sustaine the force of weather; and that she is a hote hawke of nature, may bee gathered by her flying so high a pitch, which I take to be, for that in the higher parts shee findeth the colder ayre, for the middle region is more cold then the rest, because thether commeth no reflection. And againe, shee meweth with more expedition (if she once begin to cast her feathers) then the other falcons doe. But these points of controversie I leave to the learned, and such as have the experience of the matter." The particular allusion to this hawk in the text is best explained by Latham's "description of the haggard faulcon, with the manner and course of her life while she is wilde and unreclaimed," in his Falconry, ed. 1663, p. 5:—"This haggard faulcon slight or gentle, which you list to terme her, hath for the most part all places both by sea and land, left unto herselfe, where to rest and have her abiding, and where she best liketh, there she continueth certaine; like a conqueror in the countrey, keeping in awe and subjection the most part of all the fowle that flie, insomuch that the tassell gentle, her naturall and chiefest companion, dares not come neare that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth: such is the greatnesse of her spirit, she will not admit of any societie, untill such time as nature worketh in her an inclination to put that in practise which all hawkes are subject unto at the spring time; and then she suffereth him to draw towards her, but still in subjection, which appeareth at his comming, by bowing downe his bodie and head to his foot, by calling and cowring with his wings, as the young ones do unto their damme, whom they dare not displease, and thus they leave the countrey for the Sommer time, hasting to the place where they meane to breed."

> 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.
>
> *The Historie of Violenta and Didaco*, 1576.

You are young and handsome, and may meet her equall, to like you better, and love you better; whistle not a hauke to your fist that is *haggard;* let her alone till some other lures her downe; see this *coy* thing married, and bear children, and looke pale and leane.—*The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen*, 1649.

[3] *To wish him wrestle with affection.*

To wish, that is, to pray or desire, a very common use of the word in early plays. "Hie to the constable, and in calm order wish him to attach them," Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 31. "But, lady mine that shal be, your father hath wisht me to appoint the day with you," Tailor's Hogge hath lost his Pearle, 1614.

[4] *Deserve as full as fortunate a bed.*

As full as fortunate, that is, quite as fortunate; literally, as completely as fortunate. "As full as it can be thrust, *a comble*," Palsgrave. What Ursula means, observes M. Mason, is "that he is as deserving of happiness in the marriage state as Beatrice herself." In the last scene of As You Like it, Jacques says to Orlando and Sylvius,—

> You to a love which your true faith doth merit;
> You to a long and well deserved bed.

[5] *Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.*

Her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie covert of the Heavens more gorgeous, *sparkling favour and disdaine*, courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastitie.—*Euphues Golden Legacie*, 1590.

[6] *Misprising what they look on.*

Misprising, scorning, contemning, taking in a wrong light. French *mespriser*, translated by Cotgrave, "to disesteeme, contemne, disdaine, despise, neglect, make light of, set nought by."

[7] *That to her all matter else seems weak.*

So, in Love's Labour's Lost:—"—— to your huge store, wise things *seem foolish*, and rich things but poor."—*Steevens.*

[8] *But she would spell him backward.*

Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. The following passages, containing a similar train of thought, are from Lyly's Anatomy of Wit, 1581:—"If one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dowlte: if given to study, they proclaim him a dunce: if merry, a jester: if sad, a saint: if full of words, a sot: if without speech, a cypher: if one argue with him boldly, then is he impudent: if coldly, an innocent: if there be reasoning of divinitie, they cry, *Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos:* if of humanitie, *sententias loquitur carnifex*." Again, f. 44, "—— if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude: if meene in apparel, a sloven: if tall, a lungis: if short, a dwarf: if bold, blunt: if shamefast, a cowarde."—f. 55: "If she be well set, then call her a bosse: if slender, a hasill twig: if nut brown, black as a coal: if well colour'd, a painted wall: if she be pleasant, then is she wanton: if sullen, a clowne: if honest, then is she coye."—*Steevens.* Compare the Marrow of the French Tongue, ed. 1625, p. 257.

[9] *If fair-faced, she'd swear.*

Theobald here observes, "that some editors have pretended, our author never imitates any of the ancients: methinks, this is so very like a remarkable description in Lucretius (lib. iv., v. 1154), that I can't help suspecting Shakespear had it in view: the only difference seems to be, that the Latin poet's characteristics turn upon praise, our countryman's, upon the hinge of derogation."

[10] *Nature, drawing of an antic, made a foul blot.*

An antic, a grotesque figure. Hero, observes Steevens, "alludes to a drop of ink that may casually fall out of a pen, and spoil a grotesque drawing." *Black* refers to a dark complexion, in opposition to *fair-faced.*

> And cast to make a chariot for the king,
> Painted with *antickes* and ridiculous toyes.
>
> *Drayton's Poems*, p. 43.

[11] *If low, an agate very vildly cut.*

"In the borders of Scotland groweth and is found the stone that is called *agat*, wherof some be with mixed colours of oaker, red, blewish, and icie coloured: some like a reddish amber, *good to ingrave anye feature;* as for his vertue, if it be no more than the estimation of the stone, it is little worth," Batman uppon Bartholome, 1582. An agate is used here, as in 2 Henry IV., act i, metaphorically for something diminutive, and probably in allusion to the small engraved figures of agate used for seals, &c. Warburton proposed to substitute the word *aglet*, but surely without necessity. "In shape no bigger than an agate-stone on the fore-finger of an alderman," Romeo and Juliet. "His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed," Love's Labour's Lost. "Carknets of agats, cut with rare device," Sir J. Harington's Epigrams, 1618, ap. Malone.

"The old reading is, I believe, the true one. *Vilely cut* does not mean aukwardly worked by a tool into shape, but grotesquely veined by nature as it grew. To this circumstance, I suppose, Drayton alludes in his Muses Elizium:

With th' *agate*, very oft that is, *Cut strangely* in the quarry;
As nature meant to shew in this, How she herself can vary.

"Pliny mentions that the shapes of various beings are to be discovered in *agates;* and Addison has very elegantly compared Shakespeare, who was born with all the seeds of poetry, to the *agate* in the ring of Pyrrhus, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art."—*Steevens.*

Steevens supposes that Shakespeare does not allude to artificial engravings, but to the spontaneous veinings of nature in the agate; but this supposition cannot be right; it is much more likely that he alludes to the work of art. The word *cut* is a proof of it; and the word *vilely* puts it beyond all doubt: for though we censure with freedom the works of art, we view with admiration the productions of nature, whatever they may be; and however uncouth, we never consider them as vile.—*M. Mason.*

The speech in the text was perhaps imitated in the following lines in Sir A. Cokaine's Small Poems of divers Sorts, 1658. At all events, there is sufficient similarity of thought to sanction their introduction:

If you can pick a cause that may produce
Dislike of your coy lasse, thereof make use.
Ill's sometime neighbour unto good: for so
Vertue (by errour) oft for vice doth go.
Judge all things in your mistress at the worst,
For why should you be kind to her that's curst?
If she be big made, eas'ly her esteem
A match befitting monstrous Polypheme.
Is but her stature low? a dwarfe her call,
That like a serpent on the ground doth crall.
If she be slender, lean: If tall, suppose
Her Charing-cross dress'd up in womans clothes.
If she be merry, think her wanton: or
Reserv'dly fashion'd, as unbred abhor.
If in the Northern parts she hath been bred,
Say she her life most clownishly hath led.
Or if in any city, or great town,
That she hath been a gadder up and down.
What e're she is, be sure her to dispraise;
A thousand girles dislike a thousand wayes.

[12] *If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds.*

This comparison, observes Steevens, might have been borrowed from an ancient black-letter ballad, entitled A Comparison of the Life of Man:

I may compare a *man* againe,—Even like unto a *twining vane*,—That changeth even as doth the wind; —Indeed so is man's fickle mind.

Compare also the following lines in the Triumph of Honour, 1647,—

> Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
> Doth ocean-like oreflow the shallow shore
> Of my weak virtue: my desire's a *vane*,
> That the last breath from her turns every way.

[13] *Not to be so odd.*

So the old editions. Rowe and Theobald read, *for to*, and Capell, *nor to*. The original text is merely an example of the use of the double negative.

[14] *It were a better death than die with mocks.*

So the quarto of 1600, the folio reading "to die with mocks." Mr. Collier says the latter reads, "than to die with mocks," but the word *than* does not occur in any copy of that work I have yet met with.—*Bitter death*, ed. 1632.

[15] *Having so swift and excellent a wit.*

Swift, quick or ready. "Swyft, fast, or thycke speaker, *totuliloquus*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "He is very swift and sententious," As You Like It.

[16] *For bearing, argument, and valour.*

This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the *powers of reasoning*.—*Johnson*. *Argument*, in the present instance, certainly means *conversation*. So, in King Henry IV:—"It would be *argument* for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."—*Steevens*.

[17] *Why, every day;—to-morrow.*

Capell quaintly but justly terms this observation, "a levity, indicating her rais'd spirits." It is, indeed, a playful, spirited and thoughtless reply, exhibiting in strong relief the lightness of her spirits, and probably intended by the author to render her subsequent misfortune more conspicuous. Its exact force may perhaps be more truly appreciated by those who have seen the character ably represented on the stage. The Perkins MS. reads,—"Why, in a day; to-morrow."

[18] *She's limed, I warrant you.*

She is ensnared and entangled as a sparrow with *birdlime*.—*Johnson*. So, in the Spanish Tragedy:—"Which sweet conceits are *lim'd* with sly deceits." The folio reads—"She's *ta'en*."—*Steevens*.

[19] *What fire is in mine ears?*

Literally, how my ears glow at the extraordinary news just revealed. The critics are of opinion that the passage refers to the old notion that one's ears burn, when others are talking of you. This idea is a very ancient one, it being alluded to by Pliny,—"Moreover, is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence doe talke of us?," Holland's Translation, 1601, ii. 297. Chapman, observes Steevens, has trans-

planted this vulgarism into his version of the Iliad,—"Now burnes my ominous eare with whispering, Hector's selfe conceit hath cast away his host." Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, ed. 1658, p. 321, says,—"when our cheek burneth, or ear tingleth, we usually say that somebody is talking of us, which is a conceit hardly to be made out, without the concession of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury, conducting sounds unto their distant subjects, and teaching us to hear by touch." Compare, also, Herrick's Hesperides,—"One eare tingles; some there be, that are snarling now at me," and other quotations given by Brand. To these may be added one from the General Practise of Physicke, 1605, p. 108,—"When ones right eare itcheth, then is there somewhere some good thing spoken of him; but if any ones left eare itch, then is there some ill speaking of him; which misbeleefe continueth with many even to this present day." The following verses, "of the burning of the eares," occur in the Castell of Courtesie, &c., by James Yates, 1582, f. 73:—

If talles so often told, May move us to beleeve
That trueth of force in them doth rest, Then let it not me greeve
That I doe credite give, Unto the saying old,
Which is, whenas the eares doe burne, Some thing on thee is told.
Then trust me now, for true In me it is approv'd;
For why, my eares have burnt so hot, As I thereby am mov'd
To write as heare you see, For to foreshew my case,
That unto fables fond and vaine, Our nature giveth place.
For if the right eare burne, Then thus the saying is,
No good on thee that time they speake,—But sure how true it is,
I leave it for to judge, To those that knowe the same,
For if I intermeddle farre, I shall but purchase blame.
Well, when the left eare burnes, Then doe they speake thee good,
But surely I counte them both, A tale of Robin Hood.
Beleeve them who that list, For I will leave the same
To Him which is the righteous judge, And Prince of peereles fame.

[20] *No glory lives behind the back of such.*

Thus explained by Mr. Singer,—"behind the back of such as are condemned for pride, scorn, and contempt, their reputation suffers, their glory dies." The following observations, by an anonymous critic, on a change proposed in the Perkins manuscript, are exceedingly ingenious:—"Beatrice means to say that contempt and maiden pride are never *the screen* to any true nobleness of character. This is well expressed in the line,—"No glory lives *behind the back* of such," a vigorous expression, which the MS. corrector recommends us to exchange for the frivolous feebleness of,—"No glory lives *but in the lack* of such." This substitution, we ought to say, is worse than feeble and frivolous. It is a perversion of Beatrice's sentiments. She never meant to say that a maiden should *lack* maiden pride, but only that it should not occupy a prominent position in the *front* of her character. Let her have as much of it as she pleases, and the more the better, only let it be drawn up as a reserve in the background, and kept for defensive rather than for offensive operations. This is all that Beatrice can *seriously* mean when she says,—maiden pride, adieu!" Beatrice seems simply to refer to public estimation. She had just heard that, owing to her own pride and scorn, she had no glory "behind her back;" or, perhaps, still more simply, no good report follows persons who are imbued with pride and scorn.

[21] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*

This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild

as haggards of the rock; she therefore says, that, wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand.—*Johnson.*

[22] *To show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*

So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"As is the night before some festival, to an impatient child, that hath new robes, and may not wear them."—*Steevens.*

[23] *The little hangman dare not shoot at him.*

The epithet *hangman* was sometimes employed as a generic term of reproach, and, like many other words of a similar character, was frequently used playfully. Cupid is here so denominated, half in jest and half in earnest, in the same way that a scurrilous appellation is constantly still used to a wild youth, but in a manner that will not convey to the listener the complete meaning of the word. So Katharine, in Love's Labour's Lost, styles Cupid a "shrewd unhappy *gallows;*" and the Tanner, in Heywood's Edward the Fourth, 1600, is represented as saying, —"How dost thou, Tom?, and, how doth Ned?, quoth he; that honest merry *hangman*, how doth he?" The term hangman was applied to an executioner generally, and hence it was used as a term of reproach, as in the tragedy of Guy Earl of Warwick, 1661, cited by Dyce,—"Faith, I doubt you are some lying hangman," that is, rascal. Upton unnecessarily proposed to read *henchman;* and Farmer, with more plausibility, considers the poet was remembering the playful description of Cupid, in the second book of the Arcadia, which concludes as follows:—

Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives;
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
Till now at length that Jove an office gives,
(At Juno's suite, who much did Argus love)
In this our world a Hangman for to be
Of all those fooles that will have all they see.

Some editions read, *him office.* Farmer, observes Douce, "has omitted a previous description, in which Cupid is metamorphosed into a strange old monster, sitting on a *gallows* with a crown of laurel in one hand, and a purse of money in the other, as if he would persuade folks by these allurements *to hang* themselves. It is certainly possible that this might have been Shakespeare's prototype; we should otherwise have supposed that he had called Cupid a hangman metaphorically, from the remedy sometimes adopted by despairing lovers."

[24] *He hath a heart as sound as a bell.*

An old proverbial expression. "Oh, my good lord, lies fix, sound as a bell," Divils Charter, 1607. "As sound as a bell, wench; as sound as a bell," Wilson's Comedy of the Cheats, 1664, p. 25. "I am as sound as a bell, fat, plump, and juicy," Sedley's Bellamira, 1687. "Hearts sound as any bell or roach," oral ballad, one probably of some antiquity.

Blinde Fortune did so happily contrive,
That we (as sound as bells) did safe arive
At Dover, where a man did ready stand,
To give me entertainment by the hand.
Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

Whether 'twere lamenesse, or defect in hearing,
Or some more inward evill, not appearing?
No, said the maid to him, believe it well,
That my faire mistris *sound is as a bell.*
Harrington's Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

[25] *And his tongue is the clapper.*

A gossip's tongue is still jocularly termed a clapper. So, in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1741,—"What daily jars do gossips sow? What mischiefs from their clappers flow?"

[26] *What his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.*

Taken in connexion with the previous words, there is here probably an allusion to the old proverb, "as the fool thinks, so the bell tinks, or clinks," Ray's Collection, ed. 1678, p. 140. Heywood has something of the same kind in his Epigrammes, 1577,—

> Upon a fooles provocation, a wise man will not talke;
> But every lyght instigation, may make a fooles toung walke.

[27] *You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.*

Alluding probably to the method sometimes practised, of drawing teeth by means of a waxed string.—*Talbot.*

[28] *Where is but a humour, or a worm?*

Which is, perhaps the true reading, is adopted by some editors. The cause of the tooth-ache was formerly referred to what were termed humours, and sometimes to worms obtaining access to the teeth. The following curious observations on this subject occur in Berthelet's edition of Bertholomeus (Glanville) de Proprietatibus Rerum, 1535:—"The cause of suche akyng is humors that come downe fro the heed, other up fro the stomacke by meane of fumosyté, other els by sharp humours and betyng in the gomes; and than is sore ache felte, with lepynge and pryckynge, throughe the malyce and sharpnes of the humors. Also some tyme teethe ben perced with hooles, and sometyme broken, and some tyme by wormes they ben chaunged into yelow colour, grene, or black: all this cometh of corrupt and evyll humours, that come downe of evyll meates by the synewes to the strynges of the teethe. Also some tyme the teethe rocke and wagge, and that is for humours ben in the rootes of the teeth; for if the humours bene sharpe, nedes the teethe shall have holes, and stenche and matter shall brede in them. And yf wormes ben the cause, full soore ache is bredde: for they eatynge perce into the subtell synewe, and make the teethe to ake and greave them well sore by soore humoures, within other withoute, that infecteth the synewes of felynge." In another chapter he says,—"Wormes brede in the cheke teethe of rotted humours that ben in the holownes therof, and this is knowen by itchynge, and tyckelinge, and contynuall dyggynge and thyrlynge, and by stenche that cometh therof, and in many other wyse. Wormes of the teethe ben slayne with myrre and opium." Melancholy, as in Benedick's case, was also assigned as a cause of the tooth-ache. "That (paine in the teeth) which commeth of melancholy, is knowne by the great and hard swellings; if it be caused of many humors, then is the patient heavy-headed, with much spettle in the mouth," General Practise of Physicke, 1605. "You had best be troubled with the tooth-ach too, for lovers ever are," Beaumont and Fletcher's False One, ed. 1647, p. 129.

[29] *Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.*

One cannot, the five early eds. *One can*, Pope. A somewhat parallel thought occurs in Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of strange Petitions, 1613,—"None feele the rages of diseases, but they which have them." The idea is met with in a great number of writers. See Terentii Andr. ii. 1; and again in the present comedy, act v.

> So thou, poor soul, may tell a servile tale,

May counsel me; but I that prove the pain
May hear thee talk, but not redress my harm.—*Peele*, i. 189.

[30] *Unless it be a fancy that he hath.*

There is here a play on the word *fancy*, which signified *love* as well as capricious inclination.

[31] *Or in the shape of two countries at once.*

The changeable nature of English fashion was for centuries a favorite subject for satire, and was frequently connected, by those who alluded to it, with the well-known engraving, in Borde's Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, of the naked Englishman with the pair of sheers musing what rayment he will wear. See Fairholt's Songs and Poems on Costume, p. 140; Harrison's Description of England, p. 172; Camden's Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 14; &c. Queen Elizabeth was fully as changeable as her subjects in this respect, if we may credit Sir James Melvil,—"in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best concerning gentlewomen? The queen said, she had clothes of every sort; which every day after, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth." Greene, in his Farewell to Folly, 1591, says,—"I have seene an English gentleman so defused in his sutes, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germanie, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." Compare the following passage in Lodge's Wit's Miserie, 1596, p. 35,—"Who is this with the Spanish hat, the Italian ruffe, the French doublet, the Muffes cloak, the Toledo rapier, the Germane hose, the English stocking, and the Flemish shoe?" And another, to a similar purport, in Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions, 1613,—"The cloathes he wore were for all the world fashioned like a fantasticall Englishman's, a gallimawfry of most countrie cuts, but not one of cloath, stuffe, sattin, velvet, &c., as theirs are: nor of one, two, three, foure colours, as for the most part theirs are; but heere a piece of velvet, there a peece of vellure, heere a peece of sattin, there a peece of sackcloath, filled with sundry patches of severall patternes."

For an English-man's suite is like a traitor's bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and set up in severall places: his codpeece is in Denmarke; the collor of his dublet and the belly in France; the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy; the short waste hangs over a Dutch botchers stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speakes Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes; the blocke for his head alters faster then the feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne blockheads. And thus we that mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie one of them to peece out our pride, are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.—*Dekker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606.

All of them use but one and the same forme of habite, even the slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting or bombase, and long hose plaine, without those new fangled curiosities, and ridiculous superfluities of panes, plaites, and other light toyes used with us English men. Yet they make it of costly stuffe, well beseeming gentlemen and eminent persons of their place, as of

the best taffataes and sattins that Christendome doth yeeld, which are fairely garnished also with lace of the best sort. In both these things they much differ from us English men. For whereas they have but one colour, we use many more then are in the rainbow, all the most light, garish, and unseemely colours that are in the world. Also for fashion, we are much inferiour to them. For we weare more phantasticall fashions then any nation under the sunne doth, the French onely excepted: which hath given occasion both to the Venetian and other Italians to brand the English-man with a notable marke of levity, by painting him starke naked with a paire of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vaine invention of his braine-sicke head, not to comelinesse and decorum.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

To appeare before the vulgar and others, that many times have but little judgement, it is no small folly not to follow the fashion. It were better, sir, that you would put on your hose made after the Italian manner guarded with gold lace, after the humerous fashion, and your doublet with the French body, Spanish sleeves, and Polonian collar.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

Some women after a preposterous fashion attired like men in dublets, and some men like women in petticoats. This excess hath so exceedingly dispersed itself in our nation, that by their exteriour new-fangled robes the wisest of our adversaries in forreign parts have past their judgments of our giddy minds and unconstant behaviours, inwardly saying, that in wearing Dutch hats with French feathers, French doublets with collars after the custom of Spain, Turkish coats, Spanish hose, Italian cloaks, and Valentian rapers, with such like, we had likewise stollen the vices and excesses of those countries which we did imitate natural.—*England's Vanity*, 1683, p. 130.

Compare Ben Jonson's New Inn, Works, ed. Gifford, v. 360; Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine, 1611, ep. 26; Braithwait's Strappado for the Divell, Epigrams and Satyres, 1615, p. 32; Hollands Leaguer, 1632, sig. F.

[32] *A German from the waist downward, all slops.*

Slop-hose, afterwards called slops, were the large loose breeches so fashionable during the second half of the sixteenth century. The "cutted sloppes," mentioned by Chaucer, appear to have been hose of a different kind, in fact, tightly fitting breeches; and the term was used for other parts of dress. The slops, however, which are alluded to in the text, appear to have first come in much use under that name in the reign of Henry VIII. "Payre of sloppe hoses, *braiettes a marinier*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Sloppes hosyn, *brayes a marinier*," ibid. In the year 1532 was "paied to Cicyll for a payer of sloppes for the kinges grace, vj.*s.* viij.*d*," Privy Purse Expences of Henry VIII. In MS. Lansd. 8, art. 64, mention is made of a proclamation for restraining the hosiers of London from putting a second lining into their slop hose, 1565. John Heywood, in his Epigrammes, ed. 1577, relates a curious story "of a number of rattes mistaken for develles in a mans sloppes," in which it is stated that a "big-breecht man" stowed a large cheese in his sloppes, and when he put them on again, enclosed within them some rats who had taken up their quarters near the cheese. Thus these large slops were very early a subject for ridicule. Wright, in his Passions of the Minde, 1601, speaks of slops as "almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they bee of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill." This was in allusion to Tarlton's slops, which are also curiously noted in an epigram in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vaine, 1611.

The slops of the Germans are frequently mentioned, though by no means were they peculiar to the Continent. "Most of them," observes Moryson, iii. 167, speaking of the Germans, "weare great large breeches." In a stage-direction in

No Wit, No Help, like a Womans, mention is made of "a little Dutch boy in great slops," Middleton, ed. Dyce, v. 29. The term *slops* is still retained in use by sailors, but employed to signify generally their wearing apparel and bedding. It appears from Palsgrave, cited above, that the loose breeches of seamen were so called as early as 1530, and Baret, in his Alvearie, 1580, speaks of, "breeches for mariners, mariners sloppes." For other notices of slops, see Cotgrave in v. *Guerguesses;* Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, iv. 101; Ram Alley, or Merrie Trickes, 1611.

[33] *A Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.*

"No doublet, or, in other words, all cloak. The words—'Or in the shape of two countries,' &c., to 'no doublet,' were omitted in the folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604," Malone. Capell ingeniously suggests that the passage was omitted because the Spanish match was on foot in 1623, but there is no doubt the first folio was in type before that year. Monck Mason unnecessarily proposes to read, *all doublet.*

[34] *The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.*

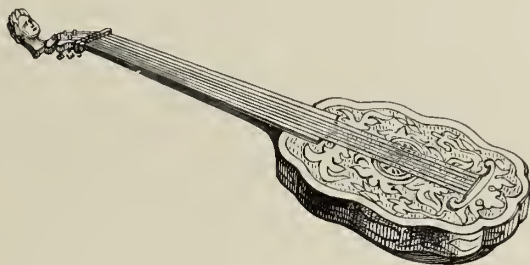
So, in A Wonderful, strange, and miraculous astrological Prognostication for this Year of our Lord, 1591, written by Nashe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey: "—they may sell their haire by the pound to stuffe tennice balles."—*Steevens.*

Every haire, I assure thy Majesty, that stickes in this beard, Sym Eyre valews at the king of Babilon's ransome; Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing-brush too't; yet I'le shave it off, and stuffe tennise balles with it, to please my bully king.—*The Shoo-makers Holyday, or the Gentle Craft.*

If you come there, thy beard shall serve to stuffe those balls by which I get me heat at tenice.—*Ram Alley or Merrie Trickes*, 1611.

[35] *Which is now crept into a lutestring.*

"Love-songs, in our author's time, were generally sung to the musick of the lute. So, in King Henry IV. —'—— as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute.*'"—*Malone.* The annexed representation of a lute, dated 1580, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the original preserved at Helmingham Castle, Suffolk. It is richly decorated with carving, and inlaid with rare woods; and it is traditionally said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth.



The stops, observes Mr. Knight, are the frets of the lute, and those points on the finger-board on which the string is pressed, or stopped, by the finger.

[36] *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*

This is merely a little jocular banter at the expense of Benedick and Beatrice, the Prince meaning to imply that if she is really dying for Benedick, she shall, to use the words of Steevens, be buried in her lover's arms. "O come, be buried a second time within these arms," Pericles, act v. "Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried, but quick, and in mine arms," Winter's Tale, act iv. "Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.—In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms," Insatiate Countess, 1613. Theobald reads *heels upwards*, on the strength of the latter expression occurring several times in Beaumont and Fletcher; and Dr. Grey suggests, *face downwards.* The meaning of the original text is not sufficiently

obscure, to render any alteration necessary; but the following notes of the commentators may deserve insertion.

This emendation (*heels*), which appears to me very specious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety.—*Johnson.*

Theobald quite mistakes the scope of the poet, who prepares the reader to expect somewhat uncommon or extraordinary; and the humour consists in the disappointment of that expectation, as at the end of Iago's poetry in Othello :—"She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)—to suckle fools," &c.—*Heath.*

Theobald's conjecture may, however, be supported by a passage in the Wild Goose Chase of Beaumont and Fletcher:

> —— love cannot starve me;
> For if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy,
> And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation may likewise be countenanced by a passage in an old black letter book, without date, intitled, A Merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas.—"How Howleglas was buried.—Thus as Howleglas was deade, then they brought him to be buryed. And as they would have put the coffyn into the pytte with ij. cordes, the corde at the fete brake, so that the fote of the coffyn fell into the botome of the pyt, and the coffyn stood bolt upryght in the middes of the grave. Then desired the people that stode about the grave that tyme, to let the coffyn to stand bolt upryght. For in his lyfe tyme he was a very marvelous man, &c., and shall be buryed as marvailously; and in this maner they left Howleglass."—*Steevens.*

[37] *Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.*

Although the term *charm* is frequently generically used in the sense of *remedy*, yet absolute charms were so popularly in vogue, in Shakespeare's time, for this painful complaint, the probability is that Benedick implies,—yet even all this gibberish is no charm for the tooth-ache. Early medical manuscripts often contain formulas for this object, some of a very absurd nature. See MS. Lansd. 680; &c. There is a curious story in the Hundred Mery Talys, ed. Singer, p. 51, which shows how these charms were sometimes used.

A charme for the tethe-werke.—Say the charme thris, to it be sayd ix. tymes, and ay thrys at a charemynge.

> I conjoure the, laythely beste, with that ilke spere,
> That Longyous in his hande gane bere,
> And also with ane hatte of thorne,
> That one my Lordis hede was borne,
> With alle the wordis mare and lesse,
> With the Office of the Messe,
> With my Lorde and his xij. postilles,
> With oure Lady and her x. maydenys,
> Saynt Margrete, the haly quene,
> Saynt Katerin, the haly virgyne,
> ix. tymes Goddis forbott, thou wikkyde worme,
> Thet ever thou make any rystynge,
> Bot awaye mote thou wende,
> To the erde and the stane!—*MS. Lincoln*, xv. Sec.

Against the toothach.—Scarifie the gums in the gréefe, with the tooth of one that hath béene slaine. ✠ Otherwise: *Galbes galbat, goldes galdat.* ✠ Other-

wise: *A ab hur hus, &c.* ✠ Otherwise: At saccaring of masse hold your téeth togither, and say, *Os non comminuetis ex eo*, that is, You shall not breake or diminish a bone of him. ✠ Otherwise: *Strigiles falcésque dentatæ, dentium dolorem persanate;* O horsse-combs and sickles that have so many téeth, come heale me now of my toothach.—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

To cure the tooth-ach: Out of Mr. Ashmole's manuscript writ with his own hand:—"Mars, hur, abursa, aburse:—Jesu Christ for Mary's sake,—Take away this Tooth-Ach." Write the words three times; and as you say the words, let the party burn one paper, then another, and then the last. He says, he saw it experimented, and the party immediately cured.—*Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 141.

[38] *Which these hobby-horses must not hear.*

The term hobby-horse was frequently used in contempt and ridicule. "Her honest husband is her hobie-horse at home, and abroad her foole," Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes, 1609. "Thou hast carryed it away, hobby-horse," Bartholomew Fair, fol. ed. p. 85. "But for us old ones, we're weary of being laught at by these court hobby-horses," Denham's Sophy, 1642, p. 9. "I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter of attorney," Ford's Sun's Darling, p. 11. "Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhime," Epist. Ded. to Brome's Northern Lass.

[39] *Good den, brother.*

Good den, good evening, or good night; a salutation formerly used after noon was past, or, generally, after dinner, which was early in the day. It is said to be a corruption of *good e'en*, good evening.

> Is 't god morn or *god deen?* what sesta, Will?
> I think you have nut din'd; here 's a good smell.
> *The Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697, p. 62.

[40] *In dearness of heart.*

Thus was this information waved, though there might be some cause to suspect, that the great intimacy, and dearness, betwixt the Prince and Duke (like the conjunction of two dreadful planets) could not but portend the production of some very dangerous effect to the old King.—*Wilson's Life of James I.*

[41] *The lady is disloyal.*

If she be chaste and vertuous, no beautie can tempt her, no gifts allure her, no perswasions winne her: but if she be *disloyall*, keepe her never so close, she will sometime or other flie out in despight of you.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

[42] *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*

Dryden has transplanted this sarcasm into his All for Love:—"Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra."—*Steevens.*

[43] *Enter Dogberry and Verges.*

According to Steevens, these names are adopted from the *dog-berry*, the female cornel, and *verjuice*, Verges being a corruption. I find, however, that Dogberry occurs as a surname as early as the time of Richard II. in a charter preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 76 C. 13); and in MS. Ashmol. 38, is a couplet, "Uppon old Father Varges, a misserable usurer,—Here lyes father Varges, who died to save charges." I have seen another early MS. copy of this, the name also spelt Varges; but Camden, Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 343, applies a similar epitaph to "our countreyman old Sparges." An allusion in Shirley's Constant Maid, 1640, "my most exquisite Varges," seems to aim at Shakespeare's officer, but the particular application of the name in that place is not very apparent. "Vergys,

acetum," MS. Arundel 249, fol. 89. "The brim of a dish, platter, or other vessell; the verges," Nomenclator, 1585. The stage-direction in the quarto of 1600 is,—"Enter Dogberry and his compartner, with the Watch."

The stupidity of the constables in former days was so familiar a theme, that no useful purpose would be answered by any extended notice of contemporary accounts. The following letter, however, from Lord Burghley, dated 1586, addressed to Sir F. Walsingham, contains so graphic a description of their inefficiency, it may be quoted as an illustration. It was discovered by Mr. Lemon in the State Paper Office, and printed by Mr. Collier in the Papers of the Shakespeare Society:—

Sir—As I cam from London homward, in my coche, I sawe at every townes end the number of x. or xii. standyng, with long staves, and untill I cam to Enfeld I thought no other of them, but that they had stayd for avoyding of the rayne, or to drynk at some alehowse, for so they did stand under pentyces [penthouses] at ale howses. But at Enfeld fyndyng a dosen in a plump, whan ther was no rayne, I bethought myself that they war appointed as watchmen, for the apprehendyng of such as are missyng; and theruppon I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherfor they stood there? and one of them answered,—To take 3 yong men. And demandyng how they shuld know the persons, one answered with these wordes:—Marry, my Lord, by intelligence of ther favor. What meane you by that?, quoth I. Marry, sayd they, one of the partyes hath a hooked nose.—And have you, quoth I, no other mark?—No, sayth they. And then I asked who apoynted them; and they answered one Bankes, a Head Constable, whom I willed to be sent to me.—Suerly, sir, who so ever had the chardge from yow hath used the matter negligently; for these watchmen stand so oppenly in plumps, as no suspected person will come neare them; and if they be no better instructed but to fynd 3 persons by one of them havyng a hooked nose, they may miss therof. And thus I thought good to advertise yow, that the Justyces that had the chardg, as I thynk, may use the matter more circumspectly.

Gifford has forcibly shown there is little probability in the supposition that the well-known allusion in Ben Jonson to the Watch "mistaking words" is aimed at the constables of Shakespeare, the practice of introducing them satirically into plays being very common, and by no means peculiar to the great dramatist. The following dialogue in May's comedy of the Heire may be quoted, as probably written in imitation of the scenes in which the constables appear in the present comedy:—

Enter *Constable* and *Watch*.

Con. Come, fellow watchmen, for now you are my fellowes.

Watch. It pleases you to call us so, master Constable.

Con. I doe it to encourage you in your office; it is a trick that we commanders have; your great captaines call your souldiers fellow-souldiers, to encourage them.

2 *Watch.* Indeed, and so they doe; I heard master curate reading a storie booke tother day to that purpose.

Con. Well, I must shew now what you have to doe, for I myselfe, before I came to this prefermitie, was as simple as one of you; and for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman. Secondlie, what is the office of a watchman. For the first, if any man aske mee what is a watchman, I may answer him, he is a man as others are, nay a tradesman, as a vintner, a tayler, or the like, for they have long bills.

3 *Wat.* He tells us true, neighbour, we have bils indeed.

Con. For the second, what is his office? I answer, hee may, by vertue of his

office, reprehend anie person, or persons, that walke the streetes too late at a seasonable houre.

4 *Wat.* May wee, indeed, master Constable?

Con. Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable houres, you may, by vertue of your office, commit him to prison, and then aske him whither he was going.

1 *Wat.* Why thats as much as my Lord Major does.

Con. True, my Lord Major can doe no more then you in that point.

2 *Wat.* But, master Constable, what if he should resist us?

Con. Why, if he doe resist, you may knock him downe, and then bid him stand, and come before the constable. So now I thinke you are sufficientlie enstructed concerning your office, take your stands; you shall heare rogues walking at these seasonable houres, I warrant you; stand close.

Enter *Eugenio.*

Eu. Now doe I take as much care to be apprehended as others doe to 'scape the watch, I must speake to be overheard, and plainelie too, or else these dolts will never conceive mee.

Con. Hearke, who goes by?

Eu. Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terrour of a guiltie conscience.

Con. How, Conscience talkes he of; he's an honest man, I warrant him; let him passe.

2 *Wa.* I, I, let him passe; good night, honest gentleman.

Eu. These are wise officers! I must be plainer yet. That gold, that cursed gold, that made mee poison him, made me poison Eugenio.

Con. How, made me poison him? he's a knave I warrant him.

3 *Wa.* M. Constable has found him already.

Con. I warrant you a knave cannot passe mee; goe reprehend him; Ile take his excommunication myselfe.

1 *Wa.* Come afore the constable.

2 *Wa.* Come afore the constable.

Con. Sirrah, sirrah, you would have scap'd? would you? no, sirrah, you shall know the Kings officers have eyes to heare such rogues as you; come, sirrah, confesse who it was you poison'd; he lookes like a notable rogue.

1 *Wa.* I doe not like his lookes.

2 *Wa.* Nor I.

Con. You would deny it, would you, sirra? we shal sift you.

Eu. Alas, M. Constable, I cannot now denie what I have said you overheard me; I poisond Euge. son to L. Polimetes.

[44] *Well, give them their charge.*

To charge his fellows, seems to have been the regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. So, in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1639: "My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace." Again, in the Insatiate Countess, by Marston, 1613: "Come on, my hearts; we are the city's security—I'll give you your charge."—*Malone.*

[45] *Hugh Oatcake, sir, or Francis Seacoal.*

George Seacoal, old editions. Dogberry, in a subsequent scene, calls him Francis Seacoal, and mentions his pen and inkhorn.

[46] *To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune.*

Dogberry's jumbling speech may be partially an adaptation of an old proverb,

an instance of which occurs in Lilly's Euphues and his England:—"My good sonne, thou art to receive by my death wealth, and by my counsell wisedome, and I would thou wert as willing to imprint the one in thy heart, as thou wilt be ready to bare the other in thy purse; to be rich is the gift of fortune, to be wise, the grace of God. Have more minde on thy bookes then on thy bags, more desire of godlinesse then gold, greater affection to die well then to live wantonly."

[47] *Let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.*

Warburton would read, *more need*. It is scarcely necessary to say the original text is in character with the diction of the speaker.

[48] *You shall comprehend all vagrom men.*

Next observe that constables are to use their best endeavours to apprehend all such vagabonds, rogues, or sturdy beggars, which shall be found and taken wandring or begging within their respective precincts, under the forfeiture of 10*s.* for every neglect. The same forfeiture is by such private persons as shall not apprehend rogues, &c., being at their doors. And if any person bring a rogue or beggar to one of these officers, he is obliged to receive him and punish him according to law, or he forfeits 20*s.* to be levyed by warrant from two justices.—*The Compleat Constable*, p. 33.

[49] *You are to bid any man stand.*

This watch is to be kept yearly from the feast of the Ascention, until Michaelmas, in every towne, and shall continue all the night, sc. from the sunne setting to the sunne rising. All such strangers, or persons suspected, as shall in the night time passe by the watchmen (appointed thereto by the towne constable, or other officer) may be examined by the said watchmen, whence they come, and what they be, and of their businesse, &c. And if they find cause of suspition, they shall stay them; and if such persons will not obey the arrest of the watchmen, the said watchmen shall levie hue and crie, that the offendors may be taken; or else they may justifie to beate them (for that they resist the peace and Justice of the Realme) and may also set them in the stockes (for the same) untill the morning; and then if no suspition be found, the said persons shall be let go and quit: But if they find cause of suspition, they shall forthwith deliver the said persons to the sherife, who shall keepe them in prison untill they bee duely delivered; or else the watchmen may deliver such person to the constable, and so to convey them to the Justice of peace, by him to be examined and to be bound over, or committed, untill the offendours be acquitted in due manner.—*Dalton's Countrey Justice*, 1620.

[50] *Have a care that your bills be not stolen.*

A bill was a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen. Soldiers armed with bills were sometimes called *bills*. A bill-hook is still called a *bill* in some parts of the country, but the term in the text is made synonymous with the halbert by Minsheu, the sense evidently intended by the author. The halbert had gone out of fashion at the time the present play was written, but it is extolled as a weapon of offence, and denominated "browne bill," in the Military Art of Trayning, 1622; and was the customary weapon of the watch, so much so that the watchmen are called *halberdiers* in Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609. The bills of watchmen are continually referred to, and engravings of five specimens are given in Steevens' Shakespeare, ed. 1778, ii. 316. See also the Comedy of the Two Italian Gentlemen; Donne's Satires; Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort, 1655, sig. F; Dodsley,

ii. 361. The annexed representation of a watchman, with a bill, lantern, and bell, is copied from an early woodcut in a copy of Decker's English Villanics six severall Times prest to Death by the Printers, in the Editor's possession. The bills of watchmen are thus mentioned by Rowlands, in his Knave of Harts, 1613, the title-page to that rare work containing a representation of that card and of the Knave of Clubs, the former holding a bill, and the latter a long arrow. The bill in this engraving differs in form from that given in Decker's woodcut, and other examples of the bills also occur in the representations of the Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, in the same author's More Knaves Yet:—

> Like three-penie watch-men three of us doe stand,
> Each with a rustie browne-bill in his hand.

A watch, quoth you? a man may watch 7. yeres for a wise worde, and yet goe without it. Their wits are all as rustie as their bils.—*Lilly's Endimion*, 1591.

> Then straitway forty men with rusty bils,
> Some arm'd in ale, all of approved skils,
> Devided into foure stout regiments,
> To guard the towne from dangerous events.
>
> *Taylor's Workes*, fol. Lond. 1630.

A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*. It may be called *securis falcata*.—*Johnson*. How long these bills were carried by the London watchmen does not appear. In an order of the Common Council, dated in 1771, they were directed to be armed "with a good and substantial ashen staff, five feet and an half long, with an iron ferril at each end thereof."

About Shakespeare's time, *halberds* were the weapons borne by the watchmen, as appears from Blount's Voyage to the Levant: "— certaine Janizaries, who with great staves guard each street, as our night watchmen with *holberds* in London."—*Reed.*

These weapons are mentioned in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639:— "—Well said, neighbours; you're chatting wisely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns, as becomes watchmen of discretion." Again, in the same play:—" — sit still, and keep your rusty *bills* from bloodshed." Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:— " the watch are coming towr'd our house with glaives and bills."—*Steevens.*

[51] *They are not the men you took them for.*

There is in this a particular satire directed against the constables of

Shakespeare's day, who made use of this excuse when they searched innocent parties. Thus Lupton, in his London and the Countrey Carbonadoed, 1632, describing constables, says,—" they 'le visit an ale-house under colour of search, but their desire is to get beere of the company, and then, if they be but meane men, they master them: and they answere them, 'Come, pay,' with this usuall phrase, '*You are not the men wee looke for*,' and demand of the hostesse if shee have no strangers in her house: having got their desire, they depart," &c.

[52] *The less you meddle or make with them.*

Abeat: nunquam amplius mihi cum illo fuerit. Let him goe, I will never hereafter have any more to doe with him; God speede him, I will never further *make nor meddle* with him.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

[53] *They that touch pitch will be defiled.*

A common proverbial expression, taken from a verse in Ecclesiasticus. " He that toucheth *pitch* shal be defiled with it, *qui tagit picem coinquinabitur cum illa*,"—Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 73.

> Wherefore who trustes a smiling face may chaunce to be beguylde;
> And he that toucheth pich, they say, shall therewith be defil'd.
> *The Chariot of Chastitie, by James Yates*, 1582.

[54] *If you hear a child cry in the night.*

It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on the ancient Statutes of the Streets of London, temp. Eliz. Among these I find the following:—" 22. No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment.—23. No man shall use to go with visoures, or disguised by night, under like paine of imprisonment.—24. Made that night-walkers, and evisdroppers, have like punishment.—25. No hammer-man, as a smith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great sound, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at night, nor afore the houre of foure in the morning, under paine of iij.*s.* iiij.*d.*—30. No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iij.*s.* iiij.*d.*" Ben Jonson, however, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his Bartholomew-Fair:— "And then a substantial *watch* to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage practice."—*Steevens.*

The opinion that any particular allusion to this play is intended by Ben Jonson, is justly questioned by Gifford, the device of creating merriment by mistaken words being found in many of our early plays. There is more probability in the suggestion made by Steevens, that Shakespeare was thinking, in the present scene, of the Statutes of the Streets, which are very minute and curious; and Dogberry's subsequent notice of the Statutes may be presumed more reasonably to refer to local orders, rather than to the Statutes of the Realm.

The present speech is assigned to Verges, upon which point Capell observes,— "the interference of Verges in his learned brother's department, perplex'd the editor something; but looking forward a little, he saw the cause of it: this fine *charge* was a standing piece of wit of good Dogberry's, known to Verges as having often been treated with it: he retails an article in a fear his partner should miss it, and himself and company lose the rich conceit it is follow'd by."

[55] *With any man that knows the statues.*

Statutes, eds. 1600, 1632, 1663, 1685; *statues*, ed. 1623. This is one of the few

places where the reading of the first folio is, in regard to the present play, superior to that of the quarto, which, in this instance, spoils the humor probably intended by the author. The word had most likely been corrected in the play-house copy of the quarto from which the play in the folio was printed. It may, however, be worth notice that *statute* was sometimes misprinted *statue*, an instance of this blunder occurring in the Compleat Constable, ed. 1700, p. 13.

[56] *Keep your fellows' counsel and your own.*

This, observes Malone, is part of the oath of a grand juryman. "Finally, that they discover not their owne doings, for it is usually a part of their oath that they shall keepe the king's counsell and their fellowes," Lambard's Eirenarcha, ed. 1607, p. 397.

[57] *Be vigitant, I beseech you.*

Vigitant, eds. 1600, 1623; *vigilant*, ed. 1632. The first reading is probably an intentional one, for although Dogberry usually misplaces words, and does not merely miscall them, yet he falls sometimes into the latter error, as when he says afterwards, "it shall be *suffigance*." In another place, Dogberry speaks of *vagrom* men, another mistake of similar character.

[58] *Mass, and my elbow itched.*

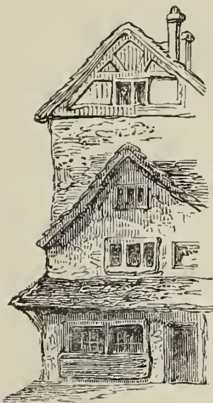
It is just possible that there may here be an allusion to some provincial proverbial saying that something will follow, if the elbow itches. "From the itching of the nose and elbow, and severall affectings of severall parts, they make severall predictions too silly to be mentioned, though regarded by them," Dæmonologie, 1650, ap. Brand. Some of these notions are mentioned in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1732,—"if her elbow itch, it is a sign of a strange bed-fellow; if her right hand itch, she must receive money."

[59] *I thought, there would a scab follow.*

A play upon words, a scab being a term of great contempt. "Why, scabs, let me out," Marston's Dutch Curtezan. "Such poore scabs as I must not come neere her," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[60] *Stand thee close then under this penthouse.*

A pent-house is an open shed or projection over a door or shop, forming a protection against the weather. Within the last few years, an old fishmonger's shop on the North side of the Strand, adjoining Temple bar, retained the ancient pent-house. It is the translation of *auvens* in Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593. "Pentes or paves, *estal*, *soubtil*," Palsgrave. "Pentys over a stall, *auvent*," ibid. The house in which Shakespeare was born had a penthouse along a portion of it, as is observed in the engravings in vol. i. p. 36. The specimen of one, in the annexed woodcut, is selected as belonging to a house in the poet's native town, one of the old timber-houses till recently existing at the corner of the market-place very near Henley Street.



[61] *If it were possible any villainy should be so rich.*

"If this be not mock-reasoning, I ought to submit to own myself very dull: for I cannot reconcile it to the sense that seems required. Should we not rather read?—If it were possible any villainy should be

so *cheap*? and Conrade's preceding question, I think, warrants this answer," Theobald's Letters. The sense of Borachio's speech seems to be this,—Thou shouldest rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so precious or valuable; for, in regard merely to money, when rich villains, &c. There is no necessity for alteration. Warburton proposed to read *villain*.

[62] *Thou art unconfirmed.*

That is, unpractised in the ways of the world.—*Warburton.*

[63] *I know that Deformed.*

The early stage-directions do not always distinguish which watchman is speaking. The present speech is assigned to the first watchman, on the strength of there being a subsequent observation by him on the same subject. The arrangement is Capell's, but it is quite possible several watchmen are supposed to be on the stage, and to take part in the dialogue.

[64] *He has been a vile thief this seven year.*

This seven year, a common proverbial expression for a long time. "In fayth, it is the beste fyte, that y herd thys vij. ȝere," Friar and the Boy, Porkington MS. "One that taught me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare," Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602. Other examples of the phrase occur in the Interlude of the Four Elements; Marriage of Witt and Wisdome, 1579; Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes, 1609; Early letter in the Alleyn Papers, p. 48; Drue's Dutches of Suffolke, 1631, sig. D. 2; Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640, sig. H. 2; Stapylton's Slighted Maid, 1663, p. 69.

Though thow him seche *thes seven yer*,
Thow worst that child never the ner.
Ser Beves of Hamtoun, Auchinleck MS.

[65] *No; 'twas the vane on the house.*

Vaine, ed. 1623, one copy of which reads *raine*, a curious variation, just worth noticing. As either reading makes perfect sense, there is no necessity for disturbing the original text.

[66] *Like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting.*

Reechy, smoky, discoloured by smoke, from A.S. reócan, to smoke, and the old English *reech*, which was used both as a substantive and a verb. "The reech recheth into Heven," Cursor Mundi, MS. Coll. Trin. Cantab. f. 18.

[67] *Like god Bel's priests in the old church window.*

The priests of Bel were threescore and ten. See the story of Bel, as related in the Apocrypha.

[68] *Sometime, like the shaven Hercules.*

It seems impossible to explain this otherwise than with reference to the story of Hercules, when in the service of Omphale, being shaved to make him look like a woman. Nevertheless, Warburton has a long and unsatisfactory note, offering a widely different explanation, and asserting that "by the *shaven Hercules* is meant Sampson, the usual subject of old tapestry." The story of Hercules was, however, also represented, for in an inventory of the "hangings" at Kenilworth Castle, 1588, the original MS. of which is preserved at Penshurst, is mentioned,—"six peeces of the historie of Hercules, being all in depth v. Flemishe ells 3. quarters, fower of them in length iv. ells, the other vj. ells and iv. ells." It is worthy of remark that Sir P. Sydney speaks of a representation of Hercules, when spinning for Omphale, in which the "great beard" is retained.

Yet denie I not, but that they may goe well together: for as in Alexanders picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twentie mad anticks we laugh without delight: so in Hercules painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attire, spinning at Omphales commandement, it breedes both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulnes of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the comicall part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of poesie.—*Sir P. Sydney's Defence of Poesie.*

[69] *In the smirched worm-eaten tapestry.*

Smirched, soiled, daubed, occurs again in the next act, according to the text of the quarto edition, the folio in the second instance reading *smeared.*

[70] *And thought they, Margaret was Hero?*

So in ed. 1600, the first folio reading, thought *thy.* The text here adopted is confirmed by Borachio's answer,—"Two of them did."

[71] *Never speak.*

In the old editions, this speech forms part of Conrade's previous one. The present arrangement was suggested by Theobald, who observes that "Conrade and Borachio are not designed to talk absurd nonsense. It is evident, therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own justification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office."

[72] *We are like to prove a goodly commodity.*

Borachio plays on the words, *taken up on bills* being a commercial phrase for obtaining goods or commodities on credit. West, in his Symboleography, 1601, explains a bill or obligation to be, "a deed whereby the obligor doth knowledge himself to owe unto the obligee a certaine summe of money or other thing; in which, besides the parties names, are to be considered the summe or thing due, and the time, place, and manner of paiment or delivery thereof." A commercial bill was, in fact, formerly, a bond under the hand and seal of the debtor, without a clause of forfeiture for non-payment; and it was not unusual for these bills to be entered at full length in the creditor's ledger. A similar quibble, in a conversation which includes, as here, the words *charge, commodity,* and *bills,* occurs in Henry VI.

[73] *A commodity in question.*

That is, a commodity subject to judicial trial or examination. Thus Hooker: "Whosoever be found guilty, the communion book hath deserved least to be called in *question* for this fault."—*Steevens.*

[74] *Your other rabato were better.*

A rabato, generally spelt *rebato,* was a kind of plaited ruff which turned back and lay on the shoulders. It was kept in shape by wire, and appears from some notices to have been properly a kind of short falling ruff, which was frequently used as a supporter for a larger ruff; and, if I mistake not, it was an improvement of the device called by Stubbes "a supportasse or underpropper." "*Da rivolto,* turning downe as a falling band, or a womans rabato," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, p. 96. "*Rabat,* a rebatoe for a woman's ruffe," Cotgrave. "A rabato for a woman's band, G. *rabat,* à *rabàtre,* id est, to fall or draw backe, because the band doth fall backe on the rabato," Minsheu. "*Arandéla,* rebatoes, supporters

for womens ruffes," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. "Give me my rebato of cut-worke edged; is not the wyer after the same sort as the other," Erondelle's Dialogues. Rebato wires are also mentioned in the Yorkshire Tragedie, ed. 1619, sig. A, and in Heywood's Woman Kilde with Kindnesse, ed. 1617, sig. H. 3. "Pok'd her rebatoes," Day's Law Tricks, 1608. "A rebato was worn out with pinning too often," Decker's Satyromastix. "The tyre, the rabato, the loose-bodied gown," Every Woman in her Humour, 1609. "I pray you, sir, what say you to these great ruffes, which are borne up with supporters and *rebatoes*, as it were with poste and raile," Dent's Pathway to Heaven, p. 42. Compare, also, Decker's Gulls Horn-Book, 1609,—"Your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiffnecked *rabatos*, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges." Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, iii. 166, mentions "long ruffes, with rebatoes of wire to beare them up, such as our women use," a passage which in itself is nearly sufficient to confirm the notion above mentioned. Mr. Fairholt is of opinion that the lady represented in the annexed figure, copied by him from an effigy of the time of James I., affords us an example of a genuine rabato.

Alas! her soule struts round about her neck;
Her seate of sense is her rebato set.

Marston's Scourge of Villanie, p. 208, repr.

Ladies, monkies, parachitoes, marmosites, and catomitoes, falls, high tires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, monchatoes: grave gregorians, and shee-painters, —Send I greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, my strappado for the divell.—*Braithwait's Strappado for the Divell*, 1615.

[75] *By my troth, it's not so good.*

"By my troth's not so good," ed. 1600. Capell is of opinion that this, and other contracted forms in Margaret's speeches, should be preserved, as indicative of her rapid utterance.

[76] *If the hair were a thought browner.*

That is, the false hair attached to the cap; for we learn from Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 1595, p. 40, that ladies were "not simplie content with their own haire, but did buy up other haire either of horses, mares, or any other strange beasts, dying it of what collour they list themselves."—*Steevens.*

A *thought* browner, that is, a degree, a little, or as would now be said, a *shade* browner. Thus, in Shirley's Honoria and Mammon, 1659:—"*Col.* They have city faces.—*Squ.* And are a *thought* too handsome to be serjeants." Again, in Guzman de Alfarache, fol. 1628, p. ii. b. ii. ch. v.: "—that I should lessen it *a thought* in the waist, for that it sits now well before."—*Reed.* According to Forby, this term is still in use in the Eastern counties.

[77] *Cloth of gold, and cuts.*

Cuts were openings or slashes in the dresses, and they were long fashionable.

[78] *Set with pearls, down sleeves.*

Steevens mentions a suggestion to omit the comma in this sentence, and to read *down th' sleeves*, which implies that the pearls were set down the sleeves.

The phrase, "set with pearls," refers to the gown, which had down sleeves, and side-sleeves, the precise meaning attached to the first being somewhat obscure, but the two expressions are probably not incompatible.

[79] *Side-sleeves.*

Side-sleeves, that is, long sleeves, sleeves hanging low, A.S. síd, Su. G. sid, Isl. sidr. "*Side*, long, particularly applied to garments, as a boy in side coats, that is, in long coats, apud Boreales," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033. "*Side*, long; my coat is very side, that is, very long," Ray's North Country Words, ed. 1674, p. 41. Joseph's "side coote," or long coat, reaching down "to the hele," is mentioned in Wickliffe's version of Genesis, xxxvii. 23. "Hys heer hangyd longe and syde," Bevis of Hampton, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38. "*Syde*, or longe, downe to the anckle," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A syde russet gowne furryd with bevyr," Invent. xv. Cent. Side-gowns are frequently mentioned, as in Wyntown's Cronykil; the Paston Letters; Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617, &c. Stowe, in his Chronicle, temp. Henry IV., observes that the sleeves were then so long, they gave rise to the following satire, the well-known lines by Occleve:—

Now hath this land little neede of broomes,
To sweepe away the filth out of the streete,
Sen *side-sleeves* of pennilesse groomes
Will it up licke, be it drie or weete.

In Laneham's Killingworth Letter, 1575, we are told that the minstrel's "gown had *side-sleevez* dooun to mid-legge." Fitzherbert, in his Booke of Husbandry, complaining of the extravagant dresses of men-servants, observes, "theyr cotes be so side, that they be fayne to tucke them up when they ryde, as women do theyr kirtels (some eds. *cattels*) when they go to the market." Again, in the Last Voyage of Captaine Frobisher, by Dionyse Settle, 1577: "They make their apparel with hoodes and tailes; the men have them not so *syde* as the women." *Side slops* are mentioned in Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595.

His berde was *side* with myche hare,
On his heede his hatt he bare.
Cursor Mundi, MS. Coll. Trin. Cantab. f. 33.

Hevedys tyfed wyth grete pryde,
With heer and hornes *syde.—MS. Harl.* 1701, f. 22.

Ruffes of a syse stiffe, starcht to the necke, of lawne; mary, lawlesse:
Gownes of silke; why, those be too bad! *side*, wide, with a witnesse.
Greene's Mamillia, the second Part of the Triumph of Pallas, 1593.

An asses eares both *syde*, and wyde, and longe;
His bodye like a mans, but much more stronge.
The Newe Metamorphosis, c. 1600, MS., i. 93.

Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.—*Du Bartas.*

If any where my lines doe fall out lame,
I made them so, in merriment and game:
For, be they wide, or *side*, or long, or short,
All's one to me, I writ them but in sport.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

It is worthy of remark that Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, ed. 1584, makes a distinction between length and sideness, the latter term being apparently applied by him to what is now termed fullness:—"The Frenche hose are of two

divers makinges, for the common Frenche hose containeth length, breadth, and sidenesse sufficient, and is made very rounde; the other contayneth neyther length, breadth, nor sidenesse, being not past a quarter of a yarde side."

[80] *Under-borne with a blueish tinsel.*

Capell would refer this to the previous sentence respecting the pearls. It clearly, however, relates to the skirts, Margaret meaning to say that the skirts were trimmed with tinsel.

[81] *A fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion.*

The term *quaint* is not here used exactly in its modern sense, but in that of, neat, elegant, the same as the French *coint*, explained by Cotgrave, "quaint, compt, neat, fine, spruce, briske, smirke, smug, daintie, trim, tricked up." It is also old English. "Queyntyse, yn gay florysschynge, or other lyke, *virilia*," Prompt. Parv. "*Quaint*, fine, spruce, briske, neat," Minsheu. "I began to think what a handsome man he was, sitting in a dump to think of the *quaintness* of his personage," Greene's Disputation between a Hee and a Shee Conny-catcher, 1592.

[82] *Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?*

This was most likely a proverbial phrase. "Marriage is honourable, but house-keeping's a shrew," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 57.

[83] *Clap us into—Light o' Love.*

This tune has already been mentioned (ii. 50) in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and a fac-simile of the original ballad, an unique copy of which is in the possession of Mr. Daniel, is here subjoined. The reader will observe of this most curious relic, that it "goes without a burden," as Margaret correctly describes the tune; and the continual recurrence of the phrase *lightie love* sufficiently shows its claim to be the original ballad, not one merely founded on the tune, as the description in the top line might imply. Leonard Gybson, the author of the ballad, is only known as the writer of a work in prose and verse, called "A Tower of Trustinesse," mentioned in Maunsell's Catalogue, 1595, and of "L. Gibson's Tantara" in the Handefull of Pleasant Delites, 1584. The earliest notice of the tune, yet discovered, occurs in Proctor's Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, ap. Steevens, in which "the lover exhorteth his lady to be constant to the tune of—Attend thee, go play thee—not *Light of love*, lady." The old ballad of the Lamentation of the Lord Maltrevers, in Deloney's Strange Histories, 1607, is "to the tune of Light of love;" and it is alluded to as a dance-tune in the London Prodigal, 1605. A horse, who "gallops to the tune of Light-o'-love," is mentioned in the Two Noble Kinsmen, act v. The tune itself is preserved in William Ballet's MS. Lute-Book, and in Musick's Delight on the Cithren, 1666. Modern copies are given by Sir J. Hawkins in a note on this passage; in Chappell's National Airs, 1838; and in Knight's edition of Shakespeare.

[84] *Ye Light o' Love, with your heels!*

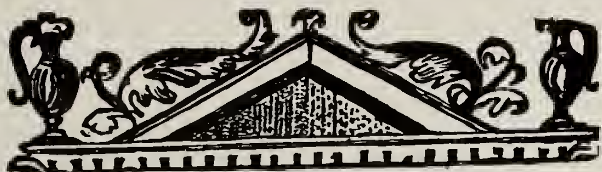
A light-o'-love was also a very common expression for a woman of light character, and to this sense of the word Beatrice seems to allude in this reply. See instances in Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentleman; The Chances, act i; Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, &c. The present reading, which is that of the old editions, is adopted by Mr. Knight. Modern editors read *yea* for *ye*.

There be wealthy houswives, and good house-keepers that use no starch, but faire water: their linnen is white, and they looke more Christian-like in small ruffes, then *Light of Love* lookes in her great starched ruffs, looke she never so hie, with eye-lids awrye."—*The Glasse of Man's Follie*, 1615, ap. Douce.

Black-letter Ballad of Light o'Love, from the Original in the Library of George Daniel Esqre.

¶A very proper dittie: to the tune of Lightie loue.

¶Leaue Lightie loue Ladies, for feare of yll name:
And True loue embrace ye, to purchace your Fame.



By force I am fixed my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to refraine:
Then blame me not Ladies although I indite
What lighty loue now amongst you doth raigne
Your traces in places, wt outward allurements
Doth moue my endeuour to be the more playne:
Your nicyngs and ticings, with sundrie procurementes
To publish your lightie loue doth mee constrayne.

¶Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dish,
Fraude goes a fisshyng with frendly lookes,
Throughe frendship is spoyled the seely poore fish,
That hoouer and shoouer vpon your false hookes,
With baight, you lay waight, to catch here and there,
Whiche causeth poore fisshes their freedome to lose:
Then loute ye, and floute ye, wherby doth appere,
Your lighty loue Ladies, styll cloaked with glose.

¶With DIAN so chaste, you seeme to compare,
When HELLENS you bee, and hang on her trayne:
Mee thinkes faithfull Thisbies, be now very rare,
Not one CLEOPATRA, I doubt doth remayne:
You wincke, and you twincke, tyll Cupid haue caught,
And forceth through flames your Louers to sue:
Your lyghtie loue Ladies, too deere they haue bought,
When nothyng wyll moue you, their causes to rue.

¶I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne,
Your beautie fayre Ladies, in any respect:
But ones Ingratitude doth mee constrayne,
As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect:
For proouyng in louyng, I finde by good triall,
When Beautie had brought mee vnto her becke:
She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,
And shewyng her lightie loue, gaue mee the checke.

¶Thus fraude for frendship, did lodge in her brest,
Suche are most women, that when they espie,
Their louers inflamed with sorowes opprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie
They taunte, and they vaunte, they smile when they vew
How Cupid had caught them vnder his trayne,
But warned, discerned, the proofe is most true,
That lightie loue Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

¶It seemes by your doynges, that Cressed doth schoole ye,
Penelopeys vertues are cleane out of thought:
Mee thinkes by your constantnesse, Helleyne doth rule ye,
Whiche, both Greece and Troy, to ruyne hath brought:
No doubt, to tell out, your manyfolde driftes,
Would shew you as constant, as is the Sea sande:
To truste so vniust, that all is but shiftes,
With lightie loue bearyng your louers in hande.

¶If ARGVS were lyuyng, whose eyes were in nomber
The Peacockes plume painted, as Writers replie,
Yet Women by wiles, full sore would him cumber,
For all his quicke eyes, their driftes to espie:
Suche feates, with disceates, they dayly frequent,
To conquere mennes mindes, their humours to feede,
That bouldly I may geue Arbittrement:
Of this your lightie loue, Ladies in deede.

¶Ye men that are subiect to Cupids stroke,
And therin seemeth to haue your delight:
Thinke when you see baight, theres hidden a hooke,
Whiche sure wyll bane you, if that you do bight:
Suche wiles, and suche guiles, by women are wrought
That halfe their mischefes, men cannot preuent,
When they are most pleasant, vnto your thought,
Then nothyng but lightie loue, is their intent.

¶Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentyme
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:
And fayre wordes paynted, as Dames can define,
The olde Prouerbe saith, doth make some fooles faine:
Be wise and precise, take warning by mee,
Trust not the Crocodile, least you do rue:
To womens faire wordes, do neuer agree:
For all is but lightie loue, this is most true.

¶ANEXES so daintie, Example may bee,
Whose lightie loue caused yong IPHIS his woe,
His trueloue was tryed by death, as you see,
Her lightie loue forced the Knight therunto:
For shame then refrayne, you Ladies therfore,
The Cloudes they doo vanish, and light doth appeare:
You can not dissemble, nor hide it no more
Your loue is but lightie loue, this is most cleare.

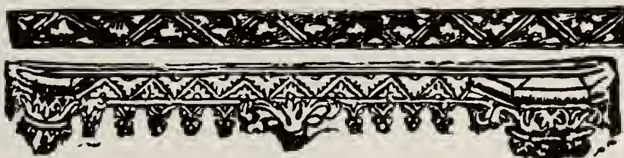
¶For Troylus tried the same ouer well,
In louyng his Ladie, as Fame doth reporte:
And likewise Menander, as Stories doth tell,
Who swam the salt Seas, to his loue, to resorte:
So true, that I rue, such louers should lose
Their labour in seekyng their Ladies vnkinde:
Whose loue, thei did proue, as the Prouerbe now goes
Euen very lightie loue, lodgde in their minde.

¶I touche no suche Ladies, as true loue imbrace,
But suche as to lightie loue dayly applie:
And none wyll be grieued, in this kinde of case,
Saue suche as are minded, true loue to denie:
Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde,
Fayre Ladies I wish you, to vse it no more,
But say what you list, thus I haue definde,
That lightie loue Ladies, you ought to abhore.

¶To trust womens wordes, in any respect,
The danger by mee right well it is seene:
And Loue and his Lawes, who would not neglect,
The tryall wherof, moste peryllous beene:
Pretendyng, the endyng, if I haue offended,
I craue of you Ladies an Answere againe:
Amende, and whats said, shall soone be amended,
If case that your lightie loue, no longer do rayne.

¶FINIS. By Leonarde Gybson.

¶Imprinted at London, in the vpper end
of Fleetlane, by Richard Jhones: and are to
be solde at his shop ioyning to the South-
west Dore of Saint Paules Church.



Ashbee & Dangerfield

To face p. 132.

Who likewise was enamored of Eriphila, and she of him, that she proved more *light of love* then she was wittie, yet she excelled in wit all the virgins of Taprobane.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

[85] *You'll see he shall lack no barns.*

A quibble on barns for corn, and *barns*, children, an Anglo-Saxon term still retained in use in the North country and Scotch *bairns*. "That nevere shal *barn* bere, but if it be in hir armes," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 169. "A barn, a very pretty barn," Winter's Tale. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 157, says "the common sort doo call their male children *barnes* here in England, especiallie in the North countrie, where that word is yet accustomablie in use; and it is also growne into a proverbe in the South, when anie man susteineth a great hinderance, to saie, I am beggered and all my *barnes*."

[86] *I scorn that with my heels.*

An old proverbial expression, not peculiar to Shakespeare. "Bidde mee goe sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles," Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611. "Sweet signior, you know, I know, and all Venice knows, that my mistress scorns double-dealing with her heels," Middleton, ed. Dyce, i. 249.

[87] *For the letter that begins them all, H.*

The previous line was a proverb slightly altered by Margaret to suit the context, and the whole will be more readily understood from the following epigram in Wits Recreations, 1654, entitled, *dolo intimus*,—

> Nor hauk, nor hound, nor horse, those letters h. h. h.,
> But *ach* itself, 'tis Brutus' bones attaches.

But if the prodigalls humour be such, as it confines him to the countrey, without any farther aspiring either to court or city; because hee's no *letterd* man, he has chosen to bestow his meanes upon the pleasures of *H* which is no *Letter*. His onely discourse is in commendation of his *Hound;* from whom he differs onely in sent; for coupled they might bee well together for Sence. His *Horse* cannot gallop faster in chace, than hee out of his estate. His *Hauke* flies so high, as she lessens her selfe; which may serve for his embleme: having flowne so long a flight, as he hath lessen'd himselfe both in credit and fortune.—*Brathwait's Survey of History*, 1638.

> ———For learning, sir, except
> What's in a horse, a hawke, or hownd, he knowes not
> How to expound your meaning.—*Wit in a Constable*, 1640.

The quibble between H and *ache* was a very favourite one. "Every cart-horse doth know the letter G very understandingly, and H hath he in his bones," Taylor's Workes, 1630. The elder Heywood, in his Epigrammes, says,—

> H. is worst among letters in the crosse-row,
> For if thou finde him, other in thyne elbow,
> In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
> In thy heade or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
> Into what place soever H. may pike him,
> Where-ever thou finde ache, thou shall not like him.

Margaret, observes Dr. Johnson, asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho;* Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is, for (on account of) an ache or pain, and Mr. Hunter has a singular theory, very unsatisfactorily supported, that an allusion is here intended to one of the Herberts. Malone mentions an old ballad in the

Pepysian collection entitled—"Heigh ho for a Husband, or the Willing Maid's Wants made known."

[88] *An you be not turned Turk.*

Literally, turned infidel, but the phrase was applied to any apostacy or violent change of opinion. See further observations on this curious expression in the notes to Hamlet.

[89] *What means the fool, trow?*

The verb trow, a personal pronoun being understood, either for, *trow ye*, think you or believe you, as in this instance, or sometimes for, *trow I*, is of very common occurrence. "What does this dog mean, trow?," Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street, 1663. "But what are they that talke with them so long? are they wooers, trow?," Chapman's Blinde Begger of Alexandria, 1598. Other examples occur in Every Man in his Humour, 1601; Bartholomew Fair, fol. ed. pp. 39, 77; Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, 1606; Sir Gyles Gooseeappe Knight, 1606, sigs. A. 2, F. 2; Wily Beguilde, 1606; Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois, 1607; Ben Jonson's Workes, 1616, p. 884; Ruggle's Ignoramus, ed. Hawkins, p. 225; Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort, 1655; Sir R. Howard's Committee, 1665; Comedy of the Mistaken Husband, 1675, p. 3; Win Her and Take Her, 1691, p. 5. An instance of the verb, for *I trow*, occurs in the Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568.

[90] *These gloves the count sent me.*

Presents of gloves, as tokens of affection, were formerly much in fashion. In Love's Garland, 1624, is "A posie written by one Simon Mattocke, sexton of Great Wambleton, in the behalfe of a youth of his parish, to the fairest milke-mayde in the next; sent to her pinn'd to the orange tawny top of a very faire paire of gloves of six pence," consisting of the following lines:—

My love is set to love thee still,
Then, Nan, remember thou thy will:
That, William, good will to thee
I long have borne, beare you with me.

The following entry occurs in the MS. Diary of Anne Countess of Pembroke, under the date of Jan. 10th, 1675:—"to-day there dined here with my folks my cousin Thomas Sandford's wife, of Askham, and her second son; so after dinner I had them into my chamber and kissed her, and took him by the hand, and I gave her a pair of buckskin gloves, and him 5*s*., and then they went away."

[91] *Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus.*

"Water of Cardo Benedictus, the beste parte and tyme of his dystyllacyon is the leves chopped and dystylled in the ende of the Maye: the same water heleth al dysseases that brenneth, cloutes wet therin and in the mornyng and at nyght layd therupon," Vertuose Boke of Distyllacyon of the Waters of all maner of Herbes, 1527. "This herbe is also taken of Plinie and Theophrast for a kind of *atractilis*, and they call it *atractilis hirsutior*: it is nowe called in shoppes *carduus benedictus* and *cardo benedictus*: the powder thereof, dronken in wine, doth ripe and digest cold fleme in the stomacke, and purgeth, and bringeth up that which is in the breast, scouring the same, and causeth to fetche breath more easily," Dodoens' Niewe Herball by Lyte, 1578. The distilled *Carduus-water* was extensively used both as an outward application and an internal medicine. Gerard says, ed. 1597, p. 847, "Angelica is an enimie to poisons; it cureth pestilent diseases if it be used in season; a dram waight of the powder hereof is given with thin wine, or if

the feaver be vehement, *with the distilled water of Carduus benedictus*, or of tormentill, and with a little vineger, and by itselfe also, or with treacle of vipers added." In another place, p. 1009, he adds, "the distilled water thereof is of lesse vertue." Cogan, in his Haven of Health, 1595, speaks of the rare virtues of this plant, which appear to have been held in very high estimation. "Carduus water" is alluded to in the Overbury Characters, 1615, as a medicine for the plague. Compare Coles' Adam in Eden, 1657, p. 210; and Parkinson's Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 471, who observes that it "is much used in the time of any infection or plague, as also to expell any evill symptome from the heart at all other times." Hayne, in his Life and Death of Luther, 1641, says that "about the beginning of the year 1527, Luther suddenly fell sick of a congealing blood *about his heart*, which almost killed him, but drinking the water of *carduus benedictus*, he was presently helped."

[92] *You have some moral in this Benedictus.*

Moral, secret meaning; Margaret, in her reply, quibbling on the double meaning of the word. "*Moralement*, morally, in a morall sence or fashion; also, doubly, or with a meaning different from his words," Cotgrave. "He has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens," Taming of the Shrew. "The moral of my wit is plain and true," Troilus and Cressida. So, to *moralize*, in the Rape of Lucrece, to interpret, to investigate the latent meaning; and in Richard III.,—"like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word."

Shakespeare's contemporaries used this word with the same meaning. So, in Nashe's Epistle, prefixed to his Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "Aretine, in a commedie of his, wittilie complaineth that upstart commenters, with their annotations and gloses, had extorted that sense and *moral* out of Petrarch, which, if Petrarch were alive, a hundred strappadois might not make him confess or subscribe to."—*Malone.*

[93] *He eats his meat without grudging.*

That is, he puts up with his lot without grumbling; he feeds on love, and likes his food. To 'eat one's dinner' is, according to an anonymous critic, a phrase of the like inport. Dr. Johnson proposes to read, *eats not.*

[94] *You look with your eyes as other women do.*

You are now become like others of your own sex, and turn your eyes, like they do, in the direction of love.

[95] *Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.*

"Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough," ed. 1600. The subsequent directions show that Verges was the headborough. "*Headborow* signifies him that is chief of the frankpledge, and that had the principal government of them within his own pledge. And, as he was called headborow, so was he also called Burrowhead, Bursholder, Thirdborow, Tithingman, Chief-pledge, or Borowelder, according to the diversity of speech in several places. Of this see Lambert in his Explication, &c., verbo, Centuria; Smyth de Rep. Angl. lib. 2. cap. 22. The same officer is now called a constable," Blount's Law Dictionary, fol. Lond. 1691.

[96] *Honest, as the skin between his brows.*

This is a proverbial expression. "I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin betwene thy browes," Gammer Gurton's Needle. "Is he magnanimous?—As the skin betweene your browes," Every Man out of his Humour. "I am as

honest as the skin that is between thy brows," Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651, p. 83. *Partly from Steevens.*

[97] *Comparisons are odorous.*

This blunder again occurs, and is made the most of, in the comedy of Sir Gyles Goose-cappe, 1606:—

Foul. A my life, a most rich comparison.
Goos. Never stirre, if it bee not a richer caparison then my lorde my cosine wore at tilt, for that was brodred with nothing but mooneshine i'th the water, and this has sammons in't; by heaven, a most edible caparison.
Ru. Odious, thou woodst say, for comparisons are odious.
Foul. So they are, indeede, sir Cut, all but my Lords.
Goos. Bee caparisons odious, sir Cutt: what like flowers?
Rud. O asse, they be odorous!
Goos. A botts a that stincking worde odorous! I can never hitt on't.

The proverb, in its correct form, occurs in Ray's Collection, ed. 1678, p. 116, and has continued in use to the present time. So, in Taylor's Workes, 1630,—

The proverbe sayes, *comparisons are odious*,
I'l therefore leave them, being incommodious.

[98] *Palabras, neighbour Verges.*

Palabras, for *pocas palabras* (Span.). See the Taming of the Shrew.

[99] *We are the poor duke's officers.*

This stroke of pleasantry has already occurred in Measure for Measure, where Elbow says: "If it please your honour, I am the *poor duke's* constable."—*Steevens.*

But by the way casting his eye by chance upon a kinde of writings that show'd it to be a scrivener's shop, and seeing the master of the poor house, or the poor master of the house, sitting alone in a rug gowne, wrapping in his armes to avoyd the bitternesse of the weather, minding to make himself a little sport.—*Pasquils Jests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch*, n. d.

[100] *An 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis.*

Thus ed. 1600; thousand times, ed. 1623. The reading of the quarto affords a humorous example in continuation of Dogberry's mode of conversation, and is clearly intentional. When Leonato makes use of the word *tedious*, Dogberry evidently construes it in the sense of rich or wealthy, and says if he were as rich as a king, he could consent to bestow all his wealth on your worship. All your wealth on me, observes Leonato, as his words would be understood by Dogberry. Yes, certainly, says the latter, even were it a thousand pound more than it is. Dogberry, however he may shelter himself under the epithet of "poor," is vain of his wealth, and, as it appears afterwards, lays some stress upon it.

The tediousness of constables was proverbial. So Ben Jonson, in his Cynthia's Revels,—"Ten constables are not so tedious."

[101] *When the age is in, the wit is out.*

Dogberry is here ludicrously misquoting the old proverb, "when the wine is in, the wit is out," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 218. Compare also Davies' Scourge of Folly, p. 155,—

When wine is in, then wit is out, they say;
But when no wine is in, wit's most away.

It occurs at an earlier period, and in a form more nearly allied to Dogberry's version, in Heywood's Epigrammes uppon Proverbes, 1577,—

When ale is in, wit is out; When ale is out, wit is in.
The first thou shewst, out of dout; The last in the hath not bin.

[102] *God's a good man.*

This phrase, which would now be considered impious, was not so in Shakespeare's time, the term *man* having been applied, with great latitude, to any allegorical or spiritual being. "You're the last *man* I thought on, save the *devil*," Jeronymo, 1605. "Death is a *man*, that never spareth none," Epitaph cited by Pope. Flies are oddly called *free men* by Romeo, but perhaps not exactly in this way; the expression being rather to be referred to Shakespeare's constant practice of using loose metaphors. "In what country, quoth they; in the country, quoth hee, where God is a good man," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608. The application of the latter term to the Almighty has continued in use, to the present day, in familiar provincial language. So, in the old Morality or Interlude of Lusty Juventus, 1561:

He wyl say, that *God is a good Man*,
He can make him no better, and say the best he can.

Again, in A mery Geste of Robyn Hoode,—"For God is hold *a right-wise man*, and so is his dame," &c. Again, in Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 670, "*God is a good man*, and will doe no harme."—*Partly from Steevens.*

[103] *An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.*

The following notes by Johnson and Steevens may perhaps be admitted, although they are more curious than instructive.

This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that *of two men on an horse, one must ride behind.* The *first* place of rank or understanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to despise his inferiour.—*Johnson.*

Shakespeare might have caught this idea from the common seal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horse.* An engraving of the seal is preserved at the end of Matt. Paris, Hist. Ang., 1640.—*Steevens.*

Dogberry's present speech is a cluster of proverbs, for which constables were famous. "His man's as full of proverbs as a constable," Davenant's Cruell Brother, 1630.

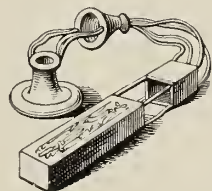
[104] *All men are not alike.*

Homini homo quid præstat? stulto intelligens quid interest?—*Terentii Eunuchus*, act ii. sc. 2.

[105] *Comprehended two aspicious persons.*

The same mispronunciation is used by Middleton, in A Mad World my Masters, and from a constable too;—"May it please your Worship, here are a couple of auspicious persons." —*Seymour.*

[106] *Bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol.*



The accompanying curious example of an ancient inkhorn is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a plate, in M. Jubinal's Ancien Tapisseries Historiques, of one of the tapestry hangings which decorated the tent of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, when he besieged Nancy in the year 1477. It is an appropriate illustration of the passage in the text, for

the inkhorn in the original is represented lying beside a scribe, who is mending his pen previously to taking the depositions of a witness. It is also interesting as containing annexed with it a pen-case or penner, the whole so formed that it could be completely closed up when not required for use.

[107] *Here's that shall drive some of them to a non com.*

That is, to a *non compos mentis;* put them out of their wits:—or, perhaps, he confounds the term with *nonplus.—Malone.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *&c.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment[1] why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer,—none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do![2]

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing,[3] as, ah! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none!
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:[4]
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,—
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.[5]

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,[6]
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
Have made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say:—if I have known her,
You 'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,—
I never tempted her with word too large;[7]
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming![8] I will write against it,[9]—
"You seem to me as Dian in her orb;[10]
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;[11]
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality."

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?[12]

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?[13]

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.[14]
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God![15]
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power[16]
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.[17]
What man was he, talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear:—Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,[18]
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,[19]
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart:
But, fare thee well! most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.[20] [HERO *swoons.*

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?[21]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, D. JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,[22]
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea. Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?[23]
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,[24]
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[25]
O, one too much by thee![26] Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,[27]
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,[28]
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink![29] that the wide sea[30]
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh![31]
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,[32]
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions[33] start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;[34]
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors[35] that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book;[36] trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?[37]
Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;[38]
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,[39]
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;[40]
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;[41]
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs,[42] and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,[43]
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,[44]
Why then we rack[45] the value;—then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,[46]
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep[47]
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,[48]
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,—
If ever love had interest in his liver,[49]
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success[50]
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness[51] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented;[52] presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?[53]

Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?[54]

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. [*He seizes her.*

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:[55]—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand[56] until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.[57]

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice ;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window ?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice ;—

Beat. Sweet Hero !—she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat——[58]

Beat. Princes, and counties ![59] Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count—Count Confect![60] A sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,[61] valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongues, and trim ones too:[62] he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I love thee.

[*He takes her hand.*

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged : I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account! As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say, she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns ;*[63] *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton ![64]

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.[65]

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.[66]

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con., *Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:[67]—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale![68] Have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest[69] way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down prince John a villain:—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother 'villain.'

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed!

Verg. Yea, by the mass![70] that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain, thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this!

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief

of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.[71]

Verg. Let them be in the bands.[72]

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God 's my life! where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them:— Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee, by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses;[73] and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass![74] [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

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[1] *If either of you know any inward impediment.*

A portion of the Marriage Ceremony is here quoted. The service was nearly the same, in Shakespeare's time, with that still in use by the Church of England.

[2] *Not knowing what they do!*

These words are found solely in the edition of 1600.

[3] *Interjections? why some be of laughing.*

A quotation from the Accidence. There is a similar allusion in Lilly's Endimion, 1591,—"Hey ho.—*Epi.* Whats that?—*Tophas.* An interjection, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho*, *vah.*"

[4] *She knows the heat of a luxurious bed.*

Luxurious, that is, lascivious. "Luxurious Queene, this is thy foule desire," Edward II. The term again occurs in Shakespeare. "As I have alwayes hated lust, so have I ever hated this creature (the sparrow), because it is so luxurious," Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612. Other instances occur in Shadwell's Woman Captain, 1680, p. 7; and in Lee's Theodosius, 1680.

When thou findest upon the mount of the thumb, called the mount of Venus, certain lines thwarting from the line of life to it, the person is *luxurious*, and for that reason shall be hated of his friends and superiors.—*Saunders' Physiognomie and Chiromancie*, 1653.

[5] *Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.*

Steevens, owing to a deficiency of appreciation of the irregular metrical system of the time, proposes to read,—*Nor knit.*

[6] *In your own proof.*

Tyrwhitt explains this, "in your own trial of her." The word *proof* may also be interpreted *example*, with every probability of that being the meaning intended. "*A proofe*, an example, a saie, a token, a paterne, a shew, *specimen*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. Theobald proposed to read *approof.*

[7] *I never tempted her with word too large.*

Large, free, licentious. "Large, open, *patent*," Palsgrave, 1530. The word has been previously used in the same sense. See the present volume, p. 90.

[8] *Out on thy seeming!*

"Out on thee seeming," ed. 1600. This reading is repeated in the four folios,

but the correction here adopted, first made by Pope, seems necessary to the sense of the line. *Thy* is misprinted *the* in the early editions of Antony and Cleopatra and Timon of Athens. Mr. Collier adheres to the old text, observing that Claudio addresses Hero as the personification of Seeming or Hypocrisy; but, if so, what becomes of the meaning of the subsequent words,—"I will write *against it*." Mr. Knight proposes to read,—"Out on *the* seeming!"

[9] *I will write against it.*

The verb *write* is sometimes used metaphorically in the sense of, to pronounce confidently in words fit to be written, or generally, to pronounce or proclaim. So, in King Lear,—"About it, and write happy, when thou hast done." When Posthumus, in his violent speech against women, in Cymbeline, says,—"I'll write against them," he scarcely means to use the phrase literally, but rather in the sense that he will inveigh strongly against the sex. Warburton proposes to read,—"*rate* against it." Heath explains the passage thus:—"In opposition to thy seeming innocence, I will testify and avouch under my hand the truth expressed in the five lines which immediately follow." It is by no means impossible that *against* is used in the sense of *over-against*, and that Claudio will write and publish his sentence in the front of her apparent innocence. "Against, over-against, *e regione*, *ex adverso*, *contra*," Coles.

[10] *You seem to me as Dian in her orb.*

"Malone supposes that the poet wrote *seem'd;* but I think the reading before us is far preferable: there is more passion and nature in Claudio's being still charmed with the exterior of his mistress, especially as we know that she is really innocent," Seymour. Dian, for Diana, is very common. So, in Carlell's Deserving Favorite, 1629,—

——indeed, she hath
Too much of *Dian's* ice about her heart.

The third folio reads,—"You seem to me as Diana in her orb," which is altered in the Dent annotated copy of that edition to,—"You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb."

[11] *As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.*

That is, before the air has tasted its sweetness.—*Johnson.*

[12] *Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?*

That is, so wide of the mark, so far from the purpose. "No, no; no such matter; you are *wide*," Troil. Cress. "Our speculative make many difficulties, as if this young lady was a likely match for the King of Spain; others, that the same business is now treating for the Reine Blanche in France; but I think they are both ways *wide*, the one as far as the other."—Letter dated 1611. Compare vol. ii. p. 394. "Hope you to gaine her thus with a mad fit? Marke the event,—this is a course as wide," Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640.

What is the cleanliest trade in the world? Marry, sayes the king, I think a comfit-maker, for hee deales with nothing but pure ware, and is attired cleane in white linen when hee sells it. No, Harry, sayes he to the king; you are *wide.* What say you, then?, quoth the king.—*Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

[13] *Sweet prince, why speak not you?*

Tieck, says Mr. Knight, proposes to give this line to Claudio, who thus calls upon the prince to confirm his declaration. On the whole, however, the speech is scarcely suited to one who has but just been involved in the utmost extremity of anger; and it is more appropriate in the mouth of Leonato, who is overwhelmed

with astonishment at Claudio's language, and now appeals earnestly to Don Pedro on his daughter's behalf.

[14] *To link my dear friend to a common stale.*

A stale, a cant term for a woman of bad character, supposed to be derived from *stale*, a decoy. Hence a stale is a person who decoys. "For what is she but a common stale, that loves thee for thy coine," Fair Maid of Bristol, 1605. "She heares of Jupiter, and his deceitfull stale, who seem'd so like a virgin," Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609. The term continued long in use, an instance of it occurring in Barrington's New London Spy, p. 60.

And yet, lady was never fair and false! Was not Helen of Greece made a Trojan *stale*—a scorne to posterities—whose verie name is ominous to cuckolds? Do not all chronicles of antiquity shew, not only that the faire, but the fairest, have prooved lightest? and yet, faire ladie was never false!—*Ford's Honor Triumphant*, 1606.

The consideration of these two things hath moved them to tolerate for the space of these many hundred yeares these kinde of Laides and Thaides, who may be as fitly termed the *stales* of Christendome as those were heretofore of Greece.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 265.

[15] *True, O God!*

These words are spoken by Hero, who is emphatically repeating the last word of Don John's speech in dire astonishment. Mr. Collier contends for a note of interrogation after *true*; but that arrangement would, I think, weaken the force of the speech. Hero bitterly confesses, "this looks not like a nuptial." The punctuation, adopted in the text, is that found in ed. 1600.

[16] *By that fatherly and kindly power.*

Kindly, natural, belonging to nature; from *kind*, nature.

[17] *Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.*

We should of course now write *herself* for *itself*, but the old text is in consonance with the grammatical usages of the time.

[18] *Most like a liberal villain.*

Liberal here, as in many places of these plays, means *frank*, *beyond honesty*, or *decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads, *illiberal*.—*Johnson*.

So, in the Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605:—"But Vallinger, most like a *liberal* villain, did give her scandalous ignoble terms." Again, in the Captain, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—"And give allowance to your *liberal* jests, upon his person."—*Steevens*.

This sense of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakespeare. John Taylor, in his Suite concerning Players, complains of the "many aspersions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully bestowed upon him."—*Farmer*.

[19] *O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been.*

Dr. Johnson thinks there is here a quibble on the word *hero*, but, fond as the poet was of playing upon words, the supposition is in this instance unnecessary, and it implies, moreover, an intention on the part of the author out of taste and at variance with the tenor of the speech. She is called, in the next act, *virgin knight*, but most probably in neither instance is there any allusion to Hero's martial name.

[20] *And never shall it more be gracious.*

Gracious, in the sense of, lovely, attractive, graceful. This use of the word was very common, though now obsolete.

[21] *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*

A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend to stick one here?—*Venice Preserv'd.*

[22] *Death is the fairest cover for her shame.*

A somewhat similar line occurs in Arden of Feversham,—"Let my death make amends for all my sins."

[23] *The story that is printed in her blood.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, the story which her blushes discover to be true: but this explanation is more elegant than correct; for Hero had just then fainted, and consequently could not be blushing: the story that is printed in her blood, is the pollution with which she is supposed to be stained; pollution so indelible, that it permeates the vital principle of her being.—*Seymour.*

To print is constantly used metaphorically in the sense of, to impress, in the generic meaning of that verb. "Take good hede what he saythe, and printe it well in thy mynde," Palsgrave, 1530. "They coulde not prynt it within my head depely," Interlude of the Disobedient Child. Dr. Johnson's interpretation, however, is supported by the Friar's subsequent notice of the "thousand blushing apparitions," unless we suppose that Leonato is now alluding to Hero's present condition.

[24] *Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches.*

Rearward is spelt *rereward* in ed. 1600, and misprinted *reward* in ed. 1623, but corrected in the later folios. So in some old versions of the Bible, in Isaiah, lviii. 8, "the glory of the Lord shall be thy *rereward*," where the last word has sometimes been misinterpreted *reward*. The meaning of the text is clearly either a threat to take his daughter's life, after heaping reproaches on her, or that he will follow the heavy reproaches that have been lavished upon her, by "striking at her life." Compare Sonnet xc. The Perkins MS. reads *hazard of reproaches*, but Leonato is in too great a fury to pass a thought as to what might be said of his determination.

[25] *Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?*

Frame, that is, framing, contrivance; as in the present play,—"Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies;" or, order, as in Love's Labour's Lost,—"ever out of frame." In the sense of contrivance it occurs in Cotgrave in v. *Machination*, "a machination, frame, contrivement," and Palsgrave has, "Frame or ordynaunce, *machine*," Lesclarcissement, 1530. Warburton reads *'fraine*, for *refraine;* and the Perkins MS. has *frown*, and in the next instance of the word, *fraud*. "Frugal nature's frame" is equivalent to, nature's frugal frame.

Frame is, contrivance, order, disposition of things. So, in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1603:—"And therefore seek to set each thing in *frame*." Again, in Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 555: "— there was no man that studied to bring the unrulie to *frame*." Again, in Daniel's Verses on Montaigne: "—extracts of men, though in a troubled *frame* confus'dly set." Again, in this play:—"Whose spirits toil in *frame* of villainies."—*Steevens.*

It seems to me, that by *frugal nature's frame*, Leonato alludes to the particular formation of himself, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the universal system of things. *Frame* means here *framing*, as it does where Benedick says of

John, that—his "spirits toil in *frame* of villainies." Thus Richard says of Prince Edward, that he was —"*Fram'd* in the prodigality of nature;" and, in All's Well that Ends Well, the King says to Bertram :—" Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, hath well *compos'd* thee." But Leonato, dissatisfied with his own *frame*, was wont to complain of the *frugality of nature.*—*M. Mason.*

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the present time most proper to exhibit the poet's sentiment, yet it may as well be used to shew that he had one child, and no more, as that he had a girl, not a boy, and as it may easily signify the system of things, or universal scheme, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arises no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by so violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offensively mutilated.—*Johnson.*

[26] *O, one too much by thee!*

The interjection at the commencement of this line is omitted in the second and subsequent folios, and its place was conjecturally supplied by Rowe by *I've.* The old reading was restored by Capell.—Compare the following lines in Romeo and Juliet,—

——Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much, &c.

[27] *And mired with infamy.*

As Johnson cites this passage only for an example of the active verb, to mire, it may be worth while giving an instance from a nearly contemporary writer, from Taylor's Workes, 1630 :—

I was well entred (forty winters since)
As farre as *possum* in my *Accidence;*
And reading but from *possum* to *posset*,
There I was *mir'd*, and could no further get.

"I myar, I beraye with myar; the poore man is myred up to the knees," Palsgrave's Leselarcissement, 1530.

[28] *But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd.*

The sense, observes Warburton, requires that we should read *as*, for *mine*, in these three places; but, as is noticed by Dr. Johnson, " the speaker utters his emotion abruptly :—But mine, and mine *that* I lov'd,—&c., by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verse and prose." *Mine* is not here used as the accusative case, but as the nominative, in apposition with *she* in the next line.

[29] *O, she is fallen into a pit of ink.*

The metaphor of ink, implying deterioration, occurs in a great variety of writers. So, in Tourneur's Revengers Tragœdie, 1608,—

Throwne inck upon the forhead of our state,
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death, and blot us in our toombes.

[30] *The wide sea hath drops too few to wash her clean.*

The same thought is repeated in Macbeth:—" Will all great Neptune's *ocean wash* this blood, *clean* from my hand?"—*Steevens.*

[31] *Which may season give, to her foul-tainted flesh.*

The word *season* is here used metaphorically, as again in Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 1. The Perkins MS. reads *soul-tainted*, an unmeaning compound, singularly

explained by Mr. Collier,—"Hero's flesh was tainted to the soul by the accusation brought against her." It is hardly necessary to point out, observes Mr. R. G. White, that Leonato supposed his daughter's soul, and, figuratively, her flesh, to be tainted by her moral crime. *Foul-tainted* is equivalent to, *foul and tainted;* and similar compounds occur many times in Shakespeare.

[32] *I am so attir'd in wonder.*

A similar application of this verb occurs in the Rape of Lucrece,—"Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?"

[33] *A thousand blushing apparitions.*

Apparitions, that is, in the literal sense, appearances. "An apparition or vision; also, an appearing," Minsheu.

As this wicked people were strangers to their God in their conversation, so was God grown a stranger to them in his *apparitions*, &c.—*Bishop Hall's Contemplations*, p. 3.

[34] *In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.*

The quarto of 1600, by an easy misprint, reads, *beate away.* The error is corrected in the folio, the present and usual reading being greatly to be preferred.

[35] *To burn the errors.*

"Steevens by his passage of elucidation from Romeo and Juliet (Transparent heretics, &c.) does not seem to feel the full effect of this very beautiful observation. While drooping under the oppression of mind occasioned by this calumny, her resentment nevertheless showed itself in the strong expression of her eyes," MS. Commentary. The metaphor in the text clearly refers to the eyes flashing indignation. In Romeo and Juliet, the idea is different, and refers to the eyes, "transparent heretics," which, though often drowned with tears, had escaped scathless, but, turn the tears to fires, and they (the eyes) shall be "burnt for liars." Romeo's speech, as usually printed, is ambiguous; we should read, *mine eyes*, in the first line. The ordinary reading no doubt led to the hasty criticism on the passage in the present comedy.

[36] *The tenor of my book.*

That is, observes Malone, the tenor of what I have read. Heath proposes to read, probably unnecessarily, "the tenor of my books."

[37] *Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?*

Warburton remarks on the extreme subtlety of this question, which, had Hero been guilty, the name of her suspected lover not having been mentioned, would have induced in all probability some evidence of her shame; but it is inconsistent with the tenor of the Friar's previous speech to assume, with this critic, that the enquiry was made with any view of ensnaring Hero. It must rather be considered that the Friar, firmly impressed with the belief of her innocence, is solely anxious to afford every opportunity for vindication.

[38] *Two of them have the very bent of honour.*

Bent is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, "her affection has its full *bent.*" The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be.—*Johnson.*

Benedick speaks of "two of them" generally, as two of the accusers, without reference to the last word in the speech of the Friar.

[39] *But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind.*

Capell is inclined to adopt the conjectural reading of *cause* for *kind* in the present line, as well as that of *love* for *life*, noticed afterwards. The following are his observations upon this subject:—"In the same predicament are *kind*, and *life;* both perfectly intelligible, and disagreeing with nothing round them in sense; 'tis sound that creates suspicion in both, the latter strengthen'd by repetitions: for where is that contemner of Shakespeare, who will attribute to him such a poverty of sense and expression as that passage exhibits, retaining *life?* whose over-frequent occurrence in it hurts another way; disgusting the ear as much, or nearly as much, as do the jingle of *find*, *kind*, and *mind*, in the lines refer'd-to in this page: Upon these grounds chiefly, but others are not wanting, the editor sees his fault, and his fearfulness, in putting into the class of things specious, readings to which the text is intitl'd; namely—*cause* for *kind*, in the present line; and *love* for *life* in the other, from the second and fourth moderns."

[40] *Your daughter here the princes left for dead.*

"The princesse," eds. 1600, 1623. The correction was made by Theobald. Capell thinks the old reading may be defended, on the supposition that Hero's intended husband is spoken of as a prince, but I think this is in misapprehension of the tenor of a speech spoken by Benedick. Theobald's correction is most probably necessary. In the first scene of the third act, Hero makes a distinction of rank, when she observes,—"so says the *prince*, and my new-trothed *lord;*" but in the fifth act, Leonato, addressing Don Pedro and Claudio, says,—"I thank you, *princes*, for my daughter's death."

[41] *Maintain a mourning ostentation.*

The word *ostentation* is here used in the simple sense of, show, appearance, not necessarily in that of vain display.

[42] *And on your family's old monument hang mournful epitaphs.*

It was formerly the custom to suspend temporarily rhyming epitaphs on tombs. Thus the verses on Combe the usurer, as given in Braithwait's Good Wife, 1618, are entitled, "Upon one John Combe of Stratford upon Avon, a notable usurer, fastened upon a tombe that he had caused to be built in his life-time."

C'est la coutume parmi les Catholiques d'attacher à quelque colonne, ou ailleurs, près du tombeau des morts, et surtout des morts de reputation, des inscriptions funebres en papier.—La Monnoie en Bayle, au mot Aretin (Pierre), note G.—*Blakeway.*

[43] *What we have we prize not to the worth, &c.*

"You may have seen," observes Whalley, "perhaps, the same sentiment in many Classic authors; but the most analogous, and which would almost tempt one to believe the poet had it directly before him, is the following from Plautus, (Captiv. i. 2,)—

> Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
> Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.

"Shakespeare's translation of these verses, if I may take the liberty to call it so, tho' something diffused and paraphrastical, exceeds, in my humble opinion, the original; for the proposition being diversified so agreeably, makes a deeper impression on the mind and memory."

> But such we are with inwarde tempest blowne
> Of windes quite contrarie in waves of will:
> We mone that lost, which had we did bemone.
>
> *Sir Phillip Sydney's Arcadia*, lib. ii.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.—*Horatii Od.*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, act i. sc. 2; Comedy of Errors, act ii. sc. 1.

[44] *But being lack'd and lost.*

In strict accordance with modern composition, the words *lack'd* and *lost* should be transposed, as they are in the Perkins manuscript; but it was an ordinary usage, in Shakespeare's time, to disregard exact nicety in what may be described as the chronological arrangement of minor circumstances. Puttenham, in his Arte of English Poesie, 1589, gives the following quaint and curious description of the practice:—"Ye have another manner of disordered speach, when ye misplace your words or clauses, and set that before which should be behind, and *e converso;* we call it, in English proverbe, the cart before the horse; the Greeks call it *Histeron proteron*, we name it the Preposterous, and, if it be not too much used, is tollerable inough, and many times scarse perceivable, unlesse the sence be thereby made very absurd; as he that described his manner of departure from his mistresse, said thus, not much to be misliked,—'I kist her cherry lip, and tooke my leave,' for, I tooke my leave and kist her: and yet I cannot well say whether a man use to kisse before hee take his leave, or take his leave before he kisse, or that it be all one busines. One describing his landing upon a strange coast, sayd thus preposterously,—'When we had climbde the clifs, and were a-shore;' whereas he should have said by good order,—'When we were come a-shore, and clymed had the cliffs,' for one must be on land ere he can clime. And as another said,—'My dame that bred me up, and bare me in her wombe,' whereas the bearing is before the bringing up."

[45] *Why, then we rack the value.*

To rack, to stretch out or extend to the uttermost. "*Racke*, Dutch, from *racken*, to stretch," Todd. Palsgrave, 1530, gives the old English verb,—"I ratche, I stretche out a length." The term *rack* is still in use applied to rents.

One joynt of him I lost was much more worth
Then the rackt valew of thy entire bodie.
Chapman's Widdowes Teares, a Comedie, 1612.

[46] *When he shall hear she died upon his words.*

Hero swoons, if the direction is properly given, immediately on the conclusion of Claudio's last speech. Steevens explains *upon* as *by*, referring to A Midsummer Night's Dream,—"To die upon the hand I love so well." In the present instance, however, there is no absolute necessity for such an interpretation.

[47] *The idea of her life shall sweetly creep.*

The several repetitions of the word *life* are in Shakespeare's manner, and may be intentionally introduced in contrast with the subject of the assumed death of Hero. Pope's reading, however, of *love* for *life*, in the present line, is at least worthy of attention.

[48] *Into the eye and prospect of his soul.*

So in King John, act ii. sc. 1,—"These flags of France, that are advanced here before the eye and prospect of your town."

[49] *If ever love had interest in his liver.*

The liver is several times alluded to by Shakespeare as the seat of love, and the notion is a very ancient one, being mentioned by Horace (Epod. v). "In the lyver is the place of volupte and lykynge of the flesshe," Glanville de Proprietatibus

Rerum, ed. 1535. "The liver is the beginning and the seate of all lustes," General Practise of Physicke, 1605. "Away, drie palme; sh'as a liver as hard as a bisket," Bussy d'Ambois. The following Latin distich is cited by Steevens:—

> Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras,
> Splen ridere facit, *cogit amare jecur.*

[50] *And doubt not but success.*

Success is now solely used, when without the auxiliary adjective, in the sense of a prosperous termination of any business. It is here employed in the primitive meaning of, the end, issue, or event. "*Succes*, successe, issue, event, the end or falling out of a matter," Cotgrave. "*Evento*, an event, a successe, an issue, a hap, a chance," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

[51] *My inwardness and love.*

Inwardness, that is, intimacy. *Inward*, intimate, is common both as a substantive and an adjective. "His nephew is fallen into some trouble, by reason of his familiarity and inwardness with Sir R. Cotton," Letter dated 1629, cited by Todd.

[52] *'Tis well consented.*

The maidens *consented* together, seeing Will Summers was so busie, both with their work, and in his words, and would not pay his forfeiture, to serve him as he served them.—*The Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury.*

[53] *Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?*

The poet has shown a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero: and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once.—*Warburton.*

[54] *Will you not eat your word?*

A play upon this phrase, which means,—will you not retract? "I say of all flowers I love the rose best, yet with this condition, because I will not eat my word, I like a faire lady well," Lilly's Euphues and his England, 1623.

[55] *I am gone, though I am here.*

Benedick, when he says, "Tarry, sweet Beatrice," seizes her to prevent her going away. This evidently appears from the tenor of the dialogue, Beatrice attempting with uncertain effort to escape from him. When she says, "I am gone, though I am here," she means to imply that her love for Benedick and attention to his discourse are lost, her heart is absent, though she is present in body owing to his detention. The effect of this, in representation, is exceedingly forcible.

[56] *Bear her in hand until they come to take hands.*

To bear in hand, is to keep deceitfully in expectation; as in Macbeth, "how ye were borne in hand," and other places. The phrase seems to have been common in our author's time. Thus in Greenwey's translation of Tacitus, 1622,

"Agrippina, therefore, beareth the emperor in hand, that the guard was divided into factions," &c.—*Seymour.*

[57] *I would eat his heart in the market-place.*

A sentiment as savage is imputed to Achilles by Chapman, in his version of the 22nd Iliad:—"Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eates thy heart, *to eate thy foe's heart.*" With equal ferocity, Hecuba, speaking of Achilles, in the 24th Iliad, expresses a wish to employ *her teeth on his liver.—Steevens.*

[58] *Bene. Beat—*

"I believe we ought to read; *But Beatrice*—So, before: 'Nay, *but Beatrice* —.' *Beat* was probably only an abbreviation in the MS. for *Beatrice;* and *but* was accidentally omitted,"—*Malone.* This conjecture does not appear to be really necessary. It is printed,—"But?," in ed. 1685.

[59] *Princes and counties!*

Counties, that is, counts, this word having been used generally for earls or counts. "Horne and Egmond, counties brave," Warner's Albions England, lib. x. So, in the second act of this play, the edition of 1600 reads,—"Even to the next willow, about your owne busines, *county;*" and shortly afterwards,—"*Countie* Claudio, when meane you to goe to church?"

[60] *A goodly count! Count Confect!*

This is the reading of the quarto edition of 1600, with the exception that *Confect* is spelt *Comfect.* In the folio of 1623, the repetition of the word *count* is accidentally omitted. It is clearly necessary to the full meaning of Beatrice, who is speaking in great indignation,—"a goodly count, truly! Count Sugar-plum! a *sweet* gallant, surely!"

[61] *Manhood is melted into courtesies.*

Steevens has been ridiculed for interpreting this,—"into ceremonious obeisance, like the courtesies of women;" but there is a probability he is right in this supposition. In the quarto of 1600, and in the first folio, the word is spelt *cursies*, a form which I believe usually (though not always) implies courtesies in the sense of obeisances. Thus, in the next act, the quarto reads *courtisies*, where the word is used in the ordinary sense. See also the present volume, p. 67. Baret, however, has, "Make a legge, or curtesie, *flecte genu,*" Alvearie, 1580. The fact is, that *cursey*, or *courtesy*, was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to the obeisance both of men and women; so that the application of the word in the passage in the text is perfectly appropriate. It may be just worth notice, without assigning too much importance to the circumstance, for the early editions differ in orthography, that in the second act of Othello, where the word occurs four times, in the three cases where it is intended in its usual signification, it is, in ed. 1623, spelt *courtesie* and *curtesie*, whereas, in the other instance, where it means obeisance, it is in the same edition printed in the abbreviated form, *curtsie.*

[62] *And men are only turned into tongues, and trim ones too.*

The old copies read *tongue*, the singulars and plurals being formerly used with great license. The correction was made by Hanmer. Steevens is of opinion that *trim ones* refer to the antecedent *men*, but, on the whole, the former interpretation is the most likely to be correct. *Trim*, neat, spruce, is frequently used in contempt.

[63] *Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns.*

"Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes," ed. 1600. The same direction occurs in the folio editions, but it clearly appears

from the first speech of Verges in this scene, and from Dogberry's last speech but one, that it is the Sexton who is the person selected to take notes of the examination, and the prefixes in all the editions to the speeches of the latter are assigned to the Sexton, not to the Town-Clerk. Theobald introduces both the Sexton and Town-Clerk, an arrangement which is surely unnecessary. In Shakespeare's time, in small towns, different offices were frequently held by one person. The sexton here introduced should be Francis Seacoal, if the poet had not forgotten the arrangement named at the end of the third act. Capell, in his notes to this play, p. 133, speaking of the insertion of the Town-Clerk in the above direction, is of opinion "that the sense of its heedless giver in that place was certainly parish-clerk, that is, Sexton."

The gowns of constables are frequently alluded to. They are mentioned as constables' night-gowns in the Blacke Booke, 1604, and, in the same tract, the principal character is represented as laughing heartily at the watchmen, to see what faces they made "when they mist their constable, and sawe the black gowne of his office lye full in a puddle."

[64] *O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!*

As Malone suggests that perhaps a ridicule was here aimed at the Spanish Tragedy:—"*Hieron.* What, are you ready?—*Balth.* Bring a *chaire and a cushion* for the king;" it may be worth observing that the allusions to these are too common to warrant any certain deduction of the kind. Florio, in his Second Frutes, 1591, p. 43, speaks in disdain of the effeminacy of the Englishmen, who, as he observes, "if they doo but sit downe to eate, must have a soft downe cushion under their taile." Moveable cushions for the seats of single stools and chairs, although now nearly out of fashion, were in most common use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and stools were also in far more general fashion than they now are.

I. Bring some coales, and a faggot, and make a good fire.—*M.* Give me the bellowes and let me blowe.—*I.* Bring hether a stoole, a chaire, or a lowe stoole to sit.—*M.* I pray you doo not trouble your selfe for me.—*I.* Set a cushion there, sit downe, and warme you, maister M.—*M.* I have warmed myselfe verie well.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

The prefix of this line and others in ed. 1600, and in the folios, is *Cowley*, a fact which proves that the character of Verges was originally undertaken by that actor, who was probably one of some distinction, although few particulars are known respecting him. Cowley died in March, 1618-19. In a similar manner, we become acquainted with the circumstance that Kemp was the original performer of the character of Dogberry in the present play, and of Peter in Romeo and Juliet. Kemp was long famous for his jigs, and extemporaneous witticisms; but, perhaps, was even more distinguished by his celebrated morris-dance to Norwich, and by his journey to Italy. The time of his death is not known, but it probably occurred between 1609 and 1612, for he is mentioned as deceased in Heywood's Apology for Actors, printed in the latter year; and he certainly appears to have been living at least as late as 1609 or 1610, for the following lines in which he is alluded to as living could not have been written till after the period of Coryat's return to England. They occur in some verses by John Strangwayes, prefixed to the Crudities, 1611,—

Thou crav'st my verse, yet do not thanke me for it,—
For what rimes can praise enough Tom Coryate?
Kemp yet doth live, and onely lives for this,—
Much famous, that he did dance the Morris

From London unto Norwich. But thou much more
Doest merit praise: for though his feete were sore,
Whilst sweaty he with antick skips did hop it,
His treadings were but friscals of a poppet;
Or that at once I may expresse it all,
Like to the jacks of jumbled virginall.

The inference to be drawn from this allusion seems to be, that Kemp was still living, but had retired from the stage, and was probably incapacitated from continuing the duties of his profession. A similar conclusion may be gathered from the following passage in Decker's Guls Hornebooke, 1609:—"Tush, tush, Tarleton, Kempe, nor Singer, nor all the litter of fooles that *now* come drawling behind them, never played the clownes part more naturally than the arrantest sot of you all."

[65] *Marry, that am I and my partner.*

"The name of Andrew is placed before this speech, in all the old editions, but it clearly belongs to Dogberry, performed by Kemp. We know of no actor of the Christian or sirname of Andrew in the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players. Merry Andrew may possibly have been a nick-name of Kemp, but his Christian name was William," Collier. It is more probable that Andrew was the familiar name of one of the comic actors of the day. In Pasquils Jests with the Merriments of Mother Bunch, p. 17, there is a story respecting one "merry Andrew of Manchester," who is called simply Andrew in the tale itself. Rowe and Theobald assign the speech to Verges.

[66] *We have the exhibition to examine.*

Exhibition is probably the speaker's blunder for injunction, permission, or some word of similar import. Leonato has directed them to take the examination, and bring it to him; but it is the Sexton who really takes it, as appears from a subsequent speech. They are now proceeding to do so, and Verges and Dogberry are extremely anxious to take the first opportunity of asserting their right to examine Conrade and Borachio. Steevens makes the speech very humourous by interpreting it as a blunder for,—"we have the examination to exhibit;" and he is perhaps right, although the previous explanation seems more in accordance with the tenor of the context, and with the class of blunders usually perpetrated by the worthies who are now speaking.

[67] *Write down—that they hope they serve God.*

The previous words spoken by Conrade and Borachio, and the first portion of this speech to the word *villains*, are found only in ed. 1600. They unquestionably were in the author's original manuscript, but were probably omitted in obedience to the provisions of 3 Jac. I. c. 21, the sacred name being four times used, irreverently in effect though not in the speaker's intention, in the course of one short paragraph. Anecdotes, similar to the one here quoted, occur in Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie, 1604, and in Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614. Compare also the Fleire, ed. 1607, sig. C. iii.

A gentleman walking somewhat late in the night, was taken by the watch, and had before the lanthorn, where they very strictly demanded who he was, and whom he served: he answered that he was, as they say, a man, and that he served God. I, say you so, quoth the constable; then carry him to the Counter, if he serve nobody else: yes, sir, replied the gentleman, I serve my lord Chamberlain. My lord Chamberlain, saith the constable, why did you not tell me so before? Marry, quoth the gentleman, because I had thought you loved God better than my lord Chamberlain.—*A Banquet of Jests old and new*, 1657.

[68] *'Fore God, they are both in a tale.*

Dogberry, observes Mr. Pye, had heard of getting at the truth by separate examination, and sagaciously asking a question of both which they could not but give the same answer to, expresses his surprise at the failure of his wise experiment. The humour of the observation is admirable.

[69] *Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.*

Eftest is Dogberry's blunder for *deftest*, neatest, readiest, from A. S. dæfe, fit, meet, convenient. *Deftly* occurs in Macbeth. Boswell considers *eftest* correct language, in the sense of quickest, from *eft*, but this latter word is, I believe, solely used as an adverb. Theobald reads *deftest*, and Rowe *easiest*, both these editors overlooking the speaker's propensity to blunder.

[70] *Yea, by the mass, that it is.*

This oath was gradually becoming out of fashion, and is therefore suitably placed in the mouth of Verges,—"a good old man, sir." The following lines on this and other oaths used by our ancestors occur in Sir John Harrington's Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633;—

In elder times an ancient custome was,
To sweare in weighty matters by the Masse.
But when the Masse went downe (as old men note)
They sware then by the crosse of this same grote;
And when the Crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then by their faith, the common oath was sworne.
Last, having sworne away all faith and troth,
Onely God-damne them is their common oath.
Thus custome kept decorum by gradation,
That losing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find damnation.

"Yea by masse," ed. 1600. "Yea by th' masse," ed. 1623.

[71] *Come, let them be opinioned.*

As Dogberry, generally speaking, does not invent words, but, as in this instance, uses one for another, it may be as well to give an example of the verb, to opinion, now obsolete. "Some are *opinion'd* that your trade began from old Carmentis," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

[72] *Let them be in the bands.*

The edition of 1600 assigns this to Cowley (here Verges), the actor, and gives the whole thus,—"Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe," Dogberry's speech following immediately afterwards. The same arrangement is found in the folios, with the exception that the Sexton is marked as the speaker. That some error has occurred in the printed copies is so obvious, that most editors have taken away the two last words, *of Coxcombe*, and assigned them to Conrade in a separate speech, reading,—"Off, coxcomb!" *Off* and *of* were frequently interchangeable in early printed works. Various suggestions for regulating these speeches have been made. Malone observes,—"In the early editions of these plays a broken sentence (like that before us—*Let them be in the hands*—) is almost always corrupted by being tacked, through the ignorance of the transcriber or printer, to the subsequent words. So, in Coriolanus, instead of—'You shades of Rome! you herd of—Boils and Plagues—Plaster you o'er!'—we have in the folio 1623, and the subsequent copies—'You shames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues,'

&c. See also Measure for Measure. Perhaps, however, we should read and regulate the passage thus:—'*Ver.* Let them be in the hands of—[*the law*, he might have intended to say.]—*Con.* Coxcomb!'"

Warburton gives the first speech to the Sexton, printing it,—"Let them be in hand," and the second as in our text. Tyrwhitt proposes to give the first to Verges, reading,—"Let them bind their hands;" or,—"Let them be in band." *Bands* is used for *bonds* in Henry VI., and that they were to be "in the bands" clearly appears from Dogberry's next speech, and indeed from the previous one of the Sexton's. It is plain that they were *bound*, observes Steevens, from a subsequent speech of Pedro: "Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus *bound* to your answer?" The Perkins MS. has the following:—"*Sexton.* Let them be bound.—*Bor.* Hands off, coxcomb.," which is at least ingenious, though it is not likely to be the true reading. That the attribution of the last speech to Borachio is wrong, clearly appears from what Conrade answers to Dogberry. Another suggestion is,—"*Verg.* Let them. Bind their hands.—*Con.* Off, coxcomb!"

"Let them be in the hands *of coxcomb.*"—So the editions. Theobald gives these words to Conrade, and says—"But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his brother officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shows of knowing their ignorance." This is strange. The Sexton throughout shows as good sense in their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *that he goes not the way to examine.* The meanness of his name hindered our editor from seeing the goodness of his sense. But this Sexton was an ecclesiastic of one of the inferior orders, called the *sacristan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the poet took his subject, was some old English novel translated from the Italian, where the *sagristano* was rendered *sexton.* As in Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne:—"When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye, up rose the *Sexton* of that place prophane." This assertion, as to the dignity of a *sexton* or *sacristan*, may be supported by the following passage in Stanyhurst's version of the fourth book of the Æneid, where he calls the Massylian priestess: "—— in soil Massyla begotten, *Sexten* of Hesperides sinagog."—*Warburton and Steevens.*

The *Sexton*, anciently called the *Sacrishan;* whose office was to serve at Church the priest and churchwardens, and therefore ought to be twenty years old, or above, of good life, and that can read, write, and sing. But this office is now swallowed up in the clerk, the sextons office being at this present only to ring the bells, clean the Church, and make graves for the dead, and to provide water for the font: and such like several things.—*Holme's Academy of Armory*, 1688.

[73] *And a fellow that hath had losses.*

Most readers accept this in the sense that Dogberry wishes to infer he was so rich, that notwithstanding he hath had losses, they had not prevented him nevertheless from being in good circumstances. The complacent way in which wealthy people talk of their pecuniary mishaps is a trait of human nature, which has been often commented upon, and is made the subject of a pleasant episode at the commencement of Scott's Quentin Durward, which perhaps is the best commentary on the passage in the text. For *losses*, a recent anonymous critic proposes *lawsuits*, and the Perkins MS. reads *leases.* The latter reading has been defended on the ground that the possession of leases, ecclesiastical leases for long periods being then well known, indicates Dogberry as a "rich fellow;" but the construction of the sentence does not warrant this interpretation. Were Dogberry desirous of

boasting of his leasehold property, blunderer as he is, he would have said, "a fellow *that hath leases*," in the same way that he boasts of being "one that hath two gowns." The words *hath had*, implying previous not present ownership, are inconsistent with the new, and establish the correctness of the old, reading.

[74] *O, that I had been writ down an ass!*

This amusing speech seems to be alluded to by Armin, in his Italian Tailor and his Boy, 1609, in which he asserts that he had been "writ down an ass in his time;" unless, indeed, the phrase was a proverbial one. To write down, was certainly in common use. "Sirrha boy, write him downe for a good astronomer," Returne from Pernassus.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*Before* Leonato's *House*.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.[1] Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;[2]
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,—
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And, sorrowing, cry 'hem' when he should groan ;[3]
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ;[4] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience :—
But there is no such man :—For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.[5]

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,[6]
And made a push at chance and sufferance.[7]

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here come the prince and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?[8]

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:[9]
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,[10]
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.
Claud. My villainy!
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence,[11] and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.[12]
Claud. Away; I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me?[13] Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;[14]
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,[15]—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;[16]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,[17]
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,[18]
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,[19]
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,[20]

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all!

Leon. But, Brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter;
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.[21]
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard!

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it. [*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.[22]

Claud. We had lik'd to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels;[23] draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though Care kill'd a cat,[24] thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill Care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,[25] an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.[26]

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[27]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?[28]

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare! Do me right,[29] or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?[30]

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit;—True, said she, a fine little one:—No, said I, a great wit;—Right, says she, a great gross one:—Nay, said I, a good wit;—Just, said she, it hurts nobody:—Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise;—Certain, said she, a wise gentleman![31]—Nay, said I, he hath the tongues;—That I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.—Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover,—God saw him when he was hid in the garden.[32]

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath,—Here dwells Benedick the married man?[33]

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is,[34] when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be;[35] pluck up, my heart, and be sad![36] Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch,[37] *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance:[38] nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed: and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.[39]

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do

you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou,—thou,[40] the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance[41] your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;[42]
That were impossible: but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here[43]
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;[44]
Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,[45]
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,[46]) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass:—I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And, also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed:[47] they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;[48] and borrows money in God's name;[49] the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend

nothing for God's sake.[50] Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation![51]

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.[52] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me?[53] why, shall I always keep below stairs?[54]

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.[55]

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

> The god of love,[56] [*Singing.*
> That sits above,
> And knows me, and knows me,
> How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,[57] whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,'[58] an innocent rhyme;[59] for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.[60]

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came,[61] which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;[62] and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain[63] so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. "Suffer love;" a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty[64] that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[65] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument,[66] than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?[67]—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if don Worm,[68] his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself,—who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy; and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder 's old coil[69] at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd; the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes;[70] and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.
Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death[71] by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.[72]

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;[73]
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.[74]

Now unto thy bones good night![75]
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And, Hymen, now, with luckier issue speeds,[76]
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you, she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—you know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her:[77] 'T is most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;[78]
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.[79]

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;[80]
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.[81]
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Ant. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd;[82] but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.[83]—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name [*unmasking*]; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no,—no more than reason.[84]
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.[85]
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no,—no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.[86]
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her,
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts!
—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity![87]
Beat. I would not deny you;[88]—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.[89] [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that[90] thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.
Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word:[91] therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.[92]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers! [*Dance. Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

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[1] *As profitless as water in a sieve.*

A proverbial simile. "He draws water with a *sive*, that wil learne without a booke, or without teaching,"—Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 83. "*De puiser l'eau en un crible*, to draw water in a riddle," Marrow of the French Tongue, 1625. "'Tis as easie with a sive to scoope the ocean, as to tame Petruchio," Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman's Prize, ed. 1647, p. 99.

[2] *And bid him speak of patience.*

Ritson proposes to read,—"And bid him speak *to me* of patience." So, in a subsequent line,—"And I *of him* will gather patience." The addition of the two words certainly makes the line more regular, but it as unquestionably deteriorates the effect of the speech.

[3] *And, sorrowing, cry 'hem' when he should groan.*

The present line, which is incorrectly printed in the old editions, has been the subject of much discussion. The quarto of 1600 reads,—"And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone." This reading is followed in the folios of 1623 and 1632, but the editor of the third folio, seeing probably that no meaning was to be extracted from the words as they stand in the old text, altered the line to,—"And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan." In the fourth folio it appears thus,—"And hollow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan." The text of the third folio is followed by Rowe and Pope, but subsequent editors and critics have made a variety of suggestions which deserve notice. "If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, and Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he should groan," Theobald, who explains it, if such a one will combat with, strive against Sorrow, &c. "And sorrow waive," Hanmer and Warburton. "Bid sorrow, wag!," Capell. "And sorrow gagge," Tyrwhitt, 1766. "And, sorry wag!," Steevens, a conjecture afterwards withdrawn in favour of the following,—"Cry, sorrow, wag!, and hem when he should groan," which was suggested by Dr. Johnson, with this explanation,—"If he will smile, and cry, 'sorrow, be gone,' and hem instead of groaning." Dr. Johnson's proposed reading was, however, originally put in this form,—"And, sorrow, wag! cry; hem, when he should groan," ed. 1773, p. 314, which is a mere adaptation of the old text. "In sorrow wag," Malone. "And, sorrow waggery, hem when he should groan," Ritson, who thus explains his conjecture,—sorrow becoming waggery, or, converting sorrow into waggery. The reading adopted in the text was first suggested by Heath, and a second time independently by Warton, whose defence of it is subjoined. The plausibility of it becomes more apparent, if it be supposed that, in the original manuscript, the second word was spelt *sorrowynge*,

and that the letter *y* was written shortly and widely. It should also be observed that great stress is laid, throughout the dialogue, on the individual personally feeling the effects of sorrow; so that the insertion of the word *sorrowing* in this line cannot fairly be considered pleonastic.

"The tenour of the context is undoubtedly this: 'If a man in such melancholy circumstances will smile, stroke his beard with great complacency, and in the very depth of affliction cheerfully cry hem when he should groan, &c.' I therefore, with the least departure from the old copies, and in entire conformity to the acknowledged and obvious sense of the passage, venture to correct thus:—"And *sorrowing* cry hem, when he should groan." *Sorrowing*, to say no more, was a participle extremely common in our author's age. Rowe's emendation of this place is equally without meaning and without authority. *Sorrowing* was here, perhaps, originally written *sorrowinge*, according to the old manner of spelling; which brings the correction I have proposed still nearer to the letters of the text in early editions."—*Warton.*

Another suggestion is readily imagined from the notes of Steevens on this line, although it has not, I believe, been offered amongst the numerous conjectural readings,—"And, sorrow away! cry hem, when he should groan." The expression, sorrow away, was most likely proverbial. To cry—*Care away!*, was once an expression of triumph. An old song in MS. Ashmol. 36 commences,—"Sing caire away, let us be glad." So, in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540:—"I may now say, *Care awaye!* . . . Now grievous *sorrowe and care awaye!*" Again, at the conclusion of Barnaby Googe's third Eglog:

> Som chestnuts have I there in store, with cheese and pleasaunt whaye;
> God sends me vittayles for my need, and I synge *Care awaye!*

Sorrow go by!, observes Steevens, is a common exclamation of hilarity in Scotland. It is similar to, "Sit thee down, Sorrow," a proverbial phrase which occurs in Love's Labour's Lost.

The Perkins MS. reads, "Call sorrow joy," the writer of that manuscript, not understanding the printed text, boldly altering it to his own composition. A similar instance of rewriting occurs in the early manuscript commonplace-book which has been before quoted, where the line is thus curiously given,—"Bid sorrow go, cry hem when he should grone."

To cry hem, to express jocularity by uttering that interjection. The phrase, which was also one of encouragement, occurs in As You Like It and Henry IV. It will be again noticed, with other examples.

Dr. Sherwen, in opposition to all other critics, adheres to the original text. "It is," he observes, "one of those Latinised transpositions of words frequently observed both previous and posterior to the age of Shakespeare: a species of affectation which, if properly attended to, will enable us to clear up many other obscurities in the progress of this work. 'And, sorrow wag! cry hem,' has the same meaning as if the natural order of the words had been observed, viz.—And cry hem! sorrow wag (or begone) when he should groan."

[4] *Make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters.*

Candle-wasters is a term of contempt for scholars. Thus Jonson, in Cynthia's Revels, ii. 277,—"was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?" In the Antiquary, 1641, is a like term of ridicule,—"he should more catch your delicate court ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, lamp-wasters of them all." The sense, then, is this,—If such a one will patch grief with proverbs,—case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings; make misfortune drunk

Extracts from Much Ado about Nothing and Loves Labours Lost, selected from a Manuscript of the seventeenth Century, exhibiting some examples of the unauthorized alterations in the text which were common at that period.

I have markt a thousand blushing appa: ritions to start into her face: a thou: sand innocent shames, in Angel white: nes, beare away those blushes; and in her eye there hath appear'd a fire, to burn away the error, that these Prin: ces hold, against her maiden truth. Much adoe about Nothing.

God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other, shall scape a scratch'd face. Beatrice. Scratching could not make it worse, if it were such a face as yours is. Much adoe about Nothing.

A pleached Bower, where honysuckles ripened by the Sun, forbid the Sun to enter: Like favourites made proud by Princes, that advance their pride against the power that bred it. Much ado &c

Be now as prodigall of your deare graces, as Nature was in making graces deare, when she did starve the gene: rall world beside, and prodigally gave them all to you. Loves labour lost.

Deare Princess, were not his requests so far from reasons yielding; your fair self should make a yielding against such reason, in my brest. Loves labour lost.

I dare not call them fooles, but this I think
When fooles are thirsty they would faine have drink
Loves labour lost.

And what have I to give you back, whose worth may counterpoise this rich and pretious jewell? Much ado &c

Is the opinion that fire can not melt out of me, I would die in it at the stake. Much adoe about nothing.

Sweete health and faire desires confort you. Loves labour lost.

Bring me a Father that so lov'd his Child, whose joy of her is over: whelm'd like mine; and bid him speake of patience; measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, and let it answer every straine for strain; as thus for thus, and such a griefe for such, in every lineament, branch shape, and forme, if such a one will smile and stroke his beard, bid sor: row go, cry hem, when he should grone, patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortunes drunke with can: dle wasters: bring him yet to me, & I of him will gather patience: Much adoe about nothing.

You are come to meete your trouble; the fashion of the world is to avoid it, and you encounter it. Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the like: nes of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine; but when you depart from me, sorrow a: bides, and happines takes leave. Much adoe about Nothing.

Their counsell turns to passion, wh. before would give preceptiall medicine to rage; fetter strong madnes with a silken thred; charme ache with ayre, and agony with words.

Vouchsafe in your rich wisdome, to excuse, or hide the liberall opposition of our spirits, if over boldly we have borne our selves in this converse.

That his owne hand may strike his honour downe, that violates the smallest branch therein. Loves Labour lost.

Sr I shall meet your wit in the careere; if you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect, Much adoe about nothing.

Can be as secret as a dumb man. Much ado &c

To face p. 184.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac sim.

with candle-wasters,—stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature.—*Whalley.*

If a comma is placed after the word *drunk*, the sense would run thus,—stupify misfortune, like students do, by severe study. Mr. Knight's explanation is the neatest;—"to make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters, is to attempt to stupify it with learned discourses on patience, that the preachers did not practise."

[5] *My griefs cry louder than advertisement.*

"A warning, an admonition, an advertisement, a counsaile, an advisement or instruction, *admonitio*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. In other words, the voice of my grief overpowers that of counsel or admonition. Seymour gives another explanation,—my griefs are too violent to be expressed or declared in words.

[6] *However they have writ the style of gods.*

That is, adopted the most exalted language; such, says Steevens, "as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. Beaumont and Fletcher have the same expression in the first of their Four Plays in One:"

> Athens doth make women philosophers,
> And sure their children chat *the talk of gods.*

[7] *And made a push at chance and sufferance.*

Push, as noticed by Knight, Collier, and Dyce, is synonymous with the contemptuous interjection, *pish*, to which it was unnecessarily altered by Pope. It is spelt *push* in several old plays. See Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, i. 363, iv. 53; Middleton, i. 29, ii. 24, iv. 259, v. 45. "Push! they are Tarmagants," Changeling, 1653. The following examples of these words are chiefly taken from Dyce. "*Pem.* Deare friend—*Fer. Push*, meet me."—*Tryall of Chevalry*, 1605.

> And lest some Momus here might now crie *push*,
> Say our pageant is not worth a rush.
> *Chapman's Gentleman Usher*, 1606.

Well, jest on, gallants; and, uncle, you that *make a pish at* the Black Art, &c. —*Day's Law Trickes*, 1608.

Grac. But, I prithee, practise some milder behaviour at the ordinarie; be not al madman.—*Acut. Push*, ile bee all observative, &c.—*Everie Woman in her Humor*, 1609.

When hee perceives her honestie too hard for his knavery, hee will in anger, with three tushes, foure pishes, five mewes, sixe wry mouthes, and seven scurvie faces, teare her and pull her worse then the rusticall rabblement did use to use common whores on former Shrove-Tuesdayes.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[8] *Who wrongs him?*

Various unnecessary attempts have been made to correct the imperfect metre. One early editor reads,—"who *wrongeth* him?," and Capell,—"who wrongs him, sir?" Steevens adds *marry* from the next speech, and makes Leonato repeat *thou.*

[9] *Never fleer and jest at me.*

To fleer was, properly speaking, to sneer in the peculiar manner thus described by Palsgrave, 1530,—"I fleere, I make an yvell countenaunce with the mouthe by uncoveryng of the tethe."

[10] *Know, Claudio, to thy head.*

Forby, in his East Anglian Vocabulary, p. 154, observes,—"we say, I told him so to his *head*, not to his face, which is the usual phrase."

[11] *Despite his nice fence.*

That is, his skilful and elegant method of fencing.

[12] *His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.*

Douce refers to the following lines in the old calendars, that describe the state of man:—

As in the month of *Maye* all thyng is in myght,
So at xxx. yeres man is in chyef lykyng.
Pleasaunt and *lusty* to every mannes syght,
In beauté and strength, to women pleasyng.

Compare also the poem of the Nutbrowne Mayd,—

O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone?
My somers day, in lusty May, is derked before the none.

[13] *Canst thou so daff me?*

That is, canst thou so put me off? So, in the second act of this play, "I would have daff'd all other respects." See the note at p. 90. Some editors of the last century unnecessarily read *doffe*.

[14] *He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.*

This brother Antony is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, overwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reproved him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *age* and *valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself; and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakespeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted.—*Warburton.*

[15] *Win me and wear me.*

A proverbial phrase. "Win it and wear it," Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, 1678, p. 277. It occurs also in Heywood's Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, first printed in 1607.

And, after the table was removed, in came one of the waiters with a fair silver bowl, full of dice and cards. Now, masters, quoth the goodman, who is so disposed, fall to: here is my xx.li.; *win it, and wear it.*—*A Manifest Detection of Dyce Play*, n. d.

[16] *I'll whip you from your foining fence.*

To foin, a term in fencing signifying, to thrust; or, sometimes, to thrust so as to make a slight wound. Chaucer mentions persons foining at each other "with sharpe speris strong," ed. Urry, p. 13. "Foyne with a swerde, *estoc*," Palsgrave, 1530. "*Coup d'estoc*, a thrust, foine, stockado, stab," Cotgrave. "Six foines with handspeares," Holinshed. "Rogero never foynd, and seldome strake but flatling," Harington's Ariosto, 1591, p. 340. "Nor blow nor foin, they struck or thrust in vain," Fairfax's Tasso.

The second meaning of *foin*, to which the idea of a slight wound is attached, is recognized in Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552,—"Foyne, *punctus;* foynen, or gyve a foyne, *punctum dare;* foynyng, or with a foyne, *punctum.*" Compare Baret's

Alvearie, 1580,—"To foine, to pricke, to sting, *pungo*." Sylvester, in his translation of Dubartas, apparently makes a distinction between a foin and a thrust,—"Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazzos and stoccados," where perhaps the word may have the meaning given to it by Huloet. There can, however, be little doubt but that, in Shakespeare's time, there was a particular kind of thrust called the foin. So, in the Divils Charter, 1607,—"Suppose my duellist should falsifie the foine upon me *thus*, here will I take him, turning downe this hand."

> Now he intends no longer to forbeare,
> But hurleth out a *foyne* with force so mayne,
> Raging with that late blow so fierce and bitter.
> *Harington's Translation of the Orlando Furioso*, 1591.

> It hath bin twice in France, and once in Spaine,
> With John a Gaunt; when I was young like him,
> I had my wards, and *foynes*, and quarter-blowes.
> *Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638.

[17] *Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys.*

Scambling, that is, scrambling. The word is more than once used by Shakespeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the first speech of the play of King Henry V., and likewise the Scots' proverb,—"It is well ken'd your father's son was never a *scambler*." A *scambler*, in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Irish called a *cosherer*.—*Steevens.*

Fashion-monging, the reading of the quarto and first folio, is altered to *fashion-mongring* in ed. 1632, one of the many instances of modernization introduced into that edition. The old text is correctly restored by Mr. Knight. A. S. *mangian*, to traffic, to trade, whence the participle, the latter not being formed, at least correctly, from the substantive fashion-monger. "Here comes first the fashion-monger, that spends his time in the contemplation of sutes," Rich's Faults and Nothing but Faults, 1606.

> Then where will be the schollers allegories,
> Where the Lawier with his dilatories,
> Where the Courtier with his braverie,
> And the money-*monging* mate with all his knaverie?
> *Wilson's Coblers Prophecie*, 1594, ap. Dyce.

[18] *That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander.*

> Farewel, my masters, Furor's a masty dogge,
> Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.
> *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

"I deprave, I make worse the estymacyon of a thynge by my reporte; it is an envyouse mans dede to deprave a man causelesse," Palsgrave, 1530. The word seems to occur merely in the sense of, to blame, in the Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576, —"our authour desyreth that this his acte you will not deprave;" and, to pervert or distort, in Baret's Alvearie, 1580, in v. *Turne.* See, however, the same work, in v. *Deprave.* It is used as a substantive in Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort, 4to. Lond., 1655.

[19] *And show outward hideousness.*

"And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles," &c., Henry V.

[20] *And speak off half a dozen dangerous words.*

Off is here printed *of* in the old copies, as is often the case in early printed

books. "A terrible oath with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off," Twelfth Night, act iii.

[21] *We will not wake your patience.*

That is, ironically, we will not keep your patience awake by any further discussion. "My waked wrath," Othello. Heath gives the following explanation, and conjectural reading,—"We hope, gentlemen, you bear your calamity with patience; but, be this as it will, we will not on our parts awaken it into anger by further provocation. If this doth not satisfy the reader, I suppose, however, he would rather read,—'We will not rack your patience;' that is, We will not *strain* it by prolonging this altercation." Warburton proposed to read, *wrack;* and Talbot, *waste.* The following notes may be worth adding.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claudio "will not *wake* their patience;" will not longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist.—*Johnson.*

Wake, I believe, is the original word. The ferocity of wild beasts is overcome by not suffering them to sleep. "We will not *wake* your patience," therefore means, 'we will forbear any further provocation.'—*Henley.*

The old men were extremely enraged; and in this temper their patience might be said 'to sleep;' but the prince, already tired of the conference, and offended at the intemperance expressed, declines going into any explanation to satisfy the brothers; or, as he calls it, to wake (*i. e.* restore) their patience; but contents himself with declaring, generally, on his honour, that the charge urged against Hero was true: and when Leonato, whose patience seems now, for the first time, to appear, or *be waking*, would expostulate, Pedro cries out,—'I will not hear you.'—*Seymour.*

[22] *You are almost come to part almost a fray.*

The repetition of the word *almost* is objected to by Steevens, but it is exactly in Shakespeare's manner, and numerous other examples might be collected from the works of contemporary writers. See Note 30 to Love's Labour's Lost, act i.

[23] *I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels.*

As we do the minstrels means, according to Malone, "draw the bows of their fiddles;" according to Mr. Collier, "draw their instruments out of their cases." The latter seems the more probable explanation: compare Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602; "Have the merry knaves pul'd their fiddle cases over their instruments cares?"—*Dyce.* See also Sir P. Sydney's Lady of the May.

[24] *What though Care killed a cat.*

An old English proverb. "Care will kill a cat,—and yet a cat is said to have nine lives; *cura facit canos*," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 108. The proverb occurs in a longer form, viz.—"hang sorrow, care will kill a cat," in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, and in Porter's tragedy of the Villain, ed. 1663, p. 45. Another version is,—"Care will kill a cat, yet there's no living without it."

If he inclines to schollership, they be these: First, to abandon melancholy, for *care*, hee saith, *kils a cat:* then to avoide mischievous thoughts, for hee that drinkes well, sleepes well, and hee that sleepes well thinkes no harme.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615, p. 273.

> Why should we grieve or pine at that?
> Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat.
>
> *Withers' Philarete*, 1622.

I take great *care* how I might *cares* avoyd,
And to that end I have my *cares* imployd:
For long agoe I doe remember that
There was a proverb, *care will kill a cat.*
And it is said, a cat's a wondrous beast,
And that she hath in her nine lives at least.
Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

[25] *I shall meet your wit in the career.*

A similar metaphor occurs in Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange,—"I could not endure the career of her wit for a million."

[26] *This last was broke cross.*

An allusion to tilting, in which it was considered a mark of disgrace to have the lance broken across the breast of the adversary.

[27] *He knows how to turn his girdle.*

A proverbial phrase, given in this form by Ray,—"If you be angry, you may turn the buckle of your girdle behind you," ed. 1678, p. 226; in other words, you may change your temper or humor, alter it to the opposite side. It seems to have no connexion with either challenging or wrestling, as some have supposed; and it not unfrequently occurs in the form,—"you may turn your buckle," without any mention of the girdle.

Dr. Farmer furnishes me with an instance of this proverbial expression as used by Claudio, from Winwood's Memorials, fol. edit. 1725, i. 453. See letter from Winwood to Cecyll, from Paris, 1602, about an affront he received there from *an Englishman:* "I said what I spake was not to make *him* angry. He replied, if I were angry, *I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.*" So likewise, Cowley, On the Government of Oliver Cromwell: "The next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so in his princely way of threatening, bidding them *turne the buckles of their girdles* behind them." —*Steevens.*

Again, in Knavery in all Trades, or the Coffee-house, 1664, sign. E: "Nay, if the gentleman be angry, let him turn *the buckles of his girdle behind him.*" —*Reed.*

Fortune will turn her back, if twice deny'd.
Why, she may *turn her girdle* too on t'other side.
Dryden's Wild Gallant, p. 61.

Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.—*Swift's Polite Conversation.*

[28] *Shall I speak a word in your ear?*

Let me speak it in your eare; I could like love, and love of woe men and in women their beauty, but that as moths doe marr the finest cloth, as wormes do eate the fruitfullest trees, so beautie hath two waiting maydes, which never leave her: that is, vanity and pride.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

[29] *Do me right.*

This was a common phrase, the meaning of which is obvious,—give me my due, do justice to me. So Ben Jonson, in the New Inn, 1631,—"but do him right; he meant to please you." It is again introduced in Henry IV., and was, says Steevens, the usual form of challenge to pledge a bumper toast in a bumper. "I do ryght to one, I gyve hym that he shulde have, *je fais la raison,*" Palsgrave, 1530. "Come, man of death, and do me right," Lamentation of John Musgrave.

[30] *Shall I not find a woodcock too?*

A woodcock was a term applied to a foolish fellow, that bird being supposed to have no brains. Ford alludes to this belief in his Lover's Melancholy, ii. 1. There may be, as Douce observes, an allusion to a woodcock caught in a springe, in reference to the plot against Benedick; who, indeed, may be said, like Beatrice, to have been "limed," a common method of taking woodcocks, as appears from the Gentleman's Recreation, 1686, ii. 122.

[31] *Certain, said she, a wise gentleman.*

A wise gentleman, a common ironical expression for a stupid fellow. It is still preserved in the modern term, *wise-acre.* "These are wise officers," observes a character in May's comedy, the Heir, 1622, meaning to imply they were very foolish ones.

[32] *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

An allusion to the third chapter of Genesis.

[33] *Here dwells Benedick, the married man.*

This and the previous speech of course refer to Benedick's boasting defiance in the first act, where the "text" is given slightly differently.

[34] *What a pretty thing man is, &c.*

It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.—*Warburton.*

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right. I believe, however, these words refer to what Don Pedro had said just before—"And hath *challenged* thee?"—and that the meaning is, 'What a pretty thing a man is, when he is silly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hose, to *fight* for a woman?' In the Merry Wives of Windsor, when Sir Hugh is going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and hose: "*Page.* And youthful still in your *doublet and hose,* this raw rheumatick day!"—"There is reasons and causes for it," says Sir Hugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight.—So, in the Roaring Girl, when Moll Cutpurse, in man's apparel, is going to fight; the stage direction is, she puts off her cloak and draws. —I am aware that there was a particular species of single combat called *rapier and cloak;* but I suppose, nevertheless, that when the small sword came into common use, the cloak was generally laid aside in duels, as tending to embarrass the combatants.—*Malone.*

Perhaps the whole meaning of the passage is this:—'What an inconsistent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the same time divests himself of his understanding!'—*Steevens.*

These words are probably meant to express what Rosalind, in As You Like It, terms the "careless desolation" of a lover.—*Boswell.*

"He then is a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man," that is, as he was in doublet and hose, and without a cloak, he appeared huge and large in stature when compared with an ape or monkey; but then an ape or monkey appeared of great gravity and respect when compared with such a scaramouch.—*Croft.*

Another of these proverbial expressions comes from Don Pedro, and is significant of *man* turning *youth*, in that place—lover: the sober *cloak* was the man's dress, to which *wit* answers; the lover bereft of wit, and the man uncloak'd, were both equally ridiculous. The replier's comparisons bear a little hard upon the

ladies; and upon men too, whom they hold in their chains: the man a *giant*, in such a case, led about by an *ape;* and, in wisdom, the ape's inferior.—*Capell.*

[35] *But, soft you, let be.*

Let be, that is, desist, be quiet, relinquish, give over, stop. "I let be, I let alone; let be this nycenesse, my frende; it is tyme, you be nat yonge," Palsgrave, 1530. The quarto and first folio read, "let me be," and the second folio, "let me see;" but the alteration in the text, which was first made by Capell, seems required by the context. Malone formerly proposed to read,—"but, soft you, let me pluck up my heart, and be sad!" *Let be* occurs in other plays, and the phrase will be illustrated more at length in a subsequent volume.

[36] *Pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*

Steevens explains this,—"Rouse thyself, my heart, and be prepared for serious consequences!"

[37] *Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch.*

In the old copies and all former editions, the entrance of Dogberry and his companions takes place before Claudio's speech, beginning "he is then a giant;" but I think it is an obvious error.—*Malone.*

[38] *She shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance.*

A quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*. The reader will find a similar play upon words in the second act of Troilus and Cressida.

[39] *There's one meaning well suited.*

That is, suited or placed in order with the other. So, in the Merchant of Venice,—"O dear discretion, how his words are suited!" Dr. Johnson's explanation is also probable,—one meaning is put into many different dresses; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

[40] *Art thou — thou — the slave.*

The repetition of *thou*, which occurs in ed. 1623, but not in ed. 1600, increases the dramatic effect, and has been restored by Mr. Knight. It is admitted, however, with considerable hesitation, the older reading making more correct metre, and it may be doubted whether Leonato is really intended here to exhibit an excess of agitation. "Art thou, art thou," ed. 1632, and subsequent folios.

[41] *Impose me to what penance.*

That is, enjoin me. "*Impónere*, to impose, to injoine, to lay upon, to command," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. Mr. Pye says that "*impose* is used here, as it is at the Universities,—give me an imposition or exercise by way of punishment, that is, a penance to whatever extent you please." Hanmer alters *impose* to *expose*, and Capell suggests to read, *impose on me.*

[42] *I cannot bid you bid my daughter live.*

The words *bid my* are accidentally omitted in ed. 1632, and the sense is supplied in ed. 1663 by the reading,—"I cannot bid your daughter live." The Dent MS. annotated copy of the latter edition reads,—"You cannot bid my daughter live," which latter is also the reading of ed. 1685. This is one of the many instances which show that the editors of the later folios, and the MS. annotators, had not recourse to the early authorities. The line was further altered, by more recent editors, to, —"You cannot bid my daughter live again;" and, in the Universal Passion, 1737, p. 64, it is thus given,—"You cannot call my daughter back to life."

[43] *Possess the people in Messina here.*

Possess, that is, inform. See the Merchant of Venice.

[44] *And she alone is heir to both of us.*

Leonato, in the first act, expressly mentions the son of Antonio; but perhaps the present statement, made by Leonato, is purposely overdrawn. Claudio is not to be supposed sufficiently acquainted with the families to render the deception improbable of being believed by him. He had even asked Don Pedro whether Leonato had a son.

[45] *Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong.*

To pack, to collect together, to combine, especially for an unlawful or seditious purpose. *Packs*, agreements, combinations; Harrison's England, p. 246. The verb occurs again in the Comedy of Errors, Titus Andronicus, &c. So Bacon, ap. Malone,—"If the issue shall be this, that whatever shall be done for him shall be thought to be done by a number of persons that shall be laboured and *packed*—." Again, Melvill's Memoirs, p. 90, ap. Reed,—"he was a special instrument of helping my Lord of Murray and Secretary Lidington to *pack* up the first friendship betwixt the two queens," &c.

[46] *Which, indeed, is not under white and black.*

The proper form of the phrase is, under black and white, that is, on ink and paper, but Dogberry transforms everything. The idiom is a common one, and is still in use in familiar language.

But such a one she was, as almost all they are that serve so noble a prince: such virgins carry lights before such a Vesta, such nimps arrowes with such a Diana. But why goe I about to set her *in black and white*, whom Philautus is now with all colour importraying in the table of his heart? And surely I thinke by this he is halfe mad, whom long since I left in a great maze.—*Lilly's Euphues*, 1623.

[47] *The watch heard them talk of one Deformed.*

The simplicity of the constables in mistaking words for proper names was a favorite subject for satire. The following anecdote does not exactly parallel the error of Dogberry, but it is a good example of the old tales respecting constables, and may with propriety find a place here:

A gentleman walking late, knowing there to be a simple constable that had the watch that night, giving him some peremptory termes, there was no way with him but to prison he must, at length the gentleman came up close to him, and bid him commit him if hee durst. Why, saith he, what may I call your name, that I who present the King's person may not commit? Saith the gentleman, my name is Adultery, and neither by God's lawes nor man's ought you to commit mee: which one of the wisest of the company hearing, let him goe, Master Constable, saith he, let him goe, for if your wife should heare that you had committed adultery in your watch, it might bee an everlasting breach of love betwixt you. Upon this, the constable was appeased, and the gentleman went quietly to his lodging.—*Moderne Jests and Witty Jeeres*, p. 106.

[48] *He wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.*

Warburton conjectures that by the key Dogberry intended to mention the earring, but the probability is that the whole is merely a comical blundering allusion to the long locks worn by our ancestors, and that the key is the constable's supposititious introduction. There is a similar quibble on the lock of hair in an anecdote related in the Banquet of Jests, 1657:—"A scholler calling after one

that had long haire, he not hearing him at the first or second call, askt him whether his eares were lockt." The custom of wearing these long locks appears to have come into fashion late in the sixteenth century, and to have been borrowed from France. In Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592, a barber asks,—"Will you be Frenchified, with a love-lock down to your shoulders, wherein you may hang your mistres' favour?" A Frenchman, "long-lock't with a ribbon," is mentioned in the black-letter ballad of "Blew-cap for Me." The annexed specimen of a love-lock (in a portrait of Christian IV. of Denmark) was selected by Mr. Fairholt, and the same author has noticed and engraved other examples in his Costume in England, a work which contains some valuable notices of this fashion. Prynne, who wrote a treatise entitled, "The Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes, or a discourse proving the wearing of a locke to be unseemely," 1628, again mentions them in his Histriomastix, in a passage which deserves quoting, as he there assigns the habit of wearing them to *ruffianly persons*, a testimony which affords a valuable illustration of Dogberry's reason for producing it against the prisoner:—"And more especially in long, unshorne, womanish, frizled, love-provoking haire, and *lovelockes*, growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd, effeminate, ruffianly persons."

Why should thy sweete *love-locke* hang dangling downe,
  Kissing thy girdle-stud with falling pride?
Although thy skin be white, thy haire is browne;
  Oh, let not then thy haire thy beautie hide.

The Affectionate Shepheard, 1594.

He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.

Epigrams by J. D. ad fin. Ovid's Elegies, c. 1596.

He whose thin sire dwell in a smokye roufe,
Must take tobacco, and must weare a locke.

The Returne from Pernassus, 1606.

Aske Humors why a fether he doth weare?
It is his humour, by the Lord, hee'le sweare.
Or, what he doth with such a horse-taile locke?

The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611.

Several allusions to these locks occur in Davies' Scourge of Folly, 1611,—"Glaucus (a man) a woman's lock doth weare, but yet he weares the same comb'd out behinde," p. 2. The 174th Epigram is "against long lockes in woers," and the 184th is "against women that weares locks like womanish men." Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, ii. 45, describing Lord Mountjoy, says, "he was of stature tall, and of very comely proportion, his skin faire, with little haire on his body, which haire was of colour blackish, or inclining to blacke, and thinne on his head, where he wore it short, except a locke under his left eare, which he nourished the time of this warre, and being woven up, hid it in his necke under his ruffe."

The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Vandyck, (now at Knowle,) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of it.

It hangs under the ear on the left side, and reaches as low as where the star is now worn by the knights of the garter.—*Malone.*

Writers, prosemen and versemen, banter the men of dress of that time, for a lock of hair, hanging below the rest, which they cherish'd and curl'd nicely, and call'd—a love-lock: this, with another fashion then prevalent of men's wearing ear-rings, is satiriz'd by the poet in what comes from Dogberry, the populace, who have a wit to themselves, call'd the ring, the *lock's key*: But this humour about a *lock* and a *key*, of personizing *Deform'd*, and of making him the extraordinary *borrower* that follows after those words, should (in likelihood) be founded upon something particular that was the publick talk at that time: otherwise, the wit is but poor; and we, to whom the knowledge of this particular has not descended, can scarce laugh at it.—*Capell.*

There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satirize the *fashion;* whom they took to be a man surnamed *Deformed.* This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock.* To this fantastick mode Fletcher alludes in his Cupid's Revenge: "This morning I brought him a new perriwig with *a lock at it*—And yonder's a fellow come has *bored a hole in his ear.*" And again, in his Woman-Hater: "If I could endure an ear with a *hole* in it, or a platted *lock,*" &c.—*Warburton.*

"It appears from Manzoni's novel, *I promessi Sposi,*" observes an anonymous critic, "that in the sixteenth century, in Lombardy, the wearing of a lock of hair was made highly criminal, merely because it was considered the testimony of lawless life led by the young men of the day." A similar indication may have obtained in England. So, in the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1649,—"The head has a long lock, and a thick bush; it may be a thiefe lurks in it." Other allusions to the lock occur in the same work, in which the Courtier is described with "one locke longer then the rest by at least the quarter of a yard;" and the Roaring Boy as having "a lock to his shoulders playing with the winde." See also Hall's Satires, iii. 7, ed. Singer, p. 65; Cole MSS. vol. 42.

[49] *And borrows money in God's name.*

The allusion is to the well known verse in the Proverbs,—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." This scriptural phrase was used in the counterfeit passports of the beggars, as appears from the curious passage here cited from Decker; and it is probable that Dogberry here alludes to this use of the verse.

The seales of noblemen, gentlemen, justices, or any other who have authority to use scales, are graven in silver, copper, or some other hard stuffe: and those things which are so graven, seale the armes or such like with sharpe edges and with a round circle enclosing it, as if it were cut with an instrument of steele, and it maketh a neat and deepe impression: but these counterfeit jarkes (or seales) are graven with the point of a knife, upon a sticks end, whose roundnesse may well be perceived from the circle of a common turn'd seale: these for the most part bearing the ilfavoured shape of a Buffars Nab, or a Prancers Nab (a dogs head, or a horses) and sometimes an unicorns, and such like; the counterfeit jarke having no circle about the edges. Besides, in the passe-port you shall lightly find these words, viz. For Salomon saith, Who giveth the poore, lendeth the Lord, &c. And that constables shall helpe them to lodgings: And that curats shall perswade their parishioners, &c.—*Decker's English Villanies,* 1632.

[50] *And will lend nothing for God's sake.*

These were the usual terms of the beggar's supplication. The annexed very curious representation of a leprous beggar-woman, ringing a hand-bell to excite the attention of the passengers, is copied from a MS. Pontificale ad usum Ecclesiæ Romanæ et Anglicanæ, a volume of the fourteenth century, of English execution. Above the head is a label inscribed, "Sum good, my gentyll mayster, for God sake." In Percivale's Dictionarie in Spanish and English, ed. 1599, p. 193, we have, "*Pordioséros*, men that aske for God's sake, beggers." Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 183, complains of the practice in these quaint terms,—"how artificiallie they beg, what forcible speech, and how they select and choose out words of vehemencie, whereby they doo in maner conjure or adjure the goer by to pitie their cases, I passe over to remember, as judging the name of God and Christ to be more conversant in the mouths of none, and yet the presence of the hevenlie majestie further off from no men than from this ungratious companie." This affords a curious illustration of Dogberry's satire. "This pore man riding homeward from London, where he had made his market, this roge demaunded a peny *for God's sake*, to keepe him a true man. . . The printer, having occasion to go that ways, not thinking of this cranke, by chaunce met with him, who asked his charitie *for God's sake*," Harman's Caveat, 1573. Decker, in his O per se O, gives the following address as spoken by beggars who are counterfeit soldiers:—"Gentle rulers of this place, bestow your reward upon poor souldiers, that are utterly maymed and spoyled in his Majesties late war, as well *for God's cause* as his Majesties and yours; and bestow one piece of your small silver upon poore men, or somewhat towards a meals meat, to succour them in the way of trueth, &c., *for God's cause*."

He (the fiddler) is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two; and yet he begs too, only not in the downright *For God's sake*, but with a shrugging *God bless you*, and his face is more pined than the blind man's.—*Earle's Microcosmography.*

[51] *God save the foundation!*

Such was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry, however, in the present instance, might have designed to say—"God save the *founder!*"—*Steevens.*

Hee must now betake himself to prayer and devotion; remember the founder, benefactors, head, and members of that famous foundation: all which he performes with as much zeale as an actor after the end of a play, when hee prayes for his majestie, the lords of his most honourable privie councell, and all that love the king.—*Whimzies, or a new Cast of Characters*, 1631.

[52] *How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.*

The term *lewd* was frequently used, in Shakespeare's time, in the sense of *wicked*, not necessarily with the modern interpretation now given to it. "*Lewd*, ungratious, naughtie, *improbus*, *pravus*, *impurus*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[53] *To have no man come over me?*

The quibble here intended scarcely deserves or requires explanation. Benedick says he will write in so high a style that no man living shall exceed it; while Margaret chooses to interpret the words otherwise. The following extracts are given by Steevens.

> Alas! when we are once o'th' falling hand,
> A man may easily come over us.
>
> *Marston's Insatiate Countess*, 1613.

> But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,
> Her he o'er-came, for he got her with child.
>
> *Sir Aston Cockayne's Poems.*

[54] *Shall I always keep below stairs?*

In other words, shall I always continue a waiting-woman, and never get married? Or, perhaps, the meaning is,—shall I always keep below stairs, and never enter a bed-room? Theobald reads, *above stairs;* and it has also been proposed to read, *keep men*, and *keep them.*

[55] *I give thee the bucklers.*

That is, I yield. To hold up or take up the bucklers, to show fight; to lay them down or give the bucklers, to desist from the contest, to yield. See Cotgrave, in v. *Gaigné;* Fair Maid of the Exchange, p. 98; Satiromastix, ap. Hawkins, p. 157; London Prodigall, 1605, fol. 8; Middleton's Family of Love, 1608; Ben Jonson's Case is Altered, 1609; Greene's Defence of Coney-catching, pref.

I suppose that *to give the bucklers* is, to *yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, so *clypeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment.—*Johnson.*

Greene, in his Second Part of Coney-Catching, 1592, uses the same expression: "At this his master laught, and was glad, for further advantage, to *yeeld the bucklers* to his prentise." Again, in A Woman Never Vex'd, a comedy by Rowley, 1632: "—into whose hands she thrusts the weapons first, let him *take up the bucklers.*" Again, in Decker's Satiromastix: "Charge one of them to *take up the bucklers* against that hair-monger Horace." Again, in Every Woman in her Humour, 1609: "—— if you lay down *the bucklers*, you lose the victory." Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. x. ch. xxi.: "— it goeth against his stomack (the cock's) to yeeld the gantlet and *give the bucklers*," ed. 1601, i. 279.—*Steevens.*

> Well, sir, I ever thought you'd the best wit
> Of any man in Venice next mine own;
> But now I'll lay *the bucklers* at your feet.—*May Day*, 1611.

[56] *The god of love, that sits above.*

This was the beginning of an old song by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of, "The Complaint of a Sinner vexed with Payne, &c. Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy, for Richard Applow," is still extant. The words in this moralised copy (licensed in 1562-3) are as follow:

The God of love, that sits above,
Doth know us, doth know us,
How sinful that we be.—*Ritson.*

In Bacchus' Bountie, 1593, a work mentioned by Steevens, is a song, beginning—"The gods of love, which raigne above." Elderton's ballad does not seem to be extant, but it appears to have been exceedingly popular, for several ballads followed on the same subject. "The answere to the iiij.th ballett made to the gods of love" was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1562-3. See also Robinson's Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584. Several songs commence with the first two lines. A character in the Faire Mayde of the Exchange, 1607, is introduced singing,—

Ye gods of love, that sit above,
And pity lovers' pain,
Look from your thrones, upon the moans,
That I do now sustain.

[57] *A whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers.*

The term *carpet* is often used metaphorically, applied to effeminate and luxurious persons. The most usual application of the word in this sense is to a carpet-knight, a knight "on carpet consideration." Carpet-squires are also mentioned.

"Unlesse you meane I shall be thought a traitor to her Majesty, a coward, a sleepy dormouse, and a carpet-squire."—The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605.

[58] *I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby.'*

Whilst all those naked bedlams, painted babies,
Spottified faces, and Frenchified ladies.
Musarum Deliciæ, repr. p. 96.

[59] *An innocent rhyme.*

So in eds. 1600 and 1623. The three late folios read, "an innocent's rhyme," which conveys a good meaning, but the more ancient one is what was probably intended by the author. So the other rhymes are each characterised by adjectives.

[60] *Nor I cannot woo in festival terms.*

That is, in holyday language, in choice affected fashionable terms suited for holydays and festivals. So, in the speech of Hotspur,—"with many holyday and lady terms." The Host, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says of Master Fenton that "he speaks holyday;" and Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, speaking of the Servant's high-flown eulogy,—"Thou spend'st such *high-day wit* in praising him." The Country Gentleman, in the Overbury Characters, is described as being overwhelmed with the marvels of London, and, "when he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holy-day talke."

I pray thee keepe this tale till my marriage day, and I promise thee that the best gowne I weare that day shall be thine. Mopsa was very glad of the bargaine, especially that it should grow a festivall tale.—*Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia.*

He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to; whereas rich men are entertained with a more holy-day behaviour, and see only the best we can dissemble.—*Earl's Microcosmography.*

[61] *Let me go with that I came.*

That is, came for, the last word being understood. Rowe unnecessarily inserted it in the text. See vol. i. p. 275.

[62] *Claudio undergoes my challenge.*

Steevens explains *undergoes*, is subject to it. We may rather consider the word quaintly used in the more ordinary sense, sustains. Claudio, though in a jesting manner, accepted Benedick's challenge, and fully understood that the latter was in earnest.

[63] *Which maintain so politic a state of evil.*

So in ed. 1600, the first folio and modern editors reading *maintain'd*, on which Capell observes:—"There is left a plain impropriety: *will* accords ill with *maintain'd*, a verb present were better; unless you will salve it this way,—that her falling in love was at a time when his bad parts maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not even now admit any good part to intermingle with them."

[64] *There's not one wise man among twenty.*

Not one among twenty, a proverbial phrase for, scarcely any one. So, in Howell's English Proverbs, p. 20,—

In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adversity not one amongst twenty.

[65] *That lived in the time of good neighbours.*

That is, in the good old times, when, to use the words of Warburton, men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

[66] *He shall live no longer in monument.*

"Monument," ed. 1600; "monuments," ed. 1623. In the old English poem of the Body and the Soul, in the Porkington manuscript of the fifteenth century, the soul thus addresses the dead body:—

Where is now thy hyȝe palleys, reyplete
Of reches flouyng in gret abundanse?
Thi hale is now of vij. fete:
The wormus bene thi kyn and thin alyanse;
Thi fryndeus in whome was alle thi affyanse,
Here terius be almost exspend;
When thi dyrge was done, heere soroo was at an ynd.

It is just possible that there is, in Benedick's speech, an oblique allusion to the rage for costly monuments which prevailed in Shakespeare's time. To this Hall alludes in his Satires, iii. 2,—

Great Osmond knows not how he shall be known,
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone;
Unless he rear up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.

[67] *Question?*

Equivalent to,—ask you the question? The word is omitted by Hanmer. We have still a phrase,—what a question?, that is, what an unnecessary question?

[68] *Don Worm, his conscience.*

The conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm or

serpent. In the entries of payments for expenses incurred in representing the Coventry mysteries, is the following for dresses,—"Item, payd to ij. wormes of conscience, xvj.*d.*"

[69] *Yonder 's old coil at home.*

Old has occurred before in the sense of great. It was formerly a common augmentative. "If you shall refuse to marrie, then will he lay all the fault upon you, and then will bee *olde stirre* and hurleburlie," Terence in English, 4to. 1614.

Cotgrave, in his Dict., has; "*Faire le diable de vauuert*, to play reaks, to keep an *old coile*, or horrible stirre." I know not if it has been observed that the Italians use (or at least formerly used) *vecchio* in the same sense.—*Dyce.*

[70] *Die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes.*

So, in the later editions of Lodge's Euphues Golden Legacie, such as eds. 1609, 1612, 1623,—"Montan sweares, in your lap he wil die for to delight her," where the editor was probably thinking of the passage in the text. The true reading, as proved by the context, is that of ed. 1590,—"in your *lampes*," meaning, in the lamps or brightness of her eyes.

"Be buried in thy eyes."—A somewhat similar image occurs in the Overbury Characters,—"Shee hath laid his dead bodie in the worthiest monument that can bee: she hath buried it in her owne heart." There is a suggestion in Collier's Shakespeare, ii. 270, that the words *heart* and *eyes* in the text have in some way changed places in the old copies; but the language of Benedick is too licentious to render this transposition necessary.

[71] *Done to death by slanderous tongues.*

"Is my Andrugio done to death?," Promos and Cassandra, 1578. "Hector (in Chi) to death is done," Chapman's Homer. "Thinking her own son is done to death," Lusts Dominion, 1657. In the old copies, the words, "It is, my lord," are assigned to a *Lord*, and the epitaph follows without any prefix, but it was evidently intended to be read and affixed by Claudio. The stage-direction at the commencement of this scene in ed. 1600 is,—"Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers." It may be worth remarking that the present scene is generally omitted, when the comedy is represented on the stage.

[72] *Praising her when I am dumb.*

"When I am dead," ed. 1600. The error is corrected in ed. 1623. This and the previous line are generally made to form part of the metrical epitaph written on the scroll, but they are properly independent of it, being spoken by Claudio when he affixes it to the tomb. The arrangement here followed was suggested by Capell.

[73] *Those that slew thy virgin knight.*

Virgin knight, in other words, chaste follower of Diana. So, in the Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, as quoted by Malone,—

> O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
> ——who to thy *female knights*
> Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
> Which is their order's robe—.

Steevens gives a different explanation, being of opinion that *virgin knight* is equivalent to *virgin hero*, qu. in allusion to the name of Hero? On the supposition that the passage in the text is metaphorical, it may be well to add the following observations by that critic:—

Virgin knight is *virgin hero.* In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had deserved it. So, in the History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599:

> Then as thou seem'st in thy attire a *virgin knight* to be,
> Take thou this *shield* likewise *of white*, &c.

It appears, however, from several passages in Spenser's Faerie Queene, that an *ideal order* of this name was supposed, as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's virginity:—"That noble order hight of *maidenhed.* . . . Order of *maidenhed* the most renown'd. . . . And numbred be mongst knights of *maidenhed.*" On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "Pheander, the *mayden knight.*"

[74] *Till death be uttered,—Heavily, heavily.*

The folio reads,—"Heavenly, heavenly," a similar misprint, as Mr. Dyce has observed, occurring in Hamlet, ed. 1623. Mr. Knight adopts the reading of the folio, explaining it thus,—"The editors appear to have mistaken the meaning of *uttered*, interpreting the passage to mean till *songs* of death be uttered heavily: to *utter* is here to put out—to expel: Death is expelled *heavenly*—by the power of heaven: the passage has evidently reference to the sublime verse of Corinthians." Mr. Collier, although adopting the reading of the quarto, seems to lean towards the same opinion, observing that,—"the meaning of this line is obscure; but it may be doubted whether by 'Till death be uttered' we are to understand merely, as Boswell suggests, 'till death be spoken of:' the verb *uttered* is perhaps to be taken in the sense of *put forth*, *put out*, or *put away*, and then the sense may be, until death be destroyed." Steevens boldly proposes to read,—"Till *songs of* death be uttered," the original appearing to that critic to be defective both in sense and metre; but *uttered* is here a trisyllable. An attentive perusal of the context will dissipate much of the difficulty, which has been experienced in the interpretation of these lines. The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be *uttered*, that is, proclaimed, published, or commemorated, sorrowfully, sorrowfully. "To utter, to put foorth, to publish, or set abroade," Baret, 1580. Mr. Harness was the first who restored *heavenly.*

[75] *Now, unto thy bones good night!*

This couplet is assigned, in the old editions, to a Lord, attendant on Don Pedro and Claudio. In the third and fourth folios, the prefix *Lo* is changed to *Le.*

[76] *And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds.*

The construction of Claudio's speech is somewhat obscure. "Than *this*, for *whom*," referring at once to the disturbed nuptials of Hero and Claudio, and to Hero herself; or perhaps Hymen is alluded to as personified. Dr. Thirlby proposed to read, *speed's*, for *speed us;* but this alteration rather increases the difficulty of satisfactorily interpreting both lines.

[77] *That eye my daughter lent her.*

This is rightly assigned, in eds. 1600 and 1623, to Leonato, for it was his daughter who assisted in investing Beatrice with love for Benedick. In the three later folios it is given to Antonio, or "old man," as he is termed in the original stage-direction.

[78] *In the estate of honourable marriage.*

"In the state of honorable marriage," eds. 1600, 1623. "I' th' state of honourable marriage," ed. 1632, and in subsequent folios.

[79] *Here come the prince, and Claudio.*

Comes, ed. 1600. This line is accidentally omitted in the folio.

[80] *And all Europa shall rejoice at thee.*

A double meaning, alluding to the daughter of Agenor and the continent of Europe. There is no necessity for the emendation of Steevens,—"and all *our Europe*." The editor of the third folio alters the line to,—"And so all Europe shall rejoice at thee." The notice of the "savage bull" is of course in allusion to the banter in the first act.

[81] *This same is she, and I do give you her.*

This is assigned in the old copies to Leonato, but it clearly appears, from the former part of the scene, that Antonio is the one who gives away the bride. The present arrangement was suggested by Theobald. I have also assigned the second following speech to Antonio, an alteration which appears necessary to the complete force of the dialogue.

[82] *One Hero died defil'd.*

The word *defil'd*, which occurs in ed. 1600, is accidentally omitted in the folio, and is tastelessly supplied in the Perkins MS. by *belied.* The term *defil'd*, in the original text, is evidently placed intentionally in opposition with *maid* in the next line. Nothing, she observes, is more certain than that I am another Hero; for one Hero died, and died *defiled;* but I live, and, surely, as I live, *I am a maid.* The verb *defile* was formerly expressly applied to the violation of chastity. "*Viole*, corrupted, defiled, deflowred," Cotgrave.

[83] *Soft and fair, friar.*

"Soft and fair" was a common phrase. "Nay, soft and faire, let him be taken first," Hoffman or a Revenge for a Father, 1631.

[84] *Why, no; no more than reason.*

Steevens omits *why* in this line, and *troth* in the similar one which shortly follows, instead of preserving the old irregular metre.

[85] *For they swore you did.*

The word *for* was inserted by Hanmer, and the addition seems well supported by the third speech which follows. The correctness of the metre alone would scarcely be a sufficient reason for its insertion, as Shakesperian verse admits of a defective foot in any part of a line.

[86] *Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.*

It has been proposed to assign this line to Hero, but the term *cousin* was frequently applied to several kinds of relationship. Thus Leonato, in the second scene of the first act, expressly calls his nephew, "cousin."

[87] *By this light, I take thee for pity.*

This is imitated by Fletcher, in his Wild-Goose Chase, 1652, p. 56,—"Well; I do take thee upon meer compassion, and I do think, I shall love thee."

[88] *I would not deny you.*

This answers to Benedick's, "I will have thee," in the preceding speech. Theobald unnecessarily alters *not* to *yet*, which changes the sense evidently

intended. Beatrice tells Benedick she does not refuse him, but nevertheless takes him only "upon great persuasion." The will is there: the speech is merely the bashfulness of words. Another editor reads,—"I would *now* deny you;" and Monck Mason proposes to read,—"I *will* not deny you."

[89] *Peace, I will stop your mouth.*

This speech is given in the old copies to Leonato, but is properly assigned to Benedick by Dr. Thirlby and Theobald, Benedick stopping the mouth of Beatrice by kissing her. "One kiss shall stop our mouths," Richard II. "To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth," 2 Henry VI. And again, more appositely, in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. So also, in the second act of the present comedy,—"Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss." Theobald notes instances of the phrase, literally used, in the Scornful Lady, and in the Duchess of Malfy. The correctness of the present stage-direction is confirmed by Don Pedro's next speech, which would otherwise be without point.

[90] *But in that thou art like to be my kinsman.*

In that, because. "Things are preached, not in that they are taught, but in that they are published," Hooker, ap. Steevens.

[91] *First, of my word.*

So the old editions. *Of my word* is equivalent to, *on my word*, and the phrase in the text is generally printed, *o' my word.*

[92] *No staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.*

That is, because it is used by elderly people. The double meaning is obvious,—the Prince, when he marries, as Benedick jocularly implies, will be tipped with horn, and no staff is more reverend than one so fashioned. The tipped staff was one of the usual accompaniments of old age. Thus in the Overbury Characters, 1626, old men are said to "take a pride in halting and going stiffely, *and therefore their staves are carved and tipped:* they trust their attire with much of their gravitie, and they dare not goe without a gowne in summer." The phrase "tipped with horn" was applied to any staff headed or tipped with a cross or projecting piece of horn, a method of fashioning walking-sticks still in use. "I typpe a thyng with horne, *je encorne;* they beare lytell roddes typped with horne byfore the judges," Palsgrave, 1530. One of the begging-friars in Chaucer is described as having "a staf typped with horn," Cant. T., 7322. "Two staves or bastons, tipt with horne, of an ell long," are mentioned in Minsheu, ed. 1627, col. 148. In a black-letter ballad on the Cries of London, the chimney-sweeper is described with "a trusse of poles tipped all with horns."

The following notes on this passage are added, rather in deference to the eminent names of their authors, than in any doubt that the explanation given above is correct:

The allusion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battle*, in suits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former case,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly similar in civil cases, upon issue joined in a writ of right. Of the last trial of this kind in England, which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's Annales. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at Law attended. But a compromise was entered into between the parties the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the

greater security of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage through London, upon a sword's point, and his baston (a *staff* of an ell long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horn*,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him," &c. See also Minsheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*, from which it appears that Nailor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with *three solemn congees*, by a very *reverend* person, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth into Russia, who carried a red *baston* of an ell long, *tipped with horne*."—*Malone*.

"By order of the lawe both the parties must, at their owne charge, be armed withoute any yron or long armoure, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baston horned* at ech ende, of one length," &c., MS. order of a fellon to wage battaile, cited by Steevens from MS. Sloane 1691.

Again, Britton, Pleas of the Crown, c. xxvii. f. 18: "Next let them go to combat armed without iron and without linnen armour, their heads uncovered and their hands naked, and on foot, with *two bastons tipped with horn* of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other armour, whereby any of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other weapon concealed about him, and therewith annoy his adversary, let it be done as shall be mentioned amongst combats in a plea of land."—*Reed*.

In Jordan's Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie, 8vo. 1664, a very rare volume, is the following ballad-poem founded upon the serious portion of Much Ado about Nothing. This work contains other ballads constructed on well-known old English plays, so that there is little probability of the present one owing its origin to any other source. It is entitled, "The Revolution: A Love-Story; Tune, *No man loves fiery passions;*" and is worth insertion, not from its poetical merit, but as a curious early example of an adaptation of Shakespeare's plot.

1. You that are crost in love, and fain would see
Some crosses like your own, give ear to me;
I have a story which doth plainly tell
That lovers hearts are tost 'twixt heaven and hell.
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a sigh, or shed a tear.
2. A vertuous lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble knight was onely heir,
Was to a gentleman with quick dispatch
Contracted, but his brother scorn'd the match,
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.
3. The costly garments, and the wedding chear,
Provided is, for now the day draws near;
The bride-men and the bride-maids are made fit
To wait upon their vertue and their wit,
And till the day, long lookt for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.
4. The brother that was hatefully inclin'd,
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And seem'd as much to like the match as they,
That every hour did wish the wedding day.
But mark what follows, and you'l quickly be
Assur'd 'twas nothing but hypocrisie.

5. He hires a knave, whose love was closely ty'd
Unto the chambermaid that serv'd the bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her mistress chamber seem to wooe her,
Desire her for your humour to put on
One of her mistress gowns, that well was known.
6. The fellow goes to her, whom he did know
Could not to anything he crav'd cry no;
The brother to the bridegroom quickly hies,
To fill his brothers soul with jealousies.
Quoth he, if you this strumpet lady marry,
You and your family will all miscarry.
7. If you with two or three with me will go
At night, I'le shew you what you ne're did know;
That lady which hath lockt your love in charms,
I'le shew you tumbling in another's arms;
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
These three nights I have cast my eyes upon them.
8. The bridegroom though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the husband of a whore,
Doth with his brother go (who was his guide)
To see as he suppos'd his wanton bride,
Where in her mistress night-gown she was toying,
And with her plotting sweet-heart closely playing.
9. The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As some surmize, to make but one of two,
But when the bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to understand
That she was known a most notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to see her more.
10. The bride fell in a swound, the father cry'd,—
Alack for me! I would my childe had dy'd
Before this time had come, for much I fear
My sorrow will become my murtherer;
He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
Home to his house, and in her chamber laid.
11. The chamber-maid much fearing some mistake,
Desir'd her sweetheart that for her dear sake,
He would disclose, or him she'd never own,
Why he would have her wear her mistress gown?
And after many subtle tricks of youth,
He did confess and tell the naked truth.
12. She tells her master how they had been us'd,
And by the bridegrooms brother thus abus'd;
Which when the bride and bridegroom knew, they then
With joynt consent go to the church agen,
Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
Which men and angels never shall untye.

Some of the prominent phrases in Much Ado about Nothing were copied, and others imitated, by Heywood, in his Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607, e. g.,—"I am not well, and yet I am not ill," similar to Beatrice's account of Claudio in

act ii. sc. 1; "Ye gods of love, that sit above," a song; "This is the sum of all," the same words being used by Don Pedro in the first act; "And yet, by this light, I am horribly in love with her," probably copied from the well-known passage in Benedick's speech in the second act; "'Tis most tolerable, and not to be endured," as Dogberry also sagely remarks. There is preserved, in the Ashmolean Museum, an early ballad entitled Much Ado about Nothing, but it has no connexion with the present comedy.

"An anonymous critic, in a concluding note, joins with Johnson in blaming the repetition of the same scheme to entrap Beatrice, which had before been used for Benedick. But the intention of the poet was to shew that persons of either sex might be made in love with each other by supposing themselves beloved, though they were before enemies; and how he could have done this by any other means I do not know. He wanted to shew the sexes were alike in this case, and to have employed different motives would have counteracted his own design."—*Pye.*

A small portion of Much Ado about Nothing was introduced by Sir W. Davenant into his play of Law Against Lovers, 1673, which is founded on the present comedy and Measure for Measure. The Universal Passion, a comedy printed in 1737, "as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane," is also partially an alteration of Much Ado about Nothing, with numerous portions of other plays. It was published anonymously, but is assigned in the catalogues to James Miller.

An amusing prologue to Much Ado about Nothing, written by Garrick when the comedy was played by Royal command, contains jocular allusions to that celebrated actor, which must have been highly relished when spoken by himself. A MS. copy of it is in my possession, but no recent productions of this kind are admitted within the scope of the present work. A modern pamphlet, entitled, Much Ado about Nothing, to which is added All's Well that ends Well, by the Ghost of Shakespear, 8vo, n. d., has no connexion with this drama.

There is no division into acts or scenes in the quarto edition of Much Ado about Nothing, and, in the folios, the play is divided into acts but not into scenes. Gildon, in his Remarks, 1710, p. 306, somewhat quaintly observes,—"the scenes of this play are something obscure, for you can scarce tell where the place is in the two first acts, tho' the scenes in them seem pretty entire and unbroken; but those are things we ought not to look much for in Shakespear." The arrangement of the first folio in respect to the acts is that which is still generally adopted, and was, in all probability, the same that was in vogue in the author's own time. It has, however, been proposed to alter it on the ground that while time is supposed to elapse between the first and second scenes of the first act, the action is continuous from the third to the fourth act; an inconsistency which would be obviated by commencing the second act with the second scene of the first act, the third act with the third scene of the second act, and the fourth act with the fourth scene of the third act, the fifth act remaining as it is now printed. The principle here implied, that pauses in time are invariably to occur between acts, and never between scenes, is somewhat too restrictive, and cannot safely be accepted as necessary to the legitimate construction of a Shaksperian drama.

Love's Labour's Lost.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cutbert Burby. 1598. 4to.

2. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.

3. Loues Labours lost. A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie, As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke-Friers and the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. 1631. 4to.

4. In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.

5. In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.

6. In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

The composition and structure of Love's Labour's Lost unquestionably lead to a supposition that the main incidents were taken from some old romantic story not yet discovered; and that the tale, whenever it may be found, will probably have been rightly conjectured to belong to the cycle of the lighter romances of chivalry. Douce is of opinion it was borrowed from a French novel, but he relies chiefly upon the names of the characters, and a palpable Gallicism in the fourth act; while, on the other hand, the characters of the Pedant and the Braggart, both so called in the early copies, would induce us to believe that the comedy was grounded upon an Italian drama. The story is partially founded on history, as appears from the following passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet:—"Charles, king of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negociated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherburg, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the king and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France *engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord.*" It will be seen from this passage, which was first pointed out by Mr. Hunter, that the link of connexion between history and the play is of a very slight kind; but it is curious as showing us that the story used by Shakespeare was grounded in some degree on a real occurrence, although the main action of Love's Labour's Lost is of course fictitious. This

king of Navarre died in 1425, and the time of the play may, therefore, be fixed shortly after that period.

It appears, from the title-page of the first edition of Love's Labour's Lost, that it was represented before Queen Elizabeth at Christmas, 1597; for although the year 1598 would not terminate, under the old method of computation, until March, 1599, there is every probability in favor of the drama having really been printed in 1598, the notices of Tofte and Meres proving that it was well known in that year. The same title-page further informs us that it was "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere," a statement which induces the belief that the comedy had previously existed in a less perfect state than that in which it now appears. The internal evidence, indeed, clearly indicates its being a very early play, and it was probably, in its original form, one of the first dramas that Shakespeare composed. "The characters in this play," observes Coleridge, "are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a school-boy's observation might supply." The first position here suggested may of course be applied to any of the productions of the great master of dramatic art, but there appears, in Love's Labour's Lost, so many allusions to what was, in all probability, the literature of the poet's boyhood, and so much vernacular provincial phraseology, these indications, viewed in connexion with the general character of the play, lead to the conclusion above expressed.

The edition of 1598 is not mentioned in the registers of the Stationers' Company, the earliest notice of the play in those records appearing under the date of January, 1607, when it was transferred by Burby, with Romeo and Juliet and the Taming of a Shrew, to Linge:—"26 Jan. 1606-7, Mr. Linge,—by direction of a Court, and with consent of Mr. Burby, under his handwrytinge, these iij. copies, viz. Romeo and Juliett, Loves Labour Loste, 3. The Taminge of a Shrewe." On the nineteenth of November, in the same year, the comedy was transferred by Linge to John Smethwick,—"19 Nov. 1607,—John Smythick, under thands of the wardens, the books following, which did belong to Nicholas Lynge, 6. a booke called Hamlett, 9. the Taminge of a Shrewe, 10. Romeo and Julett, 11. Loves Labour Lost." If the play were printed by Linge, no copy of the impression has yet been discovered. The history of its copyright is, however, sufficiently clear from the above entries; Burby, the

Fac-similes of the Title-Pages of the early quarto Editions of Loves Labour's Lost; the first from the original copy in the Bodleian Library, and the second from that in the possession of the Editor.

A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors lost.

As it vvas presented before her Highnes
this last Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakespere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby*,
1598.

Loues Labours lost.

A WITTIE AND
PLEASANT
COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at
the Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe.

Written
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NON ALTVM PETO. I.S.

LONDON,
Printed by *W.S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstones* Church-
yard vnder the Diall.
1631.

Ashbee & Dangerfield Fac sim
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

To face p. 211.

original proprietor, parting with his interest in it in 1607 to Linge, who, in the same year, transfers it to Smethwiek, one of the proprietors of the first folio. The last-named publisher, however, seems to have preserved an independent interest in the comedy, for it was published separately, under his auspices, in the year 1631. This edition was reprinted from the copy of the play in the first folio, and the latter was certainly reprinted from a playhouse copy of the first quarto edition of 1598, which, with that of 1623, are the only real authorities for the text of the comedy. On the title-page of the edition of 1631, it is stated to have been "acted by his Majesties Servants at the Blacke-friers and the Globe." It was also performed at Court early in the year 1605, the following entry occurring in the Revells Booke which relates to the period between October, 1604, and October, 1605,—"By his Majesties plaiers; Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe Day a play of Loves Labours Lost;" Cunningham's Revels' Accounts, p. 204.

Meres, in the Palladis Tamia, 1598, after mentioning the Two Gentlemen of Verona and the Comedy of Errors, speaks of, "his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*," as two distinct pieces by Shakespeare, the latter being either the second name of a known play, or the title of one not now known to exist. It has been ingeniously conjectured that the title of Love Labours Wonne is merely another designation of the present comedy, and that Meres intended to write, "his Love Labors Lost *or* Love Labours Wonne;" a supposition probable so far as regards the fact of the object attained by the characters in the play itself, but wholly unsupported by any kind of evidence. "I can't well see," observes Gildon, in his Remarks, 1710, p. 308, "why the author gave this play this name." He was perhaps thinking of the estimate of Love, as he had expressed it in the Two Gentlemen of Verona,—"If haply *won*, perhaps a *hapless gain;*" and, on the other hand,—"If *lost*, why then a grievous *labour won*." In real truth, Love's labour is not lost, for the gentlemen are all ensnared in his meshes, and they obtain the hands of the ladies on certain conditions, which are rather whimsical in their nature than impossible of performance.

The mode in which the title of the following comedy should be printed, has been the subject of much discussion. In the title-page of the quarto edition of 1598, it is called, 'Loues labors lost,' but in the Palladis Tamia of Meres, published in the same year, it appears as, 'Loue labors lost,' and in Tofte's Alba,

'Loues labour lost,' the latter form being also found in the Stationers' Registers for 1607. The running title of the first edition is, "A pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labor's lost," and, in the first folio of 1623, the title occurs twenty-three times, in each instance, 'Loues Labour's lost.' In the edition of 1631, it is 'Loues Labours lost' on the title-page, the running title throughout the book being, 'Loues Labour's lost.' The second folio, in this respect, is copied from the first of 1623, but in the third folio of 1663, it appears in the form now usually adopted, viz., 'Love's Labour's Lost.' The balance of authority is so clearly in favor of this last title, the genitive case being rarely distinguished by apostrophes in the very early editions, that it is not advisable to alter it to the form given by Meres, who wrote from memory, and with no copy before him, or to the other title of, 'Love's Labour Lost' (the last form also appearing, at a late date, in Langbaine, ed. 1691, p. 459). Mr. Knight has judiciously observed that the appearance of the apostrophe, in the edition of 1623, indicates the contraction of the verb, and shows that the author intended to call his play, 'Love's Labour *is* Lost.' It is worthy of remark that the poem commencing, "My flocks feed not," which has been attributed to Shakespeare, is entitled, 'Loves labour lost,' in the edition of his poems which was published by Benson in 1640.

In the character of Holofernes, the poet no doubt intended a general satire upon the pedant of his day, a personage elsewhere delineated, in a similar style, by Sir Philip Sydney in the Lady of the May, where Rombus the school-master is another individual of the same type. The idea, however, has been entertained, by several eminent critics, that Shakespeare shadowed a real character under the name of Holofernes, and that the personage so satirized was John Florio, an Italian teacher in London contemporary with the great dramatist. The grounds for the formation of such an opinion, are singularly inadequate to authorize the dogmatic manner in which it is promulgated by Warburton and supported by Farmer. Florio, it is assumed, without the slightest evidence, had affronted Shakespeare by observing that "the plaies that they plaie in England are neither right comedies, nor right tragedies; but representations of *histories* without any decorum." It is scarcely necessary to say that this remark may be general in its application, without any peculiar reference to Shakespeare, who was not the only writer of historical plays; but even were it admitted

that Florio's words were directed against his productions, there is nothing so individually applicable in the character of Holofernes to lead necessarily to the conclusion that it was delineated in the spirit of retaliation. Florio and Shakespeare, moreover, both acknowledged the same patron in Lord Southampton, and they were more probably friends than enemies. There could not have existed any idea of rivalry between two authors whose pursuits were so dissimilar, and Shakespeare would hardly have endangered his position with Lord Southampton by holding up a favorite to ridicule, Florio, in 1598, thus speaking of that nobleman,—" in whose paie and patronage I have lived some yeeres; to whom I owe and vowe the yeeres I have to live." This was in his Worlde of Wordes, 1598, in the introduction to which he is supposed to allude to Shakespeare, but without the slightest probability, for the passage in which the presumed allusion occurs is in the midst of a long tirade against a person whose initials are H. S., and other circumstances are mentioned that do not well apply to the great dramatist. Richard Mulcaster, a schoolmaster and scholar of some eminence, also contemporary with Shakespeare, has likewise been conjectured, with as little likelihood, to have been the original prototype of the character of Holofernes. Malone is much more likely to be correct when he gives it as his opinion that " the character was formed out of two pedants in Rabelais: Master Tubal Holophernes, and Master Janotus de Bragmardo. Holophernes taught Gargantua his A.B.C.; and afterwards spent forty-six years in his education. We have, however, no specimen in Rabelais of his method of teaching, or of his language; but the oration of Janotus de Bragmardo for the recovery of the bells, is exactly what our poet has attributed to his pedant's leash of languages."

The exact date at which the comedy was written, will perhaps never be ascertained. The question is rendered exceedingly intricate by the probability that it received additions from its author shortly before the year 1598. Little or no reliance can be placed on the mention of the dancing-horse, the allusion to that animal in Tarlton's Jests being no satisfactory evidence that it was exhibited before the death of that clown, and the notice in the early manuscript of Donne's Satires, transcribed in 1593, proving that it was known at the latter period. A discursive account of this singular horse, and his performances, will be found in the notes to the First Act. The allusion to Ajax is probably more important, as it appears to show that the comedy,

in its present form, was written between 1596, the era of the publication of Sir John Harington's celebrated work, and 1598. The year 1597, as the date of the composition of the amended drama, agrees very well with all the external and internal evidences at present accessible.

A similarity has been pointed out by Chalmers between what Dr. Johnson calls the "finished representation of colloquial excellence" at the commencement of the fifth act, and a passage in Sydney's Arcadia, where he says, speaking of Parthenia, "that which made her fairnesse much the fairer was that it was but a faire embassador of a most faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itselfe then to show itselfe: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullennesse; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnesse without ignorance: in summe, one that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe what it is to be excellent; for so she is." Sydney's Arcadia was first published in 1590, but the similarity here pointed out is scarcely forcible enough to prove that there was any plagiarism. The coincidence was very likely quite accidental. Another allusion, that which is supposed to refer to the first and second "causes," and other terms, as promulgated in Saviolo's treatise on Quarrels, 1595, is of equal uncertainty. It is very possible that the technical words used by Shakespeare are also to be found in more than one other work.

In an obscure and exceedingly rare poem by Robert Tofte, entitled, Alba or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, 8vo. Lond. 1598, there is an interesting and curious notice of an early performance of this comedy, which the author appears to have seen on the stage some time before the publication of his poem. It is also deserving of notice as one of the earliest extrinsic accounts of any of Shakespeare's undisputed dramas:—

Love's Labour Lost! I *once* did see a play
  Y-cleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
  Giving attendance on my froward dame:
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.

This play no play, but plague, was unto me,
  For there I lost the love I liked most;
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
  I that in earnest found unto my cost.
To every one, save me, 't was comicall,
While tragick-like to me it did befall.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
'Twas I that griefe indeed did beare in brest:
The others did but make a shew in jest.

These lines, viewed in connexion with the other early notices of the comedy, serve to show that Love's Labour's Lost was a popular play during the life-time of the author, when perhaps its satire was best appreciated. Towards the close of the following century, it had so completely fallen in general estimation, that Collier, who, although an opponent of the drama, was not an indiscriminate censurer of Shakespeare, says, that here the "poet plays the fool egregiously, for the whole play is a very silly one;" Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, 1699, p. 125. In 1762, the author of a tasteless alteration of this play, hints that what remains of Shakespeare in the new comedy will be amply sufficient "to please the town." A complete appreciation of Love's Labour's Lost was reserved for the present century, several modern psychological critics of eminence having successfully vindicated its title to a position amongst the best productions of the great dramatist. Amongst these, Coleridge, with an enthusiasm aroused by the numerous marks of genius exhibited in this comedy, has penned a glowing criticism which should ever find a place in future editions:—"If this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakespeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in Love's Labour's Lost, though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood! I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded—a whimsical determination certainly, yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality."

Love's Labour's Lost is not a favorite play with the general reader, but the cause of its modern unpopularity is to be sought for in the circumstance of its satire having been principally directed to fashions of language that have long passed away, and consequently little understood, rather than in any great deficiency of invention. When it has been deeply studied, there are few comedies that will afford more gratification. It abounds with touches of the highest humour; and the playful tricks and discoveries are conducted with so much dexterity, that, when we arrive at the conclusion, the chief wonder is how the interest could have been preserved in the development of so extremely meagre a plot. Rightly considered, this drama, being a satire on the humour of conversation, could not have been woven from a story involving much situation other than the merely amusing, or from any plot which invited the admission of the language of passion; for the free use of the latter would have been evidently inconsistent with the unity of the author's satirical design.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron (*pronounced* Beroon), Longaville, Dumain, — *Lords, attending on the King.*

Boyet, Mercade, — *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Sir Nathaniel, *a curate.*

Holofernes, *a schoolmaster.*

Antony Dull, *a constable.*

Costard, *a clown.*

Moth, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, — *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Jaquenetta, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE,—Navarre.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,[1]
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;[2]
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,[3]
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,—
My fellow-scholars,—and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.[4]
Long. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:[5]
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.[6]
Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.[7]
Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is,—To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;[8]
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,[9]
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies,—study, fast,—not sleep.[10]
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;[11]
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus,[12] and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:[13]
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,[14]
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;[15]
And every godfather can give a name.[16]
King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding![17]
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,[18]
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?[19]
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;[20]
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.[21]
King. Well, sit you out;[22] go home, Biron; adieu!
Biron. No, my good lord! I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet, confident I 'll keep what I have swore,[23]
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I 'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentlety.[24] [*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.[25]—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire: so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.[26]

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;[27]
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,[28]—
I am forsworn on mere necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name; [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions[29] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.[30]
But is there no quick recreation granted?[31]

King. Aye, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:[32]
One, who the music of his own vain tongue[33]
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of complements,[34] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,[35]
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain,[36] lost in the world's debate.[37]
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[38]

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[39] words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?[40]

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,[41] for I am his grace's farborough:[42] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven:[43] God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?[44]

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.[45]

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[46]

Biron. In what manner.

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*]

Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.[47]

King. Peace!

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

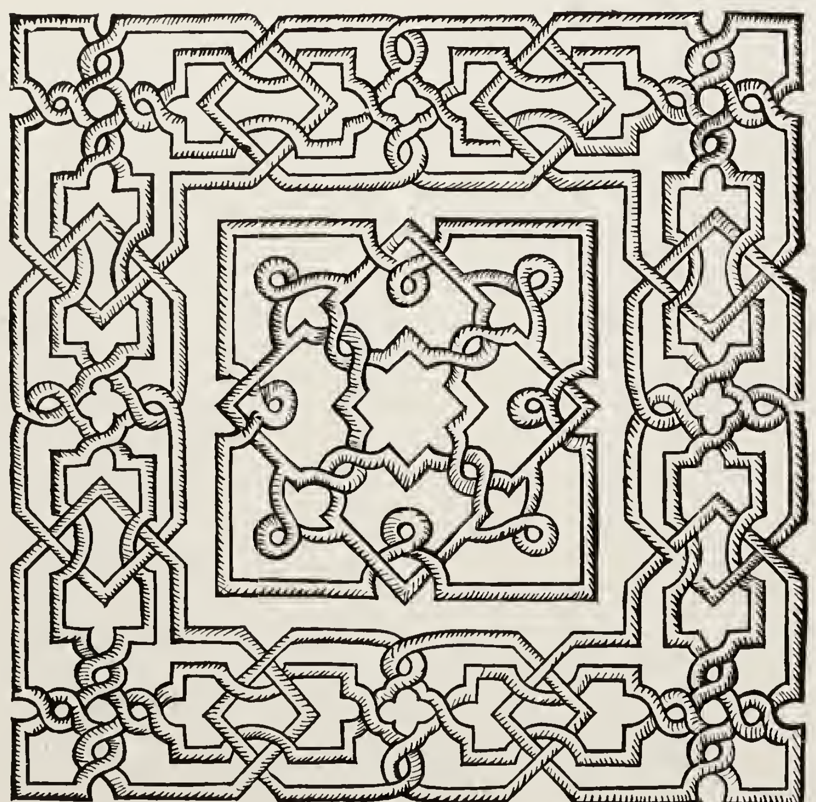
King. No words!

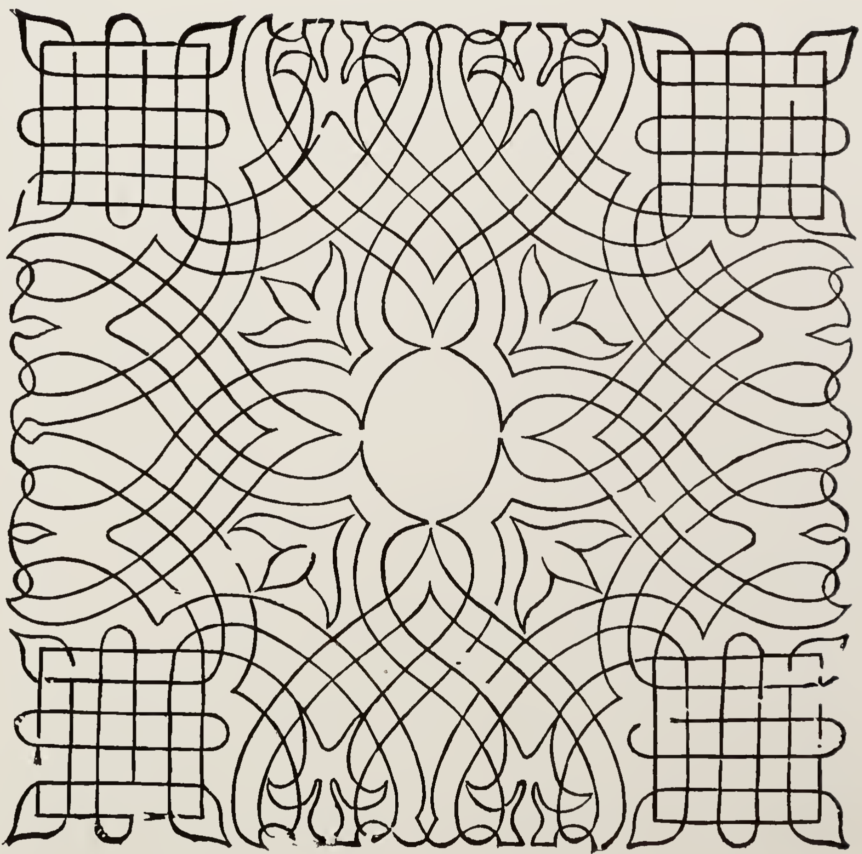
Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and,

Plans of Knots for Gardens, selected from black-letter Tracts of the Time of Queen Elizabeth. "The west corner of thy curious knotted garden," Love's Labour's Lost, act I.





To face p. 225.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac-sim
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is y-cliped[48] thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.[49] There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow[50] of thy mirth,

Cost. Me?

King.

—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me?

King.

—that shallow vassal,[51]

Cost. Still me?

King.

—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with[52]—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.[53] Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

—For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called,[54] which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;[55] and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.[56] But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.[57]

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.[58]

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month, with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.[59]

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow![60] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park, near* Armado's *House.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.[61]

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.[62]

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.[63]

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.[64]

Moth. And I, tough senior,[65] as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.[66]

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?[67]

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses[68] love not him. [*Aside.*

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.[69]

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 's three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.[70]

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back,[71] like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.[72]

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers;[73] but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate[74] thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
　　Her faults will ne'er be known:
　For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,[75]
　　And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[76]

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[77]

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found: or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression[78] by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard;[79] she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.[80] [*Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.[81]

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight,[82] nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a-week.[83] For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman.[84] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.[85]

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?[86]

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you![87]

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.[88]

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;[89] and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club,[90] and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[91] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not; the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier![92] be still, drum! for your manager is in love;[93] yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnets.[94] Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.*

The mention of "brazen tombs" is probably in allusion to monumental effigies formed of plates of laten or brass, rather than, as Douce observes, "to monuments that were entirely of brass, such being of very rare occurrence."

[2] *In the disgrace of death.*

Disgrace seems to be here used for *obscurity*. "To disgrace, to obscure and make darke a thing," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[3] *Our court shall be a little Academe.*

This form of the word Academy was not peculiar to Shakespeare, both terms having been formerly in use. "In the place from which I came, I meane the Academe, there are but two pointes the schollers stand upon," Breton's Olde Mans Lesson and a Young Mans Love, 1605.

Come, brave spirits of the realme,
Unshaded of the *academe.*

Peacham's Thalia's Banquet, 1620.

Nor hath fair Europ her vast bounds throughout
An *academe* of note I found not out.

Howell's Familiar Letters, 1650.

[4] *Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.*

So in ed. 1632, and in the subsequent folios. "Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to," ed. 1598. The usual reading is,—"subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too." Capell adopts the lection of the first edition, observing that "the substantive understood is, subscription, what you subscribe, and keep too what you subscribe." Mr. Hunter well observes that the reading of the second folio is supported by a previous line,—"your oaths are passed," &c.

[5] *The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.*

To pine, in the sense of, to starve, is obsolete. "To be pined with hunger, to be starved," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "1682, June 14, gave Henry Bate another half strike of wheat, when he could hardly goe, he was so neer *pined*," Account-books of Beoley, co. Worc., MS.

[6] *Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.*

So in ed. 1598, *quite* being omitted in ed. 1623. *Bankrout* (bankerout, ed. 1623) is the common old form of *bankrupt*, from the French, "*banqueroutier*, a bankrupt," Cotgrave. The English term is spelt both *banquerupt* and *banqueroute*

in Baret's Alvearie, 1580, B. 139, 140, and we have earlier in Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552,—"Banckerowte, or make banckerowte or banckrupte, as to forsake their owne countrey, *solum vertere*."

This, and the previous line, are quoted in Englands Parnassus, 1600, p. 111, the author's name being given, "W. Shakespeare." The version is the same as that in ed. 1598; but in the Optick Glasse of Humors, p. 42, where the lines are given as "set downe by a moderne English poet of good note," they appear thus,—

> Fat paunches *make* leane pates, and *grosser* bits
> *Enrich* the ribs, but *bankrupt* quite the wits.

The same version of the lines occurs in Clarke's Paræmiologia Anglo-Latina, 1639, a book quoted by Mr. Collier; they are again introduced, in a form nearer to that of Shakespeare's, in A Help to Discourse, ed. 1667, p. 119; and again, with slight variations, in Head's Proteus Redivivus, 1675, p. 55, in illustration of the remark, —"a fat belly bespeaks a little ingenie, because the subtile spirits are affected with gross and turbulent fumes, which darken the understanding." "Fat paunches make lean pates, &c., *pinguis venter non gignit sensum tenuem*," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 187.

[7] *With all these living in philosophy.*

Living with all these, viz., love, wealth, and pomp, in philosophy; in other words, enjoying all the pleasures these can give, by surrendering myself up to the purer delights of philosophy. Some critics refer the words *all these* to the personages who join with him in the oath.

[8] *And not be seen to wink of all the day.*

To *wink of* was the phraseology of the day, the particle being redundant. So, in Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619,—"Winkes of an eye, and laughs his lord to scorne."

[9] *When I was wont to think no harm all night.*

"By the way, does not this seem an imitation, or translation rather may I call it, of this Latin proverbial saying, *Qui bene dormit, nihil mali cogitat?*," Theobald; who seems to have somewhat mistaken the construction of the line, the verb, to sleep, being understood after *harm*, carried on from the line but one preceding.

[10] *Study, fast, not sleep.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the auxiliary verb is understood before each of the words,—study, fast, sleep.

[11] *When I to feast expressly am forbid.*

The copies all have:—"When I to *fast* expressly am forbid;" but if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context, require us to read—*feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse:—"When I to *fast* expressly am *fore-bid*;" that is, when I am enjoined before-hand to fast.—*Theobald.*

Mr. Knight adheres to the old text, observing,—"*for-bid* was a very ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical: Biron will *study* to know what he is *forbid* to know;—he uses here *forbid* in its common acceptation: but he is expressly *for-bid* to fast—expressly bid to fast; and he will receive the word as if he were *forbidden*—bid from fasting." No instance of the verb, however, is given, in which it is used in the sense here stated, and the Anglo-Saxon prefix *for* implies deterioration not mere intensity.

[12] *If study's gain be thus, and this be so.*

"Ritson would read, *If study's gain be this.* There is no occasion for any change. *Thus* means *after this manner;* but the poet would not write *this*, in order to avoid a cacophony," Douce. The alteration occurs earlier in Pope's edition, ed. 1723, ii. 95.

[13] *Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.*

Dr. Johnson makes a curious observation on this tautological passage. "The whole sense," he says, "of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind; which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words." *Falsely*, treacherously.

> Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,
> What counsaile can prevaile, or light give light?—*Sydney's Arcadia.*

[14] *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed.*

Dr. Johnson explains *heed* as, direction or lode-star, but gives no authority for so unusual a sense of the word. "That eye shall be his heed" would mean literally,—that eye shall be his (its) care. This fairer eye, dazzling me thus, shall prove the protector of the other eye (mine), by returning the light that the latter was blinded by. *His* for *its* is the rule, rather than the exception, in works of this period, and *it*, in the next line, refers to the eye first-mentioned, which is also intended by the pronoun *him*. Steevens unnecessarily proposed to read, *was it.* The difficulty is chiefly occasioned by the use of the pronouns *his* and *him* as applied to the eyes. Capell takes a somewhat different view of the subject,—"instead of offering to the eye pleasures that may blind it, the speaker advises pleasing it better, and with prospect of less harm, by fixing it upon beauty; drawing from his advice a support of his former doctrine, that when they find themselves dazzl'd even by that, it may put them upon thinking what the consequences would be of that stronger light which the eye of study is fix'd on; and so make the thing that blinds them in this way, a heed or caution against following what would indeed blind them another way." The image of the eyes of beauty dazzling and burning may perhaps have been suggested by the following lines in Sir P. Sydney's Astrophel and Stella,—

> She comes, and streight therewith her shining twins do move
> Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay
> Benighted in cold wo, but now appears my day,—
> The onely light of joy, the onely warmth of Love.
>
> She comes with light and warmth, which, like Aurora, prove
> Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
> With such a rosie morne, whose beames, most freshly gay,
> Scorch not, but onely doe dark chilling sprites remove.
>
> But lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,
> Her flamic glistring lights increase with time and place;
> My heart cries, ah! it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:
> No wind, no shade can coole: what helpe then in my case,
>
> But with short breath, long looks, staid feet and walking hed,
> Pray that my sunne goe downe with meeker beames to bed?

[15] *Too much to know is, to know nought but fame.*

That is, to use the words of Heath, "too eager a pursuit of knowledge is rewarded, not with the real possession of its object, but only with the reputation of having attained it; and this observation is the more pertinent on this occasion, as

the king himself, in his exhortation to his companions at the beginning of the play, proposed *fame* to them, as the principal aim and motive of their studies:" a mere name, which any godfather can confer. Warburton, not satisfied with the genuine old text, proposed two readings,—1. *but shame.*—2. *but feign*, the latter one being tortured into sense by having a colon placed after *nought.*

[16] *And every godfather can give a name.*

Dr. Grey refers to the early rubric, which, according to him, is inconsistent with the present line; but Shakespeare merely alludes to children being named after their godfathers, a custom as common in his time as it is at the present day.

[17] *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!*

To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as *he proceeded bachelor in physick.* The sense is, he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others.—*Johnson.*

So, in a quotation by Dr. Farmer: "—such as practise to *proceed* in all evil wise, till from *Batchelors* in Newgate, by degrees they *proceed* to be Maisters, and by desert be preferred at Tyborne." I cannot ascertain the book from which this passage was transcribed.—*Steevens.*

I don't suspect that Shakspeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well*, means only, *he has gone on well.* —*M. Mason.*

[18] *Biron is like an envious sneaping frost.*

Sneaping, nipping. "*Snaped*, checked, nipped with cold," Craven Glos. ii. 142. Sneaping winds are mentioned in the Winter's Tale. "A snithe wind, a cutting wind," Ray's English Words, ed. 1674, p. 44. "Herbs and fruits are said to be sneapt, that is, bit with cold weather," MS. Lansd. 1033.

[19] *Why should I joy in an abortive birth?*

An is misprinted *any* in all the old editions, the compositor probably taking the word from the line above. Malone is of opinion that a line after the present one may have been accidentally omitted.

[20] *Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows.*

Theobald substitutes *earth* for *shows* for the sake of the rhyme, and Dr. Grey suggests, "new-spangled shows." Capell adopts the reading of Theobald, altering also *in* to *on.* Warton and Steevens understand *shows* to refer to May-games, but surely this interpretation is inconsistent with the continuation of the metaphor from the rose of Christmas, which is as much out of place as snow would be amidst the flowers of the month of May. The epithet "new-fangled" is appropriate as applied to the diversity of flowers appearing after the winter is over. The month of May was the emblem of all that was gay and new, and is frequently apostrophized as such in the old English romances. It was also the chosen month of roses, for all kinds then generally known commenced flowering in May. Thus Chaucer,—

> And fresscher than the May with flowres newe,
> For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,
> I not which was the fyner of hem two.

[21] *Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.*

We might perhaps read, *t'unlock*, but the redundant foot was probably written intentionally. "Clymbe ore the house to unlocke the little gate," ed. 1598. "That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate," eds. 1623, 1631. "That

were to clymbe ore the house t'unlocke the gate," ed. 1632, repeated in eds. 1663, 1685. Mr. Collier, after quoting the reading of the first folio, observes,—

"The manuscript corrector of my copy of the folio of 1632 saw that this could not be right, and altered it in the subsequent manner,—as I think preferably to any other reading:—

> So you by study, now it is too late,
> Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.

"The meaning, of course, is, that these full-grown students, by postponing their reading, gave themselves as much trouble as if a person were to climb over the top of his house in order to obtain entrance at the door."

[22] *Well, sit you out.*

That is, give place, withdraw out of our company. "Hoe, sirra, sit thou out of my place, *heus tu, cede loco meo*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

Lewis. King of Navar, will onely *you sit out?—Nav.* No, King of Fraunce, my bloud's as hot as thine, and this my weapon shall confirme my words."—*The Tryall of Chevalry*, 1605, ap. Dyce.

"They are glad, rather than *sit out*, to play very small game," Bishop Sanderson, ap. Steevens, who observes that "the person who cuts out at a rubber of whist, is still said to *sit out*, that is, to be no longer engaged in the party." The first folio reads, *fit you out*, a reading peculiar to that edition, all the other copies, including the quarto of 1631, agreeing with the text here adopted. Malone suggests,—*set you out.*

[23] *Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore.*

Sworne, eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; *swore*, ed. 1632, and subsequent editions. The rhyme itself would not in every case prove the correctness of the latter reading, but, notwithstanding the laxity in this respect in the present comedy, the ear in this instance requires the acceptance of the text here adopted.

[24] *A dangerous law against gentlety.*

This, the reading of ed. 1598, appears to be preferable to *gentility*, as it is in the later editions, which seems wholly at variance with the context. Although the term *gentlety* is of exceedingly unusual occurrence, it is so readily formed from the adjective *gentle*, it may be accepted in the sense of gentleness of manners. At all events, this is a more natural explanation than that adopted by Theobald, who would construe the word *gentility* in the same sense, without assigning any probabilities in favour of that term ever having been so applied. The banishment of female society was obviously a severe law against the cultivation of gentle manners; and Mr. R. G. White has well observed that Biron's exclamation alludes to the law as a whole, not merely in respect to the penalty just named. In the old editions, the present line forms a portion of the previous speech, and no name of speaker is assigned to the words which follow. The present arrangement was suggested by Theobald.

How are we to understand the word *gentility* here? Does it mean against gentleness, manners, and humanity? It cannot mean against the rank of *gentry* only; for women of all ranks were by the law indifferently proscribed the Court. I once guessed, it should be,—"A dangerous law against *garrulity;*" all women having so much of that unhappy faculty.—*Theobald's Letters.*

[25] *As the rest of the court can possibly devise.*

"Can possible," ed. 1598; "shall possibly," ed. 1623. The latter reading is repeated in ed. 1631, and in the later folios.

[26] *She must lie here on mere necessity.*

Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid,—"Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee, that *lay* here *lieger*, in the last great frost?" Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. *reside*) abroad for the good of his country."—*Reed.*

Capell alters *she* to *we*, considering that Biron's next speech requires the latter reading; but he is only lecturing generally on the unfortunate word "necessity," which the king has unwittingly uttered, and thus given Biron an excellent opportunity for a little opposition argument. The original text of course refers to the princess.

[27] *For every man with his affects is born.*

Affects, affections, passions. The term is very common. "Saving that either carried the motion of his mind in his manners; and that the *affects* of the heart were bewraied by the eyes,"—*Euphues and his England.*

[28] *This word shall speak for me.*

Speak, ed. 1598; break, ed. 1623, and subsequent editions. The Dent MS. corrector, who probably never saw the quarto, alters the latter reading to *speak.*

[29] *Suggestions are to others, as to me.*

Suggestions, temptations. The word is several times used in this sense.

[30] *I am the last that will last keep his oath.*

The construction of this line is somewhat ambiguous, but the author's meaning is evident. Shakespeare is peculiarly fond of the jingle of a verbal repetition in the same sentence. So, in Much Ado about Nothing,—"You are almost come to part almost a fray;" in King John,—"Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;" in Henry VIII.,—"Is only bitter to him, only dying."

[31] *But is there no quick recreation granted?*

"Quycke of spirit or wyt, *alacer;* quycke or lyvely, *animatus*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A boy having a freshe or quycke wytte," ibid. "The quick comedians," Antony and Cleopatra. "Quick recreation" is explained by Johnson, lively sport, spritely diversion. "The play is quick and witty," Fletcher.

[32] *That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.*

Ben Jonson, in his Cynthia's Revels, describes an affected traveller as "the very mint of complement."

[33] *One, who the music of his own vain tongue.*

So in eds. 1598, 1623, in consonance with the old phraseology, which rapidly changed after the death of Shakespeare, and accordingly *who* is altered to *whom* in the three later folios.

[34] *A man of complements.*

Complements are well explained by Minsheu, "ceremonies, accomplishments, making that perfect which was wanting." The king means to say that Armado was a person of such exquisite accomplishments, that he was the umpire in all questions of elegant etiquette. Another explanation, given by Heath, is, "that Armado valued himself on the nicety of his skill in taking up quarrels according to the rules of art, and adjusting the ceremonies of the duello." There is no doubt but that the ceremonies of duelling were formerly termed *compliments.* So Ben Jonson, in Cynthia's Revels, speaks of masters of defence as "complimentaries."

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, ' the varnish of a complete man.'—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd *complements*." And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's English Gentlewoman: "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her." Again, in p. 59, we are told that "*complement* hath been anciently *defined*, and so successively retained;—a no lesse *reall* than *formall accomplishment*." Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad: "—she reacht Achilles tent, found him still sighing; and some friends, with all their *complements*, soothing his humour." Again, in Sir Giles Goosecappe, 1606: "—adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness."—*Steevens.*

Many women dote upon a man for his complement only, and good behaviour. —*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1652, p. 471.

[35] *This child of fancy, that Armado hight.*

The context seems to indicate that *child of fancy* is here used precisely in the sense in which Milton applied it to Shakespeare, from whom he probably borrowed it. The meaning of this controverted speech may be as follows: "this child of *invention* shall relate to us, in his bombastic language, the worthy deeds of many a Spanish knight which are now forgotten amidst those topics that engage the attention of mankind."—*Douce.*

"That Armado hight," who is called Armado.

[36] *From tawny Spain.*

So termed probably from the dark complexion of the inhabitants. Douce, however, says,—"the expression *tawny Spain* may refer to the Moors in that country; for although they had been expelled from thence almost a century before the time of Shakespeare, it was allowable on the present occasion to refer to the period when they flourished in Spain; or he might only copy what he found in the original story of the play."

The sense of which is to this effect:—"This gentleman," says the speaker, "shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the romances, and in their very style." Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is, because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. —*Warburton.*

This passage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in allusion to the Spanish romances, of which several were extant in English, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for instance, as Amadis de Gaule, Don Bellianis, Palmerin of England, the Mirrour of Knighthood, &c. But he is mistaken in asserting that "the heroes and the scene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an instance or two, nothing at all to the present purpose,) is

never the case. If the words *lost in the world's debate* will bear the editor's construction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the subject. I cannot, however, think that Shakespeare was particularly conversant in works of this description: but, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at least, of the present play, are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the old platform.—*Ritson.*

Dr. Warburton's second position, that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of Du Fresnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans, and look over his lists of Romans de Chevalerie, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting anything positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was not generally in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[37] *Lost in the world's debate.*

"Our author, in my humble judgment, meant no more than that stories of chivalry were unattended to by persons who lived in the bustle of cities, but would be admirable recreations occasionally in a life of seclusion from the world, to which he and his lords were about, for a certain period, to devote themselves," MS. note by Thomas Hull, *circa* 1778.

[38] *I will use him for my minstrelsy.*

Douce explains this, "I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories."

[39] *A man of fire-new words.*

Fire-new, new from the forge, quite new. "Or fire-new fashion in a sleeve or slop," Du Bartas, p. 516. The same phrase occurs in Richard III., Lear, &c. In ed. 1623, there is a comma after *fire.*

[40] *Which is the duke's own person?*

The term *duke* was formerly applied to any leader or sovereign, in the primitive Latin sense. Theobald, in this play, unnecessarily alters it to *king.* Creon, in the tragedy of Jocasta, as translated in 1566, is called Duke Creon.

[41] *I myself reprehend his own person.*

The word *reprehend* is again misused by a constable, though in a different sense, in May's Heire, 1633. It is here meant for *represent.*

[42] *For I am his grace's farborough.*

So in ed. 1598, the later editions reading *tharborough.* Neither word is right, the proper term being third-borough; but the more obvious blunder was possibly intentional on the part of the author, who thus introduces Dull to the audience in his "twice sod simplicity," a very faint prototype of the inimitable Dogberry. The blunder in the word *farborough* is not worse than that in the verb *reprehend* in the same speech.

[43] *A high hope for a low heaven.*

So the old editions, Theobald altering the last word to, *having*, and the Perkins

MS. to, *hearing*. Hoping in God was a "high hope," for "high words" that would yield a low state of happiness, three grades of heavens being alluded to in the Scriptures, and the term being here, as elsewhere, figuratively used. So, in Henry V.,—"the brightest heaven of invention." There are some interesting observations on the passage in Whiter's Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare, 1794, p. 165. "Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven," Old Fortunatus, 1600. "I was last night in the third heaven," Merry Devil of Edmonton.

[44] *To hear? or forbear laughing.*

Laughing, which is Capell's reading, the old editions having *hearing*, is adopted on the recommendation of Mr. Dyce, and seems in some degree supported by the next speech. Biron may, however, mean by, "forbear hearing,"—to abstain from listening to what promised so much amusement, a denial which would also require an exercise of patience.

[45] *Be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in, &c.*

"A quibble," observes Steevens, "between the *stile* that must be climbed to pass from one field to another, and *style*, the term expressive of manner of writing in regard to language." A similar pun occurs in the fourth act, and Mr. Dyce furnishes the two following early instances of it in other authors. In Dekker's Satiro-mastix, 1602, Asinius Bubo, who has been reading a book, says of its author, "The whoorson made me meete with a hard *stile* in two or three places *as I went over him*," Sig. c 4; and in Day's Ile of Guls, 1606; "But and you usde such a high and elevate *stile*, your auditories low and humble understandings should never *crall over't*," Sig. F. The old editions read in the text *clime in*, which is altered in the Perkins MS. to, *chime in*, a suggestion also found in Collier's Shakespeare, ii. 290.

[46] *I was taken with the manner.*

A forensick term. A thief is said to be taken *with the manner*, that is, *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the French *manier*, manu tractare.—*Malone.*

Taken with the manner, that is, in the fact. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630: "—and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to say for himself."—*Steevens.*

Miso. What, with a brace of wenches? ifaith, old brocke, have I tane you *in the manner?* is this your court custome, with a wannion?—*Day's Ile of Gulls.*

If I melt into melancholy while I write, *I shall be taken in the manner*, and I sit by one too tender to these expressions.—*Dr. Donne.*

Warburton unnecessarily alters *with* to *in*, but both phrases were common. "A phylosopher, being taken with the deede," Montaigne's Essayes, 1603, p. 340.

[47] *He is, in telling true, but so.*

Hanmer reads, *but so-so*. The present reading, which is that of all the old editions, is most probably the author's own diction.

[48] *It is y-cliped thy park.*

Y-cliped, called; from the Anglo-Saxon *cleopian*, to call. The letter *y* or *i* was very commonly used in early English as an augment or prefix to the imperfects and participles of verbs, being merely a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *ge;* but it was an antiquated form even in Shakespeare's time.

[49] *The west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.*

Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus, in King Richard II.:—"Her *knots* disorder'd," &c. In Thomas Hill's Profitable Art of Gardening, 4to. 1579, is the delineation of "a proper *knot* for a garden, whereas is spare roume enough, the which may be set with time, or isop, at the discretion of the gardener." See also the ed. 1568, 12mo. In Henry Dethicke's Gardener's Labyrinth, 4to. 1586, are other examples of "proper *knots* devised for gardens."—*Steevens.*

Devices for knots are contained in most early works on gardening. See also the Expert Gardener, 1654; MS. Harl. 5308; Ray's Flora, 1676. In MS. Ashmol. 1752 is a "Book of Knotts for Gardens," in which the knots are drawn with a pen, and rudely coloured. The adjective *curious* is applied to curiously arranged walks, in A Journey through England, 1724, in which mention is made of a park "adorn'd with curious walks."

[50] *That base minnow of thy mirth.*

The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:—"—hear you not this Triton of the *minnows!*" Again, in Have with You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, &c. 1596; "Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little *minnow* his brother," &c.—*Steevens.*

[51] *That shallow vassal.*

In a subsequent part of this letter, Monck Mason proposed to alter *vessel* to *vassal*, and the Perkins MS. here suggests an opposite alteration from *vassal* to *vessel.* There can be no necessity for any change, *vassal* being again used in the same sense of *dependant*, in the fourth act, by Armado, the writer of the present epistle.

[52] *With—with.*

The early editions read, *which with*, the present text having been suggested by Theobald. The error was one not peculiar to the early editions of Shakespeare, the same blunder being noted at the end of the Table to England's Parnassus, 8vo. Lond. 1600.

[53] *Or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.*

May it please your benignity to give a little superfluous intelligence to that which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliver unto you. So it is, right worshipfull audience, that a certaine shee creature, which we sheapheards call a woman, of a minsicall countenance, but, by my white Lambe, not three quarters so beautious as yourselfe, hath disannulled the braine-pan of two of our featioust young men. And will you wot how? by my mother Kit's soule, with a certaine fransicall maladie they call Love: when I was a young man, they called it flat follie.—*Sir P. Sydney's Lady of May.*

[54] *So is the weaker vessel called.*

A Scriptural phrase. See 1 Peter, iii. 7.

[55] *I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury.*

This seems to be a phrase adopted from Scripture. See Epist. to the Romans, ix. 22: "—the *vessel* of wrath." Some editors of the last century would read *vassal* instead of *vessel.*—*Steevens.*

[56] *The best for the worst.*

In other words, the best for being very bad, the very worst.

[57] *But little of the marking of it.*

So Falstaff speaks of "the malady of not marking," 2 Henry IV., act i.

[58] *I was taken with a damosel.*

So in ed. 1623, the quarto of 1598 reading here, and in other places, *damsel;* but the affected archaism seems preferable. A damosel was, properly speaking, an unmarried lady of noble birth, or one who was espoused to an esquire. Cotgrave translates *damoiselle,* "a gentlewoman; any one, under the degree of a Ladie, that weares, or may weare, a velvet hood." In England, in Shakespeare's time, the term seems to have been synonymous with the modern word *damsel.* "A damoisell, a yong woman," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. One of the woodcuts in Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book represents "the damosell, fine, proper, and neate," fol. 117. The term continued in occasional use till the close of the seventeenth century. In 1669 was published a, "Discourse upon the prodigious Abstinence of Martha Taylor, the famed Derbyshire *Damosell,* who Fasted for Twelve Months;" and mention is made of "a beautiful Roman damosel," in the Sage Senator, p. 70. See also Minsheu, in v. *Damsell.*

> A *damosel* did near Padstow dwell,
> Within the County of Cornwall fair,
> Whose parents had no child but her;
> She was her father's only heir.
> To whom came many a brave young man,
> Intending to make her a wife,
> But never tempting tongue could make
> This maid to change her maiden life.
>
> *A Wonderfull Prophesie declared by Christian James,* n. d.

[59] *Sirrah, come on.*

These words are assigned to Dull the Constable in the Perkins MS., but the King has expressly charged Biron to see him "deliver'd o'er."

[60] *Sit thee down, sorrow!*

The word *thee* is found only in ed. 1598. The phrase was proverbial, and again occurs in the fourth act.

[61] *Enter Armado and Moth.*

"Enter Armado and Moth his Page," eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; "Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page," ed. 1632. The prefixes in the edition of 1598 are written for Armado, but most of them are assigned in the folios to *Brag,* for *Braggart,* the same character of course being intended.

[62] *Dear imp.*

Imp is properly the shoot, cutting, or bud of a tree; but the term is frequently metaphorically applied to a child or young person. "An impe, or a yong slip of a tree," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

Cinevolphus, a noble yowng *impe,* and discended of the regall stemme, was substitute in his roome, as fifteenth from Cerdicius.—*Polydore Vergil,* trans.

Let us pray for the preservation of the King's most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son Edward our Prince, that most *angelic imp.*—*Becon.*

> My noble master doth thee scorn, and all thy cowardly crew,
> Such silly *imps* unable are—Bold Robin to subdue.
>
> *Ballad of Robin Hood and Will Stutely.*

[63] *By a familiar demonstration of the working.*

The working here seems to mean the operation of their qualities. The term is used in a similar sense by Chaucer, Cant. Tales, 6280,—

These children of Mercury and of Venus
Ben in her werkyng ful contrarious.

[64] *Which we may nominate tender.*

"Old and tough, young and tender," occurs in the Joculatory Proverbs in Ray's Collection, ed. 1678, p. 85.

[65] *And I, tough senior.*

The word *senior* is here, and in other places, printed either *signeur* or *signior* in the old copies, and no orthographical distinction between the terms appears to have been preserved. It is possible that the Italian *signore* was taken in the sense of the Latin *senior*, as well as used for a title of courtesy.

The names of lord, *signior*, *seigneur*, *sennor*, in the Italian, French, and Spanish languages, seem to have at first imported only *elder* men, who thereby were grown into authority among the several governments and nations, which seated themselves into those countries upon the fall of the Roman empire.—*Sir W. Temple on Government.*

[66] *Pretty and apt.*

That is, in Armado's phraseology, *pretty apt.* Moth perverts the meaning, and is humoured by Armado. "*Hor.* How do you feel yourself?—*Cris.* Pretty and well, I thank you," Ben Jonson's Poetaster, 1602.

[67] *What? that an eel is ingenious?*

Ingenious, ed. 1598; *ingenuous*, eds. 1623, 1631, 1632, and 1663; *ingenious*, ed. 1685. These words were used indiscriminately by our early writers. See Timon of Athens.

[68] *Crosses love not him.*

Moneys generally have been termed *crosses*, owing to many of the early English coins having crosses impressed upon them; quibbles on the word were very common. "A cross, coin, *nummus*," Coles. "Hee hath never a crosse to blesse himselfe withall," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1634, p. 567. "Whereas," says Stowe, "before this time [A. D. 1279] the penny was wont to have a double crosse, with a crest, in such sort, that the same might easily be broken in the middest, or into foure quarters, and so to be made into halfe pence or farthings: which order was taken in the yeare of Christ 1106. the 7. of H. the I., it was now ordained that pence, halfe pence, and farthings should be made round, whereupon was made these verses following." The verses alluded to were extracted from Robert de Brunne's Chronicle, and are thus given in the Inner Temple MS., ap. Hearne,—

Edward did smyte rounde peny, halfpeny, ferthyng;
The croice passed the bounde of alle throghout the ryng.
The kynges side salle be the hede and his name writen;
The croyce side what cité it was in coyned and smyten.

The following anecdote, extracted from some jests appended to a chap-book edition of the History of Tom Tram, turns upon the quibble introduced into the text:—"One day a company of gypsies came to a country fellow upon the road, and told him his fortune. Among other things, they told him his worst losses were past, and he would not be troubled with so many crosses as he had been.

Fac-similes of the title-page of Maroccus Extaticus, 1595, and of the rare engraving which represents Banks exhibiting the feats of his celebrated Dancing-horse in the yard of the Bel-Savage.

Maroccus Extaticus.
Or,
BANKES
BAY HORSE IN
a Trance.

A Discourse set downe in a merry Dialogue, between Bankes and his beast: Anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age.

Written and intituled to mine Host of the Belsauage, and all his honest Guests.

By Iohn Dando the wierdrawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head Ostler of Bosomes Inne.

Printed for Cuthbert Burby.
1 5 9 5.

To face p. 243

Having sold a cow, he looked in his purse for the money, but found never a cross. He remembered the gypsies words, that he should not be troubled with crosses, for they had picked his pocket, and left him never a cross. Whereupon his wife began to cudgel him, which made him reflect that a man who has a crusty wife shall never be without a cross."

> To make no conscience so there came in gaine,
> When silver *crosses* keepe of many a curse.
> *Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592.

> Your wills are good, and whilst I keepe your bills,
> In stead of payment I accept good wills;
> On hope and expectation I will feede,
> And take your good endeavours for the deede:
> Praying that *crosses* in your mindes may cease,
> And *crosses* in your purses may increase.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Cf. a curious poem *de Cruce Denarii* in Walter Mapes, ed. Wright, p. 223.

[69] *I am ill at a reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.*

"Pregnancy," says Falstaff, "is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings." In Troilus and Cressida, mention is made of a tapster's arithmetic.

[70] *The dancing horse will tell you.*

The "dancing horse" was a celebrated animal, exhibited by a Scotchman named Banks, which was often alluded to under that title by contemporary writers. This horse, which was a bay in colour, was taught tricks and qualities of a nature then considered so wonderful, that the exhibitor was popularly invested with the powers of magic, and both of them obtained an European celebrity; yet so difficult is it to recover information respecting characters and exhibitions of this description, the reader will scarcely be enabled to gather a connected history from the following curious notices, although they are of great value in estimating the degree of credit to be attached to the arguments which have been adduced on behalf of assigning a date to the composition of the play from the allusion in the text. Much of this difficulty arises from the uncertain degree of credit to be assigned to the earliest writers who mention the horse, and we are met, on the threshold of enquiry, by a doubt respecting the exact truth of a singular anecdote, which, were it to be depended upon, would not only prove that Banks was originally a retainer in the service of the Earl of Essex, but that he had exhibited his horse some time before the date of Tarlton's death, which took place in September, 1588. The anecdote alluded to is found in 'Tarlton's Jests,' a compilation first published about the year 1600, but the earliest edition now known to exist bearing the date of 1611; and it is sufficiently curious to be given entire. In 1601, the horse is described as being *about* twelve years old, and if this statement be accepted as a little below the real fact of the case, it is not impossible that the animal was exhibited for the first time shortly before the decease of Tarlton. There is a notice of it in the Epigrams of Davies, hereafter quoted, generally stated to have been printed in 1596, in which Banks is said to have spoken the praises of the horse "long-a-gon." On the other hand, it is called a "yong nagg" in the latter part of the year 1595.

Tarlton's greeting with Banks his horse.—There was one Banks, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earle of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities, and being at the Crosse-Keyes in Gracious-street, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to, Tarlton then, with his fellowes, playing at the Bell by, came into the Crosse-Keies, amongst many people, to see fashions; which Banks per-

ceiving, to make the people laugh, saies, Signior, to his horse,—Go fetch me the veryest foole in the company. The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth drawes Tarlton forth. Tarlton, with merry words, said nothing but,—God a mercy, horse! In the end Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said,—Sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would doe more then that. Whatere it be, said Bankes, to please him, I wil charge him to do it. Then, saies Tarlton, charge him to bring me the veriest whore-master in this company. He shall, saies Banks. Signior, saies he, bring Master Tarlton here the veriest whore-master in the company. The horse leades his master to him. Then, God a mercy, horse! indeed, sayes Tarlton. The people had much ado to keepe peace; but Bankes and Tarlton had like to have squar'd, and the horse by to give aime. But ever after it was a by-word thorow London, "God a mercy, horse," and is to this day.—*Tarlton's Jests drawn into three Parts.*

The earliest indisputably authentic notice of Banks' horse yet discovered occurs in a copy of Donne's Satires in the British Museum, "Jhon Dunne his Satires, anno Domini 1593," preserved in MS. Harl. 5110, a MS. either written in that year, or an early copy probably from a transcript bearing that date:—

> But to a grave man he doth move no more,
> Then the wise politique horse would heretofore.

The horse seems to have attained a great degree of popularity as early as 1595, a ballad and tract on the subject having been published towards the close of that year, when the following entries occur in the books of the Stationers' Company:—"1595, 14 Nov. Edward White,—Entred for his copie under thandes of both the wardens, a ballad shewing the strange qualities of a yong nagg called Morocco, vj.*d.*—17 December. Cutbert Burby,—Entred for his copy under thandes of the wardens, Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes bay horse in a traunce, vj.*d.*" The ballad appears to have perished, but a copy of the pamphlet has been preserved, and is thus entitled,—"Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes Bay Horse in a Trance, a discourse set downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beast, anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age, written and intituled to mine host of the Belsavage, and all his honest guests, by John Dando, the wier-drawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head ostler of Bosomes Inne; Printed for Cuthbert Burby, 1595," 4to, with a woodcut on one of the leaves (here copied in a reduced form), in which the horse is represented standing on the hind legs with a stick in his mouth, and a pair of dice on the ground ready for the exhibition of the animal's sagacity. There is character in the representation of Banks, which may possibly be regarded as a rough portrait of him. The pamphlet itself is of very little importance in connexion with the history of Banks and his horse, but it is gathered from it that the latter was then being exhibited at the Bel-savage without Ludgate, an ancient London inn still remaining, which was a favorite place, in Shakespeare's time, for such kinds of amusement. The following extract includes everything in the tract, that is at all illustrative of the present subject:

"*Bankes.* And therewith mee thinkes I see him hang the hat upon the pin againe. Wast not so, Marocco? I am glad, sir, to heare you so pleasant in the

threshold of my discourse, for I am come in purpose to debate a while and dialogue with you, and therefore have at you after your watering; laie out your lips and sweep your manger cleane, and summon your wits together, for I meane (by mine host leave), to recreate my selfe awhile with your horsemanship.

"*Horse.* And I am as like, master, to shew you some horse plaie as ere a nag in this parish; for tis a jade can neither whihie nor wag his taile, and you have brought me up to both, I thanke you, and made me an understanding horse, and a horse of service, master, and that you know.

"*Bankes.* I, Marocco, I know it, and acknowledge it; and so must thou, if thou have so much ingenuitie, confesse my kindnes, thou art not onely but also bound to honest Bankes, for teaching thee so many odde prankes. I have brought thee up right tenderly, as a baker's daughter would bring up a cosset by hand, and allow it bread and milke by the eie.

"*Horse. Majus peccatum habes;* master, you have the more to answere, God helpe you; for I warrant you (though I saie it that should not saie it), I eat more provender in foure and twentie houres, than two of the best geldings that Robin Snibor keeps, that a hires for two shillings a daie a peece."

The name of the horse was probably derived from that of the saddle, a particular kind of which, called the Morocco saddle, is described in Markham's Cavalarice, ed. 1617, vi. 52.

The grand exploit of this celebrated horse was the ascent of St. Paul's cathedral, which took place in the year 1600. The steeple of St. Paul's, in Decker's Dead Terme, 1608, is represented as saying,—"Some, seeing me so patient to endure crowes and dawes pecking at my ribs, have driven tame partridges over my bosome; others even riding over me, and capring upon my backe, as if they had bin curvetting on the horse, which in despight they brought to trample upon me." A marginal note explains these allusions as follows,—"Eight partridges on the top of Powles in an. 1597; a horse there likewise in an. 1600." This statement, published so shortly after the occurrence, is likely to be correct; and it is confirmed by a computation made in the Owles Almanacke, published in 1618, but in the following extract dating backwards from 1617, which refers the event to the same year,—"Since the *dancing horse* stood on the top of Powles, whilst a number of asses stood braying below, seventeen yeares." The following are a few notices of this exploit, out of many more that might be collected:

Ay, ay, ay; excellent sumpter horses carry good clothes: But, honest rogue, come; what news, what news abroad? I have heard o' the horse's walking o' the top of Paul's.—*Satiro-Mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602.

But afterward proved more beast then his horse, being so overwhelmed with whole cans, hoopes, and such drunken devices, that his English crowne weighed lighter by ten graines at his comming forth, then at his entering in; and it was easier now for his horse to get up a top of Powles, then he to get up upon his horse; the stirrup plaide mock holyday with him, and made a foole of his foote.—*The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles*, 1604.

May not the devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's, as well as the horse go a' top of Paul's, for I am sure I was not far from his keeper.—*The Blacke Booke*, 1604.

Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's carry all the people? Else how could they ride on the roofs?—*Northward Hoe*, 1607.

Yee have been either eare or eye witnesses, or both, to many madde voiages made of late yeares, both by sea and land, as the travell to Rome in certain daies, the wild morrise to Norrige, the fellowes going backward to Barwick, another hopping from Yorke to London, and the transforming of the top of Paules into a stable.—*Rowley's Search for Money*, 1609.

From hence (the top of Paul's steeple) you may descend, to talk about the horse that went up; and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steps, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one.—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

The exploit is also made the subject of a somewhat amusing anecdote in the Jests to make you Merie, 1607, a compilation attributed to Decker assisted by George Wilkins:—"When the horse stood on the top of Poules, a servingman came sweating to his maister, that was walking in the middle ile, and told him the wonder he had seene, and what multitudes of people were in the streetes staring to behold it; the fellow most vehemently intreating his maister to goe and make one. Away, thou foole, sayd hee, what neede I goe so farre to see a horse on the top, when I can looke upon so many asses at the bottome? O yes, sir, replyed the servingman, you may see asses heere every day, but peradventure you shall never see a horse there againe, though there were a thousand beasts in the cittie."

The year following the accomplishment of the ascent of St. Paul's, Banks crossed the Channel, and exhibited the horse at Paris, where its singular tricks excited the greatest astonishment, and led its owner into difficulties that were nearly proving of serious moment. The amazement with which the feats of Morocco were received in the French capital, has been graphically described by Jean de Montlyard, Sieur de Melleray, who was an eye-witness, in a long note to a French translation of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, 1602, which is certainly the most curious account of the "dancing horse" that has yet been discovered, and fully deserves transcription, the rather as the few notices of it hitherto given have not been made with great accuracy:—"Mais tout cecy n'est rien au prix des estranges gesticulations de cest incomparable cheval que nous avons veu n'agueres à Paris, dressé par un Ecossois à choses incroyables à ceux qui ne les auront veuës. Le cheval est de moyenne taile, bay, guilledin d'Angleterre, âgé d'environ douze ans, son maistre l'appelle Moraco, et le monstre à l'heure que nous escrivons cecy, l'an 1601, en la ruë S. Jacques au Lyon d'argent: et depuis en d'autres quartièrs de la ville, au grand estonnement de tous les spectateurs. Il va querir tout ce qu'on luy jette en place et l'apporte à guise d'un barbet. Il saulte et gambade ainsi qu'un singe. Il se tient debout à deux pieds, sur lesquels il marche tantost avant, tantost arriere, puis à genoüil, ayant neantmoins les pieds de derriere tous droits. Son maistre jette un gand emmy la place, luy commande d'aller querir, et le porter à celuy de la compagnie qui porte (pour exemple) des lunettes. Moraco le fait et, sans se tromper, s'addresse à celuy qui les a devant les yeux. Il luy commande de porter le mesme gand à celuy de la compagnie qui porte un manteau doublé de telle ou telle estoffe; de pelluche pour exemple: j'allegue ce que je luy ay veu faire; Moraco choisit entre plus de deux cens personnes, celuy que son maistre luy designe tout haut par quelque marque, et luy porte le gand. Pour tesmoigner que Moraco cognoit les couleurs, ou la dexterité de l'art de son maistre, qu' aucun n'a sceu encore descouvrir, s'il luy dit qu'il porte ce gand à une damoiselle de la trouppe qui a (par rencontre) un manchon de velours verd, ou d'autre couleur, il la va sans se mesprendre trouver d'un bout de la sale à l'autre. Nous l'avons veu faire cecy de deux manchons à mesme heure, l'un verd, l'autre violet, avec plusieurs autres traits trop longs à reciter. Son maistre luy couvre les yeux d'un manteau; puis demande à trois de la compagnie trois pieces differentes d'argent ou d'or. Nous avons veu luy donner un sol, un quart d'escu, un escu; puis les mettre dans un gand, desboucher son Moraco, luy demander combien de pieces il y avoit dans le gand: le cheval frapper trois coups de pied contre le carreau pour dire trois. Plus son maistre demander combien il y en avoit d'or: et Moraco ne batre qu'un coup, pour dire une. Item l'interroger combien de francs

vaut l'escu : et luy donner trois fois du pied en terre. Mais chose plus estrange, parce que l'escu d'or sol et de poids vaut encor maintenant au mois de Mars, 1601, plus que trois francs, l'Escossois luy demanda combien de sols valoit cest escu outre les trois francs, et Moraco frappa quatre coups, pour denoter les quatre sols que vaut l'escu de surcroist. L'Escossois fait apporter un jeu de cartes, les mesle fort et ferme, en fait tirer une par quelqu'un de l'assemblée : puis commande à son cheval de heurter autant de coups que la carte vaut de points : s'elle est rouge, qu'il frappe du pied droit : si noire, du gauche. Ce que nous luy avons veu faire d'un cinq de picque. Il luy commande qu'il ait à marcher comme il feroit s'il avoit à porter une damoiselle. Moraco fait deux ou trois tours par la sale et va tres-doucement l'amble. Qu'il marche comme s'il portait un valet : il chemine un trot rude et fascheux. Puis luy demande comme il feroit si quelque escuyer estoit monté sur luy. Cet animal se prend à faire des courbetes aussi justes que aucun cheval en puisse faire, bons et passades, et tous autres saults qu'on fait faire aux chevaux de manege. Si son maistre le tance comme faisant du lasche, et le menace de le donner à quelque chartrier qui le fera travailler tout son saoul, et luy baillera plus de foüett que de foin : Moraco, comme s'il entendoit son langage, baisse la teste, et par d'autres gestes faict cognoistre qu'il n'en est pas content : il se laisse tomber en terre comme s'il estoit malade ; roidit les jambes, demeure longuement en ceste posture, et se contrefait si bien qu'on le croiroit de fait estre mort. Nous avons veu son maistre le fouler aux pieds, promettre neantmoins de luy pardonner si quelqu'un de la compagnie demandoit pardon pour luy. Là dessus, pardonnez-luy (s'escria quelqu'un des spectateurs du bout de la sale) il fera bien son devoir. Adonc l'Escossois luy commanda qu'il se levast, et s'en allast remercier celuy qui avoit requis et obtenu pardon pour luy. Moraco s'en alla choisir un homme de poil roux, celuy voirement qui avoit servy d'intercesseur : et pour signe de gratitude luy mit la teste en son manteau, luy faisant beaucoup de caresses et demonstrations de recognoissance. Apres cela, je vous mettray (ce luy dit son maistre) a la poste pour vous desgourdir les jambes, puisque vous ne voulez rien faire. Moraco pour faire entendre qu'il est inutile à tel service, leve une jambe en haut ; et feignant y avoir mal, ne marche que de trois pieds. Il luy commande qu'il esternuë par trois fois. Il le fait sur le champ. Qu'il rie ; ille fait au cas pareil, montrant les dents et chanuissant des oreilles. Il donne un gand à quelqu'un de la trouppe, et commande à son Moraco de luy amener par le manteau l'homme auquel il l'a donné. Le cheval le va prendre par le manteau, et l'estreint si fort avec les dents, que l'homme est constraint de la suivre : et se fait amener de mesme tous ceux qu'il veut, les luy designant par quelque marque, comme de pennache noir, blanc, rouge, &c. ; voire quelqu'un qui porte sous son aiselle un sac de papiers, encore qu'il le cache : ce que nous avons veu faire. Apres une infinité de tours de passe-passe, il luy fait danser les Canaries avec beaucoup d'art et de dextcrité. Il marque avec une espingle un nombre de chiffre sur un gand ; puis envoye son Moraco cercher parmy la foule celuy qui tient le gand. Il le trouve incontinent. Et luy commandant de frapper en terre autant de fois que le chiffre vaut, il le fait tout ainsi que s'il avoit veu ledit chiffre et en eust entendu la valeur. Ce que nous luy avons veu faire d'un 8. Le magistrat estimant que cecy ne se peust faire sans magie, avoit quelque temps auparavant enprisonné le maistre, et sequestré le cheval : mais ayant depuis manifestement recogneu que ce n'est que par art et par signes qu'il fait tout cela, il le fit eslargir, et luy permit de faire montre de son cheval. L'Escossois asseure n'y avoir cheval auquel il n'en apprenne autant en un an."

The suspicion imbibed at Paris that the aid of magic was invoked, alluded to at the close of the above very curious account, was also entertained at other places. An adventure resulting from this at Frankfort is thus described by Bishop

Morton, in his Direct Answer unto the Scandalous Exceptions of Theophilus Higgons, 4to. Lond. 1609, p. 11,—"Which bringeth into my remembrance a storie which Banks told me at Franckeford, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspition of magicke, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco plaied (as I take it) at Orleance; where he to redeeme his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse then a divell. To this end he commanded his horse to seeke out one in the preasse of the people, who had a crucifixe on his hat; which done, he bad him kneele downe unto it; and not this onely, but also to rise up againe and to kisse it. And now, gentlemen, (quoth he) I thinke my horse hath acquitted both me and himselfe; and so his adversaries rested satisfied: conceaving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse." Markham, who is somewhat indignant that such suspicions should have been entertained, says,—"Now for those onely (speaking of the tricks which horses can be instructed to perform), which a horse will doe, as being unnaturall, strange, and past reason, wee have had a full testimony in our time by the curtall which one Banks carryed up and downe, and shewed both to princes and to the common people, which were so farre beyond conceit that it was a generall opinion, and even some of good wisdome have maintained the assertion, that it was not possible to bee done by a horse that which that curtall did, but by the assistance of the devill; but, for mine owne part, I knowe that all which so thought were infinitely deceived, and these two reasons leade me thereunto, that first I perswade myselfe the man was exceeding honest, and secondly that I knowe by most assured tryals that there was no one tricke which that curtall did, which I will not almost make any horse doe in lesse then a monthes practise." Sir K. Digby, in his Nature of Bodies, ed. 1644, p. 321, says, "every one of us knoweth by what meanes his painefull tutor brought him to do all his trickes."

In 1609, Banks had the honor of receiving the patronage of Prince Henry. In the inedited MS. Privy Purse expenses of his Royal Highness, preserved at the Rolls House, occur the following entries early in 1608-9:—"1 Januar: 1608; To Banks, for teaching of a litle naig to vaut, be his highnes comand, 2*li.*—2 February, 1608; To Mr. Banks, at his high: command, 6*li.*" Considering the value of money at that early period, these sums are of a liberal amount, and testify to the extent of his reputation in all that related to the management of horses. The entries are also, perhaps, of some value in respect to the question of his social position, which seems to have been creditable. It appears from an early Lancashire pedigree quoted in Hunter's Illustrations, i. 265, that a "daughter of . . . Banks, who kept the horse with the admirable tricks," married John Hyde of Urmston, the Hydes being an ancient county family of some importance. Banks is expressly noted by Markham in his Cavelarice (see the passage above cited), as an "exceeding honest" man.

The particular allusion made by Shakespeare to the horse refers to its power of counting money, a feat for which it was early distinguished; Bishop Hall, in his Toothless Satyrs, 1597, speaking of "strange Morocco's dumbe arithmeticke." Bastard, in his Crestoleros, 1598, informs us that it could "finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have." Jean de Montlyard, as previously quoted, was in utter astonishment at the wonderful manner in which the horse calculated the value of French money in 1601; and Sir K. Digby observes that it "would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coyne barely shewed him by his master," Nature of Bodies, ed. 1644, p. 321. The mode in which this faculty was taught is set forth in Markham's Cavelarice, 1607, in a very curious chapter entitled,—"How a horse may be taught to doe any tricke done by Bankes his curtall," and the portion of which, relating to this quality, is worth quoting in connexion with

the calculating powers of Morocco alluded to by the great dramatist:—" Now if you will teach your horse to reckon any number, by lifting up and pawing with his feete, you shall first with your rodde, by rapping him upon the shin, make him take his foote from the ground, and by adding to your rod one certaine word, as *Up*, or such like, now when he will take up his foote once, you shall cherrish him, and give him bread, and when hee sets it uppon the ground, the first time you shall ever say *one*, then give him more bread, and after a little pause, labour him againe at every motion, giving him a bit of bread til he be so perfit, that as you lift up your rod, so he will lift up his foot, and as you move your rod downeward, so he will move his foot to the ground; and you shall carfully observe to make him in any wise to keep true time with your rod, and not to move his foot when you leave to move your rodde, which correcting him when he offends, both with stroakes and hunger, he will soone be carefull to observe. After you have brought him to this perfectnesse, then you shall make him encrease his numbers at your pleasure, as from one to two, from two to three, and so fourth, till in the end hee will not leave pawing with his foote, so long as ever you move your rod up and downe; and in this by long custome, you shall make him so perfect, that if you make the motion of your rod never so little, or hard to bee perceived, yet he will take notice of it; and in this lesson as in the other, you must also dyrect him by your eie, fixing your eyes upon the rod, and uppon the horsses feete all the while that you move it: for it is a rule in the nature of horsses, that they have an especiall regard to the eye, face, and countenaunce of their keepers, so that once after you have brought him to know the helpe of your eye, you may presume he will hardly erre except your eye misguide him: and therefore ever before you make your horse doe any thing, you must first make him looke you in the face. Now after you have made him perfit in these observations, and that he knowes his severall rewardes, both for good and evill dooings, then you may adventure to bryng him into any company or assembly, and making any man think a number, and tell it you in your eare, you may byd the horse tell you what number the man did thinke, and at the end of your speech bee sure to saye last *Up:* for that is as it were a watch-worde to make him know what hee must doe, and whylest you are talking, you shall make him looke in your face, and so your eye dyrecting him unto your rodde, you may with the motions thereof, make him with his foot declare the number before thought by the by-stander. From this you may create a world of other toyes, as how many maydes, howe many fooles, how many knaves, or how many rich men are amongst a multitude of gazing persons, making the worlde wonder at that which is neyther wonderfull, nor scarce artificiall."

The feat, alluded to above, and earlier in Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598, of the horse singling out a knave, was probably accomplished by its master being enabled by signs to indicate to the animal any particular person. Something of this kind has been already noticed in the anecdote from Tarlton's Jests, and, according to Nash, 1596, the horse could distinguish a Spaniard from an Englishman. A more invidious quality was that of "discerning maids from maulkins," as it is stated in the romance of Don Zara del Fogo, 1660, which, although of course accomplished solely in accordance with the fancy of Banks himself, or perhaps left to the accidental choice of Morocco, must have been the cause of much merriment suited to the coarse manners of the age. The latter accomplishment is likewise hinted at in some curious lines in the Poet's Palfrey, a poem in Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, from which it is also ascertained that two-pence was the usual price of admission to witness the exploits of the dancing-horse:—

If I had liv'd but in our Banks his time,
I doe not doubt, so wittie is my jade,
So full of imitation, but in fine,
He would have prov'd a mirrour in his trade,
And told Duke Humphreis knights the houre to dine;
Yea, by a secret instinct would had power,
To know an honest woman from a whoore. . . . .
Now, generous spirits that inhabit heere,
And love to see the wonders of this isle,
Compar'd with other nations, draw but neere,
And you shall see what was exprest ere-while;
Your pay's but pence, and that's not halfe so deere,
If you remember, as was that same toy
Of Banks his horse, or Fenner's England's Joy.

The faculty of dancing, in which the horse appears to have attained great proficiency, and to have been the cause of its being invested with the title of the "dancing horse," was probably not the most extraordinary characteristic of Morocco, but it is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers. Jean de Montlyard asserts that he saw it dance the Canaries very dexterously early in the year 1601. Previously, in Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598, its power of dancing had been noticed, and several other allusions will be observed in extracts given in the present note, to which the following may be added:

Who, thus besotted, forthwith gins to bray,
Attempteth eke like Bankes his horse to daunce.
The Mastive, or a Young Whelpe of the Olde Dogge, n. d.

Never had the *dauncing horse* a better tread of the toe; never could Beverley Faire give money to a more sound taborer, nor ever had Robin Hood a more deft Mayd Marian.—*Old Meg of Herefordshire*, 1609.

I will not be found at Sellengers-Round, although thou do call me a slouch. Banks's horse cannot prance a merrier dance, then rumbling and jumbling a clatter-de-pouch.—*A Pleasant Comedie entituled Hey for Honesty*, 1651.

To these may be added the following allusion to the horse making a curtesy, in the Cities New Poets Mock Show, 1659; a date which shows for how long a time the remembrance of this celebrated animal continued:—

Now comes the mayor to the bar of course,
To the judge he made legs like Banks's horse;
He could do no better; 'twas well 'twas no worse.

"This horse," observes Sir Kenelm Digby, "would restore a glove to the due owner, after his master had whispered that man's name in his eare." See also the extract from Jean de Montlyard, previously given. Markham, in his Cavelarice, after a few general preparative directions, says,—"then you may begin to teach him to fetch your glove, first by making him take your glove into his mouth, and holding it, then by letting the glove fal to the ground, and making him take it up, and lastly by throwing the glove a pretty way from you, and making him fetch it and deliver it unto you; and every time he doth to your contentment, you shal give him two or three bits of bread, and when he offends you, then two or three strokes; or if you finde him verye wilful or unapt to conceive, then as soone as you have corrected him, you shal put on his mussel, and let him stand for at least six hours after without meat, and then prove him again; yet you must, when your horse wil receive your glove, take uppe your glove, and fetch your glove, you shal

then make him carrie a glove whither you wil, in this sort: first, you shall make him receive it in his mouth, and then pointing out a place with your rod, you shal say unto him, *deliver*, and not leave repeating that word, sometimes more sharpely, sometimes gently, til he lay or at least bow his hed down with it to that place where your rod pointed, and then you shal cherrish him, and give him bread; thus you shal labor and apply him everie houre when he is hungry, till you have made him that he wil carrie to anie place against which you pointe your rod, and when you saie, *deliver*, then to let it parte from his mouth. Then you shal cause two or three by-standers to stande a prettie distaunce one from another, and then giving the horsse the glove, you shall with your rod point at him to whome you woulde have him carrie it, and as soone as hee comes neare, or but towardes the party you point at, he shal put out his hande, and receive the glove from him, and you shal then cherrish the horsse, and give him breade, and thus you shall do to every several by-stander divers and sundry times, till the horse bee so perfit, that he will go to which or whom you will point at; and when he doth erre never so little, you shall not faile first to bid him, *Be wise*, and then if he amend not instantly, to correct him; this done, you shall make two by-standers to stand close together, and then poynting at one of them, if the horse mistake and looke more towards the other, you shall byd him, *Be wise;* and then if he turne his head towards the other, hee shall presently receive the glove, and you shall cherrish the horse."

There was yet another accomplishment taught to Morocco, the value of which is rather difficult to discover; but it is made the subject of a curious discourse by Markham, in which is described the method of compelling a horse to perform the natural involuntary functions at any moment, at the bidding of its master. There is distinct evidence that this was one of the attractions of the horse exhibited by Bankes, it being hinted at by Bastard, in his Chrestoleros, 1598, and distinctly alluded to by Sir K. Digby, in his treatise on the Nature of Bodies, ed. 1644, p. 321. See further in Markham's Cavelarice, 1607, a work on horsemanship, in which an attribute to the popular fame of Banks is found in the fact of a mention of his celebrated horse being introduced even in the title-page, where may be seen curious directions for teaching a horse this quality, though unfortunately in language too coarse for republication.

The author of Humane Industry, or a History of most Manual Arts, 8vo. 1661, p. 173, observes,—"an asse hath not so dull a soul as some suppose, for Leo Afer saw one in Africa that could vie feats with Bankes his horse, that rare master of the caballistick art, whose memory is not forgotten in England." The history here alluded to is related in Topsell's History of Four-footed Beasts, 1607, p. 25, and I have seen a copy of that work containing the following MS. note in a nearly contemporary hand,—"surpassinge Bankes his horse." The notion of his having taught the animal by magical arts has been previously mentioned, and is even introduced by Sir W. Davenant into his burlesque poem on the Long Vacation in London, Works, ed. 1673, p. 291,—

> And white oate-eater that does dwell,
> In stable small at sign of Bell:
> That lift up hoofe to show the prancks,
> *Taught by magitian, stiled Banks;*
> And ape, led captive still in chaine,
> Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine.
> All these on hoof now trudge from town,
> To cheat poor turnep-eating clown.

A similar imputation seems to be hinted at in Decker's Satiro-Mastix,—" I 'll teach thee to turn me into Banks his horse, and to tell gentlemen, I am a jugler,

and can show tricks." A character in Randolph's Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery, 1651, p. 3, speaks of "Banks the conjurer," no doubt intending the same person. In the White Devil, 1612, the horse is alluded to as having been spoken of as a spirit,—"and some there are, will keep a curtal, to shew juggling tricks, and give out 'tis a spirit."

Decker, who very frequently alludes to the exhibition, informs us that the feats were entirely accomplished by signs and words. "There are likewise other barbers who are so well customed, that they shave a whole citie sometymes in three dayes, and they doe it, as Bankes his horse did his tricks, onely by the eye and the eare," Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606. A similar testimony is given by Killigrew, in the Parson's Wedding, 1664,—"she governs them with signs, and by the eye, as Banks breeds his horse;" and to these may be added the following general directions by Markham:—

"Now you must observe that whilst you teach him thus, looke to what place you point your rod, to that place also you must most constantly place your eie, not remooving it to anie other object til your wil be performed, for it is your eie and countenance, as wel as your words, by which the horse is guided; and whosoever did note Bankes' curtal, might see that his eie did never part from the eie of his maister; when your horse wil thus, by the directions of your rod and your eie, carrie any thinge you will to the place you shall appoint him unto, then you shall so hourelie practise him therein, that in the end if you do make never so slight a signe with your rod, so your eie be constantly fixte, yet the horse will beare it towardes that place, which as oft as hee doeth, you shal cherish him and give him food."

A mystery is attached to the fate of Banks and his horse, which has not been satisfactorily elucidated. They are said to have been burned at Rome by command of the Pope, a statement for which the only direct authority, hitherto discovered, is a note in the mock-romance of Don Zara del Fogo, 1660, to the following effect:—"Banks his beast; if it be lawful to call him a beast, whose perfections were so incomparably rare, that he was worthily termed 'the four-legg'd wonder of the world' for dancing; some say singing, and discerning maids from maulkins: finally, having of a long time proved himself the ornament of the Brittish clime, travailing to Rome with his master, they were both burned by the commandment of the Pope." There is a playful allusion to something of the same kind in Ben Jonson's Epigrams, Workes, ed. 1616, p. 817,—

> But 'mong'st these Tiberts, who do you thinke there was?
> Old Bankes the juggler, our Pythagoras,
> Grave tutor to the learned horse. Both which,
> Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch:
> Their spirits transmigrated to a cat:
> And, now above the poole, a face right fat
> With great gray eyes, are lifted up, and mew'd;
> Thrise did it spit: thrise div'd. . . . .
> They cry'd out, Pusse. He told them he was Bankes,
> That had, so often, shew'd 'hem merry prankes.
> They laugh't at his laugh-worthy fate. And past
> The tripple head without a sop.

Neither of these testimonies, although they are not to be disregarded, are absolutely decisive, for they both occur in imaginative pieces of writing; and they seem to be somewhat inconsistent with the notices of Banks of a later date, there being no doubt but that he is the same personage with a rather celebrated vintner of the name, who resided in Cheapside. That such was the fact is clearly

shown by a passage in the Life and Death of Mistress Mary Frith, 1662, p. 75, the author of which says,—"I shall never forget my fellow humourist Banks, the vintner in Cheapside, who taught his horse to dance, and shooed him with silver." He appears to have been alive as late as 1637, for in MS. Ashmole 826 is preserved a satirical piece entitled, "A Bill of Fare sent to Bankes the Vintner in Cheape-side, in May, 1637," which is an amusing list of mock-dishes, such as,—"Foure paire of elephants' pettitoes; a greene dragon spring cock; a rhinoceros boyled in alligant; sixe tame lyons in greene sawce; a whole horse sowced after the Russian fashion; the pluck of a grampus stewed; an apes tayle in sippitts; the jole of a whale butterd in barbary viniger," &c. It is, therefore, evident that Ben Jonson's allusion is to an imaginary occurrence, if this date be accepted as genuine. "A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests, as mine host Bankes," Chapman and Shirley's Ball, a Comedy, 1639.

For as true as Bankes his horse knowes a Spaniard from an Englishman, or there went up one and twentie maides to the top of Boston steeple, and there came but one downe againe, so true it is that there are men which have dealt with me in the same humour that heere I shadowe.—*Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

> Another (speech) Bankes pronounced long a-gon,
> When he his curtailes qualities exprest . . . .
> Yet Bankes his horse is better knowne then he;
> So are the cammels and the westerne hog.
>
> *Epigrams by J. D. ad fin. Ovid's Elegies*, n. d.

> Bankes hath an horse of wondrous qualitie,
> For he can fight, and . . . . ., and daunce, and lie,
> And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:
> But, Bankes, who taught your horse to smel a knave?
>
> *Bastard's Chrestoleros*, 12mo. Lond. 1598.

Con. Sure this baboune is a great Puritane.—*Bou.* Is not this strange?—*W. S.* Not a whit; by this light, Bankes his horse and hee were taught both in a stable.—*Ram Alley, or Merrie Trickes*, 1611.

And certainly, if Banks had lived in elder times, he would have shamed all the inchanters of the world, for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse.—*Ralegh's Historie of the World*, ed. 1614, i. 178.

They are at London, George in his chamber at Brainford, accompanied with none but one Anthony Nit, a barber, who dined and supped with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a lute to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of which he could play as well as Banks's horse.—*Peele's Jests*, 1627.

> There shall you see an old blind brave baboone,
> That can put on the humor of an asse,
> Can come aloft, Jack, heigh passe and repasse;
> That for ingenious study downe can put
> Old Holden's camell, or fine Bankes his cut.
>
> *A Cast over the Water to W. Fennor; Taylor's Workes*, ii. 159.

There are some curious allusions to the dancing horse, as late as 1654, in some verses at the end of Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot, in which it is spoken of as being shooed with silver, as having been to the top of St. Paul's, as dancing to the music of the pipe, and being able to count money with its feet. The horse is supposed to be thus addressing the steed of Don Quixote, the verses being entitled,—"Bancks his horse to Rosinant,"—

Though Rosinante famous was in fields
For swiftnesse, yet no horse like me had heels.
Goldsmiths did shoe me, not the Ferri-Fabers;
One nail of mine was worth their whole weeks labours.
Horse, thou of metall too, but not of gold,—
'Twas best 'twas so, or oft they had been sold,—
Let us compare our feats; thou top of nowles
Of hils hast oft been seen, I top of Paules.
To Smythfield horses I stood there the wonder;
I only was at top; more have been under.
Thou like a Spanish jennet, got i' th' wind,
Wert hoysted by a windmill; 'twas in kinde.
But never yet was seen in Spaine or France,
A horse like Bancks his, that to th' pipe would dance:
Tell mony with his feet; a thing which you,
Good Rosinante nor Quixot e'r could doe.
Yet I doe yield, surpassed in one feat,
Thou art the only horse, that liv'dst sans meat.

A few other notices may be just worth a reference. "Hee keeps more adoe with this monster than ever Bankes did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant," Every Man out of his Humor, 1600; "It shall be chronicled next after the death of Bankes' horse," Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601; "Is glad to shew tricks like Bancks his curtall," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603; Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608, repr. p. 40: Stephens' Essayes and Characters, 1615; "Asses they (the Egyptians) will teach to do such tricks, as if possessed with reason, to whom Banks his horse would have proved but a zany," Sandys' Travels, ed. 1615, p. 124; Scot's Philomythie or Philomythologie, 1616, sig. C; "And more strange horse-tricks playd by such riders then Bankes his curtall did ever practise," Decker's Belmans Night Walkes; Drayton, ii. 186, as referred to by Nares, in v. *Banks's Horse;* Aristippus or the Joviall Philosopher, 1630, p. 19; "And Banks his hors shew'd tricks, taught with much labor," Taylor's Workes, 1630; "great Banks," Harington's Epigrams, 1633, iii. 21, the author's MS. reading, *gray Banks;* "Set him but upon Bankes his horse in a saddle rampant," Cleaveland's Character of a London Diurnall, 1647, repeated in the Poems, ed. 1651, and in the Works, ed. 1687, p. 86; Cockayn's Obstinate Lady, 1657, p. 32; "It will good fellows shew more sport, than Bankes his horse could do," ballad of Little Barley-corn. It may perhaps be as well to observe that the term curtail, applied to the horse in some of these instances, does not necessarily relate to the mutilation of the tail, which is shown in its natural proportions in the engraving prefixed to Maroccus Extaticus, 1595.

Two other persons of the name of Banks may perhaps deserve notice, to guard against the misappropriation of notices not intended for the subject of this note. Ben Jonson, Workes, ed. 1616, p. 777, has an epigram "on Banck the usurer," other copies of which are in the Witts Recreations, 1654, and in MS. Ashmol. 47. He has also an epigram "on Chuffe, Bancks the Usurer's kinsman," ibid. p. 780. "Banks the broker," mentioned in the Witts Recreations, is perhaps the same person. Master Banks of Waltham is introduced into the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608. The name appears to have been a very common one, and a vast number of allusions to individuals bearing it might easily be collected.

[71] *He carried the town-gates on his back, &c.*

It is worthy of remark that there was an old English play on the history of

Samson, who is alluded to (as well as the play), and in a similar irreverent manner, in the Family of Love, 1608. In the records of the Carpenters' Company of London, under the date of 1567, mention is made of "the playe which is called the storye of Sampson."

[72] *As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.*

Moth does not lay claim to scientific accuracy. The colours assigned to the four complexions, which signified the temperatures of the body according to the various proportions of the four medical humours,—"humouris of complexione," as they are called in MS. Sloan. 100, f. 43, of the fifteenth century—are thus noted in Sir John Harington's Englishmans Doctor, or the Schoole of Salerne, 1608,—

The watry flegmatique are fayre and white;
The sanguin, roses joynd to lillies bright;
The collericke, more red; the melancholy,
Alluding to their name, are swart and colly.

[73] *Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers.*

This is, in all probability, an allusion to the green willow being worn by the disappointed or forsaken lover. See Othello. The following notes by the critics are given, as various interpretations of the passage have been offered:

I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare *green* eye," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which, in the Merchant of Venice, and in Othello, he has applied the epithet *green*-ey'd.—*Malone.*

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealousy;* but to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers:—"Sing, all a *green willow* shall be my garland," is the burden of an ancient ditty preserved in the Gallery of gorgious Inventions, 4to. 1578.—*Steevens.*

Green eyes, *jealousy*, and *the willow*, have been mentioned as the subjects of this allusion; but it is, perhaps, to *melancholy*, the frequent concomitant of love. Thus in Twelfth Night, "And with a *green* and yellow *melancholy;*" certainly in that instance, the effect of love.—*Douce.*

A sea-water green complection in woman the best, that is, reflects on the cholorosis, as the test of virginity; Armado turns it off to green, the colour of lovers, and Moth afterwards to a green willow.—*Croft.*

[74] *Most maculate thoughts.*

So the edition of 1598. The four folios, and the quarto edition of 1631, incorrectly read, *immaculate.*

[75] *For blushing cheeks by faults are bred.*

Blush-in, eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; *blushing*, ed. 1632.

[76] *Which native she doth owe.*

That is, which she possesses naturally. To owe, for, to possess, is exceedingly common. "Your native goodnes and gentelnes," More's Utopia, 1551. The adjective is here used for the adverb.

[77] *Is there not a ballad of the King and the Beggar?*

The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid is entitled, "A Song of a Beggar and a King," in the earliest known edition, which is given in Johnson's Crown Garland of Golden Roses, 1612. A modernized sheet version of it, printed in the last century, is entitled,—"Cupid's Revenge, or an Account of a King who slighted all women, and at length was forced to marry a Beggar." This version,

which was probably originally made at a much earlier period, deserves preservation, and is here reprinted (for the sake of saving room) in long lines, the ballad itself being printed in four short line stanzas:

1.—A King once reign'd beyond the seas,—As we in antient story find,
Who no face could ever please,—He cared not for women kind.
2.—He despis'd the fairest beauties,—And the greatest fortunes too;
At length he marry'd to a beggar!—See what Cupids darts can do.
3.—The blinded boy that shoots so trim,—Did to his closet window steal,
Then drew a dart and shot at him,—And made him soon his power feel.
4.—He that ne'er car'd for women kind,—But did females ever hate,
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,—For a beggar at his gate.
5.—But mark what happened on a day,—As he look'd from his window high,
He spy'd a beggar all in grey,—With two more in her company.
6.—She his fancy soon enflamed,—And his heart was grieved sore;
Must I have her, court her, crave her,—I that never lov'd before?
7.—This noble prince of high renown,—Did to his chamber straight repair,
And on his couch he laid him down,—Opprest with love-sick grief and care.
8.—Ne'er was monarch so surprised,—Here I ly a captive slave,
But I'll to her, court her, woo her,—She must heal the wound she gave.
9.—Then to his palace gate he goes,—The beggars crav'd his charity,
A purse of gold to them he throws,—With thankfulness away they fly.
10.—But the King call'd her to him,—Tho' she was but poor and mean,
His hand did hold her while he told her,—She should be his stately Queen.
11.—At this she blushed scarlet red,—And on this mighty king did gaze,
Then straight again as pale as lead,—Alas! she was in such amaze.
12.—Hand in hand they walked together,—And the King did kindly say,
He'd respect her; straight they deck'd her—In most sumptuous rich array.
13.—He did appoint the wedding day,—And likewise then commanded straight
That noble Lords and Ladies gay,—Upon this gracious Queen should wait.
14.—She appear'd a splendid beauty,—All the court did her adore,
She in marriage shew'd a carriage,—As if she'd been a Queen before.
15.—Her fame through all the world did ring,—Altho' she came of parents poor,
She by her sov'reign Lord the King,—Did bare one son and eke no more.
16.—All the nobles were well pleased,—And the ladies frank and free,
For her behaviour always gave her,—A title to her dignity.
17.—At length the King and Queen were laid—Together in their silent tomb.
Their royal son the scepter sway'd,—Who govern'd in his fathers room.
18.—Long in glory did he flourish,—Wealth and honour to increase,
Still posessing such a blessing,—That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

[78] *That I may example my digression.*

Digression, deviation from the right. "*Digressione*, a digression, transgression or trespas, a swarving," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. The term is again used in this sense in the Rape of Lucrece, and the verb in Romeo and Juliet.

[79] *With the rational hind Costard.*

Theobald, in his Letters, suggests to read *irrational*, and the latter word is introduced into the text by Hanmer and Capell. *Hind* was frequently used in contempt, and the epithet *rational* may be meant ironically, in the same way that the phrase, "a wise gentleman," is used in Much Ado about Nothing. The term *hind*, applied to a peasant or country labourer, is common, and is found in that sense in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and in other plays. Steevens, however,

explains the phrase, *rational hind*, to mean, "the reasoning brute, the animal with some share of reason."

[80] *And yet a better love than my master.*

"My master deserves," Warburton. "I cannot even guess at the reasons of this alteration, unless it might be owing to his not recollecting that *love*, for *lover*, is a very common expression in our language. The sense of both readings amount to much the same. According to the common reading, 'the girl deserves a better love than Armado;' according to Sir Thomas Hanmer's, 'she is a better love than Armado deserves.' Perhaps the mistake might arise from the two learned editors not perceiving that the verb, *deserves*, in the first line, is equally applicable, and ought to be applied to both parts of the sentence."—*Heath.*

[81] *My spirit grows heavy in love.*

The ed. 1623 reads *ioue*, the quarto of 1598, and the other editions, having *loue.* The word *love* was frequently misprinted for *Jove*, and *vice versa.*

[82] *You must suffer him to take no delight.*

So in ed. 1598, the folio reading,—"you must let him take no delight." In all cases where the meaning is identical, the reading of the first edition is to be preferred.

[83] *But 'a must fast three days a week.*

So in ed. 1598; "but hee," ed. 1623. *He* and *a* were of course synonymous, and in the early editions of Shakespeare, the words are constantly interchanged. The apostrophe is not essential, though generally now given for the sake of modern readers. In ed. 1598, in the present instance, the word is printed thus,—*a'*.

As als in Petir *a* gaf to hem power of bindyng and lowsing, and thus ordeynd him his vicar, and thus his successor.—*Wickliffe's Apology*, p. 5.

[84] *She is allowed for the day-woman.*

That is, the dairy-maid, the woman who had charge of the day-house or dairy. "Dey wyfe, *meterie*," Palsgrave, 1530. Chaucer's poor widow, who had little to eat but milk, bread, bacon, and eggs, is described as being "a manir dey." The curious early English poem on the Times of Edward II., ed. Hardwick, p. 7, speaks of "a servand and a deye, that ledeth a sory lyf." The day-house is very often mentioned. "*Caseale*, a dey house, where cheese is made," Elyot's Dictionarie, 1559. "The deyhowse next the same parlor; the malte-howse next the same dey-howse," MS. roll. "In the inner dayhowse and outer daihowse,—boardes and shelves, one cheese presse, one mustardmill, with other lomber," Unton Inventories, p. 28. According to Douce, "the *dey* or dairymaid is mentioned in the old statutes that relate to working people; and in that of 12 Ric. II., the annual wages of this person are settled at six shillings." In the North of Scotland, a dairy-maid is still termed a dey. Sw. *deja.*

[85] *That's hereby.*

Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some counties) to signify—*as it may happen.* He takes it in the sense of *just by.*—*Steevens.*

[86] *With that face?*

So in eds. 1598, 1632; *what face*, ed. 1623. "*Bow.* Come, come, leave your jesting: I shall put you down.—*Moll.* With that face? away, you want wit."—Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607, repr. p. 13.

Mira. You are merry, Madam, but I wou'd perswade you for one moment to

be serious.—*Milla. What, with that face?* No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I shou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face.—*Congreve's Way of the World*, 1700.

This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding "that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation."—*Steevens.*

[87] *Fair weather after you!*

"Fare de well, good friend.—*Heigh.* Faire weather after you!," Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will.

[88] *Come, Jaquenetta, away.*

In the quarto of 1598, and in the editions of 1623 and 1631, these words are incorrectly given to *Clo.*, and, in ed. 1632, this prefix is omitted, and they are thus made to form part of Jaquenetta's previous speech. The prefix for Jaquenetta is *Mai*, and hence Pope, following the later folios, fell into the error of making the Maid and Jaquenetta two persons. The necessary correction was made by Theobald.

[89] *It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words.*

So in ed. 1598; *too* is omitted in ed. 1623, and the ed. 1631 reads,—"it is for prisoners to be silent in their words." The most common error, in reprints, is the omission of words, and there can be little doubt but that the reading of the first edition is correct, although either that, or the lection of the folio, is in consonance with the tenor of Costard's nonsense. Dr. Johnson proposed to read, *in their wards.* To be "too silent in their words" is in character with "the merry days of desolation."

[90] *Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club.*

The butt-shaft is explained by Nares to be a kind of arrow, used for shooting at butts, formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet to be easily extracted.

[91] *The first and second cause will not serve my turn.*

The "cause" of quarrel was a technical term in the then noble science of defence. In the second book "of Honor and Honorable Quarrels," 1594, the causes in which "combats ought to bee graunted" are reduced to two:—"I will onely treate of that which I shall judge meetest by a generall rule to bee observed, and include all combats under two heads. First, then, I judge it not meet that a man should hazard himselfe in the perill of death, but for such a cause as deserveth it, so as if a man be accused of such a defect as deserve to bee punished with death, in this case combate might bee graunted. Againe, because that in an honourable person, his honor ought to be preferred before his life, if it happen him to have such a defect laid against him, as in respect thereof he were by lawe to be accounted dishonorable, and should therefore be disgraced before the tribunall seate, upon such a quarrell my opinion is that hee is not to be denied to justifie himself by weapons, provided alwaies that hee be not able by lawe to clere himselfe thereof; and except a quarrell be comprehended under one of these two sortes, I doe not see how any man can, by reason or with his honor, either graunt or accompanye another to the fight."

[92] *Rust, rapier!*

"Rust, sword! cool, blushes, and Parolles, live!," All's Well that ends Well.

[93] *For your manager is in love.*

Manager is, in its present place, an affected professional term exactly suitable to the speaker. The verb *manage* was technically applied to the handling of weapons. "Manage me your caliver," Henry IV. The Perkins MS. reads, *armiger*.

[94] *For I am sure, I shall turn sonnets.*

The reading of the old editions, *sonnet*, appears to be too harsh even for Armado's affected phraseology, and the present slight alteration (suggested by Dr. Verplanck) is perhaps preferable to Hanmer's emendation of *sonneteer*. So, in As You Like It,—"and turn his merry note." Ben Jonson, as Mr. Knight observes, speaks of Shakespeare's "well-torned and true-filed lines."

Act the Second.

SCENE.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHERINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits;[1]
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,[2]
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,[3]
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;[4]
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's[5] tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness,[6] we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors,[7] his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit* BOYET.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.[8]

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him,[9] madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;[10]
Well fitted in arts,[11] glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.[12]
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,—
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;[13]
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,[14]
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.[15]
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,[16]
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time

Was there with him. If I have heard a truth,[17]
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.[18]

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors in oath[19]
Were all address'd to meet you,[20] gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,—
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields[21] too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where[22] now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:[23]
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?[24]
Kath. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Kath. How needless was it then to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Kath. 'T is long of you[25] that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.
Kath. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Kath. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befal your mask![26]
Kath. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Kath. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,[27]
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[28]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.[29]
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;[30]
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.[31]
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt* KING *and his Train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.[32]

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?[33]
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says, I.[34]
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. *No point*,[35] with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.[36]
Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light:[37] I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard![38]
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONGAVILLE.
Biron. What 's her name, in the cap?
Boyet. Katherine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir! adieu![39]
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry![40]
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb,[41] unless we feed on your lips.[42]
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture. Shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.[43]
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,[44]
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make their retire[45]
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,[46]
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:[47]
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did cote such amazes,[48]
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:—
"I 'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss."
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.[49]
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What, then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

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[1] *Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.*

Dearest, that is, best, greatest, strongest, most powerful. "Your dearest enemy," Maid in the Mill; meaning, your greatest enemy. So, in Hamlet,—"my dearest foe." The Perkins MS. alters *dearest* to *clearest*, upon which Mr. Dyce observes,—"we are not to trust the corrector of the folio, 1632, when he rashly alters *dearest* to *clearest* only because, during his time, the former word had become rather obsolete in the sense which it bears here. That "dearest" is the true lection, and that Steevens explained it rightly, we have proof (if proof were required) in a line of Dekker, who applies to "spirits" an epithet synonymous with "dearest,"—"Call up your *lustiest spirits;* the lady's come,"—If it be not good, the Divel is in it, 1612, sig. C 3."

[2] *When she did starve the general world beside.*

Theobald refers to a similar compliment in the eighty-seventh Epigram of Catullus,—"quæ cum pulcherrima tota est," &c.

[3] *Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean.*

The prefix *Queen* is prefixed to this line in ed. 1623, altered to *Prin* in ed. 1632. In the former edition, *Prin.* is affixed to a line in the midst of this speech, though it is not in ed. 1598, and is also omitted in ed. 1632. There is a strange mistake in the way in which this line is printed in ed. 1631,—"Good L. Boyet, my thought but meane."

[4] *Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.*

Rowe has borrowed and dignified this sentiment in his Royal Convert. The Saxon Princess is the speaker:—"Whate'er I am," &c.—*Steevens.*

Fucati sermonis opem mens conscia laudis
Abnuit—.—*Ibid.*

[5] *Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.*

She means to say that beauty is not liable to the deceiving sale effected by the praises of the seller. The itinerant hawker is still called a chapman in some of the provinces; but the term was originally applied to a merchant or buyer; and hence it came to signify generally, a dealer,—one who bought as cheaply, and sold as dearly, as he could; in the former case undervaluing the article, in the latter extolling it to the utmost. "The art of a chapman in buying and selling, *ars institoria;* one that inhaunseth the price, one that in cheapning profereth more, a chapman," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Ceapman*, for this we now say *chapman*, which is as much to say as a marchant or cope-man," Verstegan's Restitution of

Decayed Intelligence, ed. 1628, p. 213. The word seems to have applied at an early period, as at present, to a person who dealt in small wares, for Cotgrave has, "*Mercandeau*, a paltrie marchant, poore bargainer, sorrie chafferer, beggarlie chapman." In Shakespeare's time, however, it was used for any middleman who purchased direct from the producer, and sold afterwards to the public, as well as to any purchasing or selling agents.

That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.—*Sonnets.*

[6] *Bold of your worthiness.*

In other words, with the greatest confidence in your worth.

[7] *Like humble-visag'd suitors.*

So in ed. 1623, and subsequent editions; "humble-visage," ed. 1598.

[8] *Longaville is one.*

Capell reads, "Lord Longaville," for the sake of the metre. This addition, also supported by Steevens, seems scarcely necessary.

[9] *I know him.*

There being, in the first folio, a full stop placed in error at the end of the third line of this speech, the editor of the edition of 1632, instead of amending the punctuation, altered *know* to *knew*. In cases where the first and second folios differ, and when the readings of both make good sense, the only principle, sanctioned by any sound rule of criticism, is to adopt that of the former; bearing also in mind that the punctuation of the early editions, although in some instances carefully noted, is not, generally speaking, to be considered of much authority. Rowe and Pope, adhering to the reading of the second folio, run the sentence on, —"I knew him, madam, at a marriage feast," &c. "The spirit of this speech's commencement," observes Capell, "was quite evaporated; first, by a change of *know* into *knew*, made by the second folio, and follow'd; and next, by the retention of a point after *solemnized*, which came from the first quarto; by which point, and the *knew*, the Oxford editor was betray'd into a strange and licentious correction." Capell here refers to the arrangement adopted by Hanmer, who gives the first three lines of the speech to the First Lord, and assigns the remainder to Maria.

[10] *A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd.*

So in ed. 1623, and the subsequent impressions. In ed. 1598, we have *peerelesse* instead of *parts*. Malone proposes to read,—"A man of,—sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd," the speaker suddenly pausing at *of*, and completing the line in a different manner. Steevens observes,—

"Perhaps our author wrote:—'A man, *a* sovereign *pearl*, he is esteem'd,' that is, not only a *pearl*, but such a one as is *pre-eminently* valuable. In Troilus and Cressida, Helen is called—'a *pearl;*' and in Macbeth, the nobles of Scotland are styled—'the kingdom's *pearl*.'—The phrase—'a *sovereign pearl*' may also be countenanced by—'*captain jewels* in a earkanet,' an expression which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets. *Sovereign parts*, however, is a kin to *royalty of nature*, a phrase that occurs in Macbeth."

[11] *Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms.*

So in eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; but the editor of the second folio, wishing to make the metre more regular, reads, *the arts.*

[12] *That he would well.*

In other words,—that he wishes to do well.—*Capell.*

[13] *Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will.*

Match'd with, that is, mated with. "Combined or joineth with," Dr. Johnson.

[14] *Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill.*

"There is something here very cramp, and obscure to me; and I cannot make out the context with any satisfaction," Theobald's Letters. The meaning seems to be this,—Dumain, a highly accomplished young nobleman, esteemed for his virtue by all who love virtue; one who, by his talent and graceful person, has the utmost power of doing the greatest harm by the ill employment of those qualities, is nevertheless ignorant of evil. Hanmer reads, "Most powerful to do harm."

[15] *Though he had no wit.*

The pronoun is misprinted *she* in eds. 1623 and 1631. All the other folios, and ed. 1598, have it correctly, *he*.

[16] *And much too little of that good I saw.*

The construction of this passage, which is very perplexed, is, I suppose, thus; —and my report of that good I saw is much too little, compared to his great worthiness.—*Heath.*

[17] *If I have heard a truth.*

So in ed. 1598, the folios, and ed. 1631, reading, "as I have heard a truth." The latter reading induced Theobald, in his Letters, to conjecture *youth* in the place of *truth*,—"as I have heard, a youth, Biron they call him."

[18] *Here comes Boyet.*

This speech is assigned to the attendant *Lord* in ed. 1598, but its appropriation to Maria in ed. 1623 seems preferable.

[19] *And his competitors in oath.*

Competitors, that is, confederates. See Antony and Cleopatra.

[20] *Were all address'd to meet you.*

Address'd, prepared, ready. See Hamlet, and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

[21] *And welcome to the wide fields.*

So all the old editions, but the word *wide* was misprinted *wild* in Reed's edition of 1803, and the error seems to have continued through most modern copies until it was corrected by Mr. Collier. The text is right in most, if not in all, the impressions of the last century.

[22] *Where now his knowledge.*

Where, whereas. See another instance in Pericles, act i.

The condition of this present obligation is such, that *where* controversies and suites in lawe are dependinge betweene the above bounden Abraham Wall, on the one partie, &c.—*MS. dated* 1612.

A sea soldier may now and then chance to have a snap at a booty or a prize, which may in an instant make him a fortune for ever; *where* the land soldier may in an age come to the ransacking of a poore fisher towne at the most.—*Powell's Art of Thriving*, 1635.

[23] *And sin to break it.*

Hanmer alters *and* to *not*. The Princess merely means to say that the King has placed himself in a dilemma. It is a sin to keep the oath, while of course a sin would be committed in breaking that or any oath; in either case, he will commit a sin.

[24] *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*

This dialogue, in the folio, is between Biron and Rosaline, but is rightly given in ed. 1598 to Biron and Katharine. The matter is of some importance in respect to a question discussed in a subsequent note.

[25] *'Tis 'long of you.*

That is, it is entirely owing to you. The phrase is still in use in the provinces. "I can not tell wheron it was along," Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, 16398.

[26] *Now fair befall your mask!*

So in the Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon, a copy of which occurs in Samuel Picke's Festum Voluptatis, 1639,—

On a hill there growes a flower,
Faire befall the gentle sweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly muses meet.

[27] *On payment of a hundred thousand crowns.*

The old editions read *one* for *on*, a common misprint, corrected by Theobald. The French king claims to have paid one half of the money for which Aquitain was mortgaged, and the Princess even offers to produce the vouchers in support of the justice of her father's statement; yet so little attention had the king of Navarre paid to business, he has not even heard of the payment, and treats the claim as invalid, although he is willing to surrender it, provided the French king will pay the remaining moiety.

[28] *Which we much rather had depart withal.*

Depart is here used for, *part with.* "I can hardly depart with ready money," Ben Jonson. This sense of the word also occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is usually followed by the preposition.

[29] *Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.*

This metaphorical expression was common in Shakespeare's time, and was used without any idea of coarseness being attached to it.

[30] *You may not come, fair princess, in my gates.*

So in ed. 1623, the quarto of 1598 reading, "within my gates," which is preferred by Mr. Collier on account of its antithesis to *without*, in the next line.

[31] *Though so denied fair harbour in my house.*

So in ed. 1598; "farther harbour," ed. 1623. The Perkins MS. has, "free harbour," but there can be no necessity for rejecting the reading of the first quarto. Mr. Knight adopts the lection of the folio, observing that "the Princess is to be lodged, according to her rank, without the gates,—although denied a farther advance, lodgment, in the king's house."

[32] *I will commend you to my own heart.*

The ed. 1598 reads *none* for *own;* "my none" perhaps being equivalent to "mine own," as it is in ed. 1631.

[33] *Is the fool sick?*

Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing, styles her heart, "poor fool," but this can scarcely be the meaning here. Biron confesses that his heart groans, and Rosaline playfully asks if the foolish owner of it be sick. Biron's reply, "sick at the heart," is inconsistent with the supposition that Rosaline is applying the term

fool to his heart in the previous speech. *Foole*, as it is in ed. 1598, is misprinted *soule* in ed. 1623. These belong to a class of words easily misread by the compositor. Thus, in Hamlet, *sole* is wrongly printed *foul* in ed. 1623, and *soul* for *foul* occurs in an edition of Fairfax's Tasso.

[34] *My physic says, I.*

The *I*, the old spelling of the affirmative particle *ay*, is here preserved for the sake of the rhyme. "For that the diseases of the hart are caused for the most part of bloud and winde, therefore is phlebotomy much better for it then purging; but if the maladie procecde of bloud, then must the liver veine be opened on the right side; if of winde, then is the liver veine on the left side to be opened," General Practise of Physicke, 1605.

[35] *No point, with my knife.*

A quibble on the French negation, *no point*, not in the least. "Never a whit, no jot, *no point*, as the Frenchmen say," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, p. 302. See further in the notes to the fifth act.

When Rosaline thus refers to her knife, it may be concluded she wore one suspended from her girdle, a common fashion in the sixteenth century, frequently referred to, and well illustrated by the annexed engraving, taken by Mr. Fairholt from the effigy of a lady of the Ruddle family, temp. Henry VIII., in Ross church, co. Hereford, in which a purse and a knife or dagger-knife are hanging from the girdle. In the French Garden, 1621, the "furniture" of a girdle is described as consisting of scissors, pincers, a pen-knife, a "knife to close letters," a bodkin, ear-picker, a seale, and a purse, all except the latter being in a case. This fashion will be further illustrated in the notes to Romeo and Juliet.

[36] *The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.*

The ladies put on their masks when the king entered, and took them off after Biron retired. Capell here proposes to read *Katharine* in the place of *Rosaline*, a reading which, if adopted, involves a contrary change in the names in a speech that shortly follows. The author, however, probably intended there should be this mockery of information by Boyet, who is skilfully teasing Biron, and who afterwards boasts of his readiness and skill in doing so. Biron, it will be seen, is unfortunate in his enquiries. He first attacks Katharine (according to ed. 1598), then Rosaline, but without discovering the latter, and, at last, asking after Maria, is told she is Katharine.

[37] *Perchance, light in the light.*

This quibble on a light woman, as one who was too free was called, is common, and occurs in other plays of Shakespeare. See Measure for Measure, act v,—"That's the way; for women are light at midnight."

[38] *God's blessing on your beard!*

This is most probably a proverbial phrase, equivalent to invoking playfully a blessing on his wisdom, ironically referring to the depth of knowledge required for Boyet's observation.

[39] *You are welcome, sir; adieu!*

This seems spoken ironically, and is taken up by Boyet in his reply, which is afterwards alluded to by the Princess.

[40] *Two hot sheeps, marry!*

The words *sheep* and *ship* were formerly pronounced alike; of which practice see examples in vol. ii. p. 42. Capell is of opinion that there is here an allusion to fire-ships. In ed. 1598, these words are assigned to Katharine; in the later editions, to Maria. In all the old copies, Boyet's speech does not begin till the words, "No sheep," the present arrangement having been made by Theobald.

[41] *No sheep, sweet lamb.*

New fashion tearmes I like not for a man,
To call his wife Cony, forsooth, and Lambe;
And Porke, and Mutton, he as well may say.
Chapman's Blinde Begger of Alexandria, 1598.

[42] *Unless we feed on your lips.*

Shakespeare, observes Malone, has the same expression in his licentious poem of Venus and Adonis:

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips.

[43] *My lips are no common, though several they be.*

Fields that were enclosed were called *severals*, in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals:* so Maria says, playing on the word,—my lips are not common, though they are certainly several, once part of the common; or, though my lips are several, a field, they are certainly no common. According to Mr. Hunter, "severals, or several lands, are portions of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for the time their right of common over them;" but, although the term may have been used in this and some other restricted senses, there can be no doubt but that the meaning was generally accepted in accordance with the explanation given above. "The lands which, in the memory of our fathers, were common, those are ditched and hedged in, and made several," Norfolk Furies and their Foyle, 1623. The term occurs in the same sense in Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, in which is a chapter, "A comparison betweene champion country and severall," ed. 1614, p. 106. "I should thinke it not amisse that decayed forests, commons, and wast grounds, might bee taken in, and divided into severals, with good ditches, which should be set with quickset, and also planted with young trees," An Olde Thrift newly Revived, 1612. Compare Sonnet, 137.

He (the bull) is paymaister of every good towne, and beneficiall to the parson; therefore all severals are to him common.—*Leigh's Accedence of Armorie*, 1591, f. 52.

What doe I see? My sheepe have quite disgrest
Theyr bounds, and leap't into the severall.
The Rivall Friends by P. Hausted, 1632.

There was a noble man that was lean of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew pretty plump and fat; one said to him, Your lordship doth contrary to other married men, for they at the first wax lean, and you wax fat; Sir Walter Raleigh stood by and said, 'Why, there is no beast, that if you take him from the common, and put him into the *Several*, but he will wax fat.'—*Witty Apothegms, &c. by King James*, 1669.

"My lips are no common, though several they be;" a several is a stinted pasture, or joint possession of a few individuals.—*Croft.*

In Dr. Johnson's note upon this passage, it is said that *several* is "an inclosed field of a private proprietor." He has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell.* This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire, and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following, the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the severell.—*Dr. James.*

A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate*, *distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To *Sever* from others: hinc nos pascua et campos seorsim ab aliis separatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakespeare does—*severels.*—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustick sense, the adversative particle stands but aukwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. Yet it was not uncommon among our old writers to put the two words in opposition to each other. As in Peacham's Worth of a Penny: "Others not affecting marriage at all, live (as they say) upon the *commons*, unto whom it is death to be put into the *severall.*"—*Malone.*

"This lord (temp. Edw. I.) made *several*, there being none before in woods or grounds,"—Extracts from Smyth's Lives of the Berkeley Family, p. 103.

Again, in Green's Disputation, &c., 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force," &c. Again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:—"Of late he broke into a *severall*, that does belong to me." Again, in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 4to. 1597:—"he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved *severall* to himself," f. 64, b. Again, in Holinshed's History of England, b. iv. p. 150:—"not to take and pale in the *commons*, to enlarge their *severalles.*"—*Steevens.*

[44] *By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes.*

"Sweete silent rhetorique of perswading eyes; dombe eloquence," &c., Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, first published in 1594.—*Malone.*

[45] *All his behaviours did make their retire.*

Retire, used as a substantive, is now obsolete. "And though we made a brave retire in field," Gascoigne's Works, 1587.

For hereupon blinde Homer tells a fable
Of wonders that befell in their retire.
Pasquil's Palinodia, and his Progresse to the Taverne, n. d.

"Did make," ed. 1598; "doe make," ed. 1623. In the edition of 1631, *their* is misprinted *the*.

[46] *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see.*

That is, impatient at speaking and not seeing. This use of the infinitive for the gerund is very common. So in Henry IV., "to be so pester'd," for, "at being so pester'd."

[47] *To feel only looking on fairest of fair.*

That is, says Mr. Dyce, "that they might have no feeling but that of looking," &c. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposes to read,—"To *feed* only *by* looking on fairest of fair."

[48] *His face's own margent did quote such amazes.*

In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c., were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

> And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
> Find written in the *margent* of his eyes.—ed. 1599, sig. C.

Again, in Hamlet: "I knew you must be edified by the *margent*."—*Malone.*

> With such perswasions I found suted best
> With their *amaze*, so fairely thus distrest.
> *Clavell's Recantation of an Ill led Life*, 1634.

[49] *Boyet is dispos'd.*

The verb *disposed*, when followed by a comma or any pause, was used in two senses; one of which was of a licentious kind, and implied—inclined to wanton mirth, and, indeed, frequently to something beyond that, to incontinence. The other meaning of the term was merely,—disposed or inclined to be merry, and it is used in this latter sense in the present instance, as well as again in the present play, in the fifth act,—"and knows the trick to make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd." So, in Twelfth Night, when the Clown says of Sir Toby Belch, "the knight's in admirable fooling," Sir Andrew Aguecheek replies,—"Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed," that is, when he is in a merry humour. Examples of the word, used in one or other of the above senses, occur in England's Helicon, 1600; Peele's Works, i. 125; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iv. 193, 394, v. 242; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 472; Brome's Covent Garden Weeded, p. 12. Mr. Dyce construes *dispos'd*, as used by the Princess,—inclined to wanton mirth, using such language as we ought not to hear; and perhaps the commencement of her speech may support this interpretation, although, considering the tone of the dialogue, there is little beyond playful badinage to be discovered in the conclusion of Boyet's address.

Act the Third.

SCENE.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. *Concolinel*——[1] [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither;[2] I must employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[3]
Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[4] to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes;[5] with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet,[6] like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;[7] and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,[8] these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,[9] do you note, men that are most affected to these.
Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth. By my penny of observation.[10]
Arm. But O,—but O—
Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.[11]
Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,[12] and your love, perhaps, a hackney.[13] But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.
Arm. What wilt thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathized;[14] a horse to be ambassador for an ass![15]
Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.
Arm. The way is but short; away.
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. *Minime,* honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:[16]
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee.[17] [*Exit.*
Arm. A most acute juvenal;[18] voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin,[19] I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.[20]
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here 's a Costard broken in a shin.[21]
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy;*[22]—begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in the mail, sir:[23] O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy;* no *l'envoy;* no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought,

my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?[24]

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.[25]
I will example it:[26]

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There 's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee;
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,[27] a goose, that's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:[28]
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plaintain: Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.[29]

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.[30]

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy,* some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured,[31] restrained, captivated,[32] bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving him money*], for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.[33]—Signor Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew![34]

[*Exit* MOTH.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What 's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I 'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.[35]—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown.[36] I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. O, what is a remuneration?[37]

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon;[38] go.
[*Gives him a shilling.*

Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:[39] Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.[40]—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;[41]
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent![42]
This wimpled,[43] whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:[44]
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,[45]
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[46] king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors.[47] O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[48]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.[49]
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife![50]
A woman, that is like a German clock,[51]
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;[52]
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,[53]
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her,—to watch for her,
To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;[54]
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.[55] [*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

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[1] *Concolinel.*

This is probably the burden of some song, no copy of which has yet been discovered. In the same way, Pistol quotes the burden of the old Irish song, *Calen o custure me,* in Henry V. An anonymous critic thinks that it is some corruption of the old Irish air of *Coolin;* but Mr. Hunter suggests that it may be a misprint for *cantat Ital.*, a most unlikely conjecture, the word not being placed as a stage direction in any of the early copies. When this play was produced, in 1597, Italian music for a single voice, according to the authority of Dr. Rimbault, was almost unknown in this country.

[2] *Bring him festinately hither.*

Festinately, that is, hastily, Lat. *Festinate*, hasty, is generally believed to be the correct reading in a passage in King Lear. "Festination or hasting, vi. Celeritie," Minsheu, ed. 1627. "*Festination*, festination, speed, hast, quicke proceeding," Cotgrave. "Lay hands on him with all festination," King Cambices. Severus, a character described by Rowlands, in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611, speaks to his boy in a style very similar to that in which Armado addresses his page, Moth,—

> Severus is extreame in eloquence,
> In perfum'd wordes plung'd over head and eares;
> He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sence;
> Fragments of Latine all about he beares:
> Unto his servingman, alias his boy,
> He utters speach exceeding quaint and coy:—
> Deminutive, and my defective slave,
> Reach me my corps coverture immediatly:
> My pleasures pleasure is the same to have,
> T'insconce my person from frigiditie.
> His man beleeves all's Welch his maister spoke,
> Till he railes English,—Rogue, go fetch my cloke.

[3] *Will you win your love with a French brawl?*

The earliest notice of the dance called the brawl yet met with, occurs in Sir T. Elyot's Boke named the Governor,—"By the second motion, whiche is two in numbre, may be signified celeritie and slownesse; whyche two, albeit they seme to discorde in their effectes and natural propreties, therefore they may be wel resembled to the braule in daunsyng." The term is derived from the French. "A

brawle, a kinde of dance, dict. de G. Bransle, idem, et hoc a *Bransler*, id est, motare, vacillare, to shogge or reele up and downe," Minsheu. Cotgrave translates *bransle*, "a brawle or daunce, wherein many men and women, holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move altogether." It is thus described by Marston, "why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard tricke of twentie, curranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come up, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honour,"—Malcontent, ed. 1604. There were a great variety of brawls, and some of them, it is believed, included pantomimic actions impurely suggestive. *Le branle du bouquet* is thus described in Deux Dialogues du nouveau langage François, Italianizé, Anvers, 1579, ap. Douce,—"Un des gentilhommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse) et se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, *vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont:* à sçavoir le gentil-homme les dames, et la dame les gentils-hommes. Puis ayans achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu'ils estoyent les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentilhomme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu'on vienne aux derniers."

The French brawl is thus described in Morley's Introduction to Practicall Musicke, 1608, p. 181,—"Like unto this (the Alman) is the French *bransle* (which they cal *bransle simple*) which goeth somwhat rounder in time then this; otherwise the measure is al one: the *bransle de Poictou*, or *bransle double*, is more quick in time, as being in a rounde *tripla*, but the strain is longer, containing most usually twelve whole strokes." The music to the brawl last mentioned is preserved in the Skene manuscript at Edinburgh, and is said in Dauney's Melodies, p. 307, to be the theme of the still favourite glee of, "We be three poor mariners." The particular brawl mentioned by Shakespeare appears, from Moth's next speech, to have been a kind of burlesque pantomimic dance, some particular form of the brawl then perhaps recently introduced. Massinger, in his drama of the Picture, 1630, mentions another "French brawle," which he says is, "an apish imitation of what you really performe in battaile;" and it would seem that the term was applied to an immense variety of emblematical dances, as well as to intricate dances in which a considerable number of persons took part.

Good fellowes must go learne to daunce,
The brydeal is full near-a;
There is a *brall* come out of Fraunce,
The fyrst ye harde this yeare-a.

Good Fellowes, a Ballad, 1569.

The following account of a brawl, entitled, *Modus dansandi branlos*, is taken from the works of the facetious macaronic poet Antony Sablon, or de Arena, as cited by Douce,—

Ipse modis branlos debes dansare duobus,
Simplos et duplos usus habere solet.
Sed branlos duplos, passus tibi quinque laborent.
Tres fac avantum, sed reculando duos,
Quattuor in mensura ictus marchabis eundo,
Atque retornando quattuor ipse dabis.

The brawl continued popular for a very long period, and a new version of it was introduced into one of Playford's works published in 1693; nor had the memory of it departed in the following century, when Gray recorded the celebrity acquired by Sir C. Hatton in leading "the brawls." Other notices of brawls occur in Florio's New World of Words; 1611, p. 67, Jack Drum's Entertainment,

1616, ap. Reed; Cockain's Poems, p. 32; Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, vii. 310, viii. 18; Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. 1825, pp. 66, 67; Boucher, in v. *Barley-break*. Various specimens of brawls are given in Arneau's Orchesographie, 1588; and in Mersenne's Harmonie Universelle, fol. 1636.

[4] *Canary to it with your feet.*

See an account of this dance in the notes to All's Well that ends Well.

[5] *With your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes.*

The annexed figure, here copied from one in the Musarum Deliciæ, was no doubt imitated from the representation of the inamorato in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. "I do not despair, gentlemen; you see I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms," Shirley's Bird in a Cage, 1633. The metaphor in the text is found in other writers, Lilly, in his Mydas, styling the mustachoes "a penthouse on your upper lip." In the Satyr against Hypocrites, 1689, mention is made of "the penthouse beaver, and calves-chaudron ruff." It is worthy of remark, as showing the appropriateness of the passage in the text, that a temporary protection of cloth before a shop-window was termed a penthouse. "*Auvent*, a penthouse of cloth, &c., before a shop-window," Cotgrave.

[6] *With your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet.*

This was a very usual fashion with fantastic lovers. Thus Surrey speaks of "lovers in arms across," p. 13; and the Amoretto, being described,—"Then what aymees! what crossing of his armes!," Epigrammisatiron, MS. in Canterbury Cathedral. "Then walkes of melancholike, and stands wreath'd, as he were pinn'd up to the arras," Cynthias Revells, p. 213. Ben Jonson again uses the same expression in Every Man out of his Humor, 1600,—"sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here." Compare also the Fayre Maide of the Exchange, ed. 1637, sig. C. 2. The lover is "a pale yong man, his eyes are sunk in's head, cheekes leane, and lips bloodlesse; very neat in cloathes, his armes acrosse, so hard pressing his stomack that out flyes a sigh, and hangs at his band-string, tumbling there in a little hoope of gold," Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1649. "By crosse armes the lovers signe," Spanish Gipsie.

[7] *Like a man after the old painting.*

It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety.—*Steevens.*

[8] *These are complements.*

Warburton alters *complements* to *complishments*, making the latter an abbreviated form of *accomplishments*. See, however, the note at p. 236.

[9] *And make them men of note.*

The old text may be retained with the punctuation here adopted, the construction being consistent with sense, though somewhat harsh. These humours and accomplishments, observes Moth, make men, that most are affected to them, men of note, do you note; the intentional jingle being thus preserved. Various alterations have been suggested. Theobald, in his Shakespeare Restored, 1726, p. 173, proposes,—"and make the men men of note: do you note men, that are

most affected to these;" or, "and make the men of note," &c., the latter being the reading he ultimately adopted, and one which seems very likely to be correct. Hanmer reads,—"do you note *me*;" and Monck Mason suggests,—"do you note, *man*;" but there can be little doubt that both the words *men* and *note* are meant to be repeated. The words *them* and *men* were frequently printed for each other in early works, a circumstance which in itself suggests other modes of fashioning the passage, e. g.,—"and make men, men of note, do you note, men that most are affected to these;"—"and make them men of note, do you note them, that most are affected to these." The former of the two readings last mentioned may be considered by many readers exactly in consonance with the character of the language of Moth, who is fond of jingling verbal repetitions; but the only safe rule to be followed in cases like the present, is the preservation of the original text when a fair sense can be derived from it.

[10] *By my penny of observation.*

"By my penne," eds. 1598, 1623, 1632; "by my pen," eds. 1631, 1663, 1685. The reading *penny*, which is well supported by *purchased* in Armado's speech, was suggested by Theobald and Hanmer, and is also found in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio. Theobald, indeed, in his Letters, p. 320, gives no fewer than three conjectures, viz., *pain*, *ken*, or *penny*, but the two former may be safely dismissed from consideration. In the tale, "Here foloweth how a merchande dyd hys wyfe betray," MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, the wife, who is the medium of her husband purchasing experience, gives him a penny, on his departure from home, for that purpose,—

Syr, sche seyde, as Cryst me save,
Ye have alle that evyr y have;
Ye schalle have a peny here,
As ye ar my trewe fere;
Bye ye me a penyworthe of wytt,
And in youre hert kepe wele hyt.

This story was generally called the Pennyworth of Wit, and a fragment of another early copy of it is preserved in MS. Harl. 5396. It was printed more than once in the sixteenth century, and is mentioned in Laneham's Letter, 1575, as "the Chapman of a Peneworth of Wit." A ballad on the same subject, and bearing the same title, was licensed in 1586-7, and continued popular, in modernized forms, till the present century.

[11] *The hobby-horse is forgot.*

This expression, probably borrowed from an old ballad, became proverbial. The hobby-horse consisted of a light frame of wicker-work, fastened to the body of the person who performed the character, whose legs were concealed by a housing, which, with a false head and neck, gave the appearance of a horse. Thus equipped, he performed all sorts of antics, imitating the movements of a horse, and executing juggling tricks of various kinds. A ladle was sometimes suspended from the horse's mouth for the purpose of collecting money from the spectators. The Puritans waged a violent crusade against the morris-dance, and the hobby-horse, which properly belonged to it, was frequently omitted. In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is preserved an early painting, in which the morris-dance is introduced, the annexed reduced engraving from it (here copied from Douce) containing the figures of the fool, the hobby-horse, a piper, Maid Marian, and one of the dancers, temp. Jac. I. "But looke you, who here comes: John Hunt the hobby-horse, wanting but three of an hundred, 'twere time for him to forget himselfe, and sing, *but O*, nothing, *but O, the hobbie-horse is forgotten;* the Maide

Marrian following him offers to lend him seven yeares more, but if he would take up ten in the hundred, his company are able to lend them," Old Meg of Hereford-

shire for a Mayd Marian, 1609. Moth is therefore dovetailing Armado's *but O* with a scrap of a ballad. See further on this subject in the notes to Hamlet.

Clo. They should be morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins: —*Co.* No, nor a hobby-horse.—*Cl.* Oh, hees often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Mayd-marian, nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer marke.—*Co.* Nor a foole that I see.—*Cl.* Unlesse they be all fooles.—*Ben Jonson.*

[12] *The hobby-horse is but a colt.*

A colt, says Dr. Johnson, is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow.

[13] *And your love, perhaps, a hackney.*

A common term for a woman of bad character. "Whores which they call common harlots, *hackneis*," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 228. "Whores are the hackneys which men ride to hell," Taylor's Workes, 1630. See also Cotgrave, in v. *Bringuenaudée.*

[14] *A message well sympathised.*

Subjects may seeme scarce, or printers lacke worke, when a cormorant flies into the presse, yet cormorants oppresse, and therefore worthy to be prest; but my cormorant hath neither dipt his tongue in oyle to smooth the faults of the vicious, nor stopd his mouth to conceale the merits of the vertuous: I have thought good to *sympathize* a subject fit for the time, and I have done my best to handle it in a sutable straine.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Armado, speaking to Moth his page, says, "Fetch hither the swain (Costard the clown), he must carry me a letter." Moth replies, "A *message* well-sympathised —a horse to be ambassador for an ass." The MS. corrector reads, "A *messenger* well-sympathised," not perceiving that this destroys the point, and meaning, and pertinency of Moth's remark. "A message well-sympathised" means a mission well concocted, an embassy consistent with itself, which, says Moth, this one is, inasmuch as it is a case of horse (Costard) representing an ass—(to-wit, yourself, master mine.)—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[15] *A horse to be ambassador for an ass!*

Ben Jonson in his Explorata, or Discoveries, in Banter of Hearsay News, says, "that an elephant, 1630, came hither ambassadour from the Great Mogull, who could both write and read, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens wives sent him: that he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter; and his chief negotiation was to conferr, or practice with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor-Castle, and carrying it away upon his back if he can."—*Dr. Grey.*

[16] *You are too swift, sir, to say so.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to make this rhyme with the next line by reading, *so soon*, but the jingle is more probably continued from the preceding speeches.

The meaning, I believe, is;—You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so; or, as Mr. M. Mason explains the passage: "You are too hasty in saying that: you have not sufficiently considered it." *Swift*, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604:—"I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily, already."—*Steevens.*

Compare also a note in the present volume, p. 113.

[17] *Thump then, and I flee.*

Thumping was a technical term in shooting, applied to the stroke of the bullet or arrow. It is used again in the next act.

[18] *A most acute juvenal.*

Juvenal, that is, youth. (*Lat.*)—"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial juvinell," Noble Stranger, 1640.

An Italian ribald cannot vomit out the infections of the world, but thou, my pretty *juvinall*, an English horrell-lorrell, must lick it up for restorative, and putrifie thy gentle brother over against thee with the vilde impostumes of thy lewd corruptions.—*Rid's Art of Jugling*, 1612.

[19] *By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.*

Welkin is the sky, to which Armado, with a mixture of the highest affectation and false dignity, makes an apology for sighing in its face.—*Altered from Johnson.*

[20] *Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.*

It seems scarcely necessary to observe that Armado is here complaining of the rudeness of melancholy, which has caused him to sigh in the face of the "sweet welkin." The Perkins MS., however, proposes to read,—"*moist-eyed* melancholy."

[21] *Here's a Costard broken in a shin.*

Moth's joke depends upon a costard being a cant term for a head. The word occurs several times in Shakespeare.

[22] *Come,—thy l'envoy;—begin.*

Cotgrave explains *l'envoy*, the "conclusion of a ballet, or sonnet in a short stanzo by itselfe, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole." In Monsieur D'Olive, 1606, the closing words of a letter are called a l'envoy, and the term was frequently used for any kind of conclusion.

Envoi; c'est comme l'abregé du chant Roial, ou de la balade. Ce n'est ordinairement que la moitié d'un couplet du chant Roial, ou de la balade, qu'on fait à la fin des couplets de ces sortes de poemes, et qui a été nommé *envoi*, parce qu'on l'adressoit au prince des jeux floraux, pour se le rendre favorable dans la distribution des prix: L'envoi doit être delicat et ingenieux.—*Richelet, Dictionaire François*, 1680.

[23] *No salve in the mail, sir.*

"No salve in thee male, sir," eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; but *thee* is corrected to *the* in ed. 1632, the same blunder occurring in other places. Costard means to say, after mentioning the terms cited by Armado,—"there's no salve in the whole budget of them, sir." He is desirous of extolling the virtues of the plantain, the excellency of which is again mentioned in Romeo and Juliet. "All the plantanes are singular good wound herbes, to heale fresh or old wounds and sores, either inward or outward," Parkinson's Theater of Plantes, 1640, p. 498. It is alluded to, as in the text, as being a good application for a broken shin, in the comedy of Albumazar, 1615,—

> Help, Armellina, help! I am falne i'th' cellar:
> Bring a fresh plantane leafe; I have broke my shinne.

Various alterations, all of them unnecessary, have been suggested. "No salve in the matter," Capell. "No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, sir," Dr. Johnson. "No salve in them all, sir," Tyrwhitt. Dr. Sherwen suggests the possibility of there being in the word *male* an allusion to the name of Costard also signifying an apple (*malum*), the ingenuity of this supposition rendering it at all events deserving of a notice.

> Of al horse a male horse would I not bee;
> Where he erst bare one male, now he berth three.
> *Heywood's Fifte Hundred of Epigrammes*, 1577.

Male was formerly the common orthography of *mail*, a budget, from the Fr. An allegorical character in Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 91, confesses that, sleeping with a company of chapmen, he "roos whan thei were a-reste, and riflede hire males." Compare, also, Kyng Alisaunder, 5477; Sevyn Sages, 1034; Octovian Imperator, 1913; Skelton, i. 35; Tamburlane, 1590; Holinshed, 790; Taylor's Workes, 1630, ii. 95, col. 1, and foot-note. "Male or wallett to putte geare in, *malle*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Mayle of lether, *bulga, hippopera, manticula*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A male or bowget, *hyppopera*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Valija*, a male, clokebag, budget, wallet or portmanteaw," Percivale's Dictionarie in Spanish and English, 1599. "A male or budget," Minsheu. Even the term *mail*, a coat of mail, is spelt *male* in Davenant's Witts, 1636.

[24] *Is not l'envoy a salve?*

There is here probably a harsh quibble on the Latin *salve*, another instance of which occurs in Aristippus or the Joviall Philosopher, 1630, p. 24,—"*Medico.* Salve, Mr. Simplicius.—*Simp.* Salve me? 'tis but a surgeons complement." A l'envoy might have been considered a *salve*, in the sense that it was a kind of parting address to the reader or audience.

[25] *Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.*

Precedence, something previous. *Sain*, here used for *said*, is found in Spenser, Browne, England's Helicon, &c., but generally for the verb, *to say*.

[26] *I will example it.*

These words, and the eight following lines, are found solely in the first edition of 1598, where they occur exactly as follows:—

> I will example it.
> The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee
> Were still at oddes being but three.
> Ther's the morrall: Now the lenvoy.

Pag. I will adde the lenuoy, say the morrall againe.
Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Pag. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.

Steevens fancies some ridicule may here be intended on Tusser's verses, in which the eras of a man's life are compared to an ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass.

"Readers not overnice may possibly receive entertainment from this only specimen that is met with in writers of a piece of holiday wit among rusticks call'd, *selling a bargain*, which consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself fool with his own lips, and is a species of making what is call'd at this time an April fool," Capell's Notes, p. 197.

[27] *The boy hath sold him a bargain.*

That is, has made a fool of him. It was a common proverbial phrase. "*Bailler foin en corne*, to give one the boots, to sell him a bargaine," Cotgrave. "*Bourder*, to cog, foist, gull, sell a bargaine, give a gudgeon unto," ibid. See also the same lexicographer in v. *Beau.*

[28] *As cunning as fast and loose.*

An allusion to fast-and-loose, which was a cheating game, played with a stick and a belt or string, so arranged that a spectator would think he could make the latter *fast* by placing a stick through its intricate folds, whereas the operater could detach it at once. The term is often used metaphorically. See further in the notes to Antony and Cleopatra.

[29] *And he ended the market.*

Ray, ed. 1678, p. 59, gives the proverb,—"Three women and a goose make a market," with the observation,—"This is an Italian one, *tre donne e un occa fan un mercato.*" The proverb occurs, in an abbreviated form, in Florio's Giardino di Recreatione, 1591, p. 202,—*tre donne fanno un mercato.*

[30] *Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.*

The old copies read, *Sirrah Costard*, but it clearly appears from his reply that Armado used the term *marry*, for it would otherwise be nearly without point. The Perkins MS. reads, "Sirrah Costard, marry, I will enfranchise thee;" the alteration above given, which seems more probable, having been suggested by Mr. Knight, in his Stratford edition, p. 82.

[31] *Thou wert immured.*

"Emured," eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; "immured," ed. 1632, &c. The first reading might perhaps be retained, taking the derivation of the word from the French.

[32] *Restrained, captivated, bound.*

"To captivate or take prisoner, or bring into captivity," Minsheu. "*Captivare*, to captivate or take prisoner," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. This archaic sense of the word was in use in America up to a comparatively recent period.

[33] *Like the sequel, I.*

"Warburton, by writing the word, *sequele*, according to the French orthography, thinks he hath restored a joke, which he tells us consists in intimating that a single page was all Armado's train. If we should grant him his French word, I cannot discover how this joke is intimated by it. I should rather think Shakespeare wrote, as the other editions give it us, "Like the sequel, I;" that is, I follow

you as close as the sequel doth the premises. This at least resembles the fantastical language which seems intended to mark the character of Moth throughout the play," Heath. "*Sequele*, a sequele, following, or consequence, the issue or successe of a thing; also, a great mans trayne or followers," Cotgrave. The term was also used in England in the sense of train or gang, or, generally, the followers of a superior. "To the intent that, by the extinction of him and his sequeale, all civil warre and inward division might cease," Holinshed, p. 639, ap. Steevens.

[34] *My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!*

Incony, fine, pretty, sweet, delicate; generally but not always used with an ironical application. So, in Doctor Dodypoll, 1600,—

> Farewell, Doctor Doddy,
> In minde and in body
> An excellent noddy:
> A coxcomb *incony*,
> But that he wants money.

In the Shoo-makers Holy-day or the Gentle Craft, the term appears to be used in the sense of, comfortable, comfortably happy; but it is generally found with one of the meanings above given. "O, I have sport inconey, i' faith," Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599. See also Middleton, ed. Dyce, i. 252; Dodsley, viii. 312; Ben Jonson, vi. 201. Warburton unnecessarily proposes to read,—"*my incony jewel*," but *Jew* was a common familiar jocular mode of address, which the hard-handed men of Athens were probably thinking of, when, in their play, they make Thisbe designate her lover,—"and eke most lovely Jew," Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii.

[35] *Why, it carries it.*

In other words,—it beats everything. The phrase is a vernacular one. "It carries *its* remuneration," ed. 1663; but the old reading is unquestionably correct, although the punctuation is defective.

[36] *A fairer name than a French crown.*

There is a double meaning here, as when the same term is used in Measure for Measure, i. 2. In many editions the article is omitted before *French*.

[37] *O, what is a remuneration?*

The interjection is found solely in ed. 1598, but is certainly correctly placed there, six consecutive speeches of Biron here commencing with it.

[38] *There's thy guerdon!*

"*Guerdon*, guerdon, recompence, meed, remuneration, reward," Cotgrave. "He that labours, doth deserve his guerdon," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[39] *Better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better.*

This seems to have been a current jest in Shakespeare's time, it being quoted in a book entitled, "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men," published in 1598, the same year in which Love's Labour's Lost was printed; so that it is not likely that Shakespeare was referring to that work. The anecdote is thus related in the publication alluded to:—

"There was, sayth he, a man (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of any), that comming to his friend's house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertayned and well used, as well of his friende, the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayd servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode

there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Holde thee, heere is a remuneration for thy paynes, which the servant receyving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a three-farthinges piece: and I holde thankes for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now, another comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, heere is a guerdon for thy desartes. Now, the servant payde no deerer for the guerdon than he did for the remuneration, though the guerdon was xj.d. farthing better, for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthinges."

It is, indeed, possible that Shakespeare had seen this in manuscript, for it is a well-known fact that works were frequently handed round amongst the author's friends sometimes for years before their publication. On the other hand, the author of the prose work may merely have constructed the anecdote from what he had remembered of Costard's jokes when they were introduced on the public stage.

[40] *I will do it, sir, in print.*

In print, that is, with exactness, with great nicety, or with the utmost care; as regularly and formally as are the lines in a printed book. "O you are a gallant in print, now, brother," Every Man out of his Humor, 1600, sig. G. 3; fol. ed., p. 115. "Your ruff must stand in print," Blurt Master Constable, 1602. A *ruff* "in print" is also mentioned by Ben Jonson, ed. Whalley, iv. 140. "This doublet sits in print, my lord," Woman is a Weathercock, 1612. "I am sure my husband is a man in print in all things else," Decker's Honest Whore, 1635. Some of the above extracts are taken from Steevens. *In point* has been proposed, without any necessity; and the Shaksperian phrase is still in use in some of the provinces.

They presse ruffe, cuffe, and band: what reason's in 't?
And yet desire they still should stand *in print.*
Exchange Ware at the Second Hand, 1615.

Player is much out of countenance if fooles doe not laugh at them, boyes clappe their hands, pesants ope their throates, and the rude raskal rabble cry, excellent, excellent: the knaves have acted their parts *in print.—Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

Thus may a Brownist's zealous ruffe *in print*
Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't.
Taylor's Praise of Hempseed, Workes, iii. 70.

A man in print; once such a man I saw,
Who whipt but vice in print, and then did draw
Himselfe in print, so much in print, that he
Comes thus in print, reform'd in print to be.
While he that whipt but vice in print doth storme,
For being a vice in print, so much in forme.
Pick's Festum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure, 1639.

[41] *A very beadle to a humorous sigh.*

The term *humorous* was used in several senses in Shakespeare's time, and it is difficult to decide what peculiar meaning it may have in this line. From one passage, scarcely admissible here, it seems to be synonymous with *amorous*, which is in fact a conjectural reading proposed in Theobald's Letters, p. 320, and inserted in the text by Hanmer. Another meaning of the word was *capricious*, as in Sheppard's Epigrams, 1651, p. 125,—"more humerous then the winds." This is also probably the intended use of the term in the phrase, "as humerous as a

bel-rope," which occurs in Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street, 1663. There is another interpretation given by Cotgrave, who translates *cerveau mal cuict*, "a light, giddie, rash, humorous, fantasticall, or ill-digested disposition;" and by Minsheu, who makes *humorous* synonymous with *fantastick*, ed. 1627, col. 371. Chapman, in his Blinde Begger of Alexandria, 1598, seems to use *humorous* in the sense of, full of *humours* or eruptive disease; but this cannot be the meaning of the word in the text. If it be used in the ordinary sense of *moist*, Biron would refer to a sigh accompanied by tears; but this would involve a construction somewhat too subtle to be lightly adopted.

[42] *Than whom no mortal so magnificent.*

Magnificent, powerful, or, perhaps, pompous, vainglorious. "Magnificence, or greatnes of myght or power," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. *Magnifica verba*, in Terence, is translated, "royall high pontificall words," in Bernard, ed. 1614, p. 146.

[43] *This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy.*

The wimple was properly a kind of tape or tippet covering the neck and shoulders; but was also applied to a kind of veil or hood, and muffler, from which latter sense the verb here used is formed, in the simple meaning of masked, veiled, concealed, or hoodwinked, as in Philpot's Works, p. 383, and in some of the examples quoted below. Wimples are mentioned in the English version of Isaiah, iii. 22, and they are made synonymous with mufflers in Percivale's Spanish and English Dictionarie, 1599, p. 380. The term was certainly used, in Shakespeare's time, in a sense different from that which obtained in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Which to signify, they *wimpled* their heades with caules wroughte with golden gressehoppers; for as gressehoppers they crepte oute of the soyle, which they stil inhabited.—*Humfrey's Nobles or of Nobilitye*, 1563.

As we account him rather blind, or blinking, then otherwise, that shall say he hath eyes sound, pure and perfect, and yet in the open day, wil never shew use of them in the presence of men, but continually be *wimpled*, and weare a veyle, so that no man can perceive whether he do see or no.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

Here I perceive a little riveling
Above my for-head, but I wimple it
Either with jewels or a lock of haire.
The Divils Charter, a Tragædie, 1607.

[44] *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

The old copies read, "This signior *Iunios*," corrected by Theobald as above, with every probability that the right reading is thus restored. *Senior* was constantly printed *signior*, as has been previously remarked at p. 242, and the compound expression agrees with the context, and with the descriptions ordinarily given of Cupid, who is termed an *old boy* by Ben Jonson in some verses in Chester's Loves Martyr, 1601, and is also mentioned in the present comedy as having "been five thousand years a boy." Pope reads, "This Signior Junio," and Upton proposes, "This Signior Julio's," on the supposition there may be a reference to the celebrated painter Julio Romano, elsewhere praised by Shakespeare, "who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf." Capell also, p. 199, says he "has some imperfect collection of an emblematical painting of Love by some great master, in which he is seen attir'd in vast armour, and bearing gigantic weapons; himself a boy peeping through apertures in it, and seeming pleas'd with his figure." Another conjecture, that the original text contains an allusion to the

character of Junius in Fletcher's Bonduca, is highly improbable, and that play could scarcely have been written before Love's Labour's Lost. Warburton is of opinion that by *Junio* is meant youth in general.

"Dan Cupid," ed. 1598, the later copies reading, *Don Cupid.* He is mentioned by Chaucer under the former title in Troilus and Creseide, iii. 1813, and in Spenser's Faerie Queene.

[45] *The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans.*

The whole of this passage has been imitated by Heywood in his Love's Mistris, 1636: "Then harken o you hoydes, and listen o you illiterates, whil'st I give you his stile in folio. Hee is King of cares, cogitations, and cox-combes; Viceroy of vowes, and vanities; Prince of passions, prateapaces, and pickled lovers; Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquesse of melancholy and mad-folkes; Grand signior of griefs and grones; Lord of lamentations; Heroe of hie-hoes; Admiral of aymees; and Mounsier of mutton laced."—*Boswell.*

> Hee's Lord high Regent of the tedious night,
> Man of the Moone he may be called right:
> Great generall of Glowormes, Owles, and Bats,
> Comptroler over such a whip the Cats.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[46] *Dread prince of plackets.*

The term placket seems to have been used in three senses, viz., a petticoat; a pocket attached to a petticoat; and, the slit or opening in that article of dress, which is usually made in the upper part of it. The word is here employed in the first of these meanings. Another interpretation is suggested by an entry in Florio's Worlde of Wordes, ed. 1598, where *torace* is translated "a placket or a stomacher;" and *placket* is explained by *sinus muliebris* in the Latin Dictionary of Coles, which Steevens says is also the sense of the term in the Wandering Whores, 1663,—"If I meet a cull in Morefields, I can give him leave to dive in my placket," but here our third definition is perhaps applicable. The following examples of the word exhibit its uses in one or other of the three senses above given. "My mouth is as close as a faulconers pouch, or a countrie wenches placket," Cupids Whirligig. "This it is to be meddling with warm plackets," Locrine.

Davenant, in the Witts, 1636, sig. E, uses the phrase "Squires of the placket" in the sense of panders. A kindred expression, "ladies of the placket," occurs in Gallus Castratus, 1659, p. 29. "The old placket-broaker," meaning a man who panders for light women, is mentioned in the play of the Marriage Broaker, 1662, p. 29. Placket is used metaphorically, for a woman, in the Queen or the Excellency of her Sex, 1653, and also in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant, act iv.

> Then all the blessings which her *placket* filled,
> She seem'd to shake, and on his head distilled.
> *Pasquil's Night Cap*, 1612.

She keepes open house, and therefore she thinkes a porter as much impertinent as laces to her placket. If herself be spunge and corke, shee hath a daughter or a chaumber maide of ivy.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

The end of their preambulation is to be taken up by some countrey gull or city cockscombe, and then your hand is no sooner in one of their *plackets*, but theirs is as nimble in one of your pockets.—*Bartholomew Faire*, 1641.

> Coming through lane of Mutton street of Turnball,
> Where that Jone lives whose *placket's* rent and torn all.
> *Bold's Poems*, 1664, p. 132.

Long time he did watch to meet with his match,
For he'd ever a mind to the *placket.*
Brome's Songs, 1668, p. 144.

Come listen awhile, tho' the weather be cold;
In your pockets and *plackets* your hands you may hold.
Frost-Fair Ballads, 1684.

Seeing in earnest the good woman lack it,
Draws a strong-water bottle from her *placket*,
Well heated with her flesh; she takes a sup,
Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.
A Satyr against Hypocrites, 1689.

The poor servant maid wears her purse in her *placket*,
A place of quick feeling, and yet you can take it;
Nor is she aware that you have done the feat,
Untill she is going to pay for her meat.
A Caveat for Cutpurses, an old ballad.

Grose has *placket-hole*, a pocket-hole. "You're so busy about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket, an ye could but attain the honour," Honest Whore; Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 241. The term placket is still in use, in England and America, for a petticoat, and, in some of the provinces, for a shift, a slit in the petticoat, a pocket, &c. Words of this description are subject to changes in their application, and, in all cases, the modern use of provincial words should always be received with caution, when employed for the illustration of an author who wrote more than two centuries ago.

Other examples of the word occur in Beaumont and Fletcher's Womans Prize, ed. 1647, p. 107; Middleton, ed. Dyce, ii. 497, iv. 447; Wilson's comedy of the Cheats, ed. 1664, p. 27; Sir Courtly Nice, ed. 1685, p. 13, ap. Dyce; "Let go, my placket's on my side," Cleaveland's Works, ed. 1687, p. 381; Nares, p. 381; various notices in Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce. "Nor mother's whalebone round their placket wore," May Day, a Poem, 1720. *Placketeering* occurs, in a licentious sense, in Homer's Ilias Burlesqu'd, 1722. A country dance, called *Joan's Placket*, is described in the Newest and Compleat Academy of Complements, 12mo., 1714.

[47] *And great general of trotting paritors.*

The term was often used metaphorically. *Paritors*, officers of the ecclesiastical court, who carried out citations, chiefly on matters of divorce, and hence the allusion. According to Blount, the word was "most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court."

[48] *And I to be a corporal of his field.*

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's New Inn:—"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo." Giles Clayton, in his Martial Discipline, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field.* In one of Drake's Voyages, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson, by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brookesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse."—*Farmer.*

Thus also, in a letter from Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, to the Privy Council. See Lodge's Illustrations, ii. 394: "Wee loste not above 2 common souldiers, and one of the *corporalls of the fielde.*"—*Steevens.*

It appears from Lord Stafford's Letters, ii. 199, that a *corporal of the field*

was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field."—*Tyrwhitt.*

Dr. Farmer's quotation of the line from Ben Jonson, "As corporal of the field, maestro del campo," has the appearance, without perhaps the intention, of suggesting that these officers were the same: this, however, was not the fact. In Styward's Pathway to Martiall Discipline, 1581, 4to, there is a chapter on the office of *maister of the campe*, and another on *the electing and office of the foure corporalls of the fields;* from which it appears that "two of the latter were appointed for placing and ordering of shot, and the other two for embattailing of the pikes and billes, who according to their worthinesse, if death hapneth, are to succeede the great sergeant or sergeant major."—*Douce.*

Corporals of the field are mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, and Raleigh speaks of them twice, i. 103, ii. 367, edit. 1751.—*Tollet.*

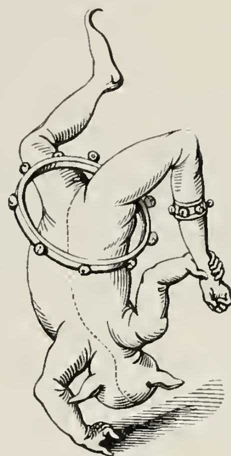
Corporals of the Field.—This office is a place of good reputation, though of great paines, labour and industry. There are commonly four of them, of which two are alwayes attending on the marshall or generall, as their right hands, discharging by their endurances the governours of the campe of many travailes, cares, and watchings. They ought either to be ancient captaines, casheer'd as we say in the altering and changings the list of the army: or experienced souldiers that know how to bestowe the companies, and where to order the regements, and ambuscadoes; but in no case they must be chosen either for favour or affection, because their service consists in knowledge and understanding the secrets of the warre, as having the overlooking of the colonels and captaines companies, that they march in order; the informing of the quarter-masters what squadrons shall goe to the watch, or other imployments; the giving the alarums to the campe, as taking notice of the scowt-masters direction; the acquainting the colonell of the regiment *volantem* with any danger or busines; the overseeing of skirmishes, and so to certifie the marshall and sergeant major where is any defect or neede of supply; and a continuall attending both night and day, as never out of imployment, when the enemy lodgeth neare, or any towne or place is besieged.—*The Military Art of Trayning*, 1622.

[49] *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*

The construction of this line is somewhat loose. The meaning is,—and wear his colours (the colours of Love) like a tumbler's hoop is worn, in every possible position. "Tumbler whyche can daunse thorowghe a hoope; tumblers hoope or corde, or any thyng that the tumbler playeth wyth," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. According to Steevens, a tumbler's hoop was frequently adorned with ribbands, and if so, the line would be sense if literally explained,—and wear his colours like those of a tumbler's hoop. The curious engraving (given at p. 297) of a demon, in the dress of a mountebank or fool, tumbling through a hoop surrounded with bells, is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a print by H. Cock, 1565, after a design by Breughel, in which is represented St. James of Compostella exorcising devils who are tormenting a magician. The following notes are extracted from the various criticisms on the passage in the text.

Love's colours were those of the willow garland, to which Shakespeare alludes, Twelfth Night, act i., and in King Henry the Sixth, act iii., and in this very play, act i., Armado observes, "That *green* is indeed the *colour of lovers.*" And the wearing of them was either about his head, or neck, as *tumblers* were wont to do, when they went with a drum before them, to gather company together, to see their feats of activity: their hoops might likewise be adorned with ribbons. But what is chiefly meant here, is the manner or fashion of wearing them. To support the opinion above, see Much ado about Nothing, act ii, "Even to the

next willow," &c. Here we are presented with the same thought or image; only the usurer's chain, and lieutenant's scarf, are turn'd into a more ridiculous thing, a tumbler's hoop.—*Smith.*



Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their masters' colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's Annals, p. 274: "All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." Again, in Selden's Duello, chap. ii.: "his esquires cloathed in his *colours*." Biron banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator.—*Tollet.*

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella:

> Because I breathe not love to every one,
> Nor doe not use set *colours* for to weare, &c.

I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson.—*Steevens.*

We have seen, however, in some half-quiet thoroughfare of Lambeth, or of Clerkenwell, a dingy cloth spread upon the road, and a ring of children called together at the sound of horn, to behold a dancing lass in all the finery of calico trowsers and spangles, and a tumbler with his hoop: and on one occasion sixpence was extracted from our pockets, because the said tumbler had his hoop splendid with ribbons, which showed him to have a reverence for the poetry and antiquity of his calling.—*C. Knight.*

[50] *What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!*

So the old copies. Hanmer inserted *what* after the word sue, and Tyrwhitt proposed to add the pronoun *I* after the first word of the line.

[51] *A woman, that is like a German clock.*

Clock was misprinted *cloake* in eds. 1598, 1623, and 1631. It is corrected in ed. 1632, and in the later folios. The same misprint occurs in A Mad World my Masters, 1608, sig. F. The comparison of women to clocks is also found in Fletcher's Wit without Money, 1639, act iv; and was probably taken primarily from the Lamentationes Matheoluli, an early copy of which is in MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. ix.

[52] *Still a repairing; ever out of frame.*

Allusions to the cumbersome and complicated German clocks of Shakespeare's time are very numerous. "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole

house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters," Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. Compare Middleton's Mad World my Masters, 1608,—

> Being ready, she consists of hundred peeces,
> Much like your German clock, and nere allyed;
> Both are so nice, they cannot goe for pride:
> Beside a greater fault, but too well knowne,
> Theyle strike to ten, when they shold stop at one.

No *German clock* nor mathematical engine whatsoever requires so much reparation as a woman's face.—*Westward Hoe*, 1607.

But their wits, like wheeles in *Brunswick clocks*, being all wound up so farre as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truely.—*Dekker's Knight's Conjuring*, 1607.

As great pittie it were that all mens wives (especially those that, like *Dutch watches*, have larums in their mouths) should last so long as thou hast done.—*Old Meg of Herefordshire*, 1609.

They are like the German clocks, which seldome goe right; their tongues run faster than the clocke on Shrove-Tuesday.—*Essayes and Characters of a Prison*, 1638.

> *Hear*. For my good toothlesse countesse, let us try
> To win that old Emerit thing, that like
> An image in a *German clock*, doth move,
> Not walke; I meane that rotten Antiquary.
>
> *Cartwright's Ordinary*, 8vo. Lond. 1651.

It appears from the next line in the text, that a clock was also sometimes called a watch, and some of the allusions to Dutch watches may be intended to apply to German clocks. "You are not daily mending, like Dutch watches," Wit without Money; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iv. 144. A German watch, mentioned in the Roaring Girle, 1611, seems to mean literally what we now term a watch.

German clock-work, frequently mentioned at a later period, seems to refer to moving figures, &c., worked by the machinery of a clock. Oldham, in his Satires upon the Jesuits, alludes to, "Sands water-works and German clock-work too," &c. "His tongue, indeed, like the Germane clockwork at Bartholmew Fair, is wound up but for a season," The Hectors or the False Challenge, 1656, p. 11. "'Tis German clockwork, sure; how its eyes roul! look ye, the mouth on't moves," Duffet's Spanish Rogue, 1674, p. 44. Compare, also, the Character of a Covetous Citizen, 1702,—

> He now so formal grows, the whole machine
> Moves as if *German clock-work* rul'd within:
> His actions tim'd to certain minutes are,
> And ev'ry thing he does is regular.

[53] *A whitely wanton with a velvet brow.*

> And now day spent, and night comen on apace,
> Night-gadding Cynthia with her *whitely* face
> Having past half the heavens in chariot faire;
> Æneas (for he takes no rest for care)
> Sitting himself, the helm holds, sails does tend.
>
> *Virgil, translated by John Vicars*, 1632.

[54] *Pray, sue, groan.*

The editor of the second folio, with his usual want of appreciation of

Shaksperian metre, and his evident tendency to acknowledge merely syllabic correctness, inserts *and* before *groan*. The word *sue*, in eds. 1598 and 1623, is spelt *shue*. It is corrected in ed. 1631.

[55] *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*

Joan was a generic term for any rustic female, or for any woman of low rank, and was frequently used in contrast to "my lady," as in Markham's Servingmans Comfort, 1598,—"What hath Joan to do with my lady?" There is an old proverb, recorded by Ray,—"Jone's as good as my lady in the dark," English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 162. "Jone is as neatly trickt up as my lady, and the artizan as the gentleman," Sage Senator, p. 135. So, as late as 1715, in Poor Robin's Almanack,—

For Jone the cook so fine doth go,
None doth her from the mistress know.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?[1]
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.[2]
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?[3]
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.[4]
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What! what! first praise me, and again say no?[5]
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass,[6] take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days![7]
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now Mercy goes to kill,[8]
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,[9]
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.[10]

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty[11]
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lord o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.[12]

Cost. God dig-you-den all![13] Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,[14]
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[15]

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to—Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*]

By heaven, that thou art fair,[16] is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous;[17] truer than truth itself; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate[18] king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon;[19] and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to annothanize[20] in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet,*[21] he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles;[22] For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar[23]
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.[24]
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[25] and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord, to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* Princess *and Train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[26]
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off![27]

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?[28]

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain[29] was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. [*Singing.*]—

> Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,[30]
> Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* ROSALINE *and* KATHARINE.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't,[31] to mete at,[32] if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand![33] I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.[34]

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.[35]

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily;[36] your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing.[37] Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side,[38]—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan![39]
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will
swear!—[40]
And his page at other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit![41]
Sowla, sowla![42] [*A noise raised after shooting is heard within.*]
[*Exit* COSTARD *running.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES,[43] SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,[44]—in blood; ripe as a pomewater,[45] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,[46]—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes. the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.[47]

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.[48]

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity,[49] *bis coctus!*—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper,[50] as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal,[51] only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful
should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are[52]) for those parts that do
fructify in us more than he.[53]

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning,[54] to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull;[55] Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks,[56] when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.[57]

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer[58] the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.[59]

Hol. I will something affect the letter;[60] for it argues facility.[61]

The preyful princess[62] pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then Sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else Sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L![63]
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[64] look how he claws him with a talent.[65]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater;*[66] and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daugh-

ters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable,[67] I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pierce-one.[68] An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre[69] of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine:[70] 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

Hol.

> Fauste, precor gelida[71] quando pecus omne sub umbra
> Ruminat—

And so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

> ——Vinegia, Vinegia,[72]
> Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or rather, as Horace says in his[73]—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. [*Reads.*]

> If love make me forsworn,[74] how shall I swear to love?
> Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
> Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
> Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
> Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
> Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.
> If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
> Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.[75]
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet.[76] Here are only numbers ratified:[77] but, for the elegancy,[78] facility and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing:[79] so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired[80] horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,[81] one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript,—"To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[82] to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king: and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet;[83] deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu!

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.[84] But to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast,[85] it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*;[86] where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, [*to* DULL] I do invite you too;[87] you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch:[88] pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax:[89] it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be malicholy:[90] and here is part of my rhyme, and here my malicholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world,

I would not care a pin,[91]
If the other three were in!

Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan.
[*Gets up into a tree.*[92]

Enter the KING *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:[93] —In faith, secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot[94]
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:[95]

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
  Through the transparent bosom of the deep,[96]
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
  Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
  So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
  And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly! Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! [*Aside.*
Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[97] [*Aside.*
King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*
Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,[98]
The shape of Love's Tyburn,[99] that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are gards on wanton Cupid's hose:[100]
Disfigure not his slop.[101]
Long. This same shall go. [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye[102]
  ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
  Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
  Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
  Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,[103]
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,[104] which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess:[105] pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company!—stay. [*Stepping aside.*
Biron. [*Aside.*] All-hid, all-hid,[106] an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill![107] O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is but corporal:[108] there you lie. [*Aside.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[109]
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*
King. And I mine too, good lord! [*Aside.*
Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
Dum. I would forget her; but, a fever, she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers:[110] Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum.
On a day, (alack the day!)[111]
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;[112]
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.[113]
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Ah, would I might triumph so![114]
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:[115]
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear,[116]
Juno but an Ethiop were;[117]
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.[118]
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,[119]
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ah me! says one: O Jove, the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold,[120] crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To* DUMAIN.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?[121]
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now, step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving,[122] that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[123] in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote;[124] the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat![125]
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,[126]
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,[127]
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,[128]
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys![129]
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho![130]

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you:[131]
I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.[132]
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan?[133] or spend a minute's time
In pruning me?[134] When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state,[135] a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?[136]
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?[137]
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what mean you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.— [*To* COSTARD.
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;[138]
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,[139]
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away.[140]
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:[141]
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,[142]
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.[143]
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:[144]
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;[145]
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;[146]
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine![147]
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.[148]
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night;[149]
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.[150]
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.[151]
O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
It mourns that painting, and usurping hair,[152]
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;[153]
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[*Showing his shoe.*
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms:[154]
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book:[155]
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding poisons up[156]
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tire
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?[157]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation,[158] have found out
Such fiery numbers,[159] as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors,[160] have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;[161]
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :[162]
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :[163]
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,[164]
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?[165]
Subtle as sphynx ; as sweet and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;[166]
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.[167]
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.[168]
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.[169]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :[170]
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;[171]
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;[172]
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or esle we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
It is religion to be thus forsworn ;[173]
For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.[174]

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these gloses by ;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First from the park let us conduct them thither ;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,[175]
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.[176]
  King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
  Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle, reap'd no corn;[177]
  And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
  If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Against the steep uprising of the hill.*

Uprising, that is, acclivity. An obvious, but very unusual, sense of the word. In the second and later folios, it is erroneously printed *unrising*.

[2] *Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.*

The early editions read *a* for *he*, the former being a familiar form of this pronoun, which seems to have been somewhat capriciously introduced, possibly in many cases by the compositors. Both forms occur in a subsequent line in this scene,—"Indeede, a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout."

[3] *That we may stand and play the murderer in.*

Shooting at deer with cross-bows was formerly a fashionable amusement even with ladies, and the illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth century have numerous representations of the practice, which was also common in the time of Shakespeare.

How familiar this amusement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I besiche your Lordeshipp to tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the same even as your Lordeshippes owne. My ladye may shote with her crosbowe," &c., Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 203. Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewsbury, vol. iii. p. 295:—"Your Lordeshype hath sente me a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the wellcomer beynge stryken by your ryght honourable Ladie's hande, &c.—My balde bucke lyves styll to wayte upon your L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, which I expect whensoever shall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hytt hym* throgh the nose, for marryng hys whyte face; howbeitt I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie of my buckes, sence the last tyme that pleased her to take the travell *to shote att them*," &c.—Dated July, 1605.—*Steevens.*

The practice of ladies shooting at deer in this passage alluded to, is of great antiquity, as may be collected from Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 9. The old romances abound with such incidents; but one of the most diverting is recorded in the History of Prince Arthur, part 3, chap. cxxiv., where a lady huntress wounds Sir Lancelot of the Lake, instead of a deer, in a manner most "comically tragical." —*Douce.*

[4] *A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.*

According to Mr. Hunter, there is here an allusion to a building with a flat roof called a stand or standing, erected in the park for the purpose of sheltering the deer-shooters. Goldingham, in a poem in MS. Harl. 6902, mentions a

"standing made to shoot at stately deer." In Machyn's Diary for 1559, p. 206, it is stated that the Queen "stod at her standyng in the further park," when she was stopping at Nonsuch. The stand, with "the elected deer before thee," is alluded to in Cymbeline, act iii.; and in Philaster, a woodman observes that the Princess means to shoot, for "she'll take a stand."

[5] *And again say, no?*

"And then," ed. 1623; "then again," ed. 1632. The reading of ed. 1598, here adopted, seems preferable, and it is certainly from the best authority.

[6] *Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.*

The forester himself is the mirror or glass, but Dr. Johnson thinks there is also an allusion to the custom then common of ladies wearing glasses suspended from their girdles. This fashion may have rendered the metaphor more obvious. Cotgrave, in v. *Contenance*, mentions "the small looking-glasse which some ladies have usually hanging at their girdles."

[7] *O heresy in fair, fit for these days.*

In other words,—what heretical opinions now prevail in regard to beauty. There is now no true faith in *fair*, or beauty, for my own title to it is only acknowledged when I exhibit my merit or excellence in liberality, without any reference to the real nature of my claim; and an adherence, depending on such considerations, may well be termed heretical. An anonymous critic observes, "the heresy here playfully alluded to is the error of supposing that people can be *beautified* by their gifts as well as by their appearance; just as a religious heresy consists in the idea that a person can be justified by his works as well as by his faith." The Perkins MS. reads, "heresy in *faith*," but the heresy consists in the actual change of the attribution of beauty on the receipt of the money, not in the belief of its being saved by merit.

[8] *Now Mercy goes to kill.*

In all the old editions, except that of ed. 1685, *Mercy* is printed with a capital letter, but no conclusion can be positively drawn from this circumstance, it having been customary to print substantives generally in that manner. Mr. Hunter thinks, no doubt rightly, that Mercy is here a kind of personification. Shakespeare has, in fact, the constant practice of personifying words of this description, and there is occasionally a source of embarrassment in the endeavour to settle absolutely where the line should be drawn in distinguishing them by capitals. Thus, in the present act,—"Affection's men at arms," and in numerous other instances.

[9] *When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part.*

An outward part, that is, an external consideration, as opposed to the spiritual; for these outward considerations,—glory, fame, and praise—we turn to those the natural sympathies of our hearts, which would otherwise tend to purer objects. The editor of the second folio, not understanding the construction, reads,—"to praise an outward part."

[10] *That my heart means no ill.*

"That my heart means no ill," is the same with, *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.—Johnson.* Warburton unnecessarily alters *that* to *tho'*.

[11] *Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty.*

Not a sovereignty *over*, but *in*, themselves. So, *self*-sufficiency, *self*-consequence, &c.—*Malone.*

[12] *Here comes a member of the commonwealth.*

Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended: a member of the *common*-wealth, is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meanest.—*Johnson.*

The Princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*, because she considers him as one of the attendants on the King and his associates in their *new-modelled society;* and it was part of their original plan that Costard and Armado should be *members* of it.—*M. Mason.*

[13] *God dig-you-den all!*

A corruption of—God give you good even.—*Malone.*

[14] *An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit.*

And was not one of her maid's girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by some accident or other. The lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own gross shape, and her slender wit.—*Warburton.*

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well considered. It is plain that the ladies' girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth;* and again tells her, *you are the thickest here.* If any alteration is to be made, I should propose, " An' your waist, mistress, were as slender as your wit." This would point the reply; but perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness.—*Johnson.*

[15] *Break up this capon.*

A letter is here humorously called a capon, in the same way that Laneham, in his quaint Letter, 1575, speaks of a cold-pigeon, meaning to imply, a message. So, in Westward Hoe, 1607, a letter is called a wild-fowl,—" At the skirt of that sheet, in black work, is wrought his name; break not up the wild-fowl till anon, and then feed upon him in private." A similar expression is found in French. "*Poulet*, a chicken; also, a love-letter or love-message," Cotgrave. According to Theobald, the Italians use the same kind of expression, terming a love-epistle *una pollicetta amorosa.*

To *break up*, was a technical phrase in carving, applied to cutting up a hen or chicken. It is metaphorically applied to the opening of letters in Lodge's Wounds of Civill War, 1594,—" Lectorius, read, and break these letters up;" and in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humor, 1600,—" and there one of your familiars breakes it up, and reads it publikely at the table."

> What grace we use, it makes small diff'rence, when
> We carve a hare, or else *breake up* a hen.
> *Montaigne's Essayes, translated by Florio*, ed. 1603, p. 166.

One of them, which was well hungry and a craftie fellow, said to the other companion, in the meane while that I *breake up* and order this hen, recount unto me whereof your father died.—*Minsheu's Pleasant and Delightfull Dialogues*, 1623.

See also Ben Jonson's Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed, vii. 411.

[16] *By heaven, that thou art fair.*

Wilson, in his Arte of Rhetorike, ed. 1584, p. 165, has ridiculed affected

epistolary writing in a curious letter, which commences as follows,—"Ponderyng, expendyng, and revolutyng with myself, your ingent affability and ingenious capacity for mundaine affaires, I cannot but selebrate and extol your magnifical dexteritie above all other."

[17] *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous.*

That is, fairer than the fairest, more beautiful than the most beauteous. Warton unnecessarily proposes to transpose the word *more* to form the comparative of *beautiful*, but it is there understood, and the use of the double comparative is common in works of this period.

[18] *And most illustrate king.*

Illustrate, glorious, honorable, illustrious. "Jove will not let me meet illustrate Hector," Chapman's Homer, Il. xi., ap. Steevens. "Their illustrate thoughts doe voice this right," verses pref. to Lovelace's Lucasta, 1649.

> But 'mongst them all, that most *illustrate* beast,
> That worthy counsellor from heav'n y-blest,
> The noble elephant, tooke speciall heed
> That out of court such beggers he might weed.
> *Niccol's Beggars Ape*, c. 1607.

[19] *The pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon.*

The old copies read *Zenelophon*, but this, as Percy observes, seems to be a corruption, for Penelophon sounds more like the name of a woman; and the latter is the Beggar's name in the old ballad, correctly restored by Mr. Collier. See further on the subject of this song in the notes to Romeo and Juliet.

[20] *Which to annothanize in the vulgar.*

Annothanize, eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; anatomize, ed. 1632. The original word, a pedantic version of *annotate*, was restored by Mr. Knight.

[21] *Videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame.*

Capell alters *videlicet* to *is*, on the supposition that the printer mistook the latter word for *viz.* The verb *saw* is given on the authority of the second folio, the early editions reading *see.* A similar alteration was made by Rowe in the same paragraph, and has been usually adopted.

[22] *For tittles, titles.*

Tittles, any minute articles, very trifles. The term is usually applied to full stops, or any diminutive marks. "The little blacke *tittle* in the dice whereby the chaunce is knowne, syse, sinke, cater, trey, dewse,"—Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 263.

[23] *Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar.*

This stanza has been given, in modern editions, as if spoken by Boyet after he has read Armado's letter; but it evidently is a sort of conclusion to it in verse. The verse is quite consistent with the prose by which it is preceded, and Armado has already told us that he should "turn sonneteer." This is to be taken as a specimen of the "whole volumes in folio" he promised to pen.—*J. P. Collier.*

[24] *Going o'er it erewhile.*

Erewhile, lately, a little while ago. "I, who *erewhile* the happy garden sung," Paradise Regained. "Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd *while e'er*," Raleigh. It is scarcely necessary to say a pun is intended on the word *stile.*

[25] *A phantasm, a Monarcho.*

There is here an allusion to a fantastic character, who was well-known in Elizabeth's time, and whose history, as far as at present known, must be judged of from the following notices. The most curious is a poem in Churchyard's Chance, 1580, cited by Steevens, entitled, "The Phantasticall Monarckes Epitaphe:"—

Though Dant be dedde, and Marrot lies in graue,
And Petrarks sprite bee mounted past our vewe,
Yet some doe liue (that poets humours haue)
To keepe old course with vains of verses newe:
Whose penns are prest to paint out people plaine,
That els a sleepe in silence should remaine:
Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
Thyne Epitaphe shall here set forthe thy fame.
Thy climyng mynde aspierd beyonde the starrs,
Thy loftie stile no yearthly titell bore:
Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warrs,
Thy tauntyng tong was pleasant sharpe and sore.
And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,
The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine:
Alone with freend he could of wonders treate,
In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.
No matche for fooles, if wisemen were in place,
No mate at meale to sit with common sort:
Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
Moste bent to words on hye and solempne daies,
Of diet fine, and daintie diuerse waies:
And well disposde, if Prince did pleasure take,
At any mirthe that he, poore man, could make.
On gallant robes his greatest glorie stood,
Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde:
He feard no state, nor caerd for worldly good.
Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.
And still he saied, the strong thrusts weake to wall,
When sword bore swaie, the *Monarke* should have all.
The man of might at length shall *Monarke* bee,
And greatest strength shall make the feeble flee.
When straungers came in presence any wheare,
Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttred than:
He had a voice could thonder through the eare,
And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man:
But sure small mirthe his matter harped on.
His forme of life who lists to look upon,
Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will:
The man is dedde, yet *Monarks* liueth still.

Thrasibulus, otherwise called Thrasillus, being sore oppressed with this melancholike humor, imagined that all the ships, which arrived at port Pyræus, were his: insomuch as he would number them, and command the mariners to lanch, &c., triumphing at their safe returnes, and moorning for their misfortunes. The Italian, whom we called here in England, the Monarch, was possessed with the like spirit or conceipt.—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, first cited by Douce.

I could use an incident for this, which though it may seem of small weight, yet may it have his misterie with this act, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any purturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Chaldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander. The actors were that Bergamasco, for his phantastick humors named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about *foure and twentie yeares past* in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversie, they kept in their walk the Spanish turne; which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe, in respect of his supposed majestie; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies: the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie.—*A Briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590.

No other incitement he needed to rouze his plumes, pricke up his eares, and run away with the bridle betwixt his teeth and take it upon him; (of his owne originall ingrafted disposition theretoo he wanted no aptnes) but now he was an insulting Monarch above *Monarcha* the Italian, that wore crownes on his shooes; and quite renounst his naturall English accents and gestures, and wrested himselfe wholly to the Italian *puntilios*, speaking our homely Iland tongue strangely, as if he were but a raw practitioner in it, and but ten daies before had entertained a schoole master to teach him to pronounce it.—*Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

As a chamælcon is fedd with none other nourishment then with the ayre, and therefore shee is alwayes gaping; so popular applause dooth nourish some, neither doe they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie. As in times past Herostratus and Manlius Capitolinus did: and in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the Court.—*Meres' Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

Heere comes a souldier; for my life, it is a Captain Swag: 'tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a Monarcho of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young goslings.—*Rich's Faultes, Faults, and nothing else but Faults*, 1606.

The expression *phantasm* does not appear to have been used in its ordinary sense, but rather in that of a fantastic singular individual. Persons distinguished by "theyr fantasticke change" are termed *phantasmas* in Guilpin's Skialetheia or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598. See also act v. sc. 1. *Phantasime*, ed. 1623.

[26] *Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?*

The words *suitor* and *shooter* were formerly pronounced, and frequently written, alike. The old editions here adopt the latter form, but the tenor of the dialogue would scarcely be intelligible to modern readers without the admission of the change here made. Drayton has *sute* for *shoot*, in his Shepheards Garland, 1593. "Well, sir, then my *shute* is void," Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602. "A peach-colour satten *shute*," London Prodigall, 1605. "What will *inshue*," ibid. "I will *shue* him," ibid. "She hath wit at will, and *shuters* two or three," ibid. "Enter the *suters*. . . . Are not these archers? what do you call 'em, *shooters*," The Puritaine, 1607. "The king's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*," Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, 1618.

Sue is spelt *shue* in the ed. 1623 of the present comedy, p. 129; and *shoots* is misprinted *suites* in the same volume, in Antony and Cleopatra, p. 365. "Hortensio a *shuiter* to Bianca," Taming of the Shrew, ed. 1632, p. 210. So, in an old ballad, Well Matched at Last,—

> Ile spruce myselfe up, then, incontinently,
> And to her Ile goe as a shutering guest.

Monk Mason and Mr. Knight doubt there being a quibble intended in the passage in the text; but, if not, what can be the meaning of Rosaline's expression —"finely put off."

[27] *Finely put off!*

Dr. Farmer conjectures that this is a marginal observation, but without probability. "Finely put off, wench, i' faith," Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607. "*Crab.* I like your reasons well, but not so well your often kissing; therefore, hence, forbear!—*Good.* Touchstones, the oftner rubb'd, do draw the better.—*Crab.* Fairly put off.", Marriage Broaker or the Pander, 1662.

[28] *And who is your deer?*

Our author has the same play on this word in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act. v. Again, in his Venus and Adonis:—"I 'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*."—*Malone.*

[29] *When queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench.*

Guinever was the queen of King Arthur, and how she deceived her husband is well known to every reader of the old romances. Dr. Forman, the astrologer, in one of his fanciful collections in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, says, "she was twelve foote longe, and went all in white; a longe leane visage, mixed of red and white, and a crown on her hed; a whitesh flaxen haire, a clear complection, a brod and hie forhed, a round forhed, graie eyes, a full round eye; a lyttle shorte nose and slender; a gren jewell in her lefte eare; a straight bodied gown of whit silk, and a whit mantell; a hie collor in her gowne, and a plain faling band, brod without lace, and her gown buttoned up close before. She had noe hoope, noe fardingalle; a smalle long hand. She lived almost a hundred years."—MS. Ashmole 802. "His (Arthur's) wife was named Guinever, daughter to the king of Biscay, and near kinswoman to Cador duke or earl of Cornwall; a lady who for her beauty was the miracle of her times, had it not been accompanied with a vicious minde; not onely abusing her self by unlawfully accompanying with Mordred, son to Lotho King of Picts, but also in her husbands absence consented to be his wife,"—Select Lives of English Worthies. The name and annals of this queen were proverbial in Shakespeare's time, and any flaunty personage was called after her, the name also being frequently used jocularly or in contempt. "His life and doctrine may both be to us an ensample, for since the raigne of Queen Gueniver was there never seene worse," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. Florio, in his New World of Words, ed. 1611, p. 224, has,—"*Guinedra*, a word of mockerie for the Tartares queene or empresse, *as we say, queene Guiniver*." See also Wilson's Coblers Prophesie, 1594; Decker's Satiromastix, 1602; Marston's Malcontent, 1604; Breton's Olde Mans Lesson and a Young Mans Love, 1605, sig. B 4; Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, ii. 63; Taylor's Workes, 1630, ii. 3; Totenham Court, 1638, p. 54; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iii. 90; Behn's Younger Brother, 1696, p. 41.

[30] *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.*

In July, 1579, Hugh Jackson received from the Stationers' Company a licence

"to printe a ballat intytuled, There is a better game if you could hit yt," which was probably to the same tune as that here referred to. "And when 'tis done, not miss, to give my wench a kiss, and then dance *Canst thou not hit it?*", Wily Beguiled, 1606.

[31] *Let the mark have a prick in 't.*

The prick was the small mark in the very centre of the butts. "That which is most perfect and best in shootinge, as alwayes to hit the pricke, was never seene nor hard tell on yet amonges men," Ascham's Toxophilus. Thus, says the Princess Floripas in the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne,

—— sir Gye my love so free,
Thou kanste welle hit the *pricke;*
He shall make no booste in his contré;
God gyfe him sorowe thikke!

Compare, also, the Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 27,—

The messenger of Christ, Saint Paul,
Taught them to shoot at no such *prick.*

[32] *To mete at, if it may be.*

To mete, that is, to measure. Here, metaphorically, to measure the direction of the object of the sight; in other words, to aim at.

[33] *Wide o' the bow-hand.*

That is, a good deal to the left of the mark. The expression, according to Douce, is still retained in modern archery.

[34] *'A must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.*

The clout was the white mark in the centre of the butts, and was termed the clout or the white. "*Dáre in cárta*, to hit the white or clout of a but or marke," Florio's New World of Words, 1611. "Though the clout we doe not alwaies hit," epilogue to the Staple of Newes, p. 76.

And they did marvaile very much,
There could be any archer such
To shoote so farre the cloute to tutch.
Yorke for my Monie, an old ballad.

Change your marke, shoot at a white; wil say, come, sticke me in the clout, sir.—*History of the Two Maids of More-Clacke*, 1609.

[35] *Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.*

In ed. 1598 the word *pin* is misprinted *is in*, the compositor taking those words from the previous line. The error is repeated in eds. 1623 and 1631, and was first corrected in ed. 1632. The pin was the wooden nail that upheld the clout. "Yea, but as farre as I can see, Cupid hath hit the pinne," Common Condicions, 1576. The application of the word in the text does not bear investigation.

When shooters aime at buttes and prickes,
They set up whites and shew the pinne.
Gosson's Pleasant Quippes, 1594.

[36] *You talk greasily; your lips grow foul.*

Greasily, that is, grossly. So, in Marston's third Satire:—" —— when *greasy* Aretine, for his rank fico, is sirnam'd divine."—*Steevens.*

[37] *I fear too much rubbing.*

To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling green. See Troilus and Cressida. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment.—*Malone.*

[38] *Armatho o' the one side.*

"Ath toothen side," ed. 1598; "ath to the side," ed. 1623; "ath to side," ed. 1632. The proper name is printed erroneously *Armathor* in some of the early copies.

[39] *To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!*

It was formerly the custom for a lady's fan to be carried, when not in use, by her servingman, a service also frequently performed by lovers. In the thirty-fourth epigram in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611, the attentive husband is ridiculed for carrying his wife's pet dog and her fan. The author of Twelve Ingenious Characters, 1686, says of the lover,—"mean time you may feed him cheaper than a camelion, for a good look serves him a week at least, and he is prouder of holding his mistress's busk or fan, than a schoolboy with a sceptre in his hand, playing the emperor's part in the school."

Who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legges of purpose, and a blacke satten sute of his owne to goe before her in; which sute, for the more sweetning, now lyes in lavander; and can hide his face with her fanne, if need require; or sit in the cold at the stayre foot for her as well as another gentleman.—*Every Man out of his Humor*, 1600.

In countrie townes men use fannes for their corne,
  And such like fannes I cannot discommend:
But in great cities fannes by truls are borne,
  The sight of which doth greatly God offend.
And were it not I should be deem'd precise,
I could approve these fond fann'd fooles unwise.
Lane's Tom Tel-Troths Message, 1600.

He beareth Ruby, a gentlewomans foulding fan half opened Argent, garnished or adorned with variety of fancies, stories, or landskips, proper. Some term it a circle fan, becaused being opened to its full extent, it is just the half of a semicircle. This is born by the name of fane.—He beareth Argent, a feathered fan, sable; handled, or. This is also termed a matrons fan, being more comely and civil for old persons then the former, which is stuft with nothing but vanity. This is born by the name of Featherfoile.—*Holme's Academy of Armory*, 1688.

See specimens of fans in the large woodcut copied in vol. ii. p. 120, and examples in the variorum edition selected from drawings by Titian and Cesare Vecelli.

Looking-glasses were sometimes set in the broad part of the fan above the handle. In Lovelace's Poems, p. 53, is one on "Lucasta's fanne with a looking-glasse in it," where the latter is spoken of as "thy inclosed feather-framed glasse."

In this glasse shall you see, that the glasses which you carry in *fannes* of feathers, shew you to bee lighter then fethers: that the glasses wherein you carouse your wine, make you to bee more wanton then Bacchus: that the new-found glasse chaines that you weare about your neckes, argue you to bee more brittle then glasse.—*Lilly's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

[40] *And how most sweetly 'a will swear.*

Malone is of opinion that a line following this has been lost, and in the Perkins manuscript there is added,—"Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare." Even were this addition unexceptionable, few editors would venture to

introduce a new line into the works of the great dramatist, on the sole authority of a volume of unascertained antiquity; but it seems scarcely to agree with the context, the act of looking for babies in the eyes requiring a nearer approach than would be practicable in a walk; and that Armado is described throughout as walking in company with a lady, is apparent from the commencement of the next line, "*and his page o' t'other side.*" The expression of looking for babies in eyes is an old and common one. "Men will not looke for babes in hollow eyen," Churchyard's Tragicall Discours of a Dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593. "Lookes fortunes in his fist, and babies in his eyes," Christian turn'd Turke, 1612. "The time rather serveth to looke babies in womens eyes, then to picke out moates," Rich's Honestie of this Age, 1614. "To look gay babies in your eyes, yong Rowland, and hang about your prety neck," Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman's Prize, ed. 1647, p. 119. "He that daily spies twin-babies in his mistresse geminies," Poole's English Parnassus. "Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks," Massinger's Renegado.

> 'Tis time we left our childish love
> That trades for toyes, and now approve
> Our abler skill; they are not wise,
> Look *babies onely in the eyes.*—*Randolph's Poems*, 1643.

[41] *Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!*

The article *a*, omitted in the earliest editions, was first supplied in ed. 1632. The term *nit* is here used in contempt for a very diminutive person, as again in the Taming of the Shrew, act iv.,—"thou flea, thou nit." Cotgrave translates *lende*, "a nit or chit," the latter term being still often metaphorically used. *Pathetical* seems to be used in the sense of, fantastically serious, fashionably sad.

[42] *Sowla! Sowla!—Shouting within.*

Sowla appears to be some exclamation, or some musical note, the meaning of which is not very apparent, unless it be a form of one of the terms of the gamut. The stage-direction in ed. 1623 is, "Shoote within," altered in ed. 1632 to, "Showte within." In ed. 1631 it runs thus,—"Shoote with him."

[43] *Enter Holofernes.*

An old play of Holophernes was acted before the Princess Elizabeth in 1556, and the following memorandum occurs in a MS. relating to Derby, under the date of 1572,—"in this year Holofornes was played by the townsmen." These compositions related, in all probability, to the story narrated in the Apochrypha. One of the characters, in Glapthorne's comedy of the Hollander, 1640, addresses another as, Sir Holofernes. Shakespeare took the name, in all probability, from Rabelais.

[44] *The deer was, as you know, sanguis,—in blood.*

So the old copies, which Capell unnecessarily altered to,—"in sanguis, blood." In blood,—that is, in fine condition. "If we be English deer, be then in blood," Henry VI. It may be well doubted if the author intended to make the Latinity of Holofernes perfectly correct. In the speeches of Master Rombus, in Sir P. Sydney's Lady of the May, the Latin is purposely in some cases incorrect, which increases the satire on the schoolmaster. These speeches are so illustrative of the present scene, the reader will be probably interested in the following extracts:

Then came forward Maister Rombus, and with many speciall graces made this learned oration.—Now the thunderthumping Jove transfund his dotes into your excellent formositie, which have with your resplendent beames thus segregated the enmitie of these rurall animals: I am *Potentissima Domina*, a schoole-maister,

that is to say, a pedagogue, one not a litle versed in the disciplinating of the juventall frie, wherein (to my laud I say it) I use such geometricall proportion, as neither wanted mansuctude nor correction, for so it is decribed.—*Parcare subjectos et debellire superbos.*—Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for comming, *solummodo*, to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reverence, then if I had bin some *Pecorius Asinus.* I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus sapiento satum est.* But what sayd that Trojan *Æneas*, when he sojorned in the surging sulkes of the sandiferous seas, *Hæc olim memonasse juvebit.* Well well, *ad propositos revertebo*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the soveraigne Lady of this Dame Maias month, hath bene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of yong men, to whom the crafty coward Cupid had *inquam* delivered his diredolorous dart.—*But here the May Lady interrupted his speech, saying to him:*— Away, away, you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princelie sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wise eares.—*At which Maister Rombus in a great chafe cried out:—O Tempori, ô Moribus!* in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a lady, *in cæteris* a maid, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a foole; *ô Tempori, ô Moribus!*

Heu, Ehem, hei, Insipidum, Inscitium vulgorum et populorum. Why, you brute Nebulons, have you had my *corpusculum* so long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to me, for I am gravidated with child, till I have endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebrosities. First you must divisionate your point, *quasi* you should cut a cheese into two particles, for thus must I uniforme my speech to your obtuse conceptions; for *Prius dividendum oratio antequam definiendum exemplum gratia*, either Therion must conquer this Dame Maias Nymphe, or Espilus must overthrow her, and that *secundum* their dignity, which must also be subdivisionated into three equall *species*, either according to the penetrancie of their singing, or the meliority of their functions, or lastly the superancy of their merits *De* singing *satis. Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their estate first, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deepely deserved.

O tace, tace, or all the fat will be ignified; first let me dilucidate the very intrinsicall maribone of the matter. He doth use a certaine rhetoricall invasion into the poynt, as if in deed he had conference with his lams, but the troth is he doth equitate you in the meane time, maister Rixus, for thus he saith, that sheepe are good, *ergo* the shepheard is good; An *Enthimeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *contingentes:* againe he sayth, who liveth well is likewise good, but shepheards live well, *ergo* they are good; *Sillogisme* in Darius king of Persia a *Conjugatis;* as you would say, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one soule: but do you but acquiescate to my exhortation, and you shall extinguish him. Tell him his major is a knave, his minor is a foole, and his conclusion both; *Et ecce homo blancatus quasi lilium.*

Bene bene, nunc de questione prepositus, that is as much to say, as well, well; now of the proposed question, that was, whether the many great services and many great faults of Therion, or the fewe small services and no faults of Espilus, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

[45] *Ripe as a pomewater.*

"As a," ed. 1623; "as the," ed. 1598. The first reading is supported by the next mention of an apple,—"falleth like *a* crab," that is, a crab-apple. "De

sweetest apple in de world; 'tis better den de pomewater or apple-john," Old Fortunatus. In the Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling Streete, 1607, the apple of the eye is amusingly called the pomewater, sig. C. In the old black-letter ballad of Blew-Cap for Me, the cheeks of a Netherland mariner are said to have resembled "two roasting pomwaters." In Gerard's Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 1273, is an engraving of the "Malus Carbonaria, the Pome Water tree," but no particular description of it is given. "The pomewater is an excellent good and great whitish apple, full of sap or moisture, somewhat pleasant sharpe, but a little bitter withall; it will not last long, the winter frosts soone causing it to rot and perish," Parkinson's Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 587. Worlidge, in his Vinetum Britannicum, ed. 1676, p. 160, calls this kind of apple "an indifferent good lasting fruit." Compare, also, Nabbes' Covent Garden, 1638, p. 33.

[46] *In the ear of cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven.*

"*Ciélo*, heaven, the skie, the firmament or welkin," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. These words would, however, naturally occur as synonymes, and are also probably to be found in some of the Latin dictionaries of the time. "*Térra*, the element called earth, anie grounde, earth, countrie, province, region, land, soile, towne," ibid.

[47] *It was a buck of the first head.*

In old hunting phraseology, the name of the hart, buck, &c., changed in every year of its age. The buck in its fifth year, and the roebuck in its fourth year, was termed *a buck of the first head.*

I caused the keeper to sever the rascall deere from the buckes of the first head: now, sir, a bucke the first yeare is a fawne, the second yeare a pricket, the third yeare a sorell, the fourth yeare a soare, the fift *a bucke of the first head*, the sixt yeare a compleat buck.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

Now wyl we speke of the hert, and speke we of his degres; that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the .iij. yere a spayer, the .iiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the .vj. yere a hert *at the fyrst hed;* but that ne fallith not in jugement of huntersse, for the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyrst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse.—*Le Venery de Twety*, MS. Cotton.

[48] *'Twas a pricket.*

"A two-yeare-old deere, which if hee be a red deere, we call a brocket; if a fallow, a pricket," Cotgrave in v. *Brocart.* "I am but a pricket, a mere sorell; my head's not harden'd yet," A Christian turn'd Turke, 1612. See also Nabbes' comedy of Totenham Court, 1638, p. 10. "Concerning beasts of chase, whereof the buck, being the first, is called the first yeere, a fawne; the second yeere, a pricket; the third yeere, a sorell; the fowerth yeere, a sore," Manwood's Treatise and Discourse of the Lawes of the Forrest, ed. 1598, fol. 25. These terms are found in most of the old books on hunting, and the annexed engraving of the horn of a pricket is taken from a late copy of the Master of the Game, preserved in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 A. lv. See also the extract from the Returne from Pernassus, 1606, quoted in the last note. "How does my fawn, my pricket, my duck, my dove, and so forth," D'Urfey's Richmond Heiress, 1693.

Then Bucke, the captaine of all, provokes him (not without strong passion) to remember hart, hinde, stagge, roe, pricket, fawne, and fallow deere.—*Stephens' Essayes and Characters*, 1615.

[49] *Twice sod simplicity, bis coctus!*

Sod is appropriately applied here, a foolish person having been said to be sodden-witted. *Sod,* for *sodden,* is very common. "Neither bake, roste, nor sodde," Eliotes Dictionarie, 1559.

A ship being by mischaunce set on fire upon the coast of Peru, and past all recovery, a souldiour threw himselfe into the sea and said: some rost, some *sod.*—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

[50] *He hath not eat paper, as it were.*

A similar thought occurs in the Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612,—"he is even full up to the gorge with letters; hee breathes letters, and spets nothing but learning."

[51] *He is only an animal.*

The meaning of this is sufficiently intelligible, but there may very likely be intended the use of the term *animal* mentioned by Cotgrave,—"we sometimes call a blockhead or gull, an animall."

[52] *Which we of taste and feeling are.*

That is, we who are possessed of taste and feeling. The word *of,* which is not in the old editions, was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and appears to be the best emendation of the line yet proposed. *Which,* for *who,* is of very common occurrence. Hanmer and Warburton made changes too violent to be safely adopted. The former reads,—"And these barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, For those parts, which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than he." Warburton introduces a scrap of Italian, reading, in the second line,—"for those parts (which we taste and feel *ingradare*) that do fructify in us more than he." Heath suggests,—"*while* we taste and feeling *have,*" which is certainly to be preferred to either of the two readings last named.

[53] *For those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*

The construction of this is very loose, *in* being understood, and *he* being equivalent to *him.* The tenses of the pronoun were used without much discrimination. *She* for *her* occurs in the second scene of the next act,—"woo'd but the sign of *she.*"

[54] *So, were there a patch set on learning.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me. Mr. Harness, taking another view, is of opinion that *patch* here means a blot or defacement, and that Nathaniel intends to say, that it would disgrace learning to see Dull in a school.

[55] *Dictynna, good-man Dull.*

Dictissima in the old editions, which in the next speech have *dictima*, the latter altered in ed. 1632 to *dictinna.* This title of Diana is found in the second book of Golding's Ovid, a work probably used by Shakespeare in his school-days; and it also occurs in the Dictionarium Historicum et Poeticum appended to Cooperi Thesaurus, 1584.

[56] *And raught not to five weeks.*

Raught, reached. "Unto the cheftane he chese, and raughte hym a strake," Thornton MS. in Cath. Linc. "Albmusard last withe her of sevyn, with instru-

mentis that raught up into hevyn," MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. iv. "The noble H. Hawarde once, that raught eternall fame," B. Googe's Eglogs, 1563.

[57] *The allusion holds in the exchange.*

That is, the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain.—*Warburton.*

[58] *I have call'd the deer.*

The words *I have* are not in the old editions. They were first inserted by Rowe; but perhaps, in the original MS., they were written in the contracted form, *I've.*

[59] *So it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.*

"Squiriltie," ed. 1598; "scurilitie," ed. 1623. *Squirility* was an old form of the word, perhaps found in the author's MS. Instances of it occur in the Comedie of Damon and Pithias, 1571; Westward Hoe, 1607, &c. Warburton fancies there is here an allusion to Florio, who, in the introduction to his Worlde of Wordes, 1598, speaks of critics in somewhat strong language,—"and here might I begin with those notable pirates in this our paper-sea, those sea-dogs or lande-critickes, monsters of men, if not beastes rather then men; whose teeth are canibals, their toongs adder-forkes, their lips aspes-poyson, their eies basiliskes, their breath the breath of a grave, their wordes like swordes of Turkes, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them; but for these barking and biting dogs, they are as well knowne as Scylla and Charybdis."

[60] *I will something affect the letter.*

The letter was a technical term applied to alliteration. Thus the Persone, in Chaucer, informs us he is a Southern man, and "cannot geste, rum, raf, ruf, *by letter*," Cant. Tales, 17337.

"To *affect* is thus used by Ben Jonson in his Discoveries: 'Spenser, in *affecting* the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius.' In Baret's Alvearie, 1573, we have 'much *affected*, farre fette,' for *Dictum accersitum*, &c."—*Singer.*

[61] *It argues facility.*

A similar expression occurs in some verses addressed to the Earl of Southampton, which are slightly alliterative, prefixed to Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, signed, *Il Candido*,—

Brave Earle, bright pearle of peeres, peerelesse nobilitie,
The height of armes and artes in one aspiring,
Valor with grace, with valor grace attiring,
Who more to amplifie vertues habilitie,
To adde to fore-learn'd facultie facilitie,
Now liv'st in travell, forraine rytes inquiring.

[62] *The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd.*

The eds. 1598, 1623, and 1631, read *prayfull*, the word *prey* being frequently written *pray*, as indeed it is in the present act in ed. 1623, fol. 130. In the second folio, the *prayfull* of the previous editions is altered to *praysfull*, which is the reading generally adopted, the latter word occurring in contemporary works, whereas no other instance of *preyful* has yet been adduced, though it may, as Mr. Collier intimates, be an affected term alluding to the occupation of the princess, pursuing prey or game. The usual reading may also be in some degree supported

by the following line in Fulwell's Flower of Fame, 1575, which well illustrates the alliteration of the verses in the text,—

Whose princely *praise* hath pearst the pricke, and price of endless fame.

[63] *O sore L.*

In the old copies, the letter L, in these lines, is spelt *ell*, and the reading here is, *O sorell*, corrected by Warburton as in the text; but the modernization somewhat impairs the effect of the meaning here intended, the next line being an evident allusion to the double *l* standing for a hundred. There is a chronogram in a sermon by George Newton preached at the funeral of Lady Mary Farewell, published in 1661, in which the two last letters of the word *Farewell* are made to stand for 100. The *sorel* was a deer in its third year, which in the following year was termed a *sore*, terms which occur in most of the early works on hunting. "A bucke is called the first yeare a fawne, the second a pricket, the third a sorell, the forth a sore, the fift a bucke of the first head, and the sixt a bucke," Turbervile's Booke of Hunting, p. 238. The annexed representation of the horn of a sorel is copied from a late manuscript of the Master of the Game in the British Museum, Bibl. Reg. 17 A. lv.

In processe of time alwayes a hart or a bucke doe come to perfection, which many men (through imperfection) doe never attaine to: as a bucke is first a fawne, the second yeere a priket, the third a sorell, the fourth a sore, the fifth a bucke of the first head, and the sixt yeere a bucke: so a hart is the first yeere a calfe, the second a broket, the third a spaide, the fourth a staggard, the fifth a stagge, and the sixt yeere a hart, (but some are of the mind, that a stagge cannot be a hart) untill some King or Prince have almost hunted his heart out: besides these ambiguous contigrigated phrases, the hornes have many dogmaticall epithites, as a hart hath the burs, the pearles, the antliers, the surantlers, the royals, the surroyals, and the croches.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[64] *If a talent be a claw.*

A quibble is here intended between *talents* and *talons*, those two words having been pronounced, and frequently written, alike. "Talent or clawe of a hawke, *ungula*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "The talants of an hauke," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding heart," Marlowe's Tamburlaine the Great, first published in 1590. Mr. Dyce refers for other instances to Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1595, sig. F. 4; Baxter's Sydneys Ourania, ed. 1606, sig. H; and Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607, sig. F. 2. "Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents?*", First Part of the Contention, 1600, ap. Malone. See also Webster's Works, i. 142, and note; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, i. 25. "I can scarce keep her talents from my eies," Tragicall Raigne of Selimus, 1594.

[65] *Look how he claws him with a talent.*

Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of *to claw*, is to flatter. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "—laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour."—*Steevens.*

[66] *Nourished in the womb of pia mater.*

The early editions read, in error, *primater*. The error is corrected by Rowe, and in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio.

[67] *If their daughters be capable.*

One of the senses of *capable* was, "of good capacitie, apprehension, understanding," Cotgrave. The *double entendre* fully justifies, and indeed induces, the next Latin proverb.

[68] *Master person, quasi pierce-one.*

The quibble intended in this speech becomes less forced, when it is remembered that the verb *to pierce* was often anciently both pronounced and written, *to perse*. "He persed hym thorowe bothe the sydes with an arowe," Palsgrave, 1530. "Perce wyth an awle or bodkyn," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. There is a similar play upon words in Henry IV., when Falstaff says,—"Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him;" and in Ben Jonson's New Inn,—"Sir Pierce anon will pierce us a new hogshead." The early copies read, in the speech in the text,—"Master Person, quasi Person? And if one should be perst, which is the one?", the first portion of which is altered, in ed. 1632, to,—"Master *Parson, quasi Persone?*", the last three words being in italics in the original. The modern word *parson* was sometimes formerly written *person*, from the Latin *persona*, "*ecclesiæ persona*," but it is spelt *parson* in Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "Persone, curate, *rector*," Pr. Parv. "Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane," Holinshed, p. 953, ap. Steevens. "And send such whens home to our person or vicar," Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, 1560, ibid. In the next scene of the present play, *parson* is spelt *person* in the old editions, in the passage,—"our parson misdoubts it." The particles *on* and *one*, as has been previously observed, were frequently written and pronounced alike.

[69] *A good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth.*

Lustre being printed *luster* in the old copies, is altered to *cluster* in eds. 1663, 1685. The original word is obviously in consonance with the other metaphors, and the alteration offers one of the many examples of the want of authority of the late folios.

[70] *Pearl enough for a swine.*

This forcible Scriptural phrase became common soon after the general promulgation of the reading of the Bible in English. "Therefore I will not be so mad, to cast pearles to swine so bad," Wilson's Coblers Prophesie, 1594.

[71] *Fauste, precor gelida, &c.*

The prefixes to this, and some of the following speeches, are given very incorrectly in the early editions. The Curate reads the letter to himself, while Holofernes is musing thus with scraps from Mantuan, and other "old ends." The line here given from Mantuan was commonly known to all school-boys as the commencement of the Eclogues of that writer, which were read in schools in the time of Shakespeare, and were no doubt included amongst the subjects of the poet's early studies. They were translated into English by Turbervile, and published in 1567, and again in 1597; but I have not succeeded in finding any account of a translation made before the time of Shakespeare, with the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page, mentioned by Steevens. Drayton, in his Elegies, 8vo. ed. p. 290, mentions his tutor having read Virgil and Mantuan with him, when he was "a pigmy, scarse ten yeares of age." See also a passage in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless, 1593, cited by Malone,—"With the first and

second leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennilesse* for *a grammar-school wit;* saies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauste precor gelidâ.*" Farnaby, observes Mr. Knight, in his preface to Martial, says that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ*, than of the *Arma virumque cano.*

[72] *Vinegia, Vinegia.*

This proverb is very incorrectly printed in all the early editions. "Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia; ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.—Venise, woo seeth thee not, praiseth thee not; but who seeth thee, it costeth hym wel," Florio's Firste Fruites, 1578. The same version of it occurs in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, p. 106. "It is the proverbiall praise of Venice,—Venice, who never saw it, cannot esteeme it," Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614. "Venice, he that doth not see thee, doth not esteeme thee," proverbs appended to the Booke of Merry Riddles, 1629. The proverb, observes Steevens, is thus given in Howell's Letters, i. 1,—

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le dispregia.
Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.

[73] *Or, rather, as Horace says in his.*

"Or rather as Horace says in his: What! my soul! verses! Does this allude to the *Nescio quid meditans nugarum*, and, *dulcissime rerum*, in Horace's Serm. I. ix? Or is Holophernes going to quote Horace, and stops short on seeing the verses in Nathaniel's hand, thus?—Or rather as Horace says in his——What! my soul! verses?," Theobald's Letters.

[74] *If Love make me forsworn.*

This poem was printed, with some variations, in the Passionate Pilgrime, 1599, where the last two lines are as follows,—

Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

[75] *Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.*

—— his *voice* was *propertied*
As all the *tuned spheres*, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as rattling *thunder.—Antony and Cleopatra.*

[76] *Let me supervise the canzonet.*

"*Canzona*, a song, a canzonet, a ballad, a dittie," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, p. 57. The old copies read, *cangenet.*

[77] *Here are only two numbers ratified.*

In the old editions, these words commence a fresh speech, there assigned to Sir Nathaniel. The correction was made by Theobald.

[78] *But, for the elegancy.*

The word *elegancy* seems to have been considered one of the affected pedantic terms of Shakespeare's day, and is therefore suitably placed in the mouth of Holofernes. The following curious anecdote of a pedant, illustrative of this assertion, is related in the Passenger of Benvenuto, 4to. Lond. 1612, p. 525,—"One day he commanded a maide of his, for the entertainement of some of his speciall

friends, whom hee had invited, that in any wise she should make a very elegant messe of pottage.—*E.* Belike hee thought by these pottage to have *elegantized* all his invited guests.—*A.* The maide being advised secretly by a philosopher who peradventure was some friend of hers, chopt small into the pot the workes of Tully, Salust, and Demosthenes, and being all well boyled together in a lumpe, shee put to them fresh butter, and seasoned them with divers spices, and in a pipkin at the beginning of dinner, set them on the table with all complements: and this pedant with his friends now falling to eate, instantly they met with such stuffe, as they could not possibly loosen with their teeth: and then Mr. Pedant calling his sottish maide, and demanding the reason of it, shee thus answered him: What uncleannesse can there be, when all the *elegancie* of the world is here conformable unto your desire?"

[79] *The jerks of invention? Imitari, is nothing.*

The old copies read,—"the jerkes of invention imitarie is nothing." The correction was made by Theobald, and seems necessary to the sense. "Thou hast a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs and fine jerkes," Returne from Pernassus, 1606.

[80] *The tired horse his rider.*

Tired, attired, adorned with ribands. Dr. Farmer observes that Lilly, in his Mother Bombie, brings in a Hackneyman and Mr. Halfpenny at cross purposes with this word. "Why didst thou boare the horse thro' the eares?"—"It was for *tiring*."—"He would never *tire*," replies the other. "Then xij. knyghtys he dud tyre in palmers wede anon," MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, xv. Cent. So, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida, Part II. 1602: ap. Malone,—"Slink to thy chamber then, and *tyre* thee." Again, in What You Will, by Marston, 1607:—"My love hath *tyred* some fidler like Albano." "And tyre my brows with rose-bud coronets," Fletcher's Poems, p. 45. Warburton altered *tired* to *try'd*, and Heath proposes to read, *train'd*.

[81] *From one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.*

"Shakespeare forgot himself in this passage;—Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron; and had said just before that the letter had been sent to her from Don Armatho, and given her by Costard," Monck Mason. "When, in the name of exactness, did Biron commence one of the Queen's train? You will read with me, I doubt not:—'From one Monsieur Biron to one of the stranger-Queen's ladies.' This is the very fact; and is confirmed in words in the next page:—And here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's," Theobald's Letters.

[82] *The party writing.*

Old copies *written*, corrected by Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Theobald. Instead of *Sir Nathaniel*, the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes*, corrected by Steevens.—*Malone.*

Theobald, in his Letters, offers the following observations on one arrangement of this speech;—"*Dull.* Sir Holophernes, this Biron, &c. Sure this speech is quite out of character for Dull. It is evident to me, that after Nathaniel has consulted the subscription of the letter, he goes on to tell Sir Holophernes who Biron is, and then delivers the paper to send to the King: or, perhaps, at 'Trip and go, my sweet,' &c. Sir Holophernes is to speak and deliver the letter; else why does Sir Nathaniel say immediately,—Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, &c."

[83] *Trip and go, my sweet.*

This is an allusion to an old popular song, which was used in the Morris

Dance. There was a dance in the Morris also so termed, it being mentioned by Nash, in an epistle prefixed to one of the editions of Astrophel and Stella, published in 1591,—"Indeede, to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heavie-gated, and cannot daunce *trip and goe it* so lively, with, 'Oh my love, ah my love, all my love's gone,' as other shepheards that have been fooles in the morris time out of minde." The song itself is given by the same writer in a scene of the Morris-dance in Summers Last Will and Testament, 1600,—

Trip and goe, heave and hoe,
Up and downe, to and fro,
From the towne to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A Maying, a playing;
Love hath no gainsaying,
So merrily trip and goe.

The stage-direction to this song is,—"Here enter three clownes and three maids, singing this song, daunsing." The tune is given by Mr. Chappell from Musick's Delight on the Cithren, 1666.

[84] *I do fear colourable colours.*

That is, specious or fair seeming appearances.—*Johnson.*

[85] *Where if, before repast.*

So in ed. 1598, the folio of 1623 reading, *being repast.* Theobald, acquainted only with the latter reading, proposes (in his Letters) to substitute, *being a priest;* and Heath suggests, *being request*, that is, being requested.

[86] *Undertake your ben venuto.*

Undertake you shall be welcome; literally, your welcome (Ital.) "Signior Antonio, pray how did you like the maske wee had here to-night for my lord Lucilio's *ben venuto*," Adrasta, 1635. See also the Taming of the Shrew, act i.

[87] *Sir, I do invite you too.*

Mr. Knight prints the remainder of this speech, which commences with these words, as verse, accompanied by the following observations:—"We print these lines, which Holofernes addresses to Dull, as they stand in the original. They are undoubtedly meant for verses; and yet they do not rhyme. What form of pedantry is this? If we open Sydney's Arcadia, and other books of that age, we shall know what Shakespeare was laughing at. The lines are *hexameters*, and all the better for being very bad. They are as good as those of Sydney, we think:—

"Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace? Peace.
Peace? what bars me my tongue? who is that comes so nigh? I."

[88] *I am toiling in a pitch.*

This is in allusion to the black complexion of his lady-love.

[89] *This love is as mad as Ajax; it kills sheep; it kills me.*

This is given as a proverb in Fuller's Gnomologia.—*Ritson.*

[90] *And to be malicholy.*

The old editions read *mallicholie* both here, and in the next passage; and the form, being a genuine archaism derived from the Anglo-Norman, an editor is scarcely justified in rejecting it for *melancholy*, which is the usual reading. "I

hope, sir, you are not mallicholly at this, for all your great looks," Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 55. It occurs at an earlier period in MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38,—

And prey hym, pur charyté,
That he wyll forgeve me
Hys yre and hys malecholye.

[91] *I would not care a pin.*

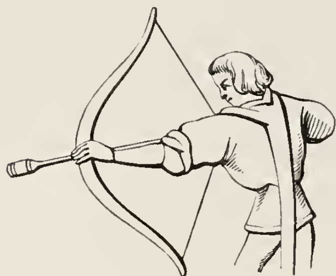
This distich, which is possibly a scrap of a ballad, has hitherto been printed as prose. The phrase is proverbial, and has continued in common use to the present time. "Tush, for the preaching I passe not a pin," Wapull's comedy of the Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576.

[92] *Gets up into a tree.*

The direction in the old editions is,—"He stands aside," the present one having been substituted by Capell. The Perkins MS. has it,—"He gets him in a tree," and afterwards, Biron is represented as speaking "aside in the tree." Mr. R. G. White fairly adduces these MS. directions as incontestable evidences of the late period of the writing in that volume, 'practicable' trees certainly not having been introduced on the English stage until after the Restoration.

[93] *Thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.*

The bird-bolt, an arrow with a thick flat end, used for killing birds without piercing them, has been previously noticed at vol. ii. p. 407, and at greater length in the present volume, pp. 26, 27. Holme mentions a kind of *bolts* having the bob or button hollow, to receive a stone or bullet, which was projected thence by fastening the bolt itself to the bow, MS. Harl. 2033, cited by Nares. The early English dramatists frequently speak of Cupid using this kind of arrow for his love-shaft. In Cooke's Greenes Tu Quoque or the Cittie Gallant, he is expressly noted as "the boy with the bird-bolt." In a MS. dated 1648, mention is made of a tavern at Cambridge bearing the sign of the Bird-bolt. The annexed representation of a person shooting with a bird-bolt is copied from an illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century at Paris, selected by Mr. Fairholt.



It was the popular (not the scientific) notion, in Shakespeare's time, that the heart was situated on the left side. "The hart hath his place in mens bodies, but with his picked end tendeth towards the left side, the left nipple; therefore do the common people suppose that the hart lyeth in the left side," General Practise of Physicke, 1605. "That left pap, where heart doth hop," Midsummer Night's Dream.

[94] *When their fresh rays have smot.*

Smot, the old preterite of *smote*, is correctly restored by Mr. Knight, according to the authority of all the early copies.

[95] *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.*

The "night of dew" is equivalent to, nightly dew. This mode of construction is very unusual, but the sense is undeniable. It may perhaps be regarded as an instance of inversion for *the dew of night*, a somewhat similar instance of which is given in vol. i. p. 267; or a variation of the eleventh grammatical construction described ibid. p. 281.

[96] *Through the transparent bosom of the deep.*

But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night.—*Venus and Adonis.*

[97] *He comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.*

Perjure, a perjurer. So in eds. 1598, 1623, 1631, the ed. 1632 reading *perjurd*, whence Dr. Grey conjectured, *like one perjur'd*. Mr. Collier reads *perjurer*, which is unnecessary, the original word being frequently used as a substantive. "Black-spotted perjure as he is," Troublesome Reign of King John. "Vow-breaking perjure," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 8vo. 1615. The wearing of papers, on which were written the nature of the offences committed, was customary in England, and was inflicted chiefly for perjury, but also for other misdemeanours. Cardinal Wolsey, says Hall, in his Chronicle, ed. 1548, "so punyshed perjurye with open punyshment, and open papers werynge, that in his tyme it was lesse used." Skelton, in his Speke Parrot, speaks of, "so myche papers weryng for ryghte a smalle exesse," Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 23. "How many paynted wyth precious myters that, if their lives were wel examined, might more worthily weare an infamous pyllory paper," Dialogue or Disputation betweene the Cap and the Head, 1565. "Papers of perjury" are mentioned in Leicester's Commonwealth as to be affixed to some prisoners who were sent to Ludlow. About the year 1570, a person was sentenced at Dublin for adultery, the second article being thus decreed,—"Secondlie, that upon Saterdaie next enseweing at ix. of the clocke in the mornyng, he, the said Eyland, *alias* Hunchcliffe, shall come unto the crosse in the highe strete of Dublin, having on a white shete from his sholders downe to the ground, rounde aboute him, and a paper about his head wherupon shalbe written, *for adultery leavyng his wyfe in England alyve and marryeng with an other here*, and a white wande in his hand, and then and there goe up unto the highest staire of the crosse, and there sitte duryng all the time of the markette untill yt be ended."

The vij. day of November was ij. men sett in the peleré in ther ford-gownes; on had the wryting over ys hed for falshood and wylfull perjury; and th'odur for subtyll falshod and crafty desseytt.—*Machyn's Diary*, 1554.—The sam day was sett on the peleré in Chepe iij. men; two was for the prevermentt of wyllfull perjuré, the iij. was for wylfull perguré, with paper sett over their hedes. The xxj. day of November a-fforenoon was taken ronde a-bowtt Westmynster halle a servand of master . . . the master of the rolles, with a paper on ys hed, and so to the . . . in Chepe, and ther he was sett apone the peleré with the paper on ys hede that every man shuld know what he had done, the wyche was thes wordes (*not added*).—*Ibid.* 1556.—The xij. day of Feybruary, xj. men of the north was of a quest, because they gayff a wrong evydence, and thay ware paper a-pon ther hedes for perguré.—*Ibid.* 1561.

[98] *Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society.*

The corner-cap, a cap the top of which consisted of one flat piece with either three or four corners (here the allusion is to one with three), is frequently alluded to, and very often as symbolical of the party of the Established Church. Thus, in Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609, the Brownists are said to "hold more sinne a corner'd cap to weare, then cut a purse." Taylor, the water-poet, classes the corner-cap with the cope and surplice, under vestments that were abominations to the Puritans.

As there are three nooks in a *corner'd cap*,
And three corners and one in a map.—*Wits Recreations*, 1640.

The mystery of the *corner'd cap* used in Universities is that they are to go

into the four corners of the world to preach the Gospel, though, when richly settled in their microcosm, little world, a Parish, they seldom go out of its corners.—*A Mite into the Treasury, being a Word to Artists*, 1680.

[99] *The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up Simplicity.*

The allusion is, as Douce observes, to the triangular gallows of the time, representations of which may be seen in the cuts to the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle, and in various other works, the one here selected being taken from an old black-letter ballad in my possession, entitled, "The Royall Subjects Warning-Piece to all Traytors," which breathes vengeance against the republicans, who "must all to Hide-Park Fair," in other words, be hung either at Hyde Park Corner or at Tyburn, a celebrated place of execution situated near Hyde-Park. The gallows at Tyburn were frequently referred to as triangular, and it is possible that the cut here copied may be a rude representation of them. "There's one with a lame wit, which will not wear a four-corner'd cap; then let him put on Tyburn, that hath but three corners," Pappe with a Hatchet, 1589, ap. Cunningham. "They (the captives in Newgate) hold a triangle to be a dangerous figure," Lupton's London and the Countrey carbonadoed into severall Characters, 1632. Taylor, the Water-Poet, in his little tract called, The Praise and Vertue of a Jayle and Jaylers, 12mo. Lond. 1623, concludes with a poem entitled, "The Description of Tyburne," in which it is styled the "arch or great grand gallowse of our land." Tyburn was, indeed, the scene of such frequent executions, the name was considered emblematical of the execution on gallows; and a hangman's rope was termed a Tyburn-tippet up to a comparatively recent period, the phrase being an ancient one, and used by Latimer, in his fifth sermon (see extract p. 350). "*Tieborne*, a place of bornes and springs, where men are tied up," Minsheu. See an interesting account of this place in Cunningham's Hand-Book of London, ed. 1850, p. 514.

In a curious tract entitled, the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, printed in 1649, but written some years previously, "Tiburne comes to know his fortune:—A thiefe going off the stage but a little before, and the hangman entring presently after, who, if not Tiburne, should step in next? Joculo therefore standing on tipto to looke toward the gate, was halfe afraid, shook, and grew pale; What ail'st thou, said his master: O, sir, cryed he, yonder is a thing comming hither that is no man, and yet no monster. Hee knew the hangman, and shooke him by the unlucky golls. *It hath three feet*, and no head that I see, at least no face; *yet it weares a three-cornered cappe;* a goodly timberd gentleman it is, if it bee a gentleman. Looke, looke, O master, with much adoe it hath crowded in." Tyburn afterwards makes a speech, in the course of which, he says,—"My name is famous through England and in other countreys; of a long standing am I, and of great practice for that which I professe, and yet my name is not so ill as some would have it, for my right name is *Tey-bourne*, and not *Tiburne.* Bourne signifies a river, and the river Tey runs by me, sending his love in pipes to Holbourne; so Tey-bourne feeds Holbourne; and Holbourne, Tiburne."

[100] *O, rhymes are gards on wanton Cupid's hose.*

I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of Casa's Galateo is this precept: "Thou

must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding:* that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet."—*Farmer.*

[101] *Disfigure not his slop.*

All the old copies have *shop*, corrected to *slop* by Theobald. Mr. Collier reads *shape*, from a MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, a lection supported by Mr. Dyce, who considers the poet would hardly have used the word *slop* immediately after *hose*, and who points out a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars Bush, ed. 1647, p. 93, where *shop* is printed for *shape;* but in that instance, the immediate context might easily have misled the compositor, the expression used being, "in some merchant's shape." *Slop* is certainly misprinted *shop* in eds. 1594, 1598, of A Looking Glasse for London and England, as is noted in Greene's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 134.

[102] *Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye.*

This sonnet is found in the Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, the copy in that work having a few variations which will be observed in our reprint of it.

[103] *Which on my earth dost shine.*

So, in the Sonnets,—"Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth." The body, in the Merchant of Venice, is called, "this muddy vesture of decay."

[104] *This is the liver vein.*

Alluding to the liver being the seat of love. See this volume, p. 158.

[105] *A green goose, a goddess.*

The expression "green goose" is here jocosely applied, as in the first act, in the implied meaning of a simpleton. A green-goose is a well-known term for an early bred, or Spring goose, sometimes called a Midsummer-goose. "After a gosling is a month or six weeks old, you may put it up to feed for a green goose, and it will be perfectly fed in another month following," Markham's Husbandry, ed. 1657, p. 120.

[106] *All-hid, all-hid, an old infant play.*

All-hid was a name for the game of hide-and-seek. "Whoop all hid, or hide and seek, where they hide and seek one another," Comenii Janua Linguarum, 1662, p. 232. "Our unhansome fac'd poet does play at bo-peeps with your grace, and cries *all hid*, as boys do," Decker's Untrussing of the Humorous Poet, 1602. The sport called "hide and seek or are you all hid," is mentioned in the long list of games in the First Book of the Works of Rabelais, 1653, p. 96. Cotgrave, in v. *Clignemusset, Cline-mucette*, puts "are you all hid" with two terms for blind-man's-buff, but not necessarily making them synonymous. "Cupid and he play hoop all hid," Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 259. The game is also mentioned in Apollo Shroving, 1627, p. 84; A Curtaine Lecture, 1637, p. 206.

Lo yonder is a famous stair-case, the hither part of which was their watch-tower, and their best prospect, where they could sit and see who went out, and who came in: The upper part was their sculking-place, where they use to play at *whoop all hid*, a wise sport, for they use to say, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit;* that is, he lives well that hides well.—*Ludus Ludi Literarii*, 1672.

[107] *More sacks to the mill!*

A proverbial phrase. "There's other irons i' th' fire; more sacks are coming to the mill," Westward Hoe, 1607. "Well, come away; more sacks unto the mill," verses pref. to Mill's Nights Search, 1640. "*Omnes.* Welcome, welcome, welcome!—*Soto.* More sacks to the mill," Spanish Gipsie. There was a rough

game so called. "To pull and hale, and tumble about and dirt ones clothes, as at the play of More Sacks to the Mill," MS. Devonsh. Gl.

He was by ordure of his horse-hood, to have reliev'd the Lady Mares, (not as Spanish Jennets are begot, nor in that corner) who were oppress'd and overladen with heavie packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the mill (as they say), being the only horse of the only Lady-relieving Knight now remaining in the whole world.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixot*, 1654.

[108] *By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.*

The old editions read,—"By earth, she is not; corporal, there you lie," the present text having been suggested by Theobald, the word *corporal* frequently signifying *corporeal*, and the monosyllables *but* and *not* being occasionally misprinted for each other. Adopting this reading, it must be presumed that Dumain implies his love is an angel, when he describes her as "the wonder of a mortal eye." Dumain certainly had called himself a corporal of Cupid's field, but this was in a soliloquy, and no allusion to that confession can here be intended. If the old reading is preserved, a stop must be placed after *not*, and *corporal* considered an affirmative interjection, in the sense of *corporeal*, with an elliptical construction similar to that in which the word *stoop* is used a few lines afterwards.

[109] *Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.*

Coted, that is, quoted. Her amber hairs have quoted, interpreted, or marked amber foul; they are amber so fine in quality, all other amber is bad in comparison with them. "*Coter*, to quote," Cotgrave. *Cote* has already occurred in this play, act ii. sc. 1, altered by some to *quote;* and the same variation has also been made in act v. sc. 2. In the first of these instances, the *coate* of ed. 1623 is altered to *quote* in ed. 1631, the terms being identical. *Coated* occurs for *quoted*, literally, in Marlowe's Confession. "Or any passage coate," Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609. "Here could I cote a rabble of those wives," Pasquils Night-Cap, 1612. "My knowledge coated," that is, quoted, spoken of, Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640. See further in the notes to Hamlet.

As for this amber, I see nothing in the world to commend it, onely it is a mind that folke have to take an affection to it, they know not wherfore, even of a delicat and foolish wantonnesse. And, in truth, Nero Domitius, among many other fooleries and gauds wherein he shewed what a monster he was in his life, proceeded so farre, that he made a sonnet in praise of the haire of the empresse Poppæa his wife, which he compared to amber, and, as I remember, in one staffe of his dittie hee tearmed them succina, id est, ambre.—*Pliny's Historie*, tr. Holland, 1601, ii. 608-9.

Had we authority for writing *have* instead of *hath*, the hairs would have the praise, which is now bestowed upon the amber; hairs coming side by side with amber would have made it shew foul: a lover's simile for the most part disparages the object which he draws in comparison with any of the perfections of his mistress. The modern writers all write *have*; it seems to have been the meaning of Shakespeare, could we even prove that he had written *hath*.—"O! that hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink," Troilus and Cressida.—*Croft.*

[110] *Incision would let her out in saucers.*

It is scarcely necessary to suppose, with some critics, that there is here any allusion to the fashion then common of gallants stabbing themselves, and drinking their blood in honor of their mistresses. Biron is ridiculing Dumain's high-flown words, and observes that if she is a fever in his blood, all he has got to do is to be let blood, and she will fall out in saucers. The practice of bleeding in fevers was very common in Shakespeare's time, and it was not unusual for the barber-

chirurgions to exhibit their saucers with blood in them as signs of their profession; so that the term used by Biron would be quite familiar to an Elizabethan audience. Among the MSS. of the Company of Barbers of London is the following order under the date of 1606,—"Item, it is ordeyned that no person useinge flebothomy or bloudlettinge within London, the liberties or suburbes, or three myles compasse of the same, shall at any tyme hereafter set to open shewe any (of) his or their porrengers, saucers or measures with bloud, uppon peyne to forfeyt for every such offence sixe shillinges and eighte pence of lawfull money of England."

The vein of the head is on the right arm, and it may be bled for the repletion of humours and blood; The vein of the spleen is opened, for to cure tertian and quartan feavers. In both the hands there are three veins; from that which is under the thumb, blood is let for to moderate choler: that which is between the middle finger and the little one, is opened against feavers.—*R. Saunders' Physiognomie*, 1653.

[111] *On a day,—alack the day!*

This poem is also printed in the Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, and in England's Helicon, 1600, in the latter of which it is called, "The Passionate Sheepheard's Song," Shakespeare's name being given as the author of it, and two lines being omitted. The copies contain a few variations of minor importance, which will be noticed in our edition of the miscellaneous poems.

[112] *All unseen, 'gan passage find.*

All the old editions read, *can passage find*, the present lection being that found in the copy in England's Helicon.

[113] *Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*

Wish, eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; *wish'd*, England's Helicon, and the later folios.

[114] *Ah, would I might triumph so!*

The original editions read *air* for *ah*, the former word having been possibly taken by the compositor in error from the previous line, for it seems rather out of place. The emendation here adopted was first suggested by Dr. Johnson.

[115] *Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.*

The last word is erroneously printed *throne* in all the old editions, but it is rightly corrected to *thorne* in England's Helicon.

[116] *Thou for whom Jove would swear.*

Pope inserted *ev'n* before Jove, but without necessity, a line of six feet being occasionally written with one of seven or eight in works of the Shakesperian period. Mr. Singer alters *thou* to *thee*, throwing the emphasis on the word thus repeated, which restores the proper cadence.

[117] *Juno but an Ethiop were.*

So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona,—"And Silvia,—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop."

[118] *That shall express my true love's fasting pain.*

Theobald, in his Letters, p. 323, suggests, *fest'ring pain*, and Capell prints it, *lasting pain*. Dr. Johnson explains *fasting*, longing, hungry, wanting. "We must starve our sight from lovers' food," Mids. Night's Dream. The metaphor applied to love is not unusual.

[119] *I have been closely shrouded in this bush.*

She *shrowdyng* still doth rest
Aloft in tops of tallest trees,
And there doth make her nest.
Kendall's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577.

[120] *One, her hairs were gold.*

One, ed. 1598; *on*, eds. 1623, 1631, the word being omitted in the three later folios. *One* and *on* are frequently interchanged in old books.

[121] *Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear.*

So in eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; in the ed. 1632 it is printed,—"A faith infringed, which such a zeale did sweare," the editor of that volume capriciously altering the line for the sake of the metre.

[122] *Thus to reprove these worms for loving.*

The term *worms* is here used with an implication of pity. So, in the Tempest, Prospero speaks of Miranda as, "poor worm." See vol. i. p. 442.

[123] *Your eyes do make no coaches.*

The old copies read *couches*, and ed. 1631, by a further error, *mo couches.* The allusion is of course to the king's sonnet,—"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." Dr. Grey proposes to read *loaches* in the line in the text, a curious example of conjectural criticism.

[124] *You found his mote; the king your mote did see.*

The old copies read *moth* for *mote*, which is, however, merely an early form of the word. The allusion is of course to the well-known passage in the Gospels, Matthew, vii; Luke, vi.

[125] *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*

Gnat was a common old word of contempt for anything peculiarly small and worthless, or silly; an insignificant insect, the "foolish gnat," as Shakespeare elsewhere terms it. "I wol nought wirche as moche as a gnat," Chaucer, Cant. T., 5929. The term is used to a sheriff's officer, apparently in reproach, in the London Prodigal, 1605. "Which visitation they, poore gnats, may properly tearme a plague," Brathwait's New Cast of Characters, 1631. The word is used for something of the least size in Matthew, xxiii. 24, and "the smallness of a gnat" is mentioned in Cymbeline. There may, indeed, in the text, be intended a more literal meaning. "Ovid would be (for his love) a flea, a gnat, a ring," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 529. Biron, according to some critics, is alluding to the king's sonnetting, and compares him to a gnat, in reference to the singing of that insect. Spenser speaks of a swarm of gnats, "their murmuring small trompettes sounden wide," Faerie Queene, ii. 9. "He (the gnat) hath a voyce notwithstanding like a giant, and if he be disposed to put it in tune, hee sings you a deepe tenour, and layes out such a throat withall that shall drowne a quire of better musicke," Strange Metamorphosis of Man transformed into a Wildernesse, deciphered in Characters, 1634.

Some of the elder critics proposed to read *knot*, in supposed allusion to the king's posture, his arms folded in a knot in contemplation of his mistress. Theobald suggested, *quat*, and Dr. Johnson, *sot.* There is certainly no necessity for any alteration.

The present line, and other passages in this comedy, are adopted or imitated

in Plantagenets Tragicall Story, or the Death of King Edward IV., 1649, a poetical volume of some rarity:—

——From Venus eye
He doth astronomize. Love's winged boy!
Great emperour of wreathed armes! Goe beck
Some scorching beldame for the neighing neck
Of such luxurious stallions. Where's the scars
Of honour showne, fresh bleeding from the wars,
For kingdomes fame? Perchance your musky skin
Is bramble-scratched with your ladies pin.
Raise not 'gainst Princes eares your lustfull charms,
Impetuous shadowes, whom no spirit warms:
What metamorphosis more wondred at
Then for to see a king by you turn'd gnat!
Whose mouth-spear goars fond blood, whose trumpet-wing
Sounds an alarum to each triviall thing;
As if wise Solomon should tune a jigge,
Or mighty Hercules goe whip a gigge.

[126] *To see great Hercules whipping a gig.*

The gig, a kind of whipping-top, is now out of fashion. It is described, by an aged person, as having been generally made of the tip of a horn, hollow, but with a small ballast at the bottom of the inside; and as having been much more difficult to set and keep up than the common whipping-top. "*Turbo*, a top, gig, or nun," Nomenclator, 1585, p. 297. "*Picciolo*, a top or gig or twirle that children use to play withall," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "*Córlo*, a top or gigge that children play with in Lent," Florio, ed. 1611. "A childes gig" is mentioned in Coote's English Schoolemaster, 1632. "Jan. 17, 1644, for four giggs and scourge-sticks, j.*s*.," Francklyn Household Book. In the Transproser Rehears'd, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play, 1673, p. 121, boys are mentioned as "whipping gigs in Lincolns Inne Fields." In some instances, the term seems to be synonymous with whipping-tops, the interesting early representation of which, here given, is copied from the illuminated copy of the Roman d'Alexandre in the Bodleian Library.

But tis his worth my meditations crowds
To this extravagant impertinence,
As being ravisht with his eminence.
But blame me not: for hee's the *gigge* of time,
Whom sharpest wits have whipt with sportfull rime:
And some would wear their sharp-edg'd muses blunt,
If in his praise they longer time should hunt.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Then full of monstrous furie, spight, and spleen,
She madly 'bout the streets to rage was seen.
Much like a scourged *gygge*, box-top, or ball,
Which boyes are wont to scourge about a hall

Or open yard, with lashes whipt about,
Which with quick spinnings windes, works in and out;
The boyes whip close, the top about doth flie,
And roundly frisks, and never still doth lie:
The lively lads make sport and wonderment,
From hand to hand to see it nimbly sent:
The more it spins, the more they whip it on,
And laugh and leap to see it comne and gon:
With such fierce flutterings up and down the streets,
She rangeth, rageth, as she people meets.
Virgil, translated by John Vicars, 12mo. 1632.

[127] *And profound Solomon to tune a jig.*

This line, which is also found in the early poem cited at p. 347, seems to have become something of a favorite. It again occurs in a short poem, "On a woman's faith," which is preserved in a manuscript collection of English poetry, transcribed in the seventeenth century:—

Catch at a starr that's falling from the skye;
Make an imortall creature feare to dye;
Stopp with thy hand the current of the seas;
Passe through the center to the Antipodes;
Teach profound Solomon to tune a jigg;
Poyson the devill with a Spanish figg:
Weigh me an ounce of flame; repell the winde;
Then maist thou find truth in a woman's minde.

[128] *And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys.*

This game is now played, in the provinces, as follows:—two pins are laid upon the table; each one in turn jerks them with his finger; and he who throws one pin across another, is allowed to take one of them: those who do not succeed, must give a pin. Push-pin is translated by Miege, *jeu d'epingles.* Ash explains it, "a child's play in which pins are pushed with an endeavour to cross them." The game is mentioned in Nash's Apologie, 1593; Herrick's Works, more than once; Men Miracles, 1656, p. 15; L'Estrange, ap. Johnson; History of Colonel Jack, 1723.

That can lay downe maidens bedds,
And that can hold ther sickly heds:
That can play at *put-pin*,
Blowe-poynte, and near lin.—*Play of Misogonus*, MS.

——play at push-pin there, sir?
It was well-aim'd, but plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.—*Women Pleas'd*, 1647, p. 29.

I have made it my general remark, that whereas the English plays have barbarous sounding names, as Almonds and Reasons, Puss in a Corner, Barley break, Push Pin, Chicken a Train Trow, and the like; those of the Grecians seem all as if they were ladies in romances, as Hescustinda, Dihelcustinda, Chytrinda, Ephesinda, Basilinda, with several others.—*Useful Transactions in Philosophy*, 1709.

A representation of the game is given in one of the pieces of Gillray.

[129] *And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!*

Critic, a snarling censurer; the word being often used by our early writers in

the worst sense. "*Criticke*, an hard censurer," Cockeram's English Dictionarie, 1626. Shakespeare, in his 112th Sonnet, opposes *critic* to *flatterer*, as words of exactly different meanings. Warburton unnecessarily proposes to read *cynic*.

[130] *A caudle, ho!*

In all the early editions, the second word is printed *candle*, which is retained by Rowe and Theobald, those editors probably construing it into a call for a candle to give light for examining into the source of the pain. Pope first altered it to *caudle*, the reading since adopted.—Since writing this, I find that one copy at least of ed. 1598 reads, *caudle*.

[131] *Not you by me, but I betray'd to you.*

Theobald reads, *by you*, and Monck Mason thinks it requisite to the sense to transpose the words *by* and *to*. Biron says that they are not betrayed by him, but, on the contrary, that he is betrayed or exposed to their over-view.

[132] *With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.*

Men-like men, mere men, men like common men, mortals. The word *strange* was first added in the second folio of 1632, where it is spelt *strang*, which some critics have conjectured is placed for *strong*. Warburton suggested to read *vane-like;* Monck Mason, *moon-like;* and Mr. Collier thinks we might read,—"with men, like *women* of inconstancy," the construction of which, however, is somewhat forced. Some editors read,—"with *man-like* men," but without authority; and Tieck would alter *strange* to *such*. Mr. R. G. White points out that the original reading is supported by a subsequent line,—"As true we are as flesh and blood can be."

[133] *Or groan for Joan.*

The last word is printed *Ione* in ed. 1598, as it is at the end of the last act, but in a copy of this edition of the play belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, according to Mr. Collier, the word is plainly printed *Love*, one of these readings having been corrected from the other, while the sheet was passing through the press. The jingle of *groan* and *Joan* exactly suits the merry character of the speech, and is supported by the mention of rhyme in the previous line. Joan, as has been previously observed, is a generic name for a rustic girl, or one of inferior rank.

[134] *In pruning me.*

A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:—"Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up the crest of youth—."—*Steevens.*

Sometimes it means to pick out damaged feathers, as birds do. According to Markham, "a hawk *proines* when she fetches oil with her beak over her tail."—"For joye they *proigne* hem evyry mornynge," MS. Ashmole 59, f. 20.

[135] *A gait, a state.*

State, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to gait (that is, the motion,) and signifies the act of *standing*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—"Her motion and her *station* are as one."—*Steevens.*

[136] *What present hast thou there?*

The Perkins MS. proposes to read,—"What, peasant, hast thou there?", and Mr. Singer thinks *present* may be an error for *presentment*. The king, who has no manner of dignity, sees Costard with a letter in his hand, and jocularly asks him what present he has brought. In Shakespeare's time, it was customary for even the poorest classes of society to bring gifts to the sovereign.

[137] *What makes treason here?*

That is, what does treason here?, what business has treason here? The same play upon words occurs in the first scene of As You Like It.

[138] *To make up the mess.*

The compiler of the *Janua Linguarum Quadrilinguis*, or a Messe of Tongues, Latine, English, French, and Spanish, 4to. Lond. 1617, observes that he added one of these languages *to make up the messe.* "And you are the fourth, to make up the messe," Wapull's Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576. A mess of dishes at a large dinner was the collection of them assigned to four persons, and hence generally a company of four was called a mess. "Foure makes a messe," Lilly's Mother Bombie. A tract called, "Roome for a Messe of Knaves," was published in 1610. "No, Jamie, he shall make up the mess," Spanish Curate. "A fourth, to make us a full messe of guests," Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches. "The messe of constables were shrunke to three," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "Our Avisa shall make a messe," verses in prayse of Willoby his Avisa. The term was also sometimes used for any company of people more than four, as well as for a meal of food.

Then let him go a little further and take bribes, and at the last pervert judgement. Lo, here is the mother and the daughter, and the daughter's daughter. Avarice is the mother, she brings forth bribe-taking, and bribe-taking perverting of judgement. *There lackes a fourth thing to make up the messe*, which, so God helpe me, if I were judge should bee *Hangum tuum*, a Tiburne-tippet to take with him, and it were the judge of the king's bench, my Lord chiefe judge of England; yea and it were my Lord chancellor himself, to Tiburne with him.—*The Fift Sermon preached by M. Latimer.*

[139] *He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I.*

Some of the modern editors omit the repetition of *and you*, which is found in all the old editions, both folio and quarto.

[140] *Hence, sirs; away.*

Sirs, in old English, sometimes written *Sers*, and thence, as we pronounce it, *Sars*. The common use of it, as a term of address, seems strangely inconsistent with the usual application of *Sir*. No respect is implied by it; but, on the contrary, superiority. It would be offensive to address it to superiors, or even to equals. It is a form of accosting inferiors only, as servants, and of both sexes. A farmer says to his domestics collectively, "You may all go (to) the fair, *Sars*, for I shall stay at home." This cannot be the Fr. *Sieurs*. But may it not be Norm. Fr. *serfs?*—*Forby.*

[141] *Young blood doth not obey an old decree.*

Compare the Merchant of Venice,—"The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree."

[142] *At the first opening of the gorgeous east.*

Milton has borrowed the expression "gorgeous east," and introduced it into the second book of Paradise Lost. The sun-worshippers, here alluded to, are noticed by Maundevile, and by several other authors whose works were popular in the sixteenth century.

[143] *She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.*

Something like this, says Dr. Johnson, is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are ye when the moon shall rise?

Malone refers to Horace,—"Micat inter omnes," &c.

[144] *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.*

Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of *Birón* is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne.* From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon.—Malone.*

This was the mode in which all French words of this termination were pronounced in English. Mr. Fox always in the House of Commons said Touloon, when speaking of Toulon.—*Boswell.*

[145] *Where several worthies make one dignity.*

"*Worthies* is a figurative expression, apply'd to her cheeks' beauties, as who should say—conquerors; the hidden sense of it this,—where several beauties conspire to make up one super-eminent beauty," Capell, p. 207.

[146] *To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.*

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.—*Sonnets.*

[147] *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!*

All the old editions read, *word divine.* The correction was made by Rowe.

[148] *No face is fair, that is not full so black.*

The reader may refer to the 127th and 132nd Sonnets, in which many of Biron's arguments may be found in similar language.

[149] *The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night.*

The old editions read *school* for *stole,* the latter reading being Theobald's conjectural emendation, and agreeing better with the context, which requires a word somewhat parallel with *badge* and *hue,* than any other alteration yet suggested. Black may appropriately be styled the stole or garment of night, and Shakespeare, in other plays, speaks of the cloak of night, night's black mantle, night's cloak, the mask of night, &c. It is worthy of remark that *stole* is substituted for *schole,* by the mistake of the transcriber, in the History of Beryn, 1669. Warburton suggested *scowl;* Thirlby, *soul;* the Perkins manuscript, *shade;* me miserum, *shroud* and *scroll* (the former alone possible); and Mr. Dyce, *soil,* on the strength of the following passage in Chapman's Humorous Dayes Myrth, 1599,—

Yet hath the morning sprinckled throwt (sic) the clowdes
But halfe her tincture, and *the soyle of night*
Stickes stil vpon the bosome of the ayre.

The expression, "mantle of night," is so exceedingly common in our early poets, a reading nearly synonymous with it claims a preference. Night's "sable curtains" are mentioned in Nicholson's Acolastus, 1600, and various other epithets of a similar character might easily be collected. The *veil of night* would make good sense, but no word yet suggested is perfectly satisfactory. Mr. Dyce takes *soil* in the ordinary sense, referring to the expression, "collied (*soiled*—black) night;" but the reading has the objection that it has no similarity with *badge, hue,* or *crest.* An anonymous critic adheres to the original reading, con-

sidering that "the allusion is to the different badges and colours by which different schools or sects or fraternities were formerly distinguished. Black, says the passage before us, is the hue worn by all who belong to the school or brotherhood of night."

There is, in Macbeth, another example of the word *school* being a misprint, but it there stands for *shoal*, which would not suit the context of the present passage. Other monosyllables collected as conjectures for the term in the latter instance may just be mentioned, viz.,—*cowl*, *caul*, *pall*, *wall*, *shell*, *roll*, *dowl*, *mail*, *seal*, *wheel*. Of these the preference may be given to *seal*. There is something probable in the idea of black being hell's badge, and night's seal.

[150] *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*

The conjunctions are used with great licence by Elizabethan writers, or we might perhaps alter *and* to *but*. It is the crest of beauty which graces the heavens, in opposition to black, which is the badge of hell. Warburton reads, *beauty's crete*, on the supposition of the poet using the French word for *chalk;* and Hanmer alters *crest* to *dress*. Heath approves of the last emendation, but suggests that the line should be given to Biron. This, however, can scarcely be correct; for Biron is answering the king's observation, when he says that devils tempt more easily, when they resemble spirits of light. On the whole, there is no necessity for disturbing the original text.

[151] *Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.*

This seems to be in allusion to 2 Corinthians, xi. 14,—"And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."

[152] *It mourns that painting, and usurping hair.*

And, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The sentiments here uttered by Biron, may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet.—*Malone.*

[153] *For native blood is counted painting now.*

"I suppose, dismounting the verse, his sentiment is—for painting is now counted native blood; otherwise I can make nothing of the context," Theobald's Letters. Biron is rather speaking supposititiously of what really has, or is supposed to have, taken place. Her countenance alters the fashion, and makes black the favorite colour; the really natural complexion of the generality being light, that is now fancifully presumed to be artificial, and it therefore, to avoid censure, is painted black.

[154] *Have at you then, affection's men at arms.*

The soldiers of Affection, or, Love's soldiers. So, shortly afterwards,—"Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!"

[155] *In that each of you have forsworn his book.*

Have for *hath*, one of the common grammatical peculiarities of the author's age. "The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, *have* lost their quality," Henry V.

[156] *Why, universal plodding poisons up.*

So all the old editions, Theobald reading, *prisons up*. The particle *up* is

redundant, as in numerous examples quoted in vol. i. p. 273. The meaning implied by Biron is, that overmuch study ruins or deteriorates excessively the chief essences in the blood of the student, those essences which infuse life and vigour. "The arteriall spiryte is more subtyll, and peareeth sooner unto the quickenynge of the members, then doothe the venalle or nutrimentalle bloude," Halle's Worke of Anatomie, 1565. Universal plodding does not confine the blood to the arteries, which would destroy life; but it injures its quality, and withers its activity, in the same manner that a too long-continued motion exhausts the sinewy vigour of the traveller. Theobald's conjecture is, however, in some degree countenanced by the lines in King John, commencing,—"Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy."

[157] *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye.*

In other words, teaches so much of beauty, or conveys so clear an idea of beauty. The face is quaintly termed the "book of beauty," in King John, act ii. The Perkins MS. alters *beauty* to *learning*, but the insertion of the latter word can scarcely convey the meaning intended by Shakespeare, who is in this speech making Biron argue that Love is "the ground of study's excellence," and, therefore, in swearing to abstain from the sight of a woman's face—"Love's richest book" (Mids. Night's Dream),—you have forsworn the only true use of eyes and of study, neither of which are advantageously employed on other objects; and it is impossible to attain to a knowledge of beauty from mere book-learning. He then commences a fresh paragraph, and playfully tells his auditors that their book-learning, whatever be its worth, is likewise to be seen in ladies' eyes, when their images are reflected from them. In respect to both objects of study, therefore, we have forsworn the use of our only true books. The original reading is also supported by the subsequent expression,—"the prompting eyes of beauty's tutors." See also Heath's Revisal, pp. 134, 135.

[158] *In leaden contemplation.*

Leaden, heavy, dull. "Leaden slumber," Richard III. "With leaden appetite, unapt to toy," Venus and Adonis. "A sad, leaden, downward cast," Il Penseroso. So, also, in the present speech, mention is made of "heavy toil."

[159] *Such fiery numbers.*

Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation have attained such poetical *fire*, such spritely *numbers*, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?—*Johnson.*

Hanmer alters *numbers* to *notions*, and Warburton discovers a recondite allusion in the text, that will scarcely be received by the reader.

[160] *The prompting eyes of beauty's tutors.*

So the old copies. Hanmer reads *beauteous tutors*, but Biron is speaking of the teachers of beauty and love. The same alteration was also suggested independently by Theobald, in his Letters, p. 323.

[161] *Other slow arts entirely keep the brain.*

Keep, are restricted to, confined to. This use of the word is still common in the phrases,—we keep the house, we keep our beds, &c. Or the still more usual sense, to live in, to inhabit, may be intended. So, in the present act,—"a Spaniard, that *keeps* here in court." The particle is often understood.

[162] *When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd.*

The head of theft, that is, the thieving head; in other words, the head of the thief. See examples of this mode of construction in vol. i. p. 281. The meaning

implied is that a lover's ear is so subtle, that it will detect a sound which is so slight, that even the suspicious head of a thief would not be influenced by it. "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;—The thief doth fear each bush an officer," Henry VI. Monck Mason is of opinion that *Theft* is here personified, a suggestion which at all events makes good sense of the passage; while Dr. Farmer thinks the "suspicious head of theft" is equivalent to, the head suspicious of theft. "He watches like one that fears robbing," Two Gentlemen of Verona. Mrs. Griffith, in the Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated, 1775, p. 99, proposes to alter *head* to *hand;* and Theobald thinks that *theft* should be *thrift*, that is, of the thriving, watchful, miser, whose care of his pelf will hardly let him venture to sleep. The latter reading is adopted in the Students, 1762.

[163] *Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.*

Cockled snails, that is, inshelled snails, from *cochlea*, the shell of a snail. Shakespeare probably refers to the common shell-snails, which are called *guggles* in Oxfordshire, and in some of the adjoining counties; but there is a possibility that by *cockled snails* are intended another species;—"*Chiocciola*, a cockle, a scallop or any shell-fish, but properly those blacke snailes with hornes and without shels," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

[164] *For valour, is not love a Hercules.*

Theobald proposes to alter *valour* to *savour*, giving the forced explanation,—for smelling out the sweets, the delicacies, &c. There can be no necessity for any alteration. Hercules climbed the trees to obtain the golden apples, and the metaphor implied is obvious. Theobald objects to the original reading, on the ground that the valour of Hercules was not shown in climbing the trees; but there was great courage displayed in the adventure altogether, and it is scarcely prudent to reduce the metaphors of Shakespeare within strict verbal limits. Mrs. Griffith, in 1775, proposed, *flavour*.

[165] *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*

The Hesperides is here written, by a poetical licence, for the garden of the Hesperides. Some contemporary writers, however, mistakingly use it for the name of a place, as Gabriel Harvey, in Pierces Supererogation, 1593, p. 167, ap. Dyce, and Greene, in Orlando Furioso, 1594, and Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay, 1594. "The dragon of the Hesperides," is mentioned in the Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597, but this last expression might be construed so as to avoid any incorrectness; as also, "apples of the Hesperides," in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, i. 4. "May revel here in Love's Hesperides," Carew's Cœlum Britanicum. Milton speaks of the "ladies of th' Hesperides," and Ben Jonson of "the delights of the Hesperides."

[166] *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.*

This expression, like that other in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, of—"Orpheus' harp was strung with poet's sinews," is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire.—*Warburton.*

This expression, Warburton tells us, "is extremely beautiful and highly figurative." How must the reader be disappointed, when he finds, that, according to that gentleman's interpretation, it amounts to no more than this, that Apollo's lute is strung with gilded wire? How much more sublime is the imagination of our poet, which represents that instrument as strung with the sun-beams, which in poetry are called Apollo's hair?—*Heath.*

The author of the Revisal supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138;

"Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *strung with sunbeams?* Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense; and in the style of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lyly's Mydas, a play which most probably preceded Shakespeare's, in which Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *strings of Daphne's haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c.—*Warton.*

Lyly's Mydas, quoted by Warton, was published in 1592. The same thought occurs in How to Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:

> Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,
> Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,
> And kept them to play musick to the gods?

Again, in Storer's Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey, a poem, 1599:

> With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,
> And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue.—*Steevens.*

> Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
> Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
> Of his own breath; which, married to his lyre,
> Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher.—*Crashaw.*

[167] *Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

The old editions read *make*, the singulars and plurals being constantly interchanged in the early copies. Heath explains this passage,—"Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." Voice is, perhaps, the murmur of approbation, which uttered by all the gods in harmony, makes heaven drowsy. Compare Shirley's Love Tricks, act iv.,—

> Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,
> He her Endymion, she his silver Moon.
> The tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep,
> And make the music of the spheres stand still,
> To listen to the happier airs it makes,
> And mend their tunes by it.

Theobald, in his Letters to Warburton, p. 348, proposed to change *make* into *mark*, an unnecessary conjecture, but afterwards adopted by both critics. The following notes by the commentators appear worth insertion:

Collins observes that the meaning of the passage may be this.—That the voice of all the gods united could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the chearful effects of the voice of Love. That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and much the same thought occurs in the Shepherd Arsileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song, by Bar. Yong; published in England's Helicon, 1614:

> Unless mild *Love* possess your amorous breasts,
> If you sing not of him, your songs *do weary.*

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator (Steevens) might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In Cinthia's Revenge, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

> Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring
> With charms all potent, earth *asleep to bring.*—*Steevens.*

Could the poet pay a finer compliment to Love than to say, all the rest of the

gods seemed to speak such nonsense (while love was a speaking) as was enough to make heaven drowsy? There is, I grant you, a critical inaccuracy in the lines, but it is such as is characteristical of your author; it is a Shakespearism.—*Dr. Dodd.*

And when love speaks, the voice *makes* all the gods *of* heaven drowsy with the harmony. That is, the voice, or the sound Love makes when he speaks, is so exquisitely soft and melodious, that it makes all the gods of heaven, even Love himself, seem drowsy, lulling them all, as it were, asleep with the harmony.—*Anon.*

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in Timon, is said *to speak with every tongue;* and *the gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakespeare of having read Pindar, one should say that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy was borrowed from the first Pythian.—*Tyrwhitt.*

The sedative power of music is mentioned in Pericles, Midsummer Night's Dream, and in several other plays.

[168] *Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.*

Mrs. Griffith alters *sighs* to *tears.* "I prefer *tears* to *sighs*, which is the text word; as water is a fitter element than wind to temper ink with.—The last word of the next line I have also changed from *ears* to *breasts*, in order to elude the rhime," Morality of Shakespeare's Dramas, 1775, p. 100.

[169] *And plant in tyrants mild humility.*

Mrs. Griffith, in her Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated, 1775, p. 100, alters *humility* to *humanity*, observing,—"the text-word is *humility;* I have ventured to change it to one that is more fitly opposed to *tyranny.*" The original word is perfectly appropriate. "Humilitie is a gentlenes of the mynde, or a gentle patience withoute all angre or wrathe," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552.

[170] *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.*

This repetition is in unison with the strong argumentative character of the speech, and is unnecessarily objected to by Warburton. Several editors of the last century omitted lines in the present speech, without any authority, and also without sufficient reason. It is well observed by Mr. Knight that "one of the greatest evidences of skill in an orator is the enforcement of an idea by repetition."

[171] *Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men.*

The construction of the latter part of this line is somewhat licentious, but the meaning seems to be—a word that likes, or is pleasing to, all men. The use of the verb *to love*, in this sense, is scarcely yet obsolete. It has been well observed by Dr. Johnson, that the antithesis of "a word that all men love," and "a word that loves all men," has much of the spirit of this play; and it is, indeed, a style to which Shakespeare was peculiarly attached beyond any author. It will be observed that the last word of each of these lines is made the subject of the following one, in connexion with the word *sake.* Various alterations have been suggested, viz.—"a word that all women love," Warburton; "a word that joys all men," Heath; "a word that leads all men," Monck Mason; "a name that lures all men," ibid.

[172] *Or for men's sake, the authors of these women.*

The old copies read *author*, corrected by Capell. Farmer would alter *women*

to *words*, which the next line shows to be erroneous; and men are, in one sense, the authors of women. The pronoun *these* is here, as in many other instances, used generically.

[173] *It is religion to be thus forsworn.*

There is a slight similarity between this line, and the conclusion of Longaville's sonnet,—" To lose an oath to win a paradise."

[174] *In conflict that you get the sun of them.*

In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts.—*Malone.*

[175] *For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours.*

This line, and the following one, are quoted in England's Parnassus, 8vo. Lond. 1600, p. 229, the author's name being given as, *W. Sha.*

[176] *Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.*

Fair Love, that is, Venus. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—" Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* soft hours—." *Malone.*

[177] *Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn.*

" Alone, alone," early eds. The same orthography is found in the first scene of the next act. The passage is elliptical, and may thus be paraphrased,—" cockle being sown, no corn is reaped;" in other words, if we do not lay a good foundation, we shall not succeed. A reference is perhaps intended to the Scriptural text, —" Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Another explanation is given by Warburton,—beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. Cockle, *agrostemna githago*, Lin. Cf. Harrison's Descr. of England, p. 170. *Quædam herba quæ vocatur vulgo* cokkylle, MS. Bib. Reg. 12 B. i. f. 30.

And as the *cockille* with hevenly dew so clene
Of kynde engendreth white perlis rounde.
Lydgate, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 3.

Cockle is a common and hurtfull weede in our corne, and very well knowne by the name of cockle, which Pena calleth pseudomelanthium, and nigellastrum, by which names Dodonæus and Fuchsius do also terme it; Mutonus calleth it lolium; and Tragus calleth it lichnoides segetum. This plant hath straight, slender, and hairie stems, garnished with long hairie and grayish leaves, which growe togither by couples, inclosing the stalke rounde about: the flowers are of a purple colour, declining to rednesse, consisting of five small leaves, in proportion very like to wilde campions: when the flowers be vaded, there follow round knops or heads ful of blackish seede, like unto the seede of nigell, but without any smell or savour at all.—*Gerarde's Herbal*, 1597.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.[1]

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner[2] have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[3] audacious without impudency,[4] learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[5] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked,[6] too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were—too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-device companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d e b t; not d e t:[7]—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh abbreviated, ne. This is abhominable[8] (which he would call abominable): it insinuateth me of insany;[9] *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo! bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?—bone* for *bene:* Priscian a little scratch'd;[10] 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the seraps.[11] [*To* COSTARD *aside.*

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words![12] I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[13] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[14]

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*to* HOLOFERNES] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;[15]—
What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.[16]

Moth. Ba, most seely sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them;[17] or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i—

Moth. The sheep: the other two conclude it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:[18] snip, snap, quick and home;[19] it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.[20]

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa.*[21] A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon egg of discretion.[22] O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou

wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin! dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man *præambulat*;[23] we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[24] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, choice;[25] sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember not thy courtesy:[26] —I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[27] with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secresy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day to be rend'red by our assistance,[28] at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman,[29] Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority; his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious,[30] though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic.
I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so;[31] or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.[32]

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the* Princess's *Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds![33]
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;[34]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.[35]
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;[36]
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.[37]
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.[38]
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Anything like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink! a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho![39] let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest![40] and I beshrew all shrows!
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,[41]
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![42]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests,[43]
And make him proud to make me proud that jests![44]
So potent-like would I o'ersway his state,[45]
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.[46]
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter![47] Where 's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid![48] What are they,
That charge their breath against us?[49] say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy reply'd, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, "Via! we will do 't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,[50]
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.[51]
Prin. But what? but what? come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians,[52] as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle,[53] to court, and dance:
And every one his love-suit will advance[54]
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.[55]

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,[56]
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in,[57] if he be out.
There 's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The ladies mask.*

Enter the KING,[58] BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits and masked;* MOTH, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

Moth. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.[59]

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"
Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out"—
Boyet. True; *out*, indeed.[60]
Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—
"With your sun-beamed eyes"—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.[61]
Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,[62] to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she 's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there are three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.[63]—Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall?—bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet. [*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take you that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:[64]—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No; I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.[65]
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt* KING, LORDS, MOTH, *Music, and* Attendants.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.[66]—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have ;[67] gross, gross ; fat, fat !
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout ![68]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O ! they were all in lamentable cases !
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.[69]
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No point, quoth I ;[70] my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you what he call'd me ?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[71]
But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return ?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows ;
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.[72]
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd,
Let 's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;[73]
And wonder what they were ; and to what end

Their shallow shows, and prologue vildly penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, *and* MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,[74]
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;[75]
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;[76]
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp:[77] Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;[78]
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables,[79] chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly;[80] and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,[81]
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:[82]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this mad-man show'd thee?[83] and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I eoneeive.
King. Construe my speeehes better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our eourt: vouehsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.[84]
Prin. You niek-name virtue: viee you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So mueh I hate a breaking-eause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; mueh to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of eourtship, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, to the manner of the days,[85]
In eourtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apaee; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not eall them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle sweet,[86]
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your eapaeity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish,[87] and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. Oh, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried: they 'll mock us now downright. [*Aside.*
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. [*Aside.*
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swound! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout:
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,[88]
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,[89]
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation;
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, law!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.[90]
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write "Lord have mercy on us,"[91] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.[92]

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[93]

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.[94]

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight: and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either:[95] I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't:—Here was a consent,[96]
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,[97]—
That smiles his cheek in years,[98] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.[99]
Much upon this it is:—and might not you [*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[100]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?[101]
You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope it is not so:
You cannot beg us,[102] sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, e'en one poor man;[103] Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[*Exit* COSTARD.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:[104]
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the* KING, *and delivers a paper to him.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal compliment!

[*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,[105] the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum;[106] and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such,[107] take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.
[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *&c.*

PAGEANT OF THE NINE WORTHIES.[108]

Enter COSTARD, *armed, for* Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.[109]

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—"

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey,"
I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny,[110] Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, *armed, for* Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;[111]
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.[112]

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To* NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,[113] will be given to Ajax;[114] he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:[115] —But there are Worthies a coming, will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *armed, for* Judas, *and* MOTH, *armed, for* Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus:*
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology."—
Keep some state in thy *exit,* and vanish.[116] [*Exit* MOTH.
"Judas I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—
"Judas, I am, y-cliped Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.[117]
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this? [*Pointing to his face.*
Boyet. A cittern-head.[118]
Dum. The head of a bodkin.[119]
Biron. A death's face in a ring.[120]
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.[121]
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.[122]
Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer.[123]
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude: give it him:—Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark; he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.[124]
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best endued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.[125]

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.[126]

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.[127]

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!
"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:
A man so breath'd,[128] that certain he would fight, yea,[129]
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—but I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the* PRINCESS] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.[130]

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone; fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,[131] the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him: and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved;—More Ates, more Ates;[132] stir them on: stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;[133] I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.[134]

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.[135] Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.[136]

Moth. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong[137] through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt* Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath,[138] your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:[139]
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme part of Time extremely forms[140]
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,[141] decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;[142]
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.[143]
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief;—[144]
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths;—your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes,[145] of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:[146]
But more devout than this, in our respects,[147]
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not cote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:[148]
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this;—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;[149]
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,[150]
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,

Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembranee of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,[151]
The sudden hand of death elose up mine eye!
Henee ever then my heart is in thy breast.[152]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.[153]
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day[154]
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fae'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady eome,
Then, if I have mueh love, I 'll give you some.
Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn agen.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I 'll ehange my blaek gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patienee; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart,[155] mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some serviee on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proelaims you for a man replete with moeks;
Full of eomparisons and wounding flouts,
Whieh you on all estates will exeeute,
That lie within the merey of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the whieh I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speeehless siek, and still eonverse
With groaning wretehes; and your task shall be,
With all the fieree endeavour of your wit,
To enforee the pained impotent to smile.[156]

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,[157]
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
[*To the* KING.

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day.
And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter: This Ver, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
    And lady-smocks all silver white,[158]
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,[159]
    Do paint the meadows with delight,[160]
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,[161]
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
    And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
    And maidens bleach their summer smocks.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
    And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,[162]
And Tom bears logs into the hall,[163]
    And milk comes frozen home in pail,—
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
        To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,[164]
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.[165]

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
    And coughing drowns the parson's saw,[166]
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
    And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,[167]
    Then nightly sings the staring owl,
        To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

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[1] *Satis quod sufficit.*

To which answers our English Proverb,—Enough is as good as a feast. The French, Asser y a, si trop n' y a.—Ray's Proverbial Sentences, p. 132.—*Dr. Grey.*

[2] *Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious.*

I know not well what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited. It may be proper just to note that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies discourse; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for spirited, animated, confident. *Opinion* is the same with obstinacy, or opiniatreté. —*Johnson.*

[3] *Witty without affection.*

That is, without affectation. So, in Hamlet: " —No matter that might indite the author of *affection*." Again, in Twelfth-Night, Malvolio is called "an *affection'd* ass."—*Steevens.* See also the subsequent note, No. 89. The second folio has, *affectation.*

[4] *Audacious without impudency.*

Audacious was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, than liberal or commendable boldness: " —she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments."—*Steevens.*

Some of them, emboldened onely by the credit of their science purchased amongst men, grew to such *impudency*, that they would have ceremonies and rites performed unto them as unto gods.—*Barrough's Method of Physick*, 1624.

[5] *His tongue filed.*

"A filed tongue, furnish'd with termes of art," Colin Clout's Come Home Againe. The phrase is found in Chaucer, and in a great number of early English poems. "To wyse and filed speache may be great force and strength assynde," Zoddiake of Life, translated by B. Googe. "Thy filed tongue, that forged lies," Damon and Pithias. "Thy many smooth and filed wordes," Turbervile's Ovid. "But they their tongues did file," Skelton.

My boy, these yonkers reachen after fame,
And so done presse into the learned troupe,
With *filed* quill to glorifie their name,
Which otherwise were pend in shamefull coupe.
Drayton's Shepherds Garland, 1593.

[6] *He is too picked.*

In other words, too fastidious. See the Notes to Hamlet. It may be worth remarking that, in ed. 1685, this page appears in a small type.

[7] *D. e. b. t, not d. e. t.*

The old fashioned pronunciation of retaining the sound of the letter *b* in words of this description began to be discontinued about the period when this comedy was first produced. *Debt* is spelt *det*, in rhyme with *set*, in Churchyard's Good Will, 1604.

[8] *This is abhominable, which he would call abominable.*

Abhominable was the old form of the word, and was long considered to be the correct one. It is so spelt in Pr. Parv., MS. Harl. 221, f. 2, and in other early works. "*Abbomineuole*, abhominable, detestable, loathsome," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. Minsheu gives the new form *abominable*, referring his readers to *abhominable.*

A prudent man otherwise, and well ynough endured of the provinces; mild also, and faire spoken: but upon any occasion whatsoever, and especially upon suits and actions in law (which is an *abhominable* thing) wholly set upon filthie gaine and lucre.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, tr. Holland, 1609.

[9] *It insinuateth me of insany.*

In former editions,—"it insinuateth me of *infamie: Ne intelligis, Domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.—*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone* intelligo.—*Hol.* Bome, boon *for* boon Priscian; a little scratch, 'twill serve." Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity:—"*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone, intelligo.*" The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in Terence find *bone vir;* but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it:—"*Bone?—bone*, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratched: 'twill serve." Alluding to the common phrase,—*Diminuis* Prisciani *caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin.—*Theobald.*

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *Ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick.—Johnson.*

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, the Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time, written in verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman without date (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.), I find the word used:

In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,
After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,
For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.—*Steevens.*

I should rather read—"it insinuateth *men* of *insanie*."—*Farmer*. *Me* is printed for *men* in King Edward the Third, 1596, sig. D 3.

——— *me* like lanthorne show,
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.—*Malone*.

Warburton reads *insanity*. It may be remarked that the old reading *infamy*, however devoid of meaning in this place, is in some degree supported by a subsequent use of the word by Moth, who may be imitating the language of Holofernes, at the same time that he is otherwise ridiculing him. The verb *insinuate* seems to have been here used in a peculiar sense, to indicate, in ridicule, perhaps, of pedants employing fine words incongruously.

[10] *Priscian a little scratch'd.*

An amusing variation of the old and common phrase. "You have broken Priscian's head, wherefore I may laugh at incongruity as well as you might at unformalitie," Morley's Introduction to Practicall Musicke, 1608.

[11] *They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.*

So, in Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, by Thomas Nashe, 1594:—"The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the Scripture, so heed must be taken that their whole sermon seem not a *banquet* of the broken *fragments* of scripture." —*Malone*.

Were it not, admired Hebrew, that I fed upon these scrapps of poetry, this maid would famish me.—*Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen*, 1649.

[12] *O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.*

In the time of Shakespeare, and for many years previously as well as afterwards, the refuse of the table was collected by the attendants, who used wooden knives for the purpose, and put into a large basket, which was called the alms-basket, the contents of which were reserved for the poor; although, in many cases, some of the best pieces in the basket were sold, as perquisites, by the servants, the inferior portion only reaching its proper destination. The conclusion of a dinner is thus described in a dialogue in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591,—"*C.* Shall we give God thankes.—*N.* Duetie and reason wills us so to doo.—*S.* First, take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those peeces of broken meate in a basket for the poore." It is termed an *almes-tub* by Cotgrave, in v. *Aumoire*. "Almes baskets, honestie, and plaine dealing had all the trades in their owne handes," Dekker's Knights Conjuring, 1607. The alms-basket continued in use till the close of the seventeenth century. It is mentioned in Cleaveland's Works, ed. 1687, p. 79; and the following order occurs in the regulations made for the Gentlemen-Wayters Table at the court of Charles II.,—"That no gentleman whatsoever shall send away any meat or wine from the table, or out of the chamber, upon any pretence whatsoever; and that the gentlemen-ushers take particular care herein, that all the meate that is taken off the table upon trencher-plates be put into a basket for the poore, and not undecently eaten by any servant in the roome; and if any person shall presume to do otherwise, he shall be prohibited immediately to remaine in the chamber, or to come there again, until further order."

And now a thought into my mind doth creepe,
How thou a kitchin or a maid canst keepe:
I know the time thou wouldst have lick'd thy chaps
From out an *almes-basket* to get some scraps,

And hast thou now a kitchin and large roomes,
To entertaine faire lasses, and brave groomes?
Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

Thy tongue, and not unwittily perhaps,
Once likened to th' *almes-basket* fill'd with scraps;
It feeds our ears with mix'd and broken words,
Just like the poor with bits from sev'rall boards.
Prestwick's Hippolitus, 12mo. 1651, p. 75.

The contents of the alms-basket were sometimes appropriated to the poorest class of prisoners, and the alms-basket of the sheriffs was always set aside for their use; "beggary's basket," it is called in If this be not a Good Play, 1612. "I give and bequeath to my second son In-and-in his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket," Inner Temple Masque, 1619. "Out, you dog-leach! the vomit of all prisons—still spew'd out for lying too heavy on the basket," Alchemist, i. 1, that is, for eating more than his share of its wretched contents, which are emblemized by "stinking fish" in Greene's Tu Quoque, 1599.

And as their fathers before them made others to rot in prison, so their prodigall sonnes are holed in some loathsome jayle, being lowzy, lodging on the boords, and live upon the Boxe and the *Almes-basket.*—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[13] *Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*

This absurd compound also occurs in Nash's Lenten Stuffe, 1599; Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, 1647; and with one syllable added, *honorificicabilitudinitatibus*, in the Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630. "It is," observes Mr. Hunter, "of some antiquity; I have seen it on an Exchequer record, apparently in a hand of the reign of Henry VI., and it may be seen, with some additional syllables, scribbled on one of the leaves of MS. Harl. 6113."

Crisp. For griefes sake keepe him out, his discourse is like the long word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus:* a great deale of sound and no sence: his companie is like a parenthesis; to a discourse you may admit it, or leave it out, it makes no matter.—*Marston's Dutch Curtezan*, 1604.

[14] *Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.*

See observations on the flap-dragon in the notes to the Second Part of Henry IV.

[15] *He teaches boys the hornbook.*

The hornbook, one of the elementary instruments formerly used in education, is of considerable antiquity, the annexed engraving of one being taken from a large wood-cut in the Margarita Philosophica, 1503, in which it is held out towards a school-boy who is just about to have the door of knowledge opened to him by the hands of Grammar. No very ancient specimen of one has, however, yet been discovered; the earliest genuine one known belonging to the seventeenth century; but Sir George Musgrave, of Edenhall, possesses two curious engraved pieces of hone stone, of an early period, which are stated, with some appearance of probability, to be moulds for casting leaden hornbooks, with rude figures of birds and crosses on the outer side, and the alphabet engraved backwards, but which would perhaps be correctly described as instruments of education more primitive even than the hornbook. The hornbook of Shakespeare's time, as is gathered from various contemporary notices, generally consisted

Original Music to Light o'Love and to Green Sleeves, from the curious Lute-Book of W. Ballet, preserved at Trinity College, Dublin; and Morley's Music to the Horn-Book, 1608.

A. 3. VOC.

Chriſtes croſſe be my ſpeede, in all vertue to proceede, A. b. c. d. e. f. g. h.

i. k. l. m. n. o p. q. r. s & t. double w. v. x. with y. ezod. & per ſe. con per ſe.

tittle tittle. eſt Amen, When you haue done begin againe begin againe.

To face p. 391

Ashbee & Dangerfield Fac-sim

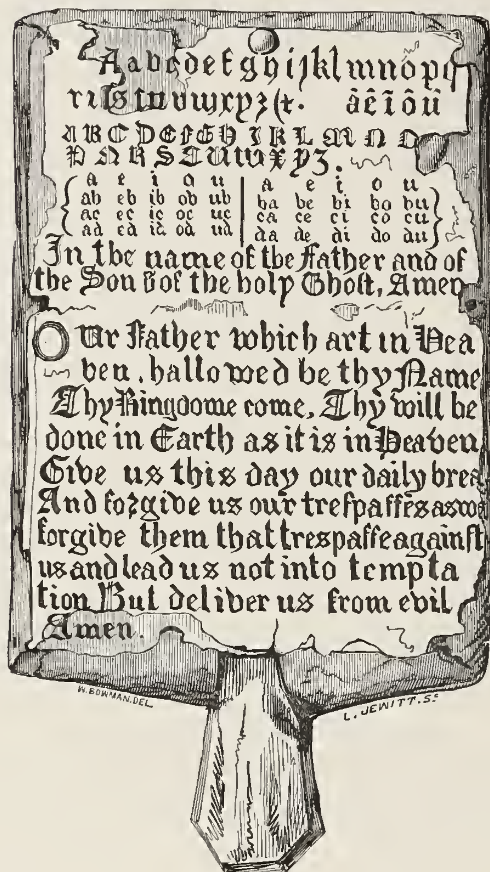
of a small rectangular plate of wood, from the bottom of which projected a handle with which it was held by the child. The "book" itself consisted of a single printed page, fixed on the wood, on which was first a large cross, the criss-cross (corrupted from Christ-cross), the alphabet, vowels, combinations of the consonants and vowels, a short and familiar Scriptural piece, the Lord's Prayer, and an old mark, consisting of three dots placed triangularly, which denoted conclusion. "In old time," observes Johnson, in his New Booke of New Conceits, 1630,—"they used three prickes at the latter end of the crosse row, and at the end of their bookes, which they caused children to call tittle, tittle, tittle; signifying, that as there were three pricks, and those three made but one stop, even so there were three persons, and yet but one God." See also the very curious music to the hornbook, copied in the annexed plate from Morley's Introduction to Musicke, 1608. The whole of the above-mentioned text was protected with a piece of transparent horn, which was secured in its place by small nails driven through the edges, which were usually surmounted by a border or mounting of tinsel or thin metal plates. "The letters may be read, thorough the horne, that make the story perfect," Ben Jonson's Foxe, fol. ed., p. 503. Other materials seem occasionally to have been used instead of the horn, for Cleaveland, in his Works, ed. 1687, p. 326, speaking of two persons who followed a threadbare scholar that had mended his doublet with a poem, and who, "like boys in hornbooks, read it through the cloth." It was the practice to learn each letter by itself, the letter being emphatically repeated, e. g.,—*a* per se *a*, *b* per se *b*, &c. "A per se, con per se, tittle est, Amen! why, he comes uppon thee, man, with a whole hornbooke," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. The following verses, alluding to the hornbook, occur in Breton's Melancholike Humors, 1600,—

> To learn the baby's A. B. C.
> Is fit for children, not for me.
> I know the letters all so well,
> I need not learn the way to spell;
> And for the cross before the row,
> I learn'd it all too long ago.
>
> Then let them go to school that list,
> To hang the lip at "Had I wist:"
> I never lov'd a book of horn,
> Nor leaves that have their letters worn:
> Nor with a fescue to direct me,
> Where every puny shall correct me.

In reference to the last allusion, it may be worth while to observe that the fescue was an important instrument in the process of instructing from the hornbook. "Some thieves are like a horne-booke, and begin, their A. B. C. of filching with a pin," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

Black-letter hornbooks are exceedingly rare, and the greatest caution must be exercised in receiving any as genuine, several specimens having been fabricated of late years, and two, both of which are believed to be spurious, having found their way into the British Museum. The only one I have yet met with, of indubitable authenticity, was discovered some years ago in pulling down an old farm-house at Middleton, co. Derby, and it passed immediately into the valuable museum of Thomas Bateman esq. of Youlgrave, whence the present engraving of it was taken, the portrait of King Charles on horseback being on the reverse. The criss-cross is not seen in this specimen, which is slightly defective at the corner. Coote, in his English Schoolemaster, 1632, has given a sort of advanced

hornbook, part of which is in black-letter, at the commencement of his work, consisting of the alphabet in six different types, accompanied by a few compound letters. In a picture by Schidone, generally known under the title of the Hornbook, is a representation of an early Italian specimen.



The hornbook is generally spoken of as occupying a middle place between the A. B. C. and the Primer. "And may with some impulsion no doubt be brought to passe the A. B. C. of war, and come unto the horne-booke," Thierry and Theodoret, 1621. "First begin with the hornbook, and then go on to the Primmer," Wild's Benefice, 1689, p. 56.

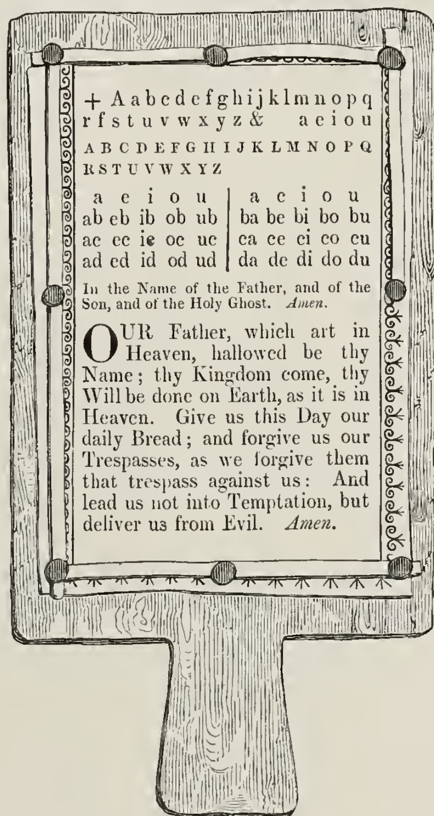
> When little children first are brought to schoole,
> A *horne-booke* is a necessary toole.
>
> *Pasquil's Night Cap*, 1612.

I was faine to runne through a whole alphabet of faces: now, at the last, seeing she was so cramuk with me, I began to sweare all the crisse-crosse-row over, beginning at great A, little a, till I cam to w, x, y.—*The Tragicall Raigne of Selimus*, 1594.

The criss-cross was so usual an appendage to the alphabet in the hornbook, that the alphabet itself was popularly known as the criss-cross-row, or sometimes simply as the cross-row. The various contents of the hornbook are thus mentioned in a curious passage in How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad, 1602,—

"I was five years learning to crish cross from great A, and five years longer coming to F; there I stuck some three years before I could come to Q; and so, in process of time, I came to e per se e, and com per se, and tittle; then I got to a, e, i, o, u; after, to Our Father," the last of course referring to the Lord's Prayer. "For his knowledge, hee is meerely a horne-booke without a Christ-crosse afore it," Overbury Characters. "*La Croix de par Dieu*, the Christs-crosse-row, or the hornebooke wherein a child learnes it," Cotgrave. Cranley, in his Amanda or the Reformed Whore, 1635, p. 44, speaks of "the blacke crosse before the row of letters." In Somersetshire, the alphabet is still called the criss-cross-lane.

"Commether, Billy Chubb, an breng tha hornen book. Gee me tha vester in tha windor, you Pal Came! —what! be a sleepid—I'll wâke ye. Now, Billy, there's a good bway! Ston still there, an mine what I da zâ to ye, and whaur I da pwint.—Now; cris-cross, girt â, little â—b—c — d. — That's right, Billy; you'll zoon lorn tha criss-cross-lain—you'll zoon auvergit Bobby Jiffry — you'll zoon be a scholard. — A's a pirty chubby bway—Lord love'n!"—*Specimens of the West Country Dialect.*



School-boys were accustomed to carry their hornbooks to school, suspended from the girdle, and sometimes to use them without detaching them from it. "*Centurola*, a horne booke for children to learne to reade, hanging at their girdle," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, ed. 1598, p. 66. A hornbook, "hanging at the girdle of a girl," is mentioned in the comedy of Sir Courtly Nice, 1685, p. 14. "You shall stay here, and hang at my girdle like a hornbook, till I have learnt ye through," Dogget's Country Wake, 1696, p. 14. This practice continued to a late period, for in a View of the Beau Monde, 1731, p. 52, a lady is described as, "dressed like a child, in a bodice coat and leading-strings, with a hornbook tied to her side."

The prices of hornbooks were usually very low. Peacham, in his Worth of a Penny, mentions that coin as the price of one,—"For a penny you may buy the hardest book in the world, and which at sometime or other hath posed the greatest clerks in the land, *viz.*, an Hornbook: the making up of which book imployeth above thirty trades." In the first part of the last century, they were usually sold at twopence each. "Jan. 3, 1715-6, one horn-book for Mr. Eyres, 00.0.2," MS. Accounts of the Archer family. In a bill dated 1735, mention is made of "one horn book gilt," the price being the same. A gilt hornbook is also alluded to in Sir Courtly Nice, 1685, p. 14.

Hornbooks continued in general use in England until the commencement of the present century, but they are now entirely obsolete, and even specimens of those last in use are procured with great difficulty. In France, I am informed,

they are still used, the protecting pane, however, not being formed of horn but of glass. The English hornbook of the last century differed scarcely at all, as will be seen from the annexed engraving, from that of the earlier period. The several specimens of this date, which I have seen, have all been protected with horn, the plate of wood having nothing placed upon the reverse side; but, according to Mr. Timbs, some hornbooks, in use about fourty years ago, were printed on the horn only, or pasted to its back. Shenstone speaks of the books of stature small, secured "with pellucid horn, to save from fingers wet the letters fair." A tale is related as illustrative of the readiness of Lord Erskine, who, when asked by a judge if a single sheet could be called a book, replied,—"the common hornbook, my lord." The hornbook is so entirely forgotten by the public, that the subject authorizes a somewhat lengthened note, its very name being now one of the archaisms of Shakespeare. Its place is often supplied, in the inferior schools, by what is termed a battledore, one of which, now before me, may be described as a small piece of thin pasteboard, containing the alphabet in large and small letters, twenty combinations of single vowels and single consonants, and a few small miscellaneous woodcuts.

See other notices of hornbooks in Percivale's Spanish and English Dictionarie, 1599, in v. *Tableta*, "a horne booke, such as children learne their A. B. C. in;" Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603; Second Part of Merry Drollerie, p. 18; The Pagan Prince, 1690, p. 3; Love for Love, 1695, p. 16; Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion, 1696, p. 83; London Spy, 1698; Poor Robin's Almanack for 1740. Howell, 1659, mentions a proverb in which the term hornbook is significant of cuckoldism; allusions of a similar kind being frequent. See the Rump Songs, i. 46; The Horn Exalted, 1661; The Marriage Broaker, 1662, p. 42; Wild's comedy of the Benefice, 1689, p. 30; and Poor Robin's Almanack for 1764. Francis Pynner of Bury, in his will dated 1639, left a certain residue, to "be imployed to and for the buyeing and provideing of horne-bookes and primers to be given to poore children of the said parish of St. Maries in Bury aforesaid." One of the street-cries was, "Come buy a hornbook," as mentioned in Wit and Drollery, p. 78.

[16] *Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.*

This dialogue is constructed on the actual mode of the elementary education of the time, which has been partially continued to the present day. That this is the case is seen by the following instructions given in the Ludus Literarius or the Grammar Schoole, 1627, p. 19,—"Then teach them to put the consonants in order before every vowell, and to repeate them oft over together; as thus: to begin with *b*, and to say, ba, be, bi, bo, bu. So *d*. da, de, di, do, du. *f*. fa, fe, fi, fo, fu. Thus teach them to say all the rest, as it were singing them together, la, le, li, lo, lu; The hardest to the last, as ca, ce, ci, co, cu: and ga, ge, gi, go, gu.; in which the sound is a little changed in the second and third syllables. When they can doe all these, then teach them to spell them in order, thus; What spels b-a? If the childe cannot tell, teach him to say thus; b-a, ba: so putting first *b*. before every vowell, to say b-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi, b-o bo, b-u bu. Then aske him againe what spels b-a, and hee will tell you; so all the rest in order. By oft repeating before him, hee will certainly doe it. After this, if you aske him how hee spels b-a, he will answer b-a ba. So in all others."

The scene in the text appears to have been imitated by Ravenscroft, in his comedy of Scaramouch a Philosopher, 1677,—"*Mist.* How, open your Book, and read.—*Harl.* A,b, ab, e,b, eb, i,b, ib, o,b, ob, u,b, ub. B, a, ab.—*Mist.* How's that? b, a, spell ab?—*Harl.* Yes.—*Mist.* A, b, spells ab; B, a, spells—what? what says the Sheep?—*Harl.* What says a Sheep? Ha! ha! ha! he!—*Mist.*

What says the Sheep?—*Harl.* The Sheep says—Ha! ha! he! nothing can a Sheep speak.—*Mist.* Did you never hear a Sheep cry Ba?—*Harl.* Ba? yes.—*Mist.* Well then, B, a, spells Ba; this is the third fault. Come, a sound whipping will quicken your apprehension."

[17] *The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them.*

In former editions:—"*Moth.* The *last* of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the *fifth* if I.—*Hol.* I will repeat them, *a, e, I.*—*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it; *o, u.*"—Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same *vowel?* Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e., you are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.—*Theobald.*

A similar use of these letters is still preserved in the common legal document termed an I. O. U., in the sense of, I owe you.

[18] *A quick venew of wit.*

A venew or veney is a term in fencing, signifying, a hit. See vol. ii. p. 302. "*Coup*, a vennie in fencing," Cotgrave. "In the fencing-school to play a venew," Four Prentices of London, 1615. "Rather to play with short rods, and give venies till all smarte againe," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608. Howel, in his Lexicon Tetraglotton, 1660, mentions "a veny in fencing; venue, *touche*, toca;" and afterwards more fully in his vocabulary, sect. xxxii, "A foin, *veny*, or stoccado; la botta; la *touche*, le *coup*." In Sir John Harrington's Life of Dr. Still, is the following expression, "he would not sticke to warne them in the arguments to take heede to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell afore-hand in which button he will give the *venew*," Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii, p. 158, edit. 1804, by Park. In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Act I. Scene 5, Bobadil, in answer to Master Matthew's request for *one venue*, says, "Venue! fie: most gross denomination as ever I heard; O, the *stoccata*, while you live, sir, note that." The *stoccata* was merely another term for the same thing. Part of the above is taken from Douce. The venew was frequently used metaphorically, as in the text. Thus, in the Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607,—"Brother, I 'll have one venny with her tongue, to breathe my wit, and jest at passion." Again, in Phillis of Scyros, 1655,—"a venie of sweet kisses, one to one."

So carrying an heedfull eye, how to ward all *venies*, and covering themselves close in manner of a sword-fencer, with their drawne swords ran their enemies into the sides, where by reason of their hote and furious anger they lay most open.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, tr. Holland, 1609.

[19] *Snip-snap, quick and home.*

Snip-snap, very sharp cutting dialogue, compounded of *snip*, to cut or nip off, and *snap*, to bite; but the phrase was also used to express the cutting of a tailor's shears, as in a proverb given in Holme's Academy of Armory, "snip-snap, quoth the taylor's shears," iii. 290. *Snap* is used in the sense of, *be quick*, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv; and of, to retort hastily and bitterly, in the Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, 1706. "Snip-snap rogue," a term of contempt, occurs in Shadwell's Bury Fair, 1689; and *snipper-snapper* in the City Lady, 1697.

[20] *Which is wit-old.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that there is here a quibble intended on the word *wittol.* The jest is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

[21] *I will whip about your infamy circum circa.*

Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would

certainly mean—*circum circa;* i. e. about and about: though it may be designed he should mistake the terms.—*Theobald.*

So, as Dr. Farmer observes, in Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier: "He walked not as other men in the common beaten waye, but compassing *circum circa.*" The old copies read—*unum cita.*—*Steevens.*

[22] *Thou pigeon-egg of discretion.*

All, saving that foule fac'd vermin poverty.
This sucks the *eggs of my invention:*
Evacuates my witts full *pigeon house.*
Now may it please thy generous dignity
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberality.—*Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

[23] *Arts-man præambulat.*

The arts-man, or man of art, walks before, takes the precedence. Modern editors read *præambula*, which is perhaps an unnecessary departure from the original text.

A garment, made by cunning *arts-men's* skill,
Hides all defects that Nature's swerving hand
Hath done amiss.—*Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607.

Why, truly, I accidentally fell in with a Yorkshire taylor, who was an *arts-master* at his profession.—*The Mistery of Iniquity luckily Discover'd*, 1708.

[24] *At the charge-house on the top of the mountain.*

The term *charge-house* appears to be an affected one, coined for the occasion, for a school, or a house where the charge of youth is undertaken. It is just possible an oblique allusion is intended to Parnassus. Theobald suggested, *Church-house*, and Mr. Collier, *large house.*

[25] *The word is well cull'd, choice.*

The last word is spelt *chose* in ed. 1623, *choise* in ed. 1632. The former reading, that usually adopted, may possibly be intended, in the sense of *chosen.*

[26] *I do beseech thee, remember not thy courtesy.*

The word *not*, which is omitted in the early copies, was suggested by Malone. Capell reads, "refrain thy courtesy," but the lection here adopted is more likely to be correct, the particle *not* being frequently accidentally left out by our early printers. Thus, in the present act, in the line, "O that your face were not so full of oes," the words *not so* are solely found in ed. 1598; and shortly afterwards,—"dost thou not wish in heart," the negative is omitted in ed. 1623, although found in eds. 1598, 1632. Steevens retains the original text, explaining it,—"remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off."

I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy.—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the King treats him, and intimates ("but let that pass,") that when he and his Majesty converse, the King lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: "I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember *not* thy courtesy; *do not observe any ceremony with me;* be covered." "The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio, in his Second Frutes, 1591,) is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise." These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard. If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To whom-

soever the words are supposed to be addressed, the emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in A Midsummer Night's Dream: "Give me your neif, mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie*, mounsier."—*Malone.*

[27] *Dally with my excrement.*

The hair or beard was often so termed. Hair is called "so plentiful an excrement" in the Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. See a note in vol. iii. p. 360.

[28] *To be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command.*

Rendered is misprinted *rended* in ed. 1598, and all the old editions have *assistants* instead of *assistance.* The particle *at* was first supplied in ed. 1632. The construction seems to be this,—to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and by the assistance of this most gallant, &c.

[29] *Myself, or this gallant gentleman.*

The old copy has—*and* this, &c. The correction was made by Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—shall pass *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, "because of his great limb."—*Malone.*—"Shall *pass* Pompey the great," seems to mean, shall *march* in the procession for him; *walk* as his representative.—*Steevens.*

[30] *That is the way to make an offence gracious.*

That is, to convert an offence against yourselves, into a dramatic propriety. —*Steevens.*

[31] *I'll make one in a dance, or so.*

These lines have hitherto been given as prose, but although they are not very harmonious, it can scarcely be doubted that honest Dull speaks a jingling rhyme, which is carried on in the reply of Holofernes. The early English dramatists were exceedingly fond of concluding scenes with rhyming couplets or triplets; and, in the present instance, each line is a perfect verse in itself, which renders the supposition that the author intended the two speeches to be given as prose highly improbable.

[32] *And let them dance the hay.*

The *hay* was an old English country dance, which continued in fashion for upwards of two centuries. It is mentioned by Horman very early in the sixteenth century, and classed by him with the Morris and other dances. "Let us daunce the haye, shymens, sarson, and maurys daunce," Hormani Vulgaria, ed. 1519, f. 279, the synonyme given being the Latinized Greek *geranion.* "Hayes, jigges, and roundelayes," Martin's Months Minde, 1589. See also Arbeau's Orchesographie, 1588. "The king and subject, lord, and everie slave, dance a continuall haie," Bussy d'Ambois. "With their winding haies, active, and antique dances to delight your frolick eies," Chapman's Widdowes Teares, 1612. Jack Slime, in Heywood's Woman Kilde with Kindnesse, 1617, sig. B, speaking of choosing dances, says,—"the hay, the hay,—there's nothing like the hay." This dance is also mentioned in Middleton's Women beware Women, 1657; Nedham's History of the Rebellion, p. 180; and in a ballad of the last century, entitled, Love in a Barn. It is spelt *hey* by Shadwell, in his comedy of Epsom Wells, ed. 1673; and it seems, from the tract of Old Meg of Herefordshire, 1609, that the county of Essex was famous for this dance.

Shall we goe daunce the *hay?*
Never pipe could ever play
Better shepheard's roundelay.—*England's Helicon*, p. 228.

Lastly, where keepe the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling *hayes?* . . .
In this indented course and wriggling play,
He seemes to daunce a perfect cunning *hay* . . . .
He taught them rounds and winding *heyes* to tread.
Davies' Orchestra, a Poeme of Dauncing, 1622.

The nuns had holland smickets fine, branched with flowers gay,—
Round their snowy legs did twine, still as they danc'd the hay.
The Friar and Boy, or the Young Piper's Pleasant Pastime, n. d.

[33] *A lady wall'd about with diamonds!*

It may be noticed that Marlowe, in his Dido, had made Ganymede describe himself as "*wall'd in* with eagle's wings."—*Dyce.*

[34] *To make his god-head wax.*

To *wax* anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song I.:—"I view those wanton brooks that *waxing* still do wane." Again, in Lyly's Love's Metamorphoses, 1601:—"Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reason can make them wise?" Again, in the Polyolbion, Song V.:—"The stem shall strongly *wax*, as still the trunk doth wither."—*Steevens.*

[35] *He hath been five thousand years a boy.*

This is thy work, thou god for ever blinde:
Tho' thousands old, a boy entitled still.—*Sidney's Arcadia.*

[36] *You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff.*

A quibble on the phrase, *in snuff*, which signified, in anger. "To spite, to anger, to take a matter in *snuffe*," Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593.

[37] *Past cure is still past care.*

In the old copies, the words *cure* and *care* are transposed. The phrase was proverbial. "Past cure I am, now reason is past care," Sonnets. "Things past redress are now with me past care," Richard II. "She had got this adage in her mouth,—things past cure, past care," Hollands Leaguer, 1632, ap. Malone.

Why, but, Mamillia, can these sorrowfull exclamations cure thy maladie, or can the rubbing of thy wound procure thine ease? Nay, rather remember the olde proverbe, not so common as true, *past cure past care*, without remedie, without remembrance.—*Greene's Mamillia, the second Part of the Triumph of Pallas*, 1593.

[38] *A set of wit well play'd.*

A phrase taken from the game of tennis. See Henry V., act i.

[39] *'Ware pencils, ho!*

The old copies read *how*, which, as Mr. Dyce has shown, is only an old form of the exclamation *ho*. Thus, in the previous act, it is spelt *hou* in ed. 1598, and *hoa* in ed. 1623. It means sometimes, cease, stop, but is frequently a mere exclamation indicative of any thing or person being wanted. Some editions of the last century have by mistake *were* for *ware*.

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting.—*Johnson.* Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach,

but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is, of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes.—*M. Mason.* Shakespeare talks of "—firy *O's* and eyes of light," in A Midsummer Night's Dream.—*Steevens.*

The red dominical was in reference to the letter B, there being an old joke respecting "the dominical letter B," which is alluded to in an unquotable passage in Ulysses upon Ajax, 1596.

[40] *A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!*

The small-pox is no doubt alluded to, but the oath was too common not to be accepted as such, and also with the quibble intended.

The *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of *O's*." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sicknesse of the *poxe:* and Dr. Donne writes to his sister:—"at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her."—*Farmer.*

This line, which in the old copies is given to the Princess, Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine.—*Malone.*

[41] *A huge translation of hypocrisy.*

You propose *Apocrypha*. But, I imagine, you did not observe that for four couplets backward, and thence to the close of the Scene by the entrance of Boyet, all the lines are strictly in rhyme, which your emendation would interrupt. A translation of *Hypocrisy*, I agree with you, is a very poor phrase, and nearly approaching, at least, upon nonsense. This, however, I take to be the sense of the passage: "Dumaine," says Katherine, "has sent me some thousands of verses as from a faithful lover;" that is, he has translated a huge quantity of hypocrisy into verse; but the verse so vilely composed, that it is at best but profound simplicity."—*Theobald's Letters to Warburton.*

[42] *O, that I knew he were but in by the week.*

In other words, ensnared in my meshes, imprisoned in my bonds. The phrase was not a very unusual one, but its origin is obscure. "*Captus est;* he is taken, he is in the snare, he is in for a byrd, he is in by the *weeke*," MS. dated 1619. "Since I am in by the week, let me look to the year," Wit of a Woman, 1604, the equivoque being perhaps taken from a somewhat similar one in the Supposes. In Webster's White Devil, 1612, the Lawyer asks Flamineo, who has just been apprehended, whether he is "in by the week."

Nay, now let him shifte for himselfe, if he will,
Since I am payed the thing I did seeke;
Alas!, good gentleman, he is served but ill;
In fayth, *he is in now by the weeke.*
Wapull's Tyde Taryeth no Man, a Commody, 1576.

Some are in by the weeke; and some, by the tallow,
Are farre further in then the best weeke can hollow.
Davies' Scourge of Folly, 8vo. Lond. 1611.

[43] *And shape his service wholly to my behests.*

"All to my behests," ed. 1632. The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, read—to my *device.* The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the

editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy.—*Malone.*

[44] *And make him proud to make me proud that jests!*

The meaning of this obscure line seems to be,—I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.—*Edinburgh Magazine for Nov.* 1786. "To make me proud *with* jests," ed. 1632.

[45] *So potent-like would I o'ersway his state.*

The old copies read *pertaunt-like.* Theobald has *pedant-like;* Hanmer, *portent-like;* Capell, *pageant-like;* Mr. Singer, *potent-like;* and the Perkins MS., *potently.*

[46] *That he should be my fool, and I his fate.*

In other words,—so potently I would rule over him, he would be as a fool in the hands of Destiny, represented, with respect to him, by myself. There does not appear necessarily to be any allusion to the Fool and Death. See Pericles.

[47] *O, I am stabb'd with laughter!*

A similar kind of expression occurs in the Rape of Lucrece,—"Sad souls are slain in merry company." *Stabb'd* is misprinted *stable* in ed. 1598.

[48] *Saint Dennis to saint Cupid!*

The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid.—*Johnson.*

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle *St. Dennis,* as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle *St. Cupid*:—"*Saint Cupid* then, and soldiers to the field." —*M. Mason.*

[49] *What are they, that charge their breath against us.*

"To 'charge their breath,'" says Mr. Collier, "is nonsense, and the corrector alters it most naturally to 'What are they, That *charge the breach* against us?'" "Should any one," says Mr. Singer, "wish to be convinced of the utter impossibility of the corrector having had access to better authority than we possess—nay, of his utter incapacity to comprehend the poet, I would recommend this example of his skill to their consideration. The *encounters* with which the ladies are threatened, are *encounters of words, wit combats;*" and therefore it was quite natural that they should talk of their opponents as "charging their breath against them."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[50] *That in this spleen ridiculous appears.*

Spleen ridiculous, is, a ridiculous *fit* of laughter.—*Johnson.* The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So, in some old Latin verses, —"*Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur."—*Steevens.*

[51] *Passion's solemn tears.*

"To check their folly, *passions,* solemn tears."—Certainly, by this pointing, the Editor never understood the meaning. It is clear to me that we should read:— *Passion's* solemn tears; that is, they cried as heartily with laughing, as if the deepest grief had been the motive. Something like this in Midsummer Night's Dream,—"Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears the *passion of loud laughter* never shed."—*Theobald's Letters.*

[52] *Like Muscovites, or Russians.*

A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign embassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster, "came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarsed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up."—Hall, Henry VIII. p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the King and his lords at the performance of the play.—*Ritson.*

[53] *Their purpose is, to parle.*

"If you had *parled*, and not spoken, but said, *pardonne moy*, I wood have pardon'd you; but since you speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet," Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight, 1606. "I parled once with Death, and thought to yeeld," Jonsonus Viribus.

—— We stood
Not long to *parl*, but willing to do good
To strangers so distrest, were never by
Our poverty once tempted to deny.—*Pharonnida*, 1659.

[54] *And every one his love-suit will advance.*

The old copies read *love-feat*, the present reading being one of the few useful corrections of the Perkins MS. The mistake occurred, no doubt, from the *long s* being mistaken for *f*, and it is worth remark that the word is printed *love-seat* in ed. 1631. "Plead his love-suit to her," Henry V.

[55] *Each turn away her face.*

The first folio, and the quarto, 1598, have—*his* face. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.—*Malone.*

[56] *Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart.*

The folio has "*keeper's* heart"—a typographical error, produced probably by an accidental transposition of the letters. The expression "*kill* the speaker's heart" reminds us of the homely pathos of Dame Quickly, with reference to Falstaff,—"The king has killed his heart."—*C. Knight.*

[57] *The rest will ne'er come in.*

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will *e'er.* The correction was made in the second folio.—*Malone.*

[58] *Enter the King, &c.*

Boyet has previously told us that the king and his lords were to enter "like Muscovites or Russians:" the old stage-direction is, "Enter Black-moors with music, the boy with a speech, and the rest of the lords disguised." Hence it appears that Black-moors with music preceded the lords in order to introduce the maskers.—*J. P. Collier.*

On Twelfe Night, the Queens Majesties Maske of Moures with Aleven Laydies of honnour to accumpayney her majestie which cam in great showes of devises which thay satt in with exselent musike.—*Revels' Accounts*, 1605.

[59] *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*

That is, the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly; for he's one of the

zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety. —*Theobald.*

Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier think the old prefix right; Biron, the former says, "is vexed at finding the ladies masked, and sees nothing 'richer than rich taffata.'" To me it is evident that the line belongs to Boyet, who here, as afterwards, catches at the words of Moth, in order to confuse him: at p. 371, the king exclaims, "A blister on his [*i. e.* Boyet's] sweet tongue, with my heart, that put Armado's page out of his part!" Biron, as the context shews, is now attending only to Moth,—full of anxiety that the address may be correctly spoken.—*Rev. A. Dyce.*

[60] *True; out, indeed.*

A similar play upon words occurs in Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607,—"*Rop.* Here my tale but out.—*Fid.* Ther's too much out already."

[61] *To tread a measure with her on this grass.*

So in ed. 1598, the first folio reading,—"To tread a measure with *you* on *the* grasse."

[62] *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine.*

"When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies,—It is hard, said he, to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."—*Johnson.* Why, here we have Pindar again quoted by the ambassador. Shakespear, however, I suppose, rather remembered his Horace, "Micat——inter ignes,——Luna minores."—*Pye.*

[63] *Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.*

To make Metheglin.—Take of all sortes of garden hearbes a handfull or two, and lett them boyle in twice so much water as he would make metheglin, and when it is boyled to the half, and cooled and strayned from the hearbes, then take to every gallon of the water half a gallon of honny. Let it boyle well; then scum it cleane; then putt it uppe into some vessell, and putt barme upon itt, and lett itt stand three or four dayes; then cleanse it up, as you doe beere or ale, and putt itt into some runlett, and soe lett it stande three or four moneths; then drawe it and drinke it at your pleasure. It is a very good drinke for the winter season, yf itt be well made and not newe, and it is best in a morning well spiced with ginger.—MS. xvii. Cent.

[64] *Veal, quoth the Dutchman; is not veal a calf?*

The quibble here depends upon *veal* being the Dutch broken pronunciation of the English word *well.* The same joke, observes Boswell, occurs in the Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll,—"*Doctor.* Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you *veale.*—*Hans.* What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?"—The Dutchman, in Davenant's News from Plimouth, 1673, p. 25, says,—"dat is vele, dat is vele." It must also be borne in mind, for the complete understanding of the dialogue, that the term *veal* was applied to the living animal, as well as to its flesh. "*Vitellina*, a yoong cow calfe, or veale," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

[65] *Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.*

Ritson proposes to omit the word *bullets* on account of the metre, but surely without any real necessity. Douce is of opinion that it is "an interpolation in the

manuscript by some ignorant person who thought it more appropriate than *arrows*, on account of the substitution of fire-arms for archery." Compare, however, Falstaff's speech in the Second Part of Henry IV.,—"Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility."

[66] *Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.*

So the old editions, previous to ed. 1663, with the exception of ed. 1631. "Modern editors," observes Mr. Dyce, "ought to have followed the old copies, which here (*and here only*) have, for the sake of exact rhyme, *Muscovits*."

[67] *Well-liking wits they have.*

Well-liking is the same as *embonpoint*. So, in Job, xxxix. 4: "—Their young ones are in *good liking*."—*Steevens.*

[68] *O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!*

"Oh, poverty in wit!" exclaims the princess, when she and her ladies have demolished the king and his companions in the wit-encounter,—"Kingly-poor flout!" The MS. corrector reads, "killed by pure flout;" and Mr. Singer "has no doubt" that "stung by poor flout" is the true reading. We see no reason for disturbing the original text. A double meaning is no doubt intended in the expression "kingly-poor flout." It means "mighty poor badinage;" and then, a king being one of the performers, it also means "repartee as poor as might have been expected from royal lips;" these being usually understood to be better fitted for taking in than for giving out "good things."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The 'poverty in wit' was that of the king and his lords. The last words that the king said were.—"Farewell, mad wenches, you have simple wits." It was a "kingly-poor flout"—a very poor retort for a king.—*C. Knight.*

[69] *Biron did swear himself out of all suit.*

Qu. all *sooth*, or all *truth*. In which sense the word is used by Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, Cynthias Revels, has something like this.—"He will blaspheme in his shirt; the oathes that he vomits at one supper, would maintain a towne of garrison in good swearing twelve months."—*Dr. Grey.*

[70] *No point, quoth I.*

A quibble is here intended on the French negative and the point of the sword. See a similar one noticed at p. 273. The phrase is frequently used in our old plays, but generally without any play upon the words. See instances in the Shoemakers Holiday, sig. G; Returne from Pernassus, 1606; Match Mee in London, 1631, p. 15; and Mr. Dyce quotes others in the Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600; Jack Drums Entertainment, 1616.

But that here stands one is able to expresse her owne tale best.—*Fra.* Sir, mine speech is to you; you had a sonne, matre Frevile.—*Sir Ly.* Had! ha, and have.—*Fran. No point*, me am come to assure you dat on mestre Malheureus hath killed him.—*Marston's Dutch Curtezan.*

[71] *Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*

That is, better wits have been found among those who wear statute caps, i. e. citizens. It was ordered by a statute of Queen Elizabeth that citizens should wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays, with a view of encouraging the trade of cappers. "Why, 'tis a law enacted by the Common Council of statute-caps," Familie of Love, 1608. "Though my husband be a citizen, and his cap 's made

of wool, yet I have wit," Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605. "All the vacation you may meet him at bowling-alleys, in a flat cap, like a shop-keeper," Decker's Knights Conjuring, 1607. These caps, observes Dr. Rimbault, "may be seen worn by Sir Thomas Gresham in nearly all his portraits, and the woodcuts to the original edition of Foxe's Acts and Monuments afford abundant examples." The annexed specimen is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a cut in Foxe's Ecclesiastical History, 1576. Another example, of a later date, is given in Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant, p. 532, the author quaintly observing that, "the city flat-caps imitate the Brasilean flat-head, and is no other than a Grecian or Gallo-Grecian round-headnisme." So Quicksilver, in Eastward Hoe, 1605,—"Marry, pho, goodman *Flat-cap.*"—And again, "Let's be no longer fools to this *flat-cap* Touchstone." See further observations in Fairholt's Costume in England, pp. 536-7.

Shew us, I pray, some reason how it haps,
That we are ever bound to weare flat-caps,
As though we had unto a cities trade
Bin prentises, and so were free-men made.
The Knave of Harts, Haile Fellow well Met, 1613.

"Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concern'd the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making, and wearing *woollen caps*, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days*, and *holy-days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in *England*, upon penalty of ten groats. But notwithstanding this statute, these caps went very much out of fashion, and the wearing of hats prevailed. Which caused the Queen, two or three years after, to take such notice of it, as to set forth a strict *proclamation* for the enforcing the wearing of caps: the benefit thereof being of more publick good than was at present perceived; namely, the employment of such vast numbers of idle, poor, and impotent people, throughout the whole nation, that otherwise must either have starved, begged, or robbed," *Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, ap. Grey. "If any person above 6 yeares of age (except maidens, ladies, gentlewomen, nobles, knights, gentlemen of 20 markes by yeare in landes, and their heyres, and such as have borne office of worshyp), have not worne uppon the Sunday and holyday (except it bee in the time of his travell out of the Citie, Toune, or Hamlet, where he dwelleth) upon his head one cap of wooll, knit, thicked, and dressed, in England, and onely dressed and finished by some of the trade of cappers, shall be fined 3*s.* 4*d.* for each day."—Lambard's Eirenarcha, 1599. Malone says this statute was repealed in the year 1597. Steevens mentions a proverbial expression, "if that your cap be wool," an instance of which occurs in Hans Beerpot, 1618.

The following interesting account of the rise and decline of the flat-cap is extracted from Stow's Survay of London, ed. 1603, pp. 544, 545,—"Thus much for liveries of cittizens in auncient times, both in triumphes and otherwise, may suffice, whereby may be observed that the coverture of mens heades was then hoodes, for neyther cappe or hat is spoken of, except that John Wels, Mayor of London, to were a hat in time of triumph, but differing from the hattes lately taken in use, and now commonly worne for noblemens liveries. I reade that Thomas Earle of Lancaster, in the raigne of E. the second, gave at Christmas in liveries, to such as served him, 159 broade cloathes, allowing to every garment furres to furre their hoodes: more nearer our time, there yet remeyneth the counterfeites

and pictures of Aldermen, and other, that lived in the raignes of Henrie the sixte, and Edwarde the fourth, namely Alderman Darby dwelled in Fenchurch street over against the parrish church of S. Diones, left his picture, as of an Alderman, in a gowne of skarlet on his backe, a hoode on his head, &c., as is in that house (and elsewhere) to bee seene: for a further monument of those late times, men may beholde the glasse windows of the Mayor's court in the Guild-hall above the stayrs; the mayor is there pictured, sitting in habite, party coloured, and a hoode on his head, his Swordebearer before him with an hatte or Cappe of maintenance: the Common Clearke, and other officers bare headed, their hoodes on their shoulders: and therefore I take it that the use of square bonets worne by noblemen, gentlemen, cittizens, and others, tooke beginning in this realme, by Henry the Seventh; and in his time, and of further antiquitie, I can see no counterfeyte or other proofe of use. Henry the Eight (towards his latter raigne) ware a round flat cap of scarlet or of velvet, with a bruch or jewell, and a feather; divers gentlemen, courtiers and other, did the like. The youthfull cittizens also tooke them to the new fashion of flatte caps, knit of woollen yearne blacke, but so light, that they were forced to tye them under their chins, for else the wind would be maister over them. The use of these flat round cappes so far increased (being of lesse price then the French bonet) that in short time some yong aldermen tooke the wearing of them; Sir John White ware it in his Maioralty, and was the first that left example to his followers, but now the Spanish felt, or the like counterfeyte, is most commonly of all men both spirituall and temporall taken to use, so that the French bonet or square cappe, and also the round or flat cap, have for the most parte given place to the Spanish felte, but yet in London amongst the graver sort, I meane the Liveries of Companies, remayneth a memory of the hoodes of olde time worne by their predecessors."

Rosaline's observation in the text conveys the impression that the king and his lords wore hats of a superior description. It is worthy of remark that in the plate attached to Rowe's edition of the comedy, published in 1709, they are represented as wearing hats adorned with high and large feathers, which idea, as Malone plausibly conjectures, was probably derived from some stage tradition.

[72] *Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.*

Vail, to lower or let fall, occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, and is common in our early poetry. The interpretation suggested by Dr. Johnson is preferable to any other, the poet, in his opinion, comparing a lady unmasking to an angel dispelling the clouds in his descent from heaven to earth. Sometimes the verb is used in the active sense of, to descend, so that we might thus explain the passage in the text,—angels descending from the clouds. "From whence a sweete streame downe dyd avale," Thynne's Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines. "The Britains began to avale the hils where they had lodged," Holinshed, Hist. Scot., p. 91. "I avale, as the water dothe whan it goeth downewardes or ebbeth," Palsgrave, 1530. Cf. Maundevile's Travels, p. 266; Holinshed, Hist. Scot., p. 91; Troilus and Creseide, iii. 627; Chaucer, ed. Urry, p. 394; Debate between Pride and Lowliness, p. 9; Skelton's Works, i. 85.

Then the seneschall smot his hors with his spurris, and come to theym, for the see was *availed* and withdrawn.—*MS. Digby*, 185.

See also the notes on the subject by Douce and Steevens. Various unnecessary alterations have been suggested, Warburton reading, *or angels veil'd in clouds*, and Theobald, *or angel-veiling clouds*, both these editors transposing this and the previous line. Peck, in his Memoirs of Milton, 1740, p. 231, proposes to read,—"are angels *veil'd in* clouds *of* roses blown."

[73] *Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear.*

"*Gear* or Geer, for clothes, accoutrements, harness. So women call the linnen and what else they wear upon their head, head-gear: gear is also used for trumpery, rubbish, so as stuffe is,—goodly gear," Ray's English Words, ed. 1691.

[74] *This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas.*

Pecks in ed. 1598, altered to *picks* in the folio. That *pecks* is the true reading, observes Malone, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: "The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the foules of the ayre *peck'd up*." This and the next line are proverbial, and occur in some verses appended to "Thomas Coriate Traveller for the English Wits, Greeting," 4to. 1616,—

His head doth run the wilde-goose chace,
Swifter then horse of hunting race,
Or hare that hound runs after:
He pickes up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it when God doth please:
O who can hold from laughter?

Ray gives the following version of them in his English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 295, amongst "Proverbial rhythmes and old saws,"—

Children pick up words as pigeons pease,
And utter them again as God shall please.

In ed. 1598, in the second line of this speech, the name of the Deity is given as in the above extracts, but it was altered in ed. 1623 to *Jove*, on account of the Statute.

[75] *At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs.*

Wakes were, and indeed, in some sense, still are, village festivals held in the day or week following the anniversary of the feast of the dedication of the Church. The following verses upon the wake occur in Witts Recreations, 1645,—

I, and whither shall we goe?
To the wake I trow:
'Tis the village Lords Maiors show.
Oh! to meet I will not faile,
For my pallate is in hast,
Till I sip again and taste
Of the nut-brown lass and ale.

Feele how my temples ake
For the Lady of the Wake!
Her lips are as soft as a medler:
With her posies and her points,
And the ribbons on her joynts,
The device of the fields and the pedler.

See a long account of *wakes* in Brand's Popular Antiquities, and a descriptive notice of *wassails* in the notes to Hamlet.

[76] *This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve.*

He was one of the Little Parliament, and helped to break it, as also of all the parliaments since; is one of the Protector's council, (his salary 1000*l.* per annum, besides other places,) and as if he had been *pinned to this slieve*, was never to seek.—*A Second Narrative of the late Parliament*, 1658.

[77] *He can carve too, and lisp.*

The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted.—"Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de *pien parler*, lorsqu'en qualité d' *Ecuyer Tranchant*, il étoit debout dans les repas et dans les festins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'addresse et l'elegance convenables, et à les faire distribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans," Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, tom. i. p. 16.—*Henley.*

But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your look, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table.—*Wyatt's Works*, p. 305.

The word *carve* may here, however, be used in a peculiar sense noted in vol. ii. p. 311.

"I cannot cog," says Falstaff, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these *lisping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel.—"

[78] *That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy.*

Ben Jonson, observes Dr. Grey, has a similar expression in Cynthias Revels, act 3. sc. 4. "An other swears his scene of courtship over; bids believe him twenty times, ere they will; anon doth seem as if he would kiss away his hand in kindness." In ed. 1598, *away* is placed after *hand.*

[79] *That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice.*

Tables, the game of backgammon. It was anciently played in different ways, and the term appears to have been applied to any game played with the table and dice. Strutt (p. 321) has given a fac-simile of a backgammon-board from a MS. of the fourteenth century, which differs little from the form now used. Another specimen, of a later date, will be observed in a plate in Geyleri Navicula, and one still more modern in Arden of Feversham, 1633. "They spende whole daies in plaiyng at tables or chestes," Eliotes Dictionarie, 1559.

> Go we now to chaumbur same,
> On some maner to make us game;
> To the chesses or to the *tabels*,
> Or ellys to speke of fabels.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 166.

Hee may goe where hee will, for any house hee shall have to dwell upon, or any glebe land to keepe hospitalitie withall: but he must take up a chamber in an alehouse, and there sit and play at the *tables* all the day. A goodly curate.—*Latimer's Sermons.*

> An honest vicker and a kind consort
> That to the ale-house friendly would resort,
> To have a game at *tables* now and than,
> Or drinke his pot as soone as any man.
> *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine*, 1600.

No: if I could alter it; but now that I cannot, I take it quietly. Mans life is the same with the plaie at the *tables:* for if, by the throw of the dice, that happen not, which you stand most need of, then is it needfull that you correct by art in playing, which happened ill by chance in casting.—*Terence in English*, 4to. Lond. 1614.

Mans life's a game at *tables*, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play;
Death playes against us; each disease and sore
Are blots; if hit, the danger is the more
To lose the game; but an old stander by,
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And so prolongs the game; John Crop was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to see
His play; the dice are thrown, when first he drinks,
Casts, makes a blot; death hits him with a Sinque.
Witts Recreations, 12mo. Lond. 1654.

Love is a game at *tables*, where the dye
Of maids affection doth in fancy lie;
And if you take their fancy in a blot,
Tis ten to one if then you enter not.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 279.

[80] *He can sing a mean most meanly.*

Mean, a term in music. "Meane, a parte of a songe, *moyen*," Palsgrave. According to Blount, "an inner part between the treble and base," Glossographia, ed. 1681, p. 404. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest." Again, in Drayton's Baron's Wars, Cant. iii, ap. Steevens,—"The base and treble married to the *mean*."

Thi organys so hihe begynne to syng ther messe
With treble *meene* and tenor discordyng as I gesse.—*Lydgate.*

Sing then, Terpsichore, my light Muse sing
His gentle Art, and cunning curtesie:
You, Lady, can remember every thing,
For you are daughter of Queene Memorie,
But sing a plaine and easie melodie:
For the soft *meane* that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude eare doth yeeld the sweetest sound.—*Davies's Orchestra*, 1596.

Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill;
Four parts in one, the *mean* excluded quite.
Herod and Antipater, 4to. Lond. 1622.

[81] *This is the flower that smiles on every one.*

A *flower smiling*, is a very odd image. I once suspected that the poet might have wrote:—This is the Fleerer, smiles on ev'ry one. But nothing is to be alter'd in the text. The metaphor is to be justified by our author's usage in other passages. So, in Romeo and Juliet,—I am the very pink of courtesie.—*Rom.* Pink for flower. And again;—He is not the flower of courtesie; but, I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—*Theobald.*

[82] *To show his teeth as white as whales bone.*

In the middle ages, owing to the great rarity and value of ivory made of the elephant's tooth, a substitute for that article was found in the teeth of the horse-whale or walrus; and the term *whales bone* was applied to ivory generally, even for a long time after the real substance was procured with less difficulty. Alfred, in the preface to Orosius, mentions horse-whales (hors-hwæl) as sought after by voyagers, "because they have very beautiful bone for their teeth;" and they are

also found named amongst the Russian commodities noticed by Chaloner. Whales-bone is sometimes mentioned, with the brightest stones, as a precious material. In the Porkington MS. of the fifteenth century, the door of a fanciful building, a kind of fairy bower, is supposed to be of *whallus bone;* and Skelton, in his Garlande of Laurell, describing the palace of the Queen of Fame, speaks of, "an hundred steppis mountyng to the halle, one of jasper, another of whalis bone," *elephantis tethe* being also mentioned in the same account, as if he considered it a separate substance.

The comparison of human teeth to whales-bone is found at a very early period in MS. Harl. 2253, a MS. of the time of Edward II.,—"Hire teht aren white ase bon of whal."

A little mouth with decent chin, a corall lip of hue,
With teeth as white as whale his bone, eche one in order due.
Turbervile's Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets, fol. 129.

Her mouth so small, her teeth so white as any whale his bone;
Her lips without so lively red, that passe the corall stone.—*Turbervile.*

Your lyps as ruddy as the redde rose,
Your teeth as white as ever was the whales bone.
Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene, 1567.

She was whyte as a bone of whale,
Bryghter then berall.
A Treatyse of the Smyth that forged a new Dame, n. d.

I have a pleasant noted nightingale,
That sings as sweetly as the silver swan,
Kept in a cage of bone as white as whale,
Which I with singing of Philemon wan.
Barnfield's Affectionate Shepheard, 1594.

The comparison, "as white as whales bone," is found in many of the early English metrical romances. See instances of it in Sir Eglamour of Artois, 801; Squyr of Lowe Degré, 537; Torrent of Portugal, p. 34; Syr Isenbras, 250; Syr Degoré, 18; and also in Surrey's Poems, ed. Nott, p. 26; the same lines quoted in Drayton's Poems, 8vo. ed. p. 326; Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure, 1554; Spenser's Faerie Queene, III. i. 15; "his herrings which were as white as whales bone," Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599.

[83] *Till this madman show'd thee.*

So all the old copies, modern editors generally altering *madman* to *man*, but without absolute necessity, redundant syllables being of frequent occurrence.

[84] *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*

I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The Princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.—*Johnson.*

[85] *My lady, to the manner of the days.*

To the manner of the days, means, according to the manner of the times. —*Gives undeserving praise*, means praise to what does not deserve it.—*M. Mason.*

[86] *Fair, gentle sweet.*

The word *fair* is taken from ed. 1632, as in Capell's text, it being wanting in the earlier editions. Malone reads, "My gentle sweet." Mr. Dyce supports the

present reading by the following passage in Day's Law-Trickes, 4to. 1608," God save, *faire sweete.*" Compare also another sentence in the present scene,—" my fair, sweet, honey monarch."

[87] *To your huge store, wise things seem foolish.*

So, in Much Ado about Nothing,—" her wit values itself so highly, that to her all matter else seems weak."

[88] *Taffata phrases, silken terms precise.*

Taffata was a kind of thin silk, formerly much esteemed. " *Bissines*, silken words, spruce tearmes," Cotgrave.

[89] *Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection.*

A similar metaphor occurs in Decker's Wonder of a Kingdom,—" most piteously complaining against this three-pile rascal." So in Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, 1617, 4to., p. 14, ap. Douce, we have " *three pil'd*, huge Basilisco oaths, that would have torne a roring-boyes eares in a thousand shatters."

> Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes!
> To have their costly *three-pilde* flesh worne of
> As bare as this—for banquets, ease and laughter,
> Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay;
> But wise men little are more great then they?
>
> *The Revenger's Tragœdie*, sig. A. 2.

My will is that if any roaring boy springing from my race happen to be stabd, swaggering, or swearing *three-pil'd* oathes in a taverne, or to bee kild in the quarrell of his whoore, let him bee fetched hither in my own name, because heere he shall be both lookt too and provided for.—*Dekker's Strange Horse Race*, 1613.

The modern editors read—*affectation.* There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation;* " —witty without *affection.*" The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient.—*Malone.*

In the Merry Wives of Windsor the word *affectation* occurs, and was most certainly designed to occur again in the present instance. No ear can be satisfied with such rhymes as *affection* and *ostentation.*—*Steevens.*

The laxity of rhyme in the poetical works of the time is so great, alterations made solely on that account should be received with great caution. To modern readers, the emendation above noticed appears at first sight self-evidently correct, but when it is considered that the identity of even the last syllables in two lines was formerly sometimes considered sufficient to constitute a rhyme, the probability then seems in favour of the early text being a copy of Shakespeare's own words.

[90] *Sans sans, I pray you.*

What does this re-duplication mean? As we would say, in English, *without any of your withouts*, pray you.—*Theobald's Letters.*

[91] *Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those three.*

This was the touching inscription placed on all houses infected with the plague. " Let him, I say, take heede least, his flesh now falling away, his carcas be not plagude with leane ones, of whom, whilst the bill of *Lord have mercy upon us* was to be denied in no place, it was death for him to heare," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. This bill was frequently a printed placard, " a printed bill on a plague-door" being mentioned in Histriomastix, 1610; and it was generally

surmounted with a red cross. On the occurrence of the great plague in 1665, this inscription was not usually set up upon the door until a person had actually died in the house; but, in Shakespeare's time, the inhabitants of every infected house were compelled to place some conspicuous mark upon it to denote the fact, and innkeepers were directed to remove their signs, and substitute crosses, in cases where taverns contained any who were seized. "More dreadful than the bills that preach the plague," Whore of Babylon, 1607. "*Lord have mercie upon us* may well stand over these doores, for debt is a most dangerous and catching City pestilence," Overbury Characters, 1626. See also Barnaby's Journal, p. 81; Crowne's English Friar, 1690, p. 32. The inscription was sometimes given in Latin,—*Domine miserere.*

How many such prankes, thinke you, have beene playde in the same fashion onely to entertaine customers, to keepe their shops open, and the foreheads of their doores from *Lord have mercy upon us;* many I could set downe heere, and publish them to the world.—*The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, 1604.

But by the way he saw and much respected
A doore belonging to a house infected,
Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custome still)
The Lord have mercy on us: this sad bill
The sot perus'd ——.—*More Fools Yet*, by R. S., 1610.

The hand of God appeared to us, not writing on a wall, but a whole kingdome, graving the name of desolation in the black characters of the pestilence, and each doors fatall and common motto, Lord have mercy upon us. Graves were scarcer than houses, and the earth more streight'ned to receive the dead, than the habitations the living.—*A Sermon preached at Paules Crosse*, title wanting.

If Sinne open her shop of delicacies, Solomon shewes the trap-dore and the vault: if she boast her olives, hee points to the prickles: if she discovers the greene and gay flowers of *delice*, he cryes to the ingredients, *Latet anguis in herba*, the serpent lurkes there: *Illa movet, iste monet;* she charmes, and he breakes her spels: as curious and proud as her house is, Solomon is bold to write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on the dores, and to tell us, the plague is there; Stollen waters are sweet, &c. But the dead are there, &c.—*A Devills Banket, by Thomas Adams*, 4to. Lond. 1614.

Who can express the doleful condition of that time and place? The Arms of London are the Red Cross and the Sword: what house almost wanted these? Here was the Red Cross upon the door, the Sword of God's judgment within doors; and the motto was, Lord, have mercy upon us.—*Bishop Hall's Thanksgiving Sermon*, 1625-6.

Dead coarses carried, and recarried still,
Whilst fifty corpses scarce one grave doth fill.
With *Lord have mercie upon us*, on the dore.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Some divelish poets thinke their muse does ill,
Unlesse their verses doe prophane or kill.
They boldly write what I should feare to thinke,
Words that doe pale their paper, black their inke.
The titles of their satyrs fright some more
Then *Lord have mercy* writ upon a doore.
Verses prefixed to Randolph's Poems, 4to., 1638.

All shop-doors are shut up, and (as if
Each house were troubled with the Plague,
A (*Lord have mercy on us*) may be writ upon the doors.
Unfortunate Usurper, 1663.

Pride is a plague; why, sure, these are the sores:
I will write "Lord have mercy" on their doors.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671.

[92] *For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.*

The spots indicative of the plague were called, God's marks, God's tokens, or the Lord's tokens. In the Secretes of Alexis of Piemount, translated by Warde, 1558, is given "a very good remedy against the markes of the plage, commonlye called *Goddes markes*." They are also mentioned, under this name, in the registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, June, 1556. "'Tis I am ill; 'tis the horne plague I have; I am sure that's not God's visitation, yet they are the *Lords tokens*, for hee hath sent them me," Cupid's Whirligig.

The spots, otherwise called *God's tokens*, are commonly of the bignesse of a flea-bitten spot, somtimes much bigger. Their colour is according to the prædominancie of the humor in the body; namely red or reddish, if choler; pale-blew or darke-blew, if flegme; and leaden or blackish, if melancholy abound. But they have ever a circle about them, the red ones a purplish circle, and the others a redish circle. In some bodyes there will be very many, in some but one or two or very few, according to the quantity of the venom and the strength of the spirits to drive them out.—*Bradwell's Physick for the Sicknesse, commonly called the Plague*, 1636.

[93] *That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.*

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition.—*Johnson.*

[94] *Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.*

That is, you care not how you forswear. "I force nat, I care nat for a thing," Palsgrave, 1530. "Who forced not what paynes he did endure," Romeus and Juliet, 1562. "Few are that force now-a-days to see their children taught," Barclay's Ship of Fools. "Be it true or false, it forceth not greatly," Hanmer's Eusebius.

What mov'd their mindes for to directe,
Thy wanton glauncing eye:
On her who *forceth* not thy griefe,
Though thousand times thou die?
Achelley's Historie of Violenta and Didaco, 1576.

[95] *Neither of either.*

This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in the London Prodigal, 1605, and other comedies.—*Malone.*

[96] *Here was a consent.*

That is, *a conspiracy*. So, in K. Henry VI. Part I.:—"the stars that have *consented* to king Henry's death."—*Steevens.*

[97] *Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick.*

The meaning of the term mumble-news is obvious, and it may have been a common expression at the time, a priest having sometimes been jocularly called a

mumble-matins. So, Mother Mumble-crust is an expression of jocular familiarity in the Spanish Gipsie. A *trencher-knight*, one who held the trencher, as subsequently mentioned; a sycophant. "They doe as an exact *trencher-squire* did with a capon's leg, draw him at one passe through the teeth, as emptie as you would doe a boyl'd peasecod," Gayton's Festivous Notes, 1654. The nick-name *Dick* was frequently applied to any wild disreputable character. "He's a desperate Dick, indeed," Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. Again, in the Epistle Dedicatorie to Nashe's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596, ap. Malone, "— nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his flashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen." A character called *Cutting Dick* is mentioned in Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, 1600; Wither's Abuses Stript and Whipt; Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, 1631; and *Roaring Dick* was the name of a well-known singer in Shakespeare's time, mentioned in Chettle's Kind-Harts Dreame.

> No fencers skill, no thrustyng pricks,
> No thunderyng threates of despirat *Dicks*.
>
> *Kendall's Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577.

[98] *That smiles his cheek in years.*

In for *into* was of common occurrence. "That smiles his cheek in years," that is, into wrinkles, the emblems of age. "He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map," Twelfth Night, act iii. Theobald alters *years* to *jeers*, the latter reading being supported by Malone; and Hanmer has, *fleers*. "Wrinkled laughter" is mentioned in the comedy of Lingua, 1607. "She cannot endure merry company, for she says much laughing fills her too full of the wrinckle," Dutchess of Malfi.

[99] *In will, and error.*

I believe this passage should be read thus:—" —— in will and error.—*Boyet.* Much upon this it is.—*Biron.* And might not you," &c.—*Johnson.* "In will, and error," i. e., first in will, and afterwards in error.—*Musgrave.*

[100] *Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire.*

Squire, a carpenter's rule. "Squyer for a carpentar, *esquierre*," Palsgrave. "Squyer a rule, *riglet*," *Ibid.* According to Heath, the sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression, *he hath got the length of her foot*, i. e., he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

But my wife, who many times before had taken the true measure of my *foote*, and had picked out at her fingers endes the whole drift of my pretence.—*Greene's Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

[101] *Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?*

No difference betwixt the master and the man, but worshipful titles; wink and choose betwixt him that sits down, clothes excepted, and him that holds the trencher behind him.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

> How kind you are unto our chamber shees,
> How to our marmosets and *trencher-pages*.
>
> *Whiting's Albino and Bellama*, 1638, p. 13.

Learne of him, you deminitive urchins, howe to behave yourselves in your vocation; take not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my lord's trencher.—*Summers Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

[102] *You cannot beg us, sir.*

An allusion to the ancient custom of begging for fools, which is noticed at length in vol. iii. p. 355. "Why doe great men begge fooles?—As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch, onely to keepe begging in fashion," Malcontent, 1604. The practice is alluded to by Congreve, in the Way of the World, 1700, p. 15. There is a propriety in the mention of it by Costard, which might easily escape notice, one of the chief indications of the degree of want of intellect sufficient to subject a person to be begged being an inability to reckon numbers. This is alluded to in the Hymnes of Astrea, 1622,—

> Now courtiers use to *begge for fooles*
> All such as cannot number.

Even saylers would tie him up for a mad-man, that is not pleased with faire weather rather than a tempest: even the vulgar would *begge him for a foole* that thinks a bungling-stainers dawbing better than the polisht Helen of Zeuxes, or unperfect Venus of Apelles.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the lord coming to another nobleman's house, the fool saw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, answered, you have more cause to love me for it; for if my lord had seen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands.—*Cabinet of Mirth*, 1674.

> What odds 'twixt the wife and a fool that is begg'd,
> If one may be whipp'd, and the t'other be gagg'd?—*Momus Ridens.*

[103] *E'en one poor man.*

The old copies read—*in* one poor man. For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays.—*Malone.*

[104] *That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.*

"Doth best," ed. 1598; "doth least," ed. 1623, and the later editions, the latter evidently being the correct reading. This, and the lines which follow, have been the subject of so much controversy as to their exact interpretation, it may be as well to reprint them exactly as they stand in the first folio:

> That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
> Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
> Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
> Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
> When great things labouring perish in their birth.

It is obvious that, in these lines, unless there be in them a singular number of corrupted readings, there is displayed a large amount of grammatical license; but this is chiefly confined to the usual interchange of singulars and plurals, and to the obsolete use of the relative pronouns. The real difficulty results from the author having adopted the licentious construction for the sake of the rhyme, and the impossibility which hence arises of preserving his own words in attempting to fulfil the conditions of altering the grammar, and retaining the verse. Another source of perplexity occurs in the doubt attached to the construction which should be given to the word *contents*, whether it be used in the sense of that which is contained (in other words, the performance), or whether it is put for *content*, satisfaction, the latter word being sometimes used in the plural, as in Richard II.,—"to whose high will we bound our calm *contents*," where it is made to rhyme with *events*. The word, in the first sense, is constantly used with the singular verb, as in Measure for Measure, act iv,—"the contents of this is the return of

the duke;" *but not, I believe, where the substantive is used actively.* The context, and the verb *dies*, which can scarcely be considered applicable to the performance itself, unquestionably lead to the presumption that by *contents* is intended, content, satisfaction. *That which* must be considered equivalent to, *those who*, the pronoun *it* referring to *sport*. The sense then would be this,—That sport best pleases, which is the least indebted to art; where zeal strives to give content, and the content perishes owing to the excessive zeal of those who present the entertainment; their confusion of representation creates the greatest mirth, when the great things they attempt are abortive. The princess is well describing the ill-success of the Masque of Russians, by the observation that nothing gives so much sport as the efforts of uninstructed actors in attempting the representation of "great things." There is something similar to this in the last act of the Midsummer Night's Dream. The following observations by Malone are well worth perusal, and the subject has been so variously considered, that a few other criticisms on the above lines are also annexed:

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shows that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author. So, (to give one instance out of many,) in the Merchant of Venice:—"a civil doctor, *which* did refuse three thousand ducats of me:" and y^m^ and y^t^ were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of them who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage, where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in Cymbeline, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

> And Phœbus 'gins *arise*,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

Again, in the play before us:

> That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,
> To check their folly, passion's solemn *tears*.

Again, in the Merchant of Venice:—"Whose own hard *dealings teaches* them suspect." Dr. Johnson would read:—"*Die* in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents." But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old MSS., and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*. The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the Princess,—pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present *the sportive entertainment*. To "*present* a play" is still the phrase of the theatre. *It*, however, may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition.—*Malone*.

With a slight alteration of punctuation, we print two of these lines as in the original; altering *their* of the third line to *the*. In the ordinary reading of the second line, *that* is altered to *them;* and this altered form of the modern editions is less intelligible than the original. We understand the reading thus:—Where zeal strives to give content, and the contents (things contained) die in the zeal, the form of that which zeal presents, being confounded, makes most form in mirth. —*C. Knight*.

Monck Mason proposes to read,—"and the *content lies* in the zeal of *those* which it *present*." Mr. Singer suggests alterations of a more serious description, —"and the contents *lie* in the *fail* of that which it presents: *There* form confounded," &c., explaining it thus,—"Taking the whole context together, the meaning will then be: That sport best pleases where, though the actors are unskilful, they are zealous to give pleasure. The contents (*i. e.* contentments) received, *lie* in the *failure* of that which it (zeal) presents. The confusion of forms makes mirth in its highest form or degree, when great things are laboriously attempted and prove abortive."

The following observations by an anonymous critic (A. E. B.) are also worth adding:—

"In reply to Mr. Singer's Query respecting this passage, I have to state as an individual opinion, that in this, as in many other cases of alleged imperfection, *no alteration is required;* and that the text, in its original state, presents a much plainer and more intelligible meaning than with any of its proposed emendations.

"But the evil of these emendations is not in this instance confined to the mere suggestion of doubt; the text has absolutely been altered in all accessible editions, in many cases *silently*, so that the ordinary reader has no opportunity of judging between Shakespeare and his improvers.

"To explain the passage as it stands in the original, it is necessary to premise, —1. *Contents* may be understood histrionically, as a representation of action; *vide* '*the contents* of the story' on the arras, in Cymbeline, act ii. sc. 2. 2. *Contents* may be understood with a *singular* construction, as in 'the contents of this is the return of the Duke,' Measure for Measure, act iv. sc. 2. Now, take the *first part*, consisting of the first four lines, of the passage in question:

"Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how;
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.

"That is, where the zeal to please is great, but where *the contents* (or the story) dies in the over zeal of the performance which it (sc. *the zeal*) presents. In Love's Labour's Lost, Biron thinks it good policy 'To have one show worse than the King and his company,' but the Princess declares that the show prepared by *the worthies*, absurd as it is, is yet less so than that of the king and his company. It is *to the latter*, therefore, that she applies the last two lines of her speech, forming the *second part* of the passage in question, viz.:

"*Their* form confounded, makes most form in mirth,
When *great* things, labouring, perish in their birth.

"The justness of which cutting allusion is immediately acknowledged by Biron, who exclaims,—'A right description of *our* sport, my lord.'"

This passage presents two singulars govern'd of such a substantive, and a pronoun singular put in relation with it. You ask why errors of such a magnitude are left in the text:—from too just a persuasion that they are the poet's own errors, and the readings authentic: *tears* in one place, and *contents* in the other, are both consider'd as singulars; and were they both made so by a deletion of the terminating letter that makes them other, the result were not bad,—good grammar for indifferent rime: the first can be mended no other way, nor is that way eligible which the Oxford editor takes with the second; so that, upon the whole, *tear* and *content* are the readings of either place recommended by this editor, if alteration must be.—*Capell.*

[105] *The braggart, the hedge-priest.*

Hedge, in composition, generally implied deterioration. *Hedge-priest*, an ignorant priest; a stupid fellow. "Upbraide the parson full irreverently, calling him *hedge-priest*," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 36.

> In faith, Sir Laurence, I thinke you must play the carter,
> Or else you must be a hedge-priest, beggers to marie.
> *Lupton's Moral Comedie, All for Money*, 1578.

[106] *Abate a throw at novum.*

"Abate throw," eds. 1598, 1623, 1631; "a bare throw," ed. 1632, and later folios, this reading leading to Heath's conjecture of, "a fair throw." The game of novum is mentioned in Florio's New World of Words, 1611, p. 210; Taylor's Motto, 1622; Dodsley's Plays, vii. 39; Dilke's Plays, v. 258. Malone thus explains the passage in the text,—except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these.

The game of *novum* or *novem*, here alluded to, requires further illustration to render the *whole* of the above passage intelligible. It is therefore necessary to state that it was *properly* called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five; and then Biron's meaning becomes perfectly clear, according to the reading of the old editions. The above game was called in French *quinquenove*, and is said to have been invented in Flanders.—*Douce.*

Novum (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Greene's Art of Legerdemain, 1612, to have been some game at dice: "The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*, &c." Again, in the Bell-man of London, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in A Woman never Vex'd:—"What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance."—*Steevens.*

[107] *Cannot prick out five such.*

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense; —*cannot point out by a puncture or mark.* Again, in Julius Cæsar:—"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"—*Malone.*

Dr. Grey proposes to read, *pick* out. So, in K. Henry IV, P. 1: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein.*—*Steevens.*

To prick out, means to choose out, or to mark as chosen. The word, in this sense, frequently occurs in the Second Part of Henry IV., where Falstaff receives his recruits from Justice Shallow.—*M. Mason.*

[108] *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*

The Nine Worthies, or some of them, were the subject of pageants long before the time of Shakespeare. The following speeches in one of the fifteenth century were extracted by Ritson from MS. Tanner 407,—

> *Ector de Troye.*—Thow Achylles in bataly me slow,
> Of my wurthynes men speken i-now.
> *Alisander.*—And in romaunce often am I leyt,
> As conqueror gret, thow I seyt.
> *Julius Cesar.*—Thow my cenatoures me slow in Conllory,
> Fele londes byfore by conquest wan I.

Josue.—In holy Chyrche ȝe mowen here and rede
Of my wurthynes and of my dede.
Davit.—Aftyr that slayn was Golyas,
By me the Sawter than made was.
Judas Macabeus.—Of my wurthynesse, ȝyf ȝe wyll wete,
Seche the Byble, for ther it is wrete.
Arthour.—The Round Tabyll I sette with knyghtes strong,
ȝyt shall I come aȝen, thow it be long.
Charles.—With me dwellyd Rouland Olyvere,
In all my conquest fer and nere.
Godefrey de Boleyn.—And I was Kyng of Jherusalem,
The crowne of thorn I wan fro hem.

The above were the names of the genuine Nine Worthies, three only of whom appear in Shakespeare's mock pageant, Pompey and Hercules not properly belonging to such an entertainment.

In a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, it is related "that in an expedition made against James Mac-Connell, by the Lord Deputy Sussex in 1557, he was attended by John Usher, Captain, and Patrick Bulkeley, Petty-Captain, with sixty of the city trained-bands; and upon their return, the *Six Worthies* was played by the city, and the Mayor gave the public a goodly entertainment upon the occasion, found four trumpeters horses for the solemnity, and gave them twenty shillings in money."

In the same year, according to Machyn's Diary, ed. J. G. Nichols, p. 137, persons representing the Nine Worthies rode in a May Game in the City of London,—"The xxx. day of May was a goly May-gam in Fanch-chyrche-strett with drumes and gunes and pykes, and ix. wordes dyd ryd; and thay had speches evere man." They are also introduced, at a later period, into Middleton's masque of the World Tost at Tennis, 1620.

In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is, "The order of a showe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621.—First, 2 woodmen, &c.—St. George fighting with the dragon. —The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.—After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women." Such a pageant as this, we may suppose, it was the design of Shakespeare to ridicule.—*Steevens.*

[109] *With libbard's head on knee.*

Libbard, that is, leopard. The passage in the text is illustrated by Cotgrave's translation of *Masquine*, "the representation of a lyon's head, &c., upon the elbow *or knee* of some old-fashioned garments." So, in the metrical Chronicle of Robert de Brunne:

Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,
With the 4 *libbards* painted wele.

This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. In the church of Westley Waterless, Cambridgeshire, the brass figure of Sir John de Creke has *libbards* faces at the joints of his shoulders and elbows. The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther.*—*Warburton and Steevens.*

Then owte starte a Lumbarte,
Felle he was as a *lybarte.*—*MS. Cantab.* xv. Sec.

There come a *libard* uppon his pray,
And her other child barc away.—*Torrent of Portugal.*

Hee is a most excellent turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles and posset-cuppes, carv'd with libberdes faces and lyons heades, with spoutes in their mouthes to let out the posset ale most artificially.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, 1606.

But, when five lustres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, *libbard*, lyon, tiger, ounse, or bear,
Him dread-less combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high tropheis of his bloody spoils.—*Du Bartas.*

Mistaken, Sir. This Lady, as she is
Descended of a great house, so she hath
No dowrie but her armes. She can bring only
Some *Libbards* heads, or strange beasts, which you knowe,
Being but beasts, let them derive themselves
From monsters in the globe, and lineally
Proceed from Hercules labours.—*Citye Match.*

He beareth Sable, a *Leopard's head,* Argent. It is of some called a Leopards face, of old by Mr. Camden, a Libards face. The Leopards head is never born any otherwise than thus. This is of some, but very improperly, a Lions head cabosed or trunked. Born by the name of Ockbard.—*Holme's Acad. Arm.*

[110] *My hat to a halfpenny.*

A vernacular phrase, not peculiar to Shakespeare. "Hee is the only man living to bring you where the best licour is, and it is his hat to a halfepenny but hee will be drunke for companie," Lodge's Wits' Miserie, 1596, p. 63. A similar phrase occurs in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, act iii. sc. 2,—"I hold my cap to a farthing he does."

Master, follow my counsell: then send for Master Heigham to help him, for *Ile lay my cap to two pence*, that hee will bee asleepe to morrow at night, when hee should goe to bed to her.—*Englishmen for my Money.*

[111] *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

King Alexander is also introduced into the play of Syr Clyomon and Clamydes, published in 1599,—"Enter King Alexander the Great, as valiantly set forth as may be, and as many souldiers as can:"—

Alex. After many invincible victories, and conquests great atchived,
I Alexander with sound of Fame, in safetie am arrived,
Upon my borders long wished for, of Macedonia soile,
And all the world subject have, through force of warlike toile.

[112] *It stands too right.*

This speech and the next will be best explained by the following extract from Plutarch's Life of Alexander, as translated by North;—"Now for his stature and personage, the statues and images made of him by Lysippus do best declare it, for that he would be drawen of no man but him only. Divers of his successors and friends did afterwards counterfeit his image, but that excellent workeman Lysippus onely, of all other the chiefest, hath perfectly drawen and resembled Alexanders manner of holding his necke, somwhat hanging down towards the left side, and also the sweet looke and cast of his eyes. But when Apelles painted Alexander holding lightning in his hand, he did not shew his fresh colour, but made him

somewhat blacke and swarter then his face indeed was: for naturally he had a very fayre white colour mingled also with red, which chiefly appeared in his face and in his brest. I remember I red also in the commentaries of Aristoxenus, that his skin had a marvellous good savour, and that his breath was very sweet, in so much that his body had so sweet a smell of it selfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a passing delightfull savour, as if it had bene perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be, the very temperature and constitution of his body,which was hot and burning like fire. For Theophrastus is of opinion, that the sweet savour commeth by meanes of the heate that dryeth up the moysture of the body."

[113] *Your lion, that holds his poll-ax.*

"A pollaxe or battell-axe, Polonica ascia, a Polonian axe," Minsheu. See the one delineated in the centre banner in the frontispiece to the present volume.

At hande strokes they use not swordes but *pollaxes* whiche be mortall, as wel in sharpenes as in weyghte, bothe for foynes and downe strokes.—*More's Utopia*, 1551.

Lets see what devill in this shape is raised,
Whom my *steele-pollax* cannot prostrate fell,
But in his pressing forward, he soone feeles
Cold leaden numbnesse gyve his sencelesse heeles.
Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609.

[114] *Will be given to A-jax.*

The pun here intended depends upon the second syllable of *Ajax* being pronounced long, making the name of that hero equivalent to the English *a jakes*. "Jakes or commune draught, *forica*," Huloets Abcedarium, 1552. Costard, however, introduces the close-stool for the sake of the joke, the arms assigned to Alexander being a lion in a common chair, holding a battle-axe, as is observed in Mr. Fairholt's curious frontispiece to the present volume, which is copied from a plate in a large collection of *Tournois Allemands*, formed by Baron Taylor, and now in the possession of that artist. "The fourth (Worthy) was Alexander, the which did beare Geules, a Lion Or seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent," Leigh's Accidence of Armorie, 1591, fol. 23. Another representation of these arms, taken from the Roman des Neuf Preux, 1487, is given by Douce, p. 150. The punning allusion to Ajax was, in all probability, derived from the celebrated work by Sir John Harington, published in 1596, entitled, "A New Discourse of a stale Subject called the Metamorphosis of Ajax," in which the modern system of water-closets was first distinctly promulgated. All conveniences of this kind, whether portable, of the common kind, or belonging to the new invention, were henceforth termed Ajaxes, and innumerable are the jocular allusions to that name. Harington himself was banished the court, at least for a time, for the offence against delicacy committed by the publication of the above-mentioned work, and that it was greatly censured appears from several notices, as well as from the author's own confession in an Epigram written "against Caius, that scorn'd his Metamorphosis,"—

Last day thy mistris, Caius, being present,
One hapt to name, to purpose not unpleasant,
The title of my misconceived book;
At which you spit, as though you could not brook
So grosse a word: but shall I tell the matter
Why? If one names a Iax, your lips do water.

"A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention," Ben Jonson's Silent

Woman. The same writer mentions Harington's work in his Epigrams, making *A-jax* rhyme with *sakes*, ed. 1616, p. 818. "Who, instead of a pigeon loft, place in the garrets of houses portable and commodious Ajaxes," Hospitall of Incurable Fooles, 1600. "The glorious Ajax of Lincolnes Inne lappes up naught but filth and excrements," Marston's What You Will, 1607. Camden, in his Remaines, spells the word jakes in one place *jaxe*, without intending a pun, and in another, he plays upon the term, referring for the meaning of *pet* to those who are well read in *Ajax*. "I'll make thee more then any Ajax stinke," Taylor's Workes, 1630. Healey, in his Discovery of a new World, speaks of "John Fistincankoes, Ajax his sonne and heyre."

> To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
> That wilt from A-jax with thy force defend it.
>
> *Parrots Mastive, or Young Whelpe of the Old Dogge*, n. d.

I know as well as if I had lived in his time, or had beene one of his neighbours in Mecca, the truth whereof if thou didst know as well, I am perswaded thou wouldest spit in the face of thy Alcaron, and trample it under thy feet, and bury it under *a Iaxe*, a booke of that strange and weake matter, that I my selfe (as meanly as thou dost see mee attired now) have already written two better bookes (God be thanked) and will here after this (by Gods gracious permission) write another better and truer.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[115] *A little o'erparted.*

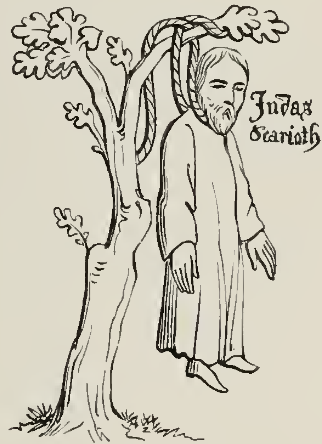
That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable.—*Malone.*

[116] *Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.*

"As this speech is by Holophernes, and as that immediately subsequent is by him too, I have a strong suspicion that this line, addressed to Moth, should be placed to Biron or Boyet," Theobald's Letters. In most editions, the prefix *Hol.* is repeated before the words,—"Judas I am."

[117] *Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.*

The old legend that Judas hung himself on an elder-tree, was not forgotten in the time of Shakespeare. It is alluded to in Sir John Maundevile's travels, the annexed engraving being copied from a MS. of that work of the fifteenth century, in which it is stated that the tree was extant when Maundevile made his journey to the Holy Land;—"and faste by is ʒit the tree of eldre that Judas henge himself upon, for despeyr that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed our Lord." Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, p. 1240, describing the *arbor Judæ*, says, "it may be called in English Judas tree, whereon Judas did hang himselfe, and not upon the elder tree, as it is saide." Ben Jonson, in Every Man out of his Humour, 1600, also mentions the popular notion,—"Looke you, he shal be your Judas, and you shal be his elder tree to hang on," sig. M. 3. "Our gardens will prosper the better, when they have in them not one of these elders, whereupon so many covetous Judasses hang themselves," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post, 1613. Flecknoe, in his Diarium, 1658, mentioning this tree, says,—



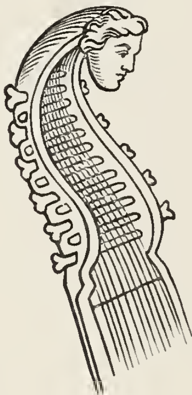
It had, he said, such vertuous force,
Where vertue oft from Judas came,
Who hang'd himself upon the same,
For which, in sooth, he was to blame.

"Elder for a disgrace," epilogue to Alexander and Campaspe, first printed in 1584. "The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself," Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 329. "In Jews-ears something is conceived extraordinary from the name, which is in propriety but *fungus sambucinus*, or an excrescence about the roots of elder, and concerneth not the nation of the Jews, but Judas Iscariot, upon a conceit he hanged on this tree," Brown's Pseudodoxia Epidemica, 1658. Mr. Dyce quotes the following lines from Pulci, Morgante Mag. c. xxv. st. 77,—

Era di sopra a la fonte *un carrubbio*,
L'arbor, si dice, ove s' impiccò Giuda, &c.

Coles, in his Adam in Eden, 1657, p. 146, speaking of Jewes Eares, says "it is called, in Latine, Fungus Sambucinus and Auricula Judæ: some having supposed the Elder-tree to be that whereon Judas hanged himself, and that, ever since, these mushromes, like unto eares, have grown thereon, which I will not perswade you to believe." In Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems, by R. H., 8vo. Lond. 1669, Second Part, p. 2, cited by Brand, is a stupid question, "Why Jews are said to stink naturally? Is it because the *Jews'-ears* grow on *stinking Elder*, which tree that fox-headed Judas was falsly supposed to have hanged himself on, and so that natural stink hath been entailed on them and their posterities as it were *ex traduce?*" The above rude and hideous woodcut of Judas hanging on the elder, and a devil coming to snatch away his soul, is copied from an engraving in an early black-letter edition of Maundevile's Travels.

[118] *A cittern head.*



So, in Fancies Chaste and Noble, 1638: "—A *cittern-headed* gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's Match me in London, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's Lover's Melancholy, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—" "Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their *citterns*," &c.—*Steevens.*

The annexed engraving of a cittern-head was selected by Mr. Fairholt from Mersenne's Harmonie Universelle, 1636, but the allusion in the text is probably to something of a more grotesque character. The present example will, however, suffice to exhibit the practice of ornamenting the cittern with a carved head.

[119] *The head of a bodkin.*

It is difficult to say positively what kind of bodkin is here intended, the term having been applied to a small dagger, as well as to "a bodkine or big needle to crest the heares," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. The following engraving, selected by

Mr. Fairholt, represents, in one half the size of the original, a bone bodkin for the decoration of the hair, found in a Roman cemetery at Mayence on the Rhine. Similar bodkins are still in use in Italy, and, as Mr. Fairholt informs me, are sometimes seen in Germany and in the Rhine districts.

[120] *A death's face in a ring.*

Rings, having skulls, or, as they were usually termed, *death's heads*, for the subject of the engraving, were exceedingly common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Item, to my son Augustyne Steward my ringe with the dead mannes head," Will dated 1554. Dr. Caius, who died in 1573, left by his will to Justice Wray "a ring with a death's head." The annexed engraving is a representation of an early specimen in gold, purchased by the Editor at a recent sale of antiquities in London, and believed to be one of the finest examples known to be preserved. "And rings, when that you have 'um, carve death's head," Gayton's Festivous Notes, 1654, p. 155. "Item, two gold rings, with crystals, death's heads, and hair, att 15*s*. a piece," early MS. accounts. When the old gaol at Bedford was pulled down in 1811, a ring, supposed to have belonged to Bunyan, was discovered, which bore the initials I. B., and the motto *Memento mori*, encircling a human skull. Death's-head-rings were frequently left as memorials in wills, an allusion to which practice occurs as late as 1675, in the Mistaken Husband, p. 61; and they are continually named by our early dramatists as having been worn by bawds.

I'le have your picture set in my wedding-ring for a *death's head*.—*Maine's Citye Match*, 1639, p. 52.

The olde countesse spying on the finger of Seignior Cosimo a ring with a *death's head* ingraven, circled with this posie, Gressus ad vitam, demaunded whether hee adorde the signet for profit or pleasure: Seignior Cosimo, speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her that it was a favour which a gentlewoman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake.—*Greene's Farewell to Follie*, 1617, ap. Dyce.

> The Saracen's, not Gorgon's head,
> Can looke old ten in th'hundred dead,
> But *deaths head on his fingers ends*,
> Afflicts him more then twenty fiends.
>
> *Witts Recreations*, 12mo. Lond. 1654.

Pa. Nay, brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one: The marriage hath united us. Prithee tell me.—*Ho.* She broke me a tooth once with a *Death's Head-ring* on her finger: It had like to ha' cost me my life! 't has been a true

Memento to me ever since; Bobs o' the lips, tweaks by the nose, cuffs o' the ear, and trenchers at my head in abundance.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

Her coffers are only rich, whilst she is poore, where she hoards up all her old spurroials and Harry angels, with her *deaths head* and gymal rings.—Fleckno, p. 71.

[121] *The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.*

A provincial antiquary has forwarded an impression from a pummel, which has the head of one of the Cæsars upon it in relief, and which is stated to have been discovered at an ancient Roman station; but so much deception has been practised upon the collectors of these relics, it would scarcely be prudent to engrave anything of the kind, unless its history be indubitably known.

[122] *The carv'd-bone face on a flask.*

The powder-flask, observes Sir Samuel Meyrick, was known in England as early as the reign of Henry the Eighth, and appears on a hackbutter of that date in one of Strutt's engravings, suspended like the horn, but at the hip, instead of on the breast. In an inventory taken in 1 Edward VI., quoted by the same writer, mention is made of,—"one horne for gonne-powder garnished with silver, three grete flaskes covered with vellet, and three lytle touch-boxes, a great flaske varnished and paynted, and a touch-box of iron graven and gilded." Various specimens of flasks will be seen in the engravings of Skelton, and the annexed very interesting one, selected by Mr. Fairholt, illustrative of the passage in the text, it being formed of stag's horn, and covered with heads in relief, is preserved in the collection of M. Sauvageot at Paris. "Keep a light match in cock, wear flask and touch-box," Divils Charter, 1607. In the A. B. C. of Armes, 1616, the bandolier is recommended in preference to the flask, the latter "being more cumbersome and subject to firing, and therefore more dangerous." The flask seems to have gone greatly out of fashion about this time except for sporting purposes, and the bandoliers are almost always seen in their place in military engravings of a later period. "The musketier hath his sword and dagger, his burgenet, his musket with a rest and scowring-stick, sometime called a rammer, *his flaske turned now into a bandeler with charges*, or powder-bags; or some fantasticall fellow will carry it in his pocket, trusting to his hand for the charge," Military Art of Trayning, 1622, p. 38. The flask is again mentioned in Romeo and Juliet,—"like powder in a skilless soldier's flask;" and it is described as "a box for gunpowder" in Blount's Glossographia, ed. 1681, p. 266.

[123] *Ay, and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer.*

Biron's first allusion to the leaden brooch of St. George, may be accepted in reference to one of the ancient pilgrims' signs, which were frequently worn in the hat or cap, as indicative of the shrine to which they had travelled. In Shakespeare's time, these tokens had lost their religious significance, but they were still worn by

many classes, and it seems most probable they were the remnants of the more ancient fashion. The subject of pilgrims' signs was first properly elucidated by Mr. C. R. Smith, in an interesting paper in the Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc., vol. i. p. 200. They consist of plates and brooches, made of lead or of pewter, and were called "signs," because they were obtained in the neighbourhood of the shrine which was visited, in token that the wearers had performed their pilgrimage faithfully. The first of the annexed engravings is a representation of one of these, formed of lead, being an effigy of St. George, with the ring (on his right side) by which it was attached to the cap, copied from the original (temp. Henry VI.) preserved in Mr. Smith's museum. The second is another specimen, from the same collection, representing the head of John the Baptist borne by a priest in a charger, and supported on either side by an acolyte with a candle, the inscription showing that it was obtained by some pilgrim who had visited the celebrated head of the Baptist at Amiens,—*Hic est signum faciei beati Johannis Baptiste Ami.* The third engraving exhibits the copy of a sign of a bishop robed and mitred, with the episcopal staff in the left hand, the right elevated in the act of benediction, and the word *Fordom*, a very early specimen; and the fourth and last is a representation of a small sign of King Henry the Sixth, a sovereign who was popularly invested with the honors of canonization. These woodcuts will give the reader an exact idea of the signs which were worn in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; and it is believed, from the brooch in the text being described as the image of a saint, made of lead, and worn in a cap, that the poet meant to convey the impression of one of the rude medieval leaden signs being worn in the cap of a toothdrawer, the fashion of wearing them in the hat or cap having existed from a very ancient period. A pilgrim, introduced into the satire of Piers Ploughman, triumphantly points to the signs in his hat as evidences of the extent of his pilgrimages,—

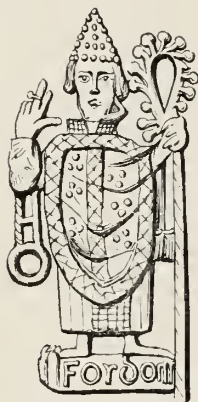
> Ye may se by my signes that sitten on myn hatte,
> That I have walked ful wide, in weet and in drye,
> And sought goode seintes, for my soules helthe.

and, in the Prologue to the History of Beryn, the Canterbury pilgrims are described as setting "their signys upon their hedes, and som oppon their capp," ed. Urry, p. 596. In the sixteenth century, brooches of all kinds were worn on the cap, some being signs, such as those above mentioned, of inferior value and workmanship, which were chiefly worn by the lower classes; and others were more modern fashioned ornaments, that were sometimes set with jewels of considerable value. In a description of a shepherd, in the Fyfte Eglog of Barclay, we are told that "hygh on his bonet stacke a fayre broche of tynne," which does not necessarily refer to a pilgrim's sign. "Marie, God's blessing on their heart that sette suche a brouche on my cappe," Gascoigne's Supposes. "With broches and aiglets of gold upon their caps, which glistered full of pearls and precious stones," More's Utopia.

"Thou canst prate lyke a pardoner, and for thy facilytie in lying, thou art worthy to weare a whetstone in thy hat instede of a brouch," Fulwell's Art of Flattery, 1576. "I would have a jewel for mine ear, and a fine broach to put into my hat," Dido Queen of Carthage, 1594. There is a "fine broach" seen in the hat in a portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, who flourished about this period.

It is worthy of remark, in connexion with the allusion in the text, that in an account of the costume of Henry VIII., given by Hall, that sovereign is stated to have had on his head "a chapeau montabyn, with a riche coronal; the folde of the chapeau was lined with crimsyn saten, and on that a rich brooch with the image of Sainct George."

The fashion appears to have gradually disappeared after the reign of Elizabeth. Florio, in his New World of Words, ed. 1611, p. 193, mentions "ouches, *brouches* or tablets, and jewels, that yet some old men weare in their hats, with agath stones cut or graven with some formes and images in them, namely of famous men's heads." Shakespeare, also, in All's Well that ends Well, speaks of the brooch and toothpick being out of fashion, "which wear not now." They are, however, frequently mentioned in works which were published early in the seventeenth century. Thus Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster, says, "honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times;" and, in the Magnetick Lady, he speaks of "the brooch to any true state cap in Europe." Decker also mentions them in If it be not a good Play, 1612. They were sometimes made of very inferior materials, and were even worn by children. "Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch," Decker's Satiromastix. "And for rubies and diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes, and gather 'hem by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coates, and sticke in their children's caps, as commonly as our children weare saffron-gilt brooches, and groates with hoales in 'hem," Eastward Hoe, 1605.



See you the brooch that long in's hat hath bin?
It may be there; it cost him not a pin.
The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611.

Colig. Odd's my life, gentlemen, here is the bravest fellow I ever read of in all my travels; Pray, friend, what show do you represent?—*Host.* Show, sir?—*Coli.* I, show, sir; does that offend you? U'ds fish, I care not a . . . . an' you be offended at show, sir. What do you wear that in your hat for, sir, if it be not for a show, sir, ha?—*Host.* Why, for a sign, sir.—*Colig.* For a sign? why, are you the post? Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jest! Did not I put a very good jest upon him, gentlemen?—*The Villain*, 1663.

The costume of the toothdrawer of Elizabeth's time was somewhat fantastical. He not only wore a brooch in a hat, in so conspicuous a manner that it was commonly regarded as one of his peculiarities, but his belt was garnished with teeth as significative of his profession, the latter practice being alluded to in Cleaveland's Character of a London Diurnall, 1647, p. 35, and in various other works. The toothmaker's hat-brooch is thus mentioned by Taylor, the Water-Poet, in his Wit and Mirth, ed. 1630, p. 194,—"In Queene Elizabeth's

dayes there was a fellow, *that wore a brooch in his hat, like a toothdrawer*, with a rose and crowne and two letters." Marry, said one of the townspeople, the scene of the tale being laid in Cornwall,—" wee see by the brooch in the man's hat that hee is the Queenes man."

[124] *I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.*

Various compounds of *timbered*, which was metaphorical for *built*, were in common use. A " slender-timber'd fellowe" is mentioned in the Nomenclator, 1585 ; and, in the Eastern counties, an active person is called *light-timbered.*

[125] *He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.*

I ha' seene the picture of Hector in a haberdasher's shop not looke halfe so furious ; he appeares more terrible then wilde-fire at a play.—*The Hogge hath lost his Pearle.*

[126] *A gilt nutmeg.*

The practice of making presents of gilded nutmegs is alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his Gipsies Metamorphosed,—" I have lost an inchanted nutmeg, all gilded over, was inchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a' mornings." Barnfield, in his Affectionate Shepheard, 1594, ap. Nares, promises his birth-day guest, amongst other presents, " a guilded nutmeg and a race of ginger." This kind of gift seems to have continued popular long after Shakespeare's time. A character in Dryden's Enchanted Island, ed. 1676, p. 15, says,—" This will be a doleful day with old Bess; she gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting." Sometimes, a nutmeg in its natural state was used for a gift or token. Thus supposes Cawdray, in his Treasurie or Storehouse of Similies, 1600, p. 53,— " Or if one man should send a gift or token unto an other man, (as a peece of bowed silver, a nutmeg, or a rasing of ginger) if the partie to whom it were sent wold not take it, but refuse it despitefully, or contemne it, the man that sent it might well thinke he had contemned and disdained him, and not his gift or present: but what might hee thinke if hee should cast it into the dyrt, and trample it under his feete?" Compare, also, the following passage, cited by Malone, from Whimzies, or A New Cast of Characters, 1631,—" If hee [an ostler] may make so much bold with you, hee will send his commends, sweetned with a nutmeg, by you to the ostler of your next inne; and this begits reciprocall curtesies betwixt them." The ed. 1598 reads, " a *gift* nutmeg."

[127] *A lemon.—Stuck with cloves.*

A lemon, but more frequently an orange, stuck with cloves, was another common gift for festival days, and on other occasions. It was thought to have purifying qualities, and Bradwell, in his Physick for the Sicknesse commonly called the Plague, 1636, p. 16, recommends " a lemon stucke with cloves " to be carried in the hand, for the bearer to smell it occasionally, during the time of a pestilence. Lupton, in his Second Booke of Notable Things, ap. Steevens, says,—" Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour, if an *orenge* or a *lymon* (stickt round about with *cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne ; and so the wyne wyll be preserved from foystines and evyll savor." Ben Jonson, in his Masques, speaks of an orange stuck with cloves as a New Year's gift,—" and heer's Newyeares-gift ; h'as an orenge and rosmarie, but not a clove to sticke in't ;" and the author of Vox Graculi, 1623, mentions " a pomewater bestucke with a few rotten cloves " as a gift which was popular on the occasion of that festival. In an account of the executioner of Charles I., printed by Dr. Rawlinson, it is stated that he " likewise confess'd that he had 30l. for his pains, all paid him in half

crowns, within an hour after the blow was struck: and that he had *an orange stuck full of cloves*, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket." Allusions to this article are common. A passage in the Rehearsal, 1672, p. 21, in which mention is made of "an orange stuck with cloves," is ridiculed in the Transproser Rehears'd, 1673, p. 123. The custom of treating fruit in this way certainly continued till the last century, a tradesman's bill now before me, dated in 1711, containing, amongst entries of orange-flower essence, periwigs, and combs, a charge of one shilling and sixpence for "lemons stuck with cloves;" a notice which seems to indicate that lemons so adorned were sold as perfumes.

> *Cal.*—Betraies her teeth, which stand one by another—
> *Phi.*—As if that they were *cloves stuck in an orenge.*
> *Cal.*—Joy, Prusias, joy: though thou be strucken blind—
> *Phi.*—Thou yet canst see her picture in thy mind.
> *Cartwright's Siedge or Love's Convert*, 1651.

On the first day of this month (January) will be given many more gifts than will be kindly received or gratefully rewarded. Children, to their inexpressible joy, will be drest in their best bibs and aprons, and may be seen handed along streets, some bearing Kentish pippins, *others oranges stuck with cloves*, in order to crave a blessing of their godfathers and godmothers.—*Observations on the Months*, n. d.

[128] *A man so breath'd.*

> Huge Typhon is unweeldy Jhove more quicke,
> And better breath'd, doth oft-times traverse round,
> To speed him with a blow, or with a pricke,
> Till he hath worne a bloudy circle round.
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica*, fol. Lond. 1609.

[129] *He would fight, yea.*

Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye;* a common vulgarism.—*Steevens.* I should read: "—— that certain he would fight *ye*," which I think improves both the sense and the rhyme.—He would run *you* five miles in an hour—he would ride *you* from morning till night, is a mode of expression still in use.—*M. Mason.*

[130] *I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.*

The extravagance of the language of courtship in former days is almost past belief. This is said in all seriousness. So Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster,—"Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slipper in quiet for them."

[131] *Unless you play the honest Trojan.*

So, before,—"Hector was but a Trojan," &c. The term was a cant one, and is used again in an oblique sense in Henry IV.

O, he has basted me rarely, sumptiously! but I have it here in black and white; for his black and blew, shall pay him. O, the Justice! the honestest old brave *Trojan* in London! I doe honour the very flea of his dog.—*Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed. p. 50.

[132] *More Ates, more Ates.*

That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed.—*Johnson.*

[133] *I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.*

The North was sometimes spoken of contemptuously, as in Ford's Suns Darling, —"no good comes from the north"—and here the allusion seems to be to the quarter-staff, or perhaps to "a long pole of woode, for warriors to use instead of a speare," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. The quarter-staff used in the Western counties is seen in the engraving prefixed to Peecke's Three to One, being an English Spanish Combat performed by a Westerne Gentleman with an English Quarter Staffe against three Spanish Rapiers and Poniards at Sherries in Spaine, 1625.

[134] *Let me borrow my arms again.*

The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.—*Johnson.*

[135] *Let me take you a button-hole lower.*

Moth is here playing upon this phrase, which, besides its literal signification, also meant, to reduce one's importance. "Yea, and take her downe too a button-hole lower," Shoomaker's Holyday, 1631.

If you would feed with the like sawce, composed by the same cookes, it would *take you a button lower*, and cause you looke not like Boreas, as you now doe; if not, I cannot remedie it, neither will I speake to your deafe god, Bell, or rather bellie, anie longer.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

Knocke downe my wife! I'de see the tallest beefe-eater on you all but hold up his halberd in the way of knocking my wife downe, and I'le bring him a *button-hole lower.—Shirley's Triumph of Peace*, 1633.

But the best is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: a fine cooler call'd marriage, to take his *batchelor's button a hole lower!* Can it be possible? She might ha' been mother of the maids, as well, to my seeming; or a matron, to have train'd up the best lady's daughters in the country.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

[136] *I go woolward for penance.*

To "go woolward" was one of the penances formerly enjoined by the Church of Rome, and signified to wear woollen, instead of linen, next the skin. The expression was very common in Shakespeare's time, and many are the jests perpetrated on those whose poverty compelled them to dispense with the use of a shirt, who were then said to "go woolward" for penance. One of the inquisitorial articles respecting monasteries in MS. Cott. Cleop. E. iv. is, "Item, Whether ye were sherts and sheitts of wooll, or that ye have eny constitution, ordenance, or dispensation granted or made to the contrarye, by sufficient and lawfull authoritie?," which would seem to imply that woollen shirts were those generally worn by the monastic orders; and perhaps the penance, above alluded to, referred more especially to the laity. In the Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode, the outlaw promises to make a pilgrimage, "barefote and wolwarde," to a chapel in Barnsdale. "Wolwarde, without any lynnen nexte ones body, *sans chemyse*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Wolleward and weet-shoed wente I forth after," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 369. "And water to drynken, and werchen and wolward gon, as we wrecches usen," ibid. p. 497. "He went woolward and barefooted to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness," Stowe's Annales, that writer here translating from Ailred of Rievaulx, *nudis pedibus et absque linteis.* "Poor people fare coursly, work hard, go wollward and bare," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 545. See also A New Years Gift to the Pope's Holinesse, 1575; Powell's History of Wales, 1584; Middleton, ed. Dyce, v. 527; Johnson and Nares, in v.

Faste, and go *wolward*, and wake,
And suffre hard for Godus sake.—*MS. Ashmole* 41, f. 44.

His common course is to go alwaies untrust, except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes *woolward;* and his breeches are as desperate as himselfe, for they are past mending.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 63.

He takes a common course to goe untrust,
Except his shirt's a-washing; then he must
Goe *woolward* for the time: he scornes it, hee,
That worth two shirts his landresse should him see.
The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611.

—— All linen els will take
Up armes for ruffe and cuffe and band, and make
Their enemies, like friers, *woolward* to lie.
Exchange Ware at the Second Hand, 1615.

In case of linnen, it hath been adjudged that, if foure brothers have but one shirt amongst them, if, by consent of all foure, that single shirt be condemned to the Lombard, and the purchase spent in the library, the naked trueth of the common law in that case is, that they are compellable to weare no linnen, *but to goe wooll-ward for pennance*, till the next bountifull hedge commiserates their necessitie.—*Heywood's Philocothonista, or the Drunkard*, 1635. This extract is copied in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 139.

Cautus, that woollward went, was wondred at;
Which he excus'd, as done through pure contrition.
But who so simple, Cautus, credits that?
Tis too well known thou art of worse condition,
And therefore if no linnen thee begirt,
The naked truth will prove thou hast no shirt.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

To this speech, in the old copy, *Boy* is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions.—*Malone*.

[137] *I have seen the day of wrong.*

That is, I have seen by a little discretion or reflection the wrong I have suffered, and I will right myself like a soldier. "As for the states, I warrant you *theie see day at a little hole;* theie will wayt uppon her majestyes pleasure and example at any tuch," Letter of the Earl of Leicester, 1586. Some editors read *days*, and Warburton proposed to alter *wrong* to *right*, a suggestion which is thus judiciously controverted by Steevens,—"I believe it rather means,—I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received with the eyes of discretion, i. e. not been too forward to resent them, and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard. 'One may see day at a little hole,' is a proverb in Ray's Collection: 'Day-light will peep through a little hole,' in Kelly's. Again, in Churchyard's Charge, 1580, p. 9:—'At *little hoales* the *daie* is *seen*.'"

[138] *In the converse of breath.*

Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange.—Johnson.* *Converse of breath* means no more than conversation "made up of breath," as our author expresses himself in Othello. Thus also, in the Merchant of Venice:—"Therefore I scant this *breathing courtesy.*"—*Steevens.*

[139] *A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue.*

Theobald proposed to alter *not* to *but*, and *humble* to *nimble*, but Steevens very properly takes the line in its literal meaning, referring to King John,—"grief is proud, and makes his owner stout." In other words, a heavy heart bears not a tongue attuned to polite smooth compliment.

[140] *The extreme part of time extremely forms.*

The old editions read *parts*, and the singulars and plurals at the commencement of this speech are reconciled with some difficulty, the author rapidly changing the nominative from the "extreme parts of time" to Time itself. The diction of this line is so exactly in Shakespeare's manner, that its integrity in its present form is beyond any reasonable doubt; and it may be thus paraphrased,—the conclusion of a period concentrates in itself the utmost impetus; in other words, when a decision must be arrived at within a certain time, it is frequently delayed to the last moment, "the extreme part of time," when the necessity compels a rapid solution, which is formed at the very moment of despatch.

[141] *And often, at his very loose, decides.*

The allusion is to archery, the *loose* being the very moment the arrow is despatched. See notes to A Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii.

[142] *The holy suit which fain it would convince.*

We must read:—"—— which fain *would it* convince;" that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *overpower* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares: That she will *convince* the chamberlains with wine.—*Johnson.*

If Johnson was right with respect to the meaning of this passage, I should think that the words, as they now stand, would express it without the transposition which he proposes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will signify the same as *fain would convince it.*—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphasis will supply the place of that transposition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only, what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome;* and to prevail in a suit which was strongly denied, is a kind of conquest.—*M. Mason.*

[143] *I understand you not; my griefs are double.*

In the extremity of grief, the princess ambiguously, but touchingly, admits that her sorrows are increased by the prospect of the king's departure, and by the uncertain import of his address. Until the arrival of the news of her father's death, the courtship had apparently been carried on solely in jest; but this intelligence, dissipating her mirth, at the same time there is revealed to her, by the necessity of separation, how deeply her affections are engaged, and how immeasurably her grief is thus augmented. Malone construes *double* in a literal sense, considering that the princess means her sorrows are double, 1. on account of the death of her father, and 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning; but the words, "my griefs are double," may either be considered in the sense of, they are of double meaning, or the term *double* may be taken as merely implying increase or excess, a not unusual use of the word in contemporary writers. It is, indeed, used in the Scriptures as a substantive in the sense of *abundance*, Isaiah,

xl. 2. See also the commentaries on the last-mentioned passage, and Matthew, xxiii. 15. The Greek word διπλόος is used with the same latitude for, ample, wide. In confirmation of the old text, it may also be observed that the expression *double* is a favorite one with our old writers, as applied to joy and sorrow.

> Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to have reliefe,
> But in the fine I finde not so, *it doubleth but my griefe.*
> *The Lover Refused*, poem cited by Richardson, i. 606.

> Who knoweth pain, and hath been in trouble,
> After his woe, *his joy is to him double.*
> *Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure*, 1554.

> O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes,
> And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,
> The muse whereof *redoubleth but your griefe.*
> *Jocasta, translated by G. Gascoygne and F. Kinwelmershe*, 1566.

> Woulde God I might as well ingrave the corps
> Of my deare Pollinice, but I ne maye,
> And that I cannot, *doubleth all my dole.—Ibid.*

In the same play, the expression "double praise" is used, apparently in the simple sense of, very great praise.

I was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I have prisoned in my brest, and least he should heare the eccho of my *doubled sighes*, which bounce from the bottom of my hevy heart.—*The Supposes, a Comedie*, 1572.

Capell reads, "my griefs are *deaf*," an alteration in some degree supported by the commencement of Biron's speech,—"Honest plain words best *pierce the ear* of grief." An apparently plausible conjecture is found in the Perkins MS.,—"my griefs are *dull*," a reading, however, which has the great objection of involving a very singular construction, the meaning intended being probably—"my griefs cause me to be dull," for the words themselves, taken in their literal sense, convey no intelligible signification in agreement with the context.

[144] *Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to add this line to the last speech of the princess, and assign the remainder of the present speech to the king.

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect; but think with Dr. Johnson that this line belongs to the princess.—*Malone.*

[145] *Full of strange shapes.*

The old copies corruptly read, *straying shapes.* The same misprint occurs in Promos and Cassandra, iii. 1, "O *straying* effectes of blinde affected love;" and perhaps also in Ben Jonson's Masque of Augures, where mention is made of "*straying* and deform'd pilgrims," as it stands in ed. 1621, which was unknown to Gifford, and also in the folio edition, used by that editor, vii. 438. Coleridge proposes to read, *stray shapes*, a lection supported by Mr. Knight.

[146] *As bombast and as lining to the time.*

The metaphor is sufficiently evident. The term *bombast* was originally applied to cotton, and hence to the stuffing out of dress, because usually done with that material. "*Bombagia*, all manner of bumbast or cotton wooll," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

Yet of silke and wool it appeareth they have great plentie, most part of their gownes being of wool quilted with *bombast.*—*History of the Turks*, 1603.

Bombast is a kind of *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure.—*Johnson.*

[147] *But more devout than this, in our respects.*

"This our," ed. 1598; "these are our," ed. 1623, and later folios. The following are the notes of the principal commentators upon this line:

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read:—"But more devout than *this* (*save* our respects), Have we not been;—" Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of Sir T. Hanmer:—"But more devout than *this, in* our respects." I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:—"But more devout than these are *your* respects, Have we not *seen*."—*Tyrwhitt.*

The difficulty, I believe, arises only from Shakespeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed.—*But we have not been more devout*, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these *our respects*, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said,—we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy.—*Tollet.*

The quarto, 1598, reads:—"But more devout than *this* our respects." There can be no doubt, therefore, that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compositor inadvertently omitted, completes both the sense and metre.—*Malone.*

[148] *To make a world-without-end bargain in.*

World-without-end, unlimited in extent. This phrase, borrowed perhaps from the Liturgy, occurs again in the fifty-seventh Sonnet, and is still in use in the provinces.

Waldathoutind, World without end—applied to a long, tiresome, piece of work, or business, or story—"Ah—that's a Waldathoutind job"—an unpromising, bootless, undertaking.—*Moor's Suffolk Words.*

[149] *And last love.*

In other words, if it continue to be love.—*Steevens.*

[150] *Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.*

The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line,) "Come challenge *me*, challenge me," &c. Corrected by Sir. T. Hanmer.—*Malone.*

[151] *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest.*

The particle *up* is redundant, as in numerous instances quoted in vol. i. p. 273. "When Vertue came from heaven, as the poet faines, rich men kicked her *up*," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 329. The king evidently means to say, "If I would deny this, or more than this, to flatter my soul with the hope of rest, let me immediately perish." Warburton alters *flatter* to *fetter*, and Johnson proposes to read,—"To flatter *on* these *hours of time* with rest."

[152] *Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.*

In the early editions, six lines here follow, which are extremely curious and

interesting, as being in all probability a fragment of the original comedy, before it was corrected, these two speeches being repeated shortly afterwards in more elaborate language:—

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

It is difficult, by any ingenuity, to consider these lines as part of the amended drama. Coleridge, with some plausibility, proposed to omit the second speech only, retaining Biron's; but, on the whole, although the stage effect might apparently be increased by Dumain's anxious substitution of the question, the general tenor of the dialogue is here sufficiently subdued to render this latter suggestion at all events questionable.

In the second line of the above, *rank* is Rowe's substitution for *rack'd,* the reading of the old editions, which Malone defends, taking the word in the sense of,—extended to the top of their bent. So, in Much Ado About Nothing:—"Why, then we *rack* the value."

Rowe's emendation is every way justifiable. Things *rank* (not those which are *racked*) need *purging.* Besides, Shakespeare has used the same epithet on the same occasion in Hamlet:—"O! my *offence* is *rank,* it smells to heaven."—*Steevens.*

[153] *With three-fold love I wish you all these three.*

What *three*, in the name of arithmetick? She wishes him four things, if she wishes him any thing. May we not with certainty correct it?—'A wife, a beard (fair Youth), and honesty.' And her calling him *fair youth* seems very well authorized by what she presently subjoins,—'I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.'—*Theobald's Letters.*

The difficulty here suggested is obviated, though in rather an awkward manner, by the modern punctuation.

[154] *A twelvemonth and a day.*

"*Annus et dies*, pro anno completo. Lex Friderici I. Imperat. apud Usperg. an. 1187. *Finis Imperii per annum et diem abjuret. Annus et dies*, Practicis Gallicis, *An et jour*, Praescriptionis species in variis casibus usurpata; verbi gratia, in Lege Longob. lib. 2. tit. 43. §, 3. *Res in bannum missa, si per anni et unius diei spatium illam esse in banno permiserit possessor, ad fiscum devolvitur.* Similia habentur in Speculo Saxon. lib. I. art. 38. §, 2. Ubi Glossa Germanica *annum et diem* esse sex hebdomadas, et annum unum annotat, forte in favorem absentis aut delinquentis. In formula venditionis servi, venditor stipulatur *eum sanum usque anno et die.* In Libris feudorum, qui intra annum et diem, feudi investituram a domino non petit, feudum amittit. Occurrunt similia multa in consuetudinibus municipalibus," Ducange. This term of time also obtained in England, and is frequently mentioned by our early writers, as by Chaucer, in the Wyf of Bathes Tale,—

Yet wol I give the leve for to goon
A twelfmonth and a day, it for to lere
An answer suffisant in this matiere.

"Yeare and day," observes Cowell, in his Interpreter, ed. 1637, "is a time thought in construction of our common law, fit in many cases to determine a

right in one, and to worke an usucapion or prescription in another. As in a case of an estray, if the owner (proclamations being made) challenge it not within that time, it is forfeit. So is the yeare and day given in case of appeale, in case of descent after entry or claime; of no claime upon a fine or writ of right at the common law: so of a villein remaining in ancient demeane, of the death of a man sore bruised or wounded: of Protections; Essoines in respect of the Kings service: of a wreck, and divers other cases,—Coke, vol. 6, fol. 107. b. And that touching the death of a man seemeth an imitation of the civill law; Nam si mortifere fuerit vulneratus, et postea post longum intervallum mortuus sit, inde annum numerabimus secundum Julianum. l. ait lex. π. ad legem Aquil."

"*Susan*, a yeare and a day past, or the passing of a yeare and a day without performing that which should have beene done within it," Cotgrave.

> And when the Queen heard of this news, She sore began to weep,
> And made a vow and oath certain, That she did mean to keep,—
> That in a twelvemonth and a day, She would not bepleased be,
> Because that David so was slain, With such great cruelty.
> *A Doleful Ditty and a Sorrowful Sonnet of the L. Darnley*, 1567.

> I banish thee a twelve-month and a day
> Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
> Nor shewe thy head so much as in the night.
> *Summers Last Will and Testament*, by Nash, 1600.

If that sacred, aromatically-perfumed fire of wit (out of whose flames Phœnix poesie doth arise) were burning in any brest, I would feede it with no other stuffe, for *a twelve month and a day*, then with kindling papers full of lines, that should tell only of the chances, changes and strange shapes that this Protean, Climatericall yeare hath metamorphosed himself into.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

If I die within a twelvemonth and a day, Ile prosecute him and hang him, if there were no more men in the world.—*The Wizard, a Play*, MS.

[155] *Behold the window of my heart.*

A similar metaphor, though it is not applied in the same manner, occurs in the Nosce Teipsum of Sir John Davies, first printed in 1599,—

> What can we know? or what can we discerne?
> When Error chokes the windowes of the mind?
> The divers formes of things, how can we learne,
> That have bene ever from our birth-day blind?

Compare also Butler's Hudibras, Second Part, i. 418.

[156] *To enforce the pained impotent to smile.*

You have already begun a charitable work amongst you, I meane, your common Towne brew-house, the profit of which you entend shall be wholly imployed for the supply of the poore and *impotents*, which live in your city.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[157] *Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans.*

Dear, heavy, excessive, great. So, before,—"full of dear guiltiness."

[158] *And lady-smocks all silver-white.*

This and the next line are transposed in the original editions, the present arrangement having been suggested by Theobald. The *cardamine pratense* or

lady-smock is still known under the latter name in some of the provinces, but the term is now more generally applied by rustics to the great bindweed, which is obviously not the plant alluded to by Shakespeare. The cardamine is called "in English, cuckowe-flowers; in Northfolke, Caunterburie-bells; at the Namptwich in Cheshire, where I had my beginning, *ladie-smockes*, which hath given me cause to christen it after my countrie fashion," Gerard's Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 203; but at p. 480, he says, "the cukowe flower I have comprehended under the title of *sisimbrium*, Englished ladies-smocks, which plant hath beene generally taken for *flos cuculi*." Cowley speaks of *alba cardamine*.

> This mayden in a morne betime,
> Went forth when May was in her prime,
> to get sweete Cerywall,
> The honey-suckle, the Harlocke,
> The Lilly and the *Lady-smocke*,
> to deck her summer hall.
>
> *Drayton's Shepherds Garland*, 1593.

Ladies-smock, or *double Cardamine*, has winged creeping leaves, from whence proceed little stalks, bearing many double white flowers; its small stringy roots spread in the ground, and come up in several places. This plant, being a kind of water-cresses, partakes of its virtue, and is otherwise called cuckoo-flower.—*Dict. Rust.*

[159] *And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.*

The cuckoo-bud is a provincial name, still in use, for the common *ranunculus bulbosus*, better known to children as the butter-cup, thus described in Gerard's Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 806,—"The sixt kinde of crowfoot called *ranunculus bulbosus*, or oinion-rooted crowfoot, and round-rooted-crowfoote, hath a round knobbie or oinion fashioned roote, like unto a small turnep, and of the bignes of a great olive berrie: from which riseth up many leaves spred upon the ground, like those of the fielde crowfoote, but smaller, and of a rustie or overworne greene colour, among which rise up slender stalks of the height of a foote, whereupon do growe flowers of a faint yellowe colour." Several other species of crowfoot are noticed by this writer, and he mentions (p. 804) meeting with an undescribed specimen "walking in the fielde next unto the Theater by London," alluding to *the Theatre*, as it was called, which was situated in Shoreditch. Some critics are of opinion that the cowslip is the genuine cuckoo-bud, and Cotgrave has, "*Braye de cocu*, a cowslip or paigle; *herbe à coqu*, the cowslip or paigle." Lyte, in his Herball, ed. 1578, p. 123, says the cowslip is called, "in French of some, *coquu*, *prime vere*, and *brayes de coquu*." Farmer proposed to alter *cuckoo-buds* to *cowslip-buds*, and Whalley, to *crocus-buds*.

[160] *Do paint the meadows with delight.*

Warburton alters *with delight* to *much bedight*, which is merely noticed as having been the subject of some discussion by the critics of the last century.

[161] *Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear.*

The triplication of the word *cuckoo* in this song may perhaps have been derived from the Maunciples Tale of Chaucer, where the bird sings, "cuckow, cuckow, cuckow!," in token of a breach of the marriage vow having been committed; but there is preserved in MS. Harl. 978, of the middle of the thirteenth century, a well-known song with a similar burden, which may have been seen by Shakespeare in some more modernized shape,—

Sumer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu:
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calue cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth:
Murie sing cuccu, cuccu, cuccu:
Wel singes thu cuccu;
Ne swik thu nauer nu.
Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu.

A ballad entitled, "Full merily synges the cowckcowe," was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company in 1565-6. See Mr. Collier's Extracts, p. 122, and the ballad there quoted, which is clearly a very modernized version.

But if it were Saint Patrick, or whosoever otherwise, that was so severe against the nytingale, the sweet querrister of the wood, whose delectable harmony is pleasing to every eare, I would he had been as strict in justice against that foul-mouthed bird the cuckow, whose notes were never yet pleasing to any man's eare that was jealous of his wife.—*Rich's New Description of Ireland*, 1610.

One went a wooing, and by the way hee heard the *cuccoe* sing; whereupon he turn'd backe againe, and sware that, by the masse, he would proove him a lyer.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

[162] *And Dick the shepherd blows his nail.*

Those that have no mittens in winter may *blow their nailes* by authoritie, for no man will pittie them that are needy: such as carrie empty purses may dine by wit, if it will prevaile, or walke in Paules by Duke Humphry, for charitie is fled that should feede the hungrie.—*The Blacke Yeare*, 1606.

In winters time when hardly fed the flocks,
And isicles hung dangling on the rocks;
When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
When every barne rung with the threshing flailes,
And shepherds boyes for cold gan blow their nailes.
Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, Book i.

The poore ploughman's children sit crying and *blowing their nayles* as lamentably as the children and servants of your poore artificers.—*The Cold Yeare*, 1614.

Margery, the truth is you doe not use me well: what doe I get by you, to lose my dayes worke, and sit at a stile *blowing my fingers* in the colde, in hope to meete you a milking, and you send another in your roome, and goe to market another way?—*Breton's Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1637.

[163] *And Tom bears logs into the hall.*

At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire, when brawne is in season, and, indeede, all reveling is regarded.—*Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

[164] *Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.*

These were universally assigned as the notes of the owl. In the song of Ver in Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Nash, 1600, the notes of various birds are given as,—"cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, to witta woo." So, in Mother Bombie,—"to-whit, to-whoo, the owle does cry;" and Middleton plays upon the word in his Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 176.

Their angel-voice surpriz'd me now;
But Mopsa her *too-whit, to-hoo*,

Descending through her hoboy nose,
Did that distemper soon compose:
And, therefore, O thou precious *owl*, &c.—*Sydney's Arcadia.*

He had a kind of simple blush,
That kept him still from being flush,
When ladies did him woe:
Though they did smile, he seemd to scowle,
As doth the faire broad-faced fowle,
That sings *To whit to whooe.*—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

Th'art lik'ned to a ducke, a drake, a beare,
A jadish gelding that was made to beare:
An owle that sings, no wit, *to whit, to who*,
That nothing well can sing, nor say, nor doe.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

The following is part of a song given in Wit and Drollery, p. 316. It is also found, with slight variations, in Sir Patient Fancy, 1678, p. 43,—

A lover adz-zoz, is a sort of a tool,
That of all things you best may compare to an owl,
For in some dark shades he delights still to sit,
And all the night long he cries *woe to witt;*
Then rise, my bright Cloris, and do'n thy slip shoe,
And hear thy fond owl chan't, Witt to woo, witt to woo.

[165] *While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

To keel, is an old English verb of Anglo-Saxon derivation (a-célan), in the sense of, to cool. To "keel the pot" was a provincial phrase signifying, to stir its contents in a gentle manner, in order to cool them, and prevent them from boiling over. "Amongst all which, I thinke it reason that that parson should have tyth porridge, which, out of the heat of a good stomacke, taught his parishioners' wives, in a quarterly sermon, *fower wayes to keele a pot*, when it began to seeth over; a right worthy domesticall chaplin for Heliogabalus, yet, if you marke, it is a profitable dish of doctrine, for unlesse it be followed, all the fat is in the fire," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions, 1613. "Faith, Doricus, thy braine boiles; keele it, keele it, or all the fatt's in the fire," Marston's What You Will, 1607. "To kele, to cool, as *kele the pot*," given as used in Westmoreland by Kennett in his Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033. There were, as before hinted in the passage from Nixon's tract, more than one method of keeling the pot. One plan was to expose a ladle-full to the air, and when a little cooled, to restore it to the pot. Another method was to take out a small quantity, and fill the place up with cold water, the portion thus taken out being termed the *keeling wheen*,—

Gie me beer, and gie me grots,—And lumps of beef to swum abeen;
And ilka time that I stir the pot,—He's hae frae me the keeling wheen.

The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing*,] and put it in the pot, when they set on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips, are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which, it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office.—*Gent. Mag.* 1760.

To kele, as an archaism, in the simple sense of, to cool, is of exceedingly common occurrence. A few references may suffice. *Akelde*, in one MS. *acoled*, Rob. Gloue. Chron. p. 442; *kele*, MS. Sloane 1313, xv. century; Forme of Cury, p. 23; Chaucer's Courte of Love, 1076; "thy bytter heyt there is no man may kele," MS. Poem of the Body and the Soul; Ritson's Ancient Popular Poetry, 1791, p. 79; Gower's Confessio Amantis, v. ff. 121, 131; Enterlude of Youth, repr. p. 33; Palsgrave, in v. Ray, in his Collection of English Words, ed. 1691, p. 39, has *keale* as a Lincolnshire word for a cold. "A *keele-vat*, a vessell wherein beere, ale, &c., is set a cooling when it is brewed," Nomenclator, 1585. Keelers, which were tubs used for cooling beer, are often mentioned in old inventories.

Take three yolks of eggs rawe, as much in quantity of fresh butter, or capons greace without salt, camphire two peny-worth, red rose-water halfe a pint, two grains of sivet, and boile al these together in a dish, and then strain them through a clean cloth, and so set it to *keele*, and take the uppermost and box it.—*The Pathway to Health*, f. 22.

Dr. Goldsmith says the expression, as used in his time in Ireland, meant, to scum the pot, but if he had entered into further particulars, his definition would probably have been identical with one of the explanations above given. "Keal the pottage, cool it," MS. Glossary of Westmoreland words written about the year 1690. In the North of England there is a children's game in vogue, mentioned by Brockett, called *Keeling the pot*, in which a girl comes in exclaiming, "Mother, mother, the pot's boiling over." The answer is, "Then get the ladle and keel it;" and the amusement is derived from the various difficulties that are encountered in the endeavour to obtain a ladle.

[166] *And coughing drowns the parson's saw.*

Saw seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first Book of the Tragedies of John Bochas, translated by Lidgate:

> These old poetes in their *sawes* swete,
> Full covertly in their verses do fayne.—*Steevens.*

Yet in As You Like It, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence or maxim,—"Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here.—*Malone.*

[167] *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.*

The custom of putting hot roasted crab-apples into the bowl of ale is frequently alluded to. See further in the notes to A Midsummer Night's Dream.

END OF VOL. IV.