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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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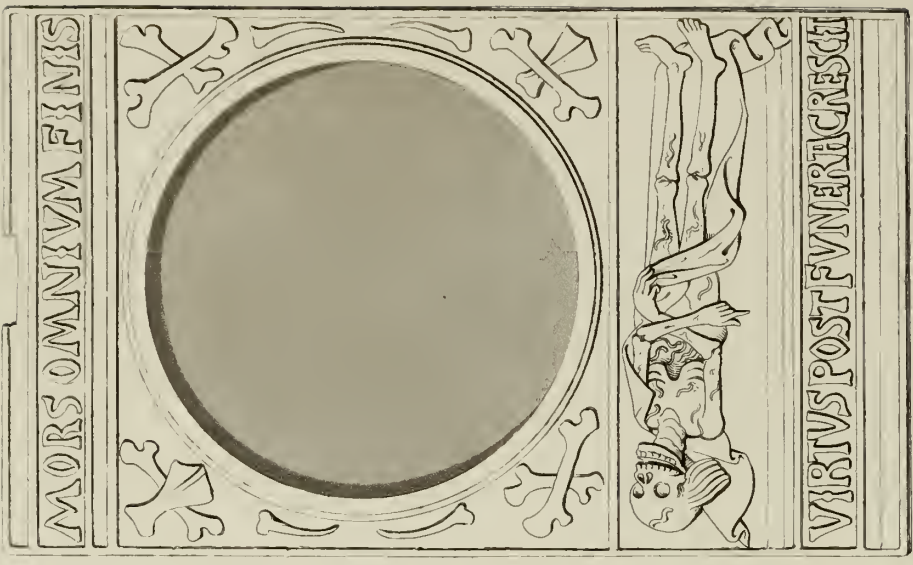
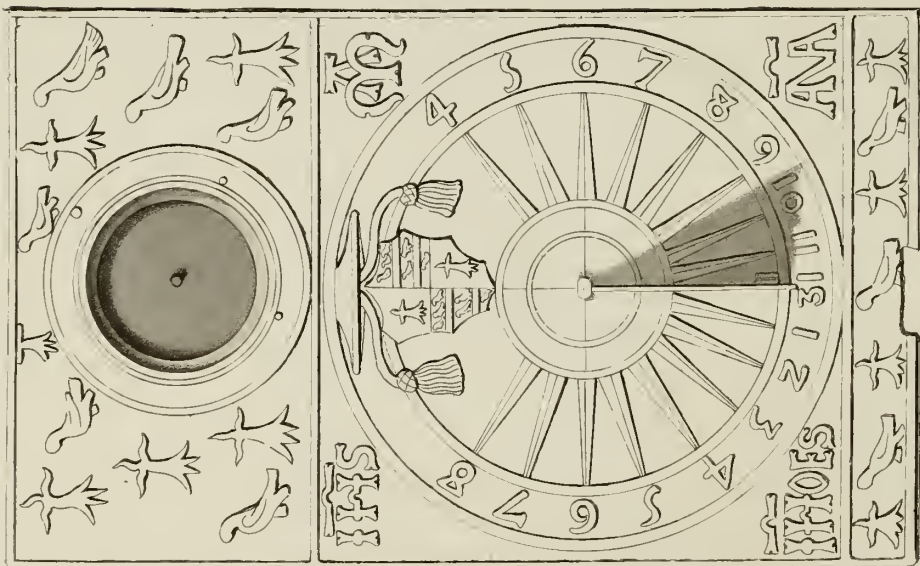
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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

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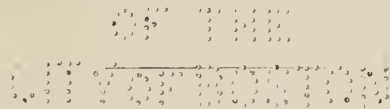
BY

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VOLUME VI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

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

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

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As You Like It.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.
2. In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.
3. In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.
4. In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME of the main incidents of the comedy of *As You Like It* are to be traced in the *Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, which is found in a few of the later manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, but is generally believed to be the production of another poet, its inferiority to the acknowledged works of that great writer scarcely sanctioning the belief that it could have emanated from his pen. The *Cokes Tale of Gamelyn* had not been given to the press in the time of Shakespeare, but it was made the foundation of a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590 under the title of,—*Rosalynde, Euphucs Golden Legacie*, found after his death in his Cell at *Silixedra*, bequeathed to *Philautus sonnes* nursed up with their father in England, *Fetcht from the Canaries* by T. L., gent., Imprinted by T. Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590, a work which was reprinted in 1592 and several times afterwards, its popularity having been so great that no fewer than eight editions are known to have appeared before the year 1643. There is no improbability in the supposition, and there are, indeed, a few indications supporting the view, that the more ancient tale may have been known to Shakespeare; but there can be no doubt whatever that he was chiefly indebted for his materials to Lodge's novel, which contains nearly all the principal incidents introduced into the comedy, and suggested an occasional thought or expression. The chief similarities and variations between the two compositions are here tersely given in the words of

Skottowe. Gerismond the rightful, and Torismond the usurping, Kings of France, are produced by Shakespeare under the titles of the exiled duke, and duke Frederic, his brother. The dramatist preserved Rosalynd as the name of the daughter of the former, and called the child of the latter Celia, instead of Alinda. Ganymede and Aliena are the names adopted by the ladies when they retire to the forest of Arden, both in the novel and in the play. Saladyne, Fernandyne, and Rosader, the heirs of Sir John of Bordeaux, appear in the latter as Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando, the sons of Sir Rowland de Bois. In the distribution of their father's property, Shakespeare deviates entirely from the novelist; he permits not Sir Rowland de Bois to recognise, in his bequests, the superior qualities of his youngest son, but gives to Orlando only a poor thousand crowns, and the benefit of a charge to Oliver to breed Orlando well; but in the play, as well as in the novel, the elder brother first determines to defraud the younger. He afterwards seeks his life, and the latter finds safety in flight to the forest of Arden. While Shakespeare rejected as undramatic, and derogatory from the character of his hero, the confinement of Rosader to a post in his brother's hall, where he was exposed to scorn and ridicule, the dramatist was not insensible to the eye of favour with which superior personal courage and prowess are universally regarded; and he is studious in the display of Orlando's hard-earned victory over Charles the wrestler; but he knew full well the qualities in which real pre-eminence of character consisted, and he bestowed them on Orlando. The plea in Lodge for Aliena's love of Saladyne, that he had once rescued her from the apparent danger of violation, is rejected by Shakespeare. Of the other characters in the play, Sylvius is met with in the novel under the name of Montanus, who, like Shakespeare's swain, perseveringly courts Phœbe, in despite of the professed antipathy of the perverse vixen. Adam, whose fate is unrecognised by the poet, is rewarded by Lodge for his fidelity by being placed in the honourable situation of captain of the guard to the restored monarch, Gerismond. The characters of Jaques, Le Beau, William, Touchstone, Audrey, and Sir Oliver Martext, are Shakespeare's own inventions, or, at least, are not to be found in Lodge's Rosalynde. The following reprint of the novel is taken partly from the edition of 1590, no perfect copy of which is known to exist, completed by reference to the edition of 1592 as reprinted by Mr. Collier, and compared with the two later impressions of 1609 and 1612.

To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine of her Majesties household, and Governor of her Towne of Barwicke : T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable vertues.

Such Romanes, right honorable, as delighted in martiall exploitcs, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a patron of souldiors : and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Mœccenas of schollers ; both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas present her with bayes as she is wise, and with armour as she is valiant ; observing heerein that excellent *το προεπον*, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred, right honorable, with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a patron of all martiall men, and a Mœccenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being myselfe first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordshippe. Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this booke ; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the woorke of a souldiour and a scholler, I presumed to shrowd it under your honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions ; and whose honorable love, growne from the generall applause of the whole common-welth for your higher desertes, may keepe it from the mallice of every bitter toong. Other reasons more particular, right honorable, chalenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordshippe, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Maister Edmund Carew, and M. Robert Carew, two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite, as also being scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and, after the etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the winges of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a lady. Thus, right honorable, the ductie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father ; for where the braunches are so pretious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus, with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers penne with your gracious acceptance, who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence ; so devoted to your honour, as his only desire is, to ende his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honorable fortunes as your L. can desire or I imagine.

Your honors souldiour most humbly affectionate :—THOMAS LODGE.

To the Gentlemen Readers.—Gentlemen, looke not heere to finde anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous lawreat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent orator : *Nolo altum sapere*, they bee matters above my capacitie : the coblers checke shal never light on my heade, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* ; I will go no further than the latchet, and then all is wel. Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtelaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so ; and yet I will

bee yours in ductie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus or any disquieted asse, that hath mighty eares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge, if he come aboard our barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knowes not the shrowds, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either well bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods. But curteous gentlemen, that favour most, backbite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, gentlemen, you have Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it: censure with favour, and farewell.—Yours, T. L.

The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the Token of his Love.—The vehemencie of my sicknes, Philautus, hath made mee doubtfull of my life, yet must I die in counsailling thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla, as I heare, who being yong in yeres have green thoughts, and nobly born have great minds: bend them in their youth like the willow, least thou bewayle them in their age for their wilfulnes. I have bequeathed them a golden legacie, because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassender, to profit by it; and in reading let them meditate, for I have approved it the best methode. They shall find love anatomized by Euphues with as lively colours as in Appelles table: roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie. Here may they read that vertue is the king of labours, opinion the mistres of fooles; that vanitie is the pride of nature, and contention the overthrow of families: here is elleborus, bitter in taste, but beneficial in triall. I have nothing to sende thee and Camilla but this counsel, that in stead of worldly goods you leave your sons vertue and glorie; for better were they to bee partakers of your honours then lords of your manners. I feele death that summoneth me to my grave, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applyed to thy childrens comfort.—EUPHUES DYING TO LIVE.

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

ROSALYNDE.—There dwelled adjoyning to the cittie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties.

Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence, that was so highly commended in Ulisses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeux, having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last, as the date of time hath his course, grewe aged. His haire were silver hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie chalenged her due. Sir John, that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs, having three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave

them, to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of all his fellow knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

Sir John of Burdeaux Legacie he gave to his Sonnes.—Oh my sons, you see that Fate hath set a period of my years, and destenies have determined the final ende of my dayes: the palme tree waxeth away ward, for hee stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are ful of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes: my silver haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pende downe the subtleties of Fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelfe to counterchecke povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto vertue. First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraven as wel the excellence of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus, my sonnes, have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend as I have bene carefull to get, your friendes wil greeve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fal did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deedes by my honorable endevours, and shew yourselves siens worthy of so flourishing a tree, least, as the birdes Halcyones, which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that surpasse in blacknes. Climb not, my sonnes: aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake; they which stare at the starres stumble upon stones, and such as gaze at the sunne, unless they be eagle eyed, fal blinde. Soare not with the hobbie, least you fal with the larke, nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune, when shee wils you to flye, tempers your plumes with waxe; and therefore eyther sit stil and make no wing, or else beware the sunne, and hold Dedalus axiome authentical, *medium tenuere tutissimum*. Low shrubs have deepe rootes, and poore cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heed, my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melodie; where strings high stretch, eyther soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your cuntryes care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selves, but to levell your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, and faythful to your friendes; so shal Fraunce say, these men are as excellent in vertues as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a pretious jewell, within whose bosome you may unload your sorrowes, and unfold your secrets, and he eyther wil releve with counsaile, or perswade with reason; but take heed in the choyce: the outward shew makes not the inwarde man, nor are the dimples in the face the calenders of truth. When the liquorice leafe looketh most dry, then it is most wet: when the shoares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest wordes is oft hid the most trechery. Therefore, my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so trie and then trust:

let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then frends faithful lay them up for jewels. Be valiant, my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour; but not too rash, for that is an extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But above al, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of love, for it is farre more perillous then pleasant, and yet, I tel you, it allureth as ill as the syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with times colours, which, being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertic, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but deadly desires: a womans eye, as it is pretious to behold, so it is prejudicial to gaze upon; for as it affordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not theyr fawning favours, for their loves are like the breath of a man upon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a polipe, which changeth at the sight of every object. My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxeth dimme: the houre is come, and I must away; therefore let this suffice: women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore, if you love, choose her that hath her eyes of adamant, that wil turne onely to one poynt; her heart of a diamond, that will receive but one forme; her tongue of a sethin leafe, that never wagges, but with a south-east winde: and yet, my sonnes, if she have all these qualities, to be chast, obedient, and silent, yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to countervaile her vertues. Oh now, my sonnes, even now take these my last wordes as my latest legacie, for my threed is spunne, and my foot is in the grave. Keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fal see and marke, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Biases to reach at the heavens, and ready every minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bavens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee ful of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But, my sonnes, least you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute living. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed, and gave up the ghost.

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewayled of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladyne caused, next his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to bee pourtrayed out, which were to this effect.

The Contents of the Scedule which Sir John of Bourdeaux gave to his Sonnes.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do give.

I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost:

I leave advise, to schoole you how to live:

I leave you wit, but wonne with little cost:

But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,

When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be your gaine,

Winne it by vertue and by manly might;

In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine;

Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:

Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king,
For why? this thrift wil prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chast;
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soon defast;
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light believe;
A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart:
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle grieffe.
Foresee, my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart:
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer growne, befriend you him again.

Learne of the ant in summer to provide;
Drive with the bee the droane from out the hive:
Buyld like the swallow in the summer tyde;
Spare not too much, my sonnes, but sparing thrive:
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,
So by your death your glory shall beginne.

Saladyne having thus set up the scedule, and hangd about his fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowfull, hee clad himselfe and his brothers all in black, and in such sable sutes discoursed his grieffe: but as the hiena when she mourns is then most guilefull, so Saladine under this shewe of grieffe shaddowed a heart ful of contented thoughts. The tyger, though he hide his claws, wil at last discover his rapine: the lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his course: nurture and art may do much, but that *natura naturans*, which by propagation is ingrafted in the hart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse,—“*Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.*” So fared it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might, if not defraud them of their due, yet make suche havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladynes Meditation with Himselfe.—Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment! By the one thou art counsaild to content thee with thy fortunes, by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches, Saladyne, is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter phisick than store. Avicen, like a foole, forgot in his aphorismes to say that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh, Saladyne, what, were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from coveting without honor, and climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to ayme at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will bee more prejudiciall to thy credite, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and wilt thou become the subversion of their

fortunes? is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel than amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one neast, and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to robbe them, whom thou shouldest relieve? No, Saladyne, intreat them with favours, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what wordes are these? base foole, farre unfit, if thou be wisc, for thy humour. What though thy father at his death talked of many frivilous matters, as one that doted for age and raved in his sicknes, shal his words be axioms, and his talk be so authentically, that thou wilt, to observe them, prejudice thy selfe? No, no, Saladyne, sicke mens willes, that are parole and have neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What, man, thy father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions; therefore bury his words with his carkasse, and be wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true,—“Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.” Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for,—“Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.” Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke whilest thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intricated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. Alas, quoth hee to himselfe, nature woorking these effectuall passions, why should I, that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denies mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exploit, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that, casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha, quoth he, what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee, Saladyne, for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche

utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemy. At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loades upon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loft adjoining to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladyne, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt bee satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periodes of wrath: what, man, looke not so sowerly; I know we shal be friends, and better friends then we have been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: wherupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends; and Saladyne promised Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe; upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne upon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king: A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee should never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*, taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader, who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him, and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the country. Now, brother, quoth hee, for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploit, knowing better how to

survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou thy fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hie thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts that hee past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, turn we to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France. Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a simpathy; for such as were martial might use their launce to be renowned for the excellence of their chevalrie, and suche as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the shepheard on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance: her eyes were lyke those lampes that make the wealthie covert of the heavens more gorgious, sparkling favour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramelles of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glisten of the mettall, as the sunne doth the meanest starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laide himselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence. What should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all shee was the paragon of all earthly perfection? This Rosalynd sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the cavaliers cracke their lances with more courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several desertes. At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furic of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any decd of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, dooing his obeysance to the

king, entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his kneces: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without any shewe of outward discontent. All this while stood Rosader and sawe this tragedie; who, noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted off from his horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus. Bold yeoman, whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fal with an honourable triumph. The Francklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and sedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Anrora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes, drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of

his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the king and all the peeres into a great admiration, that so yoong yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence; but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughtie deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes. As the king and lordes graced him with embracyng, so the ladyes favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan as this jemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him sole monarke of the world, he would rather have refused such dignitie, then have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynd. To requite hir with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his lookes discover his affections, hee stept into a tent, and, taking pen and paper, writ this fancie:—

Two sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,
 Ten braunches from two boughes tipt, all with roses,
 Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,
 Two pearled rows that natures pride incloses;
 Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,
 A snow died orbe, where love increast by pleasure
 Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
 Hir faire, my woe, exceeds all thought and measure.
 In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
 Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read shee blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of yoong gentlemen that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladyne, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe to celebrate his funerals. As he was in this thought, he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grieffe with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought up in the country, he absented himselfe as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entering boldly into the hall, where he

found none, for all were fled, but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux. He for the love hee bare to his deceased maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome; frolike and be merry: you shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare be. I tel you, cavaliers, my brother hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares his lyquor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer covered the tables, and set downe whatsoever he could find in the house; but what they wanted in meat, Rosader supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withal such a hartie welcome as would have made the coursest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twice or thrise with an upsey freeze, they all tooke their leaves of Rosader and departed. Assoone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his sword, and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne; yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely rejoyce the servantes, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladyne, hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter oportunity, he shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endeavors: where, leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary, love presented her with the idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discoverst stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate. Shee began to cal to minde the comlinessse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions; but when shee cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herselfe in this maner.

Rosalynd's Passion.—Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeares, and whose passions are greater then thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah! Rosalynd, what cares wait upon a crown! what griefs are incident to dignity! what sorrows haunt royal pallaces! The greatest seas have the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind: smal currents are ever calme, lowe valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty it is with hir heele, rather disdainig their want with a frown, then envying their welth with disparagement. Oh, Rosalynd, hadst thou beene born low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet beeing great of blood thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates unwilling to have me any way happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalynd! becommeth it women in distresse to thinke of Love! Tush, desire hath no respect of persons: Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assoone hitting a

ragge as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a captive, as the brest of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poore Rosalynd, by experience; for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and overgrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as wel for his inward life, as for his outward lymiments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore and without patrymony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a yonger brother, and voyd of such possessions as eyther might maintaine thy dignities or revenge thy fathers injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks? that womens ears are sooner content with a dram of *give me*, then a pound of *heare me*? that gold is sweeter than eloquence? that love is a fire, and wealth is the fewel? that Venus coffers should be ever ful? Then, Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautiful, because hee is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love?—"Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus." Tush, Rosalynd, be not over rash: leape not before thou looke: either love such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els love not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,—"*Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*" Why, Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond, harbour such servile conceites, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues? No, Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say, if thou lovest, eyther Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertaind passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

ROSALYND'S MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee	Else I with roses every day
Doth sucke his sweete:	Will whip you hence,
Now with his wings he playes with me,	And binde you, when you long to play,
Now with his feete.	For your offence.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,	Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,
His bed amidst my tender brest:	Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
My kisses are his dayly feast,	Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
And yet he robs me of my rest.	Alas, what hereby shall I winne,
Ah, wanton, will ye?	If he gainsay me?
And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he	What if I beate the wanton boy
With pretty flight,	With many a rod?
And makes his pillow of my knee	He wil repay me with annoy,
The livelong night.	Because a god.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;	Then sit thou safely on my knee,
He musicke playes if so I sing.	And let thy bower my bosome be;
He lends me every lovely thing,	Lurke in mine eies, I like of thee.
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:	O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
Whist, wanton, still ye!	Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her

blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court: for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had-I-wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall, as an exile, eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for, quoth he, I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas Oration to her Father in Defence of faire Rosalynde.—If, mighty Torismond, I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and nursed under the harbour of our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvell not, great Torismond, if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts, which are the glories that maketh women excellent, they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspicion. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought, as far as conjecture may reach, hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If, then, fortune, who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person, as minister of her intended stratagem, to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities. Torismond, at this speech of Alinda, covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her up with such taunts, as made the lords, that only were hearers, to tremble. Proud girle, quoth he, hath my looks made thee so light of toong, or my favours encouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The olde lion avoides the toyles, where the yoong one leapes into the nette: the care of age is provident and foresees much: suspicion is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemy in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, measrest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out

thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe, huswife, and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske. And you, mayd, this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father, if his censure might not be reverst, that he would appoynt her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doo, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his onely child than any wayes to put in question the state of his kingdome; so suspitious and fearfull is the conscience of an usurper. Wel, although his lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them must away from the court without eyther more company or delay. In hee went with great melancholy, and left these two ladyes alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and, sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas Comfort to perplexed Rosalynd.—Why how now, Rosalynd, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroycal seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tel others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the onely medicine for want that pretious implaister of content. Being such a good physition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? but perchance thou wilt say,—“*Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.*” Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet, Rosalynd, admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grieveest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages; that the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with caterpillers; the more orient the pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. If then fortune aymeth at the fairest, be patient, Rosalynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father: nature is higher prised then wealth, and the love of ones parents ought to bee more pretious then all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more, mad lasse, to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,—“*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*” Cheerly, woman: as wee have been bedfellowes in royaltie, we wil be felow mates in povertie: I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say, calling to mind our forepassed miseries,—“*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*” At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in

their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush, quoth Rosalynd, art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royall weedes, put herselfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black oxe began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compast with a groave of cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an harbour. By this fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely as if they had been in Paris with all the kings delicates, Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses; which assoone as he espied, he cryed out, be of good cheare, mistresse: I spie the figures of men; for heere in these trees bee ingraven certaine verses of shepherds, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up joyful to hear these newes, and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a pine tree this passion.

MONTANUS PASSION.

Hadst thou been borne wheras perpetuall cold
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silver old:
 Had I complainde unto a marble stone,
 Or to the flouds bewraide my bitter mone,
 I then could beare the burthen of my grieffe:
 But even the pride of countries at thy birth,
 Whilste heaven did smile, did new aray the earth
 With flowers chiefe;
 Yet thou, the flower of beautie blessed borne,
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.
 Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,
 Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares:
 Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,
 I then could beare the burthen of my grieffe:
 But not my teares, but truth with thee prevailes,
 And seeming sowre my sorrowes thee assailes:
 Yet small releife;
 For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard,
 And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

No doubt, quoth Aliena, this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his mistresse. You may see, quoth Ganimede, what mad cattel you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometime of wax that is fit for every forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to secme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdain: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepheardes passions, who found his mistres as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest? beware, Ganimede, that Rosander heare you not, if hee doc, perchance you wil make him leape so farre from love, that he wil anger every vaine in your heart. Thus, quoth Ganimede, I keepe decorum: I speak now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter; for put mee but into a peticoat, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there, quoth Aliena, and no more words, for yonder be characters graven upon the barke of the tall beech tree. Let us see, quoth Ganimede; and with that they read a fancy written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
 The seas be robbed of their waves,
 The day want sunne, and sunne want
 bright,
 The night want shade, the dead men
 graves;
 The April flowers, and leafe, and tree,
 Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
 By humble plaines be overpride;
 And poets scorne the muses quils,
 And fish forsake the water glide,
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
 And love relent in deep disdain,
 And death his fatall stroake shall cease,
 And envy pitie every paine;
 And pleasure mourn and sorow smile,
 Before I talke of any guile.

First time shall stay his staylesse race,
 And winter blesse his browes with
 corne;
 And snow bemoysten Julies face,
 And winter spring, and summer
 mourn,
 Before my pen, by helpe of fame,
 Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt, quoth Ganimede, this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too, quoth Aliena, but see, I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises; alluring with sweet words as the syrens, and after proving as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false? The reason was, quoth Ganimede, that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off, quoth Aliena, to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your pages apparell, and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons, with nettles. So you will, quoth Ganimede, perswade mee to flattery, and that needs not: but come, seeing we have found here by this fount the tract of shepheardes by their madrigalles and roundelaies, let us forward; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest. Content, quoth Aliena, and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then comming into a faire valley, compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes, they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive

where an old shepherd sate, and with him a yoong swaine, under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an amphitheater were most curiously planted pine trees, interseamed with lymons and cytrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by, to make the place more gorgious, was there a fount so christalline and cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour satte these two shepherdes, seeing their sheepe feede, playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat. Drawing more nigh we might desery the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye: we, to heare what these were, stole privily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

A PLEASANT EGLOG BETWEEN MONTANUS AND CORIDON.

Coridon.—Say, shepherds boy, what makes thee greet so sore?
 Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
 Yoong are thy yeares, thy cheeks with roses dight:
 Then sing for joy, sweet swain, and sigh no more.

This milk-white poppy, and this climbing pine
 Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,
 And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
 Till Phœbus daine all westward to decline.

Montanus.—Ah, Coridon, unmeet is melody
 To him whom proud contempt hath overborn:
 Slain are my joyes by Phœbus bitter scorn;
 Far hence my weale, and nere my jeopardy.
 Loves burning brand is couched in my breast,
 Making a Phœnix of my faithfull hart:
 And though his fury doo inforce my smart,
 Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.
 Preparate to woes, since so my Phœbe wils,
 My lookes dismaid, since Phœbe will disdain;
 I banish blisse and welcome home my pain:
 So stream my teares as showers from alpine hils.
 In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,
 I fetter reason in the snares of lust,
 I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust;
 I live by that which makes me living dye.
 Devoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
 Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought,
 How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought,
 Since I am reft of solace and delight?

Coridon.—Ah, lorrell lad, what makes thee herry love?
 A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
 A painted shrine full-fild with rotten treasure:
 A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil with want,
 A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,
 A flower that fades with everie frostie colde,
 An orient rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minutes joy to gaine a world of grieffe,
 A subtil net to snare the idle minde,
 A seeing scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
 A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe.

Forthy, Montanus, follow mine arreede,
 Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth,
 Leave foolish love, for beautie wit abuseth,
 And drownes, by folly, vertues springing seede.

Montanus.—So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,
 And bird the snare, because it doth intrap,
 And fooles true love, because of sorry hap,
 And saylers curse the ship that overturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
 And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin,
 And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
 And maisters guide their ships in better frame ;

The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes,
 And birds rejoyce to see the fowler faile,
 And fooles prevent before their plagues prevaile,
 And saylers blesse the barke that saves from harmes.

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy yeares,
 And crooked elde hath some experience left,
 Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,
 In view of love, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman litle wots to turn the pen,
 Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart ;
 Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of art,
 Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age, unmeet for beauties guide,
 Uncapable of loves impression,
 Discourse of that whose choyce possession
 May never to so base a man betide.

But I, whom nature makes of tender mold,
 And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire,
 Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire,
 On sweet desire, more deere to me than gold.

Thinke I of love, O, how my lines aspire !
 How hast the muses to imbrace my browes,
 And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,
 And fill my braines with chast and holy fire !

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,
 Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne :
 Amazed I read the stile when I have done,
 And herry love that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
 Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
 The pride of earth, or what in heaven appeares,
 Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
 I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
 To praise her parts : I charme both time and fate,
 To blesse the nymph that yeelds me love sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
 Guydes in the restles laborynth of love ;
 Feare lends them pasture wheresoere they move,
 And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed
 My paper, where my many woes are written.
 Thus silly swaine, with love and fancie bitten,
 I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
 My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweet to me :
 Who wayteth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,
 And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then, Coridon, although I blith me not,
 Blame me not, man, since sorrow is my sweet :
 So willeth love, and Phœbe thinkes it meet,
 And kind Montanus liketh well his lot.

Coridon.—Oh, staylesse youth, by error so misguided,
 Where will proscibeth lawes to perfect wits,
 Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
 And folly poysoneth all that time provided !

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepard to shame,
 Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :
 Alas, that love, by fond and froward guiles,
 Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame !

Ah, my Montanus, cursed is the charme,
 That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes.
 Leave off in time to like these vanities,
 Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,
 As many frie as fleet on oceans face ;
 As many heards as on the earth do tracc,
 As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields ;

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,
 As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
 As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,
 So many griefs in love, so many pains.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
 Mislukes, misdeedes, fond joies, and fained peace,
 Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
 Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deepe despaires.

Truce, warre, and wo do wait at beauties gate ;
 Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge,
 And lust ; fierce love is but a partiall judge,
 Who yeelds for service shame, for friendship hate.

Montanus.—All adder-like I stop mine eares, fond swaine,
 So charm no more, for I will never change.
 Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range,
 For loe, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.—In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia : induciæ, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursus : incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

The shepherds having thus ended their Eglogue, *Aliena* stept with *Ganimede* from behind the thicket ; at whose sodayne sight the shepherds arose, and *Aliena* saluted them thus : Shepherds, all haile, for such we deeme you by your flockes, and lovers, good lucke, for such you seeme by your passions, our eyes being witnessse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour, bee it never so meane, I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. *Coridon*, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answer.—Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salutc. A shepherd I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep : ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot ; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie : pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepherds cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. *Aliena* thankt *Coridon* greatly, and presently sate her downe and *Ganimede* by hir, *Coridon* looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded, in his thought, her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.—If I should not, faire *Damosell*, occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous a forest ? *Aliena*, that was as courteous as she was fayre, made this replie. Shepherd, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepherd : my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell : for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepherdesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a countrey life ; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistres, quoth *Coridon*, if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money : and for a shepherds life, oh mistres, did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of

solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice, the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*. By my troth, shepheard, quoth Aliena, thou makest mee in love with thy countrey life, and therefore send for thy landslord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepherds bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimedè, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh, sir, quoth he, the boy is in love. Why, quoth Ganimedè, can shepherds love? I, quoth Montanus, and over-love, els shouldst not thou see me so pensive. Love, I tell thee, is as pretious in a shepherds eye, as in the lookes of a king, and we cuntry swaines intertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunity, that is the sweetest friend to Venus, harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie, the chiefest fealty that Cupid requireth, is found more among shepherdes than higher degrees. Then, aske not if such silly swains can love? What is the cause then, quoth Ganimedè, that love being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because quoth Montanus, the party beloved is froward, and having curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende. What hath she, then, quoth Aliena, in her heart? Desire, I hope madame, quoth he, or else my hope lost: dispaire in love were death. As thus they chatted, the sunne being ready to set, and they not having folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her page, till Montanus and hee lodged theyr sheepe for that night. You shall goe, quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet that hee made when hee hath beene deeply passionate. That I will, quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus.

MONTANUS SONNET.

Phœbe sate,	Phœbe sat
Sweet she sate,	By a fount,
Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her,	Sitting by a fount I spide her:
White her brow,	Sweet hir touch,
Coy her eye:	Rare her voyce:
Brow and eye how much you please	Touch and voyce what may distain
me!	you?
Words I spent,	As she sung
Sighes I sent;	I did sigh,
Sighs and words could never draw	And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
hir.	Oh mine eyes!
Oh my love,	You did loose
Thou art lost,	Hir first sight whose want did pain
Since no sight could ever ease thee	you.

Phœbes flockes,	Montan swears,
White as wooll,	In your lampes
Yet were Phœbes locks more whiter.	He will die for to delight her.
Phœbes eyes	Phœbe yeeld,
Dovclike mild,	Or I die.
Dovclike eyes, both mild and cruell.	Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds; and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the waye there was much good chat with Montanus about his love, hee resolving Aliena that Phœbe was the fairest shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the nimphs. But, quoth hee: as of all stoness the diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of al our country lasses Phœbe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed, quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladyne. When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame, for envy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fog, it chaunced on a morning very early he cald up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprised his brother being a-sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremity, wherin he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance? Saladyne answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity; who, thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means of releefe could be had: wherupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meat, insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnnes mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night arose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at revenge, and now, all being a sleepe, hee would have quit Saladyne with the methode of his own mischief. But Adam Spencer perswaded him to the contrary with these reasons. Sir, quoth

hee, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited al your kinred and allyes to a solempne breakefast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come, make complaint to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe over your playntes *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocency, then thus: I will leave you unlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for mee. When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaie the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the king hath made a redresse of your abuses. These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the gwestes bidden by Saladyne, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall, where Rosader was tyed, were covered, and Saladyne bringing in his gwests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaintes of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Ulisses, that were his wordes never so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They, carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner, beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale-meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an-hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, least upon a sodeine his brother should raise some crew of his tennants, and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrary course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him five and twentic tall men, and made a vow, either to break into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till hee made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, hee went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the sheriffe. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde up Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the sheriffe to bee so credulous. Now, Adam, quoth he, what shall I do? It rests for me either to yeeld up the house to my brother, and seek a reconeilement, or els issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit, ah Adam!, I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may favour mee, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequall a revenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then, master, forward and

feare not: out amongst them: they bee but faint hearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard.—These words cheered up so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the sheriffe; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader, unlookt for, leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made hue and crie after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune, who is like the camclion, variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, being olde, began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to falle into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencer's Speech.—Oh, how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand storms, resembling the rose tree, that for a few faire flowers hath a multitude of sharpe prickles! All our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delightes are crossed with deepest discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten, and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of envy or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest! To decypher thy inconstancy thou standst upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist ever be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray. Thou profferest an eele, and performest a scorpion, and wher thy greatest favours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why, Adam, doest thou exclaime against Fortune? she laughes at the plaintes of the distressed, and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire waxe white: the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appears the kalenders of death: wert thou blessed by Fortune, thy yeares could not bee many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day.—Ah, it is not this which gricveth mee, nor do I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against mee, but the sight of Rosader that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the virtues of himselfe, then doo I say that Fortune and the Fates are most injurious to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh, Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence;

and now, through the decree of the unjust starres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune! Ah, Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieffe were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doo? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine owne life? Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne!—As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I, Adam, combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister, quoth he, you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing, therefore, we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that til I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage, though verie faint, rose up, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, that I shal bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn of his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feaste to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such men as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword: for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be lorde of the feast. Gramercy, sir, quoth Rosader, but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him

up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond, desirous to heare what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extreames, requested Rosader to discourse, if it were not any way prejudicall unto him, the cause of his travell. Rosader, desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a fewe luke warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes: how he was the yongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the sheriffe, and hurting his men, hee fled. And this old man, quoth he, whom I so much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my fathers, and one, that for his love, never fayled me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him how he was Gerismond their lawfull king, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subject hee lived, and how honourably he dyed; promising, for his sake, to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the king, cravde pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doo him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the king how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simpatheie of affections betweene Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupone the unnaturall king banished them both; and now they are wandred none knowes whither, neither could any learne, since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drave the king into a great melancholy, that presently hee arose from all the company, and went into his privie chamber, so secrete as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tydings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunitie, went to take their rest; where we leave them, and returne againe to Torismond. The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste: who, marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the jayler had a straight charge over him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grief and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

Saladynes Complaint.—Unhappie Saladyne! whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the laborinth of these calamities,

are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with favour, and revenge with justice? Oh, Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule, and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are ever most loving, and brothers that are sonnes of one father should live in friendship without jarre. Oh, Saladyne, so it should bee; but thou hast with the deere fedde against the winde, with the crabbe strove against the streame, and sought to pervert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader, Saladyne, cries for revenge: his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance upon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writtes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kynde and naturall brother, and the heavens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Every wrong I offred him, called now to remembrance, wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, every bad looke, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladyne, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath. In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine, quoth he, I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and cuntry of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former folies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader, with whom now I beginne. Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests, partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indeavour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himselfe like the eagle a true borne bird, since as the one is knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, hee engraved with his knife on the bark of a myrtle tre this pretye estimate of his mistres perfection.

[SONNETTO.]—Of all chaste birdes the phœnix doth excell,
 Of all strong beastes the lyon beares the bell,
 Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smel,
 Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.
 Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,
 Of all high trees the pine hath highest crest,
 Of all soft sweets I like my mistris brest,
 Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.
 Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
 Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the dove,
 Of trees Minerva doth the olive love,
 Of all sweet nimphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifts her wisdom pleaseth most,
 Of all her graces vertue she doth boast :
 For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,
 If Rosalynde prove cruell and unkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede, inforced by the heat of the sun to seeke for shelter, by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registered his melancholy passions. They saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes: they heard him often abruptly cal on Rosalynd, who, poore soule, was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon, gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittifull in that behalfe, they sodainly brake off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.—What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns: tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse; and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet go without the game. Thou art beyond the marke, Ganimede, quoth Aliena: his passions are greater, and his sighs discover more losse: perhaps in traversing these thicketts, he hath seene some beautifull nimph, and is growne amorous. It may be so, quoth Ganimede, for here he hath newly ingraven some sonnet: come, and see the discourse of the forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.—I pray thee tell me, forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such epethites? Or is she some shepherdesse that hants these playnes whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in covert under the figure of Rosalynd, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? or say mee forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome wee shepheards have heard talke, shee, forrester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlawe in this forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, It is she, O gentle swayne, it is she: that saint it is whom I serve, that goddesse at whose shrine I doe bend all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the phenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why, gentle forrester, if shee be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles? or the serpent regius, that hath scales as glorious as the sunne, and a breath as infectious as the aconitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind; full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason. Oh, Shepheard, quoth Rosader, knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldst not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a diamond, bright, but not hard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sun, that I am quite blind: I have with Apollo enamoured myselfe of a Daphne, not, as she, disdainfull, but farre more chast than Daphne: I have with Ixion laide my love on Juno, and shall, I feare, embrace nought but a clowde. Ah, Shepheard, I have

reacht at a starre : my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves. Why, forrester, quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe : be blyth and frolike, man. Love sowseth as low as she soareth high : Cupid shootes at a ragge assoon as at a roabe ; and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled favour on polt-footed Vulcan. Feare not, man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not, forrester : faint heart never woone faire ladye. But where lives Rosalynde now ? at the court ? Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lives I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Toresmond, and that is my hell : for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope telles me shee would grace me with some favour, and that would suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries. Much have I heard of thy mistres excellence, and I know, forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast survaid all her parts with a curious eye ; then doo me that favour, to tell me what her perfections be. That I wil, quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistres excellence. And with that he pulde a paper foorth his bosome, wherein he read this.

ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare,
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe same colour is her haire,
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wincke :
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I doo tremble when I thinke :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde
That bewtifies Auroraes face,
Or lyke the silver crimson shrowde,
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a Deitie :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,
Where love himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every houre,
From her devine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight,
Her breasts are orbes of heavenly frame,
Where nature molds the deaw of light,
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with sapphire blew.
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphes, though I
bemone
The absence of faire Rosalynde,
Since for her faire there is fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so devine :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that
she were mine !
Periit, quia deperibat.

Beleeve me, quoth Ganimede, eyther the forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde faire above wonder ; so it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so unperfect. Rosader, beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou

the substance; but resembling the shadow, content thyselfe; for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you, Ganimede, quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to wait on beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves. Oh, mistres, quoth Ganimede, hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not, but that all women have desire to tye soveraintie to their pettieotes, and ascribe beauty to themselves, wher, if boies might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as eomely, if not as comely, it may be more courteous. But tel me, forrester, and with that she turned to Rosader, under whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine, under the king of outlawes, said he; the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not, said she, having so melancholy opportunities as this Forrest affoordeth thee, written more sonets in commendations of thy mistris? I have, gentle swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawn of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you; wherein you shall read my passions, whilst I feele them, judge my patience when you read it: til when I bid farewell. So giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving Aliena and Ganimede to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede, said Aliena, the forrester being gone, you are mightily beloved: men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: believe mee, it grieves mee not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pittillesse.—Ah, Aliena, quoth she, be not peremptory in your judgments. I heare Rosalynde praisd as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answer the forrester: if he mourne for love, there are medicines for love: Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkind. And so, madame, you see it is time to fold our flocks, or else Coridon will frown and say, you will never prove good huswife. With that they put their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde; but shee, poore soule, that had love her loadstarre, and her thoughtes set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone, began to consider what passionate pennance poore Rosader was enjoyed to by love and fortune, that at last shee fell into this humour with her selfe.

Rosalynde Passionate alone.—Ah, Rosalynd, how the Fates have set down in theyr Sinode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done hir worst, then Love comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thyne eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware, fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by foree, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent? she is a syren, stop thine eares at her melodie; she is a basiliske, shutte thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughtes and meane desires: in those lawnes where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her nymphes chast, and enemy to love, for there is no greater honour to a mayd, than to account of fancie as a mortal foe to their sexe. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a bay tree, as the poets fain, but for her ehasitie: her fame was immortal, resembling the lawrell that is ever greene. Follow thou her steps, Rosalynd, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have minde on thy forepassed fortunes; feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least loving in hast, thou repent thee at leisure. Ah, but yet, Rosalynd,

it is Rosader that courts thee : one who as he is beutifull, so hee is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious favours ; and therefore, Rosalynde, stoope to love, least, beeing eyther too coy or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine. Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who sayd it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charls Waine was risen in the north ; wheruppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalynde, who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning. The sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede, who, restlesse all night, had tossed in her passions, saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena, that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole, thought to be pleasaunt with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus : What, wanton ; the sun is but new up, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora : Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fitte to lead the sheepe abroad, least the deaw being unwholesome, they get the rot : but now see I the olde proverbe true, he is in hast whom the devill drives, and where love prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah, my good page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart ? What, hast thou wrapt love in thy looks, and sette all thy thoughts on fire by affection ? I tell thee, it is a flame as harde to be quencht as that of Ætna. But nature must have her course : womens eies have faculty attractive like the jeat, and retentive like the diamond : they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring paunch. Come on, quoth Ganimede, this sermon of yours is but a subtilltie to lie stil a bed, because either you think the morning cold, or els I being gone, you would stealc a nappe : this shift carries no paulme, and therefore up and away. And for Love, let me alone : Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces ; and therefore looke you to your selfe : be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend, nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *peccavi*. And that is it, quoth Aliena, that hath raised you so earlie this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start up ; and assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mynd then ever they were in the court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganymede, Wipe your eyes, sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep prayers, no doubt, to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on, Ganimede, I pray thee, lets have a litle sport with him. Content, quoth Ganimede, and with that, to waken him out of his deep *memento*, he began thus :—Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions. What makes you so early abroad this morne ? in contemplation, no doubt, of your Rosalynd. Take heede, forrester ; step not too farre, the foord may be deep, and you slip over your shoes. I tell thee, flyes have their spleen, the antes choller, the least haies shadows, and the smallest loves great desires. Tis good, forrester, to love, but not to overlove, least in loving her that likes not thee, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse laborinth. Rosader, seeing the faire shepheardesse and her prettie swayne in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute on this maner. Gentle shepherds, all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks as you happie in content. Love is restlesse, and my bedde is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie

thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere, although every where passionate, yet I brooke love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies. When I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalynd, whose heavenly hue exceeds the rose and the lilly in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phœbus shine puts mee in minde to think of the sparkeling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birds puts me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voyce, which lyke the syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrowes with applying the perfection of every object to the excellencie of her qualities.— She is much beholding unto you, quoth Aliena, and so much, that I have oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should ever prove as amorous as CEnone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe. How say you by this item, forrester? quoth Ganimedee, the faire shepheardesse favours you, who is mistrisse of so manye flockes. Leave of, man, the supposition of Rosalynds love, when as watching at her, you rove beyond the moone, and cast your lookes upon my mistresse, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall, one bird in the hand is worth two in the wood: better possesse the love of Aliena, then catch frivolously at the shadowe of Rosalynd. He tel thee, boy, quoth Rosader, so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy mistrisse as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Jove courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath love lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of any other. Venus is too blame, forrester, if having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer than her self. But leaving this prattle, now He put you in mynd of your promise about those sonnets, which you sayd were at home in your lodge. I have them about mee, quoth Rosader, let us sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poeticall fury love will infuse into a man. With that they sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them this sonnet.

ROSADERS SONNET.

In sorowes cell I layd me downe to sleepe,
 But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,
 They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
 But weeping teares their want could not suffice:
 Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,
 They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,
 Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with love,
 Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings,
 But I behold what paines I must approve.
 Care drinks it drie; but when on her I thinke,
 Love makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce unto my teares,
 By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:
 Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appears,
 And by their force with greater power doth glow:
 Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thrive
 Since love, that yeelds me death, may life revive.
 Rosader en esperance.

Now, surely, forrester, quoth *Aliena*, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy mistresse favours, nor too gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile, quoth *Ganymede*, at the sonnettoes, canzones, madrigales, roundes and roundelaies, that these pensive patients powre out when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest bayt to the fairest fish, so these *Ovidians*, holding *amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazard, write that they bee wrapt in an endlesse laborinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they only have their humours in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph til they be full gorgde with pleasures; and then flye they away, like ramage kytes, to their own content, leaving the tame foole, their mistresse, full of fancie, yet without ever a feather. If they misse, as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subiltie, they ende their amors with a few fained sighes; and so they excuse is, their mistresse is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such, gentle forrester, we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with wryting amoretts, then to be deeply enamoured, as you say, of your *Rosalynde*. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with *Ixion* embrace *Juno* in a cloude, and have nothing but a marble mistresse to release your martyrdom; but if you be true and trustie, eye-paynd and heart sick, then accursed be *Rosalynde* if she proove cruel: for, forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthie of as faire as shee. *Aliena*, spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how *Ganymede* flew to the fist without any call; but *Rosader*, who tooke him flat for a shepherds swayne, made him this answer. Trust me, swayne, quoth *Rosader*, but my canzon was written in no such humor; for mine eye and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancy by sight, the other entreteining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my *Rosalynde*, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her—with what perfection the heavens hath graced her—with what qualities the gods have endued her, then wouldst thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting unto her. If she had been *Aeneas*, *Dido*, had *Venus* and *Juno* both scolded him from *Carthage*, yet her excellence, despite of them, would have detained him at *Tyre*. If *Phyllis* had been as beautiful, or *Ariadne* as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she, neither had the philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing *Phyllis*, nor the starres have been graced with *Ariadne*, but *Demophon* and *Theseus* had been trustie to their paragons. I wil tel thee, swayne, if with a deep insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loves, and see what deep impressions of her idea affection hath made in my heart, then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why, quoth *Aliena*, needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing, quoth *Rosader*; for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease; a cankar that still frets; a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, sodaine joyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be founde in love, then is not hee to bee accounted patient that smotheres all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience, quoth *Ganymede*, and therefore we hold al thy wordes for axiomes. But is love such a lingring maladie? It is, quoth he, either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it; for, as the weedes grow longer untoucht then the prettie floures, and the flint lyes safe in the quarry, when the emerauld is suffering the lapidaries toole, so meane men are freed from *Venus* injuries, when kings are environed with a laborinth of her cares. The whiter the lawne is, the deeper is the moale; the more purer the chrysolite, the sooner

stained; and such as have their hearts full of honour, have their loves full of the greatest sorrowes. But in whomsoever, quoth Rosader, hee fixeth his dart, hee never leaveth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to folly or fancy; for as the moone never goes without the starre Lunisequa, so a lover never goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancy of my making. Now doo, gentle forrester, quoth Ganimedè; and with that he read over this sonetto.

ROSADERS SECOND SONETTO.

Turne I my lookes unto the skies,	He will be partner of my mone.
Love with his arrows wounds mine cies;	If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
If so I gaze upon the ground,	And where I am, there will he be.
Love then in every floure is found.	When as I talke of Rosalynd,
Search I the shade to flic my paine,	The god from coyresse waxeth kind,
He meets me in the shade againe:	And seems in self same flames to fry,
Wend I to walke in secret grove,	Because he loves as well as I.
Even there I meet with sacred love.	Sweet Rosalynd, for pittie rue;
If so I bayne me in the spring,	For why, then Love I am more true:
Even on the brinke I heare him sing:	He, if he speed, will quickly flie,
If so I meditate alone,	But in thy love I live and die.

How like you this sonnet, quoth Rosader? Marry, quoth Ganimedè, for the pen well, for the passion ill; for as I praise the one, I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a cloude, and love either without reward or regard. Tis not her frowardnesse, quoth Rosader, but my hard fortunes, whose destenies have crost me with her absence; for did shee feele my loves, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more, if they be honourable, the wil than the wealth, having loyaltie the object wherat they ayme their fancies. But leaving off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last sonnetto, and then you have heard all my poetry; and with that he sighed out this:—

ROSADERS THIRD SONNET.

Of vertuous love myself may boast alone,
 Since no suspect my service may attain:
 For perfect faire she is the only one
 Whom I esteem for my beloved saint.
 Thus, for my faith I only beare the bell,
 And for her faire she only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,
 And Tasso cease to publish his affect,
 Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,
 And hers the faire, which all men do respect.
 My lines hir faire, hir faire my faith assures;
 Thus I by love, and love by me indures.

Thus, quoth Rosader, here is an ende of my poems, but for all this no release of my passions; so that I resemble him that, in the deapth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answeere him. Ganimedè, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridianall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips,

welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimedee, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie. Content, quoth Rosader, and Aliena, shee, to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the lovyng Forrester began thus.

THE WOING EGLOGUE BETWIXT ROSALYNDE AND ROSADER.

Rosader.—I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,
 By all the teares and sighs that lovers know,
 Or what or thoughts or faltring tongue affords,
 I crave for mine in ripping up my woe.
 Sweet Rosalynd, my love, would God, my love,
 My life, would God, my life, aye, pitie me!
 Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,
 And but with beautie pitie wil not be.
 Looke on mine eyes, made red with rufull teares,
 From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,
 All pale in lookes, and I though yoong in yeares,
 And nought but love or death my dayes befriendeth.
 Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy browes,
 Which love appointed for his mercy seat:
 The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes;
 The yron yeelds with hammer, and with heat.
 Oh, Rosalynd, then be thou pittifull,
 For Rosalynd is only beautifull.

Rosalynde.—Loves wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
 With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of gold;
 But when the fruit of their affects appeares,
 The simple heart by subtil sleights is sold.
 Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,
 Thus feeds the hart upon his endles harmes,
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charmes,
 The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
 The deaw of deep dissembling doublenesse,
 These may attempt, but are of power no more
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.
 Oh, Rosader, then be thou wittifull,
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pitifull.

Rosader.—I pray thee, Rosalynd, by those sweet eyes
 That stain the sun in shine, the moone in cleare,
 By those sweet cheeks where Love incamped lyes
 To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.

I tempt thee, Rosalynd, by ruthfull plaints,
 Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,
 Sweet Nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile,
 So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food
 Thy harmless flockes; so may the summer yeeld
 The pride of all her riches and her good,
 To fat thy sheepe, the cittizens of field.
 Oh, leave to arme thy lovely browes with scorne:
 The birds their beake, the lyon hath his taile,
 And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
 Oh, Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull,
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

Rosalynde.—The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame.

Rosader.—And Rosalynde, my love, than any wooll more softer;
 And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame?

Rosalynde.—Were lovers true, maydes would beleeeve them offer.

Rosader.—Truth, and regard, and honour, guid my love.

Rosalynde.—Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

Rosader.—Oh pittie me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.

Rosalynde.—I would resist, but yet I know not why.

Rosader.—Oh, Rosalynde, be kinde, for times will change,
 Thy lookes ay nill be faire as now they be;
 Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange:
 Ah, yeeld in time, sweet nymph, and pittie me.

Rosalynde.—Oh, Rosalynde, thou must be pittifull,
 For Rosader is yong and beautifull.

Rosader.—Oh gaine, more great than kingdomes or a crowne!

Rosalynde.—Oh trust betraid, if Rosader abuse me.

Rosader.—First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe,
 And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me;
 Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,
 And retchless horror hatch within my brest:
 Let beauties eyes afflict me with a lower,
 Let deepe despair pursue me without rest,
 Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprove,
 Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.

Rosalynde.—Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love,
 Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind.

Rosader.—Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,
 Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect:
 Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,
 And frolike in the comfort of affect:
 And say that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,
 Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede, as augure of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now, forrester, have I not fitted your turne? have I not playde the woman handsomely, and shewed myselfe as coy in graunts as courteous in desires, and beene as full of suspition, as men of flattery? and yet to salve all, jumpe I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merrie reply.—Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde: but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddess, only imbraced a clowd: in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes; but they grew so leane with peeking at shadows, that they were glad, with Æsops coeke, to scrape for a barley cornell. So fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, sooth my selfe in my sutes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus, at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall eall thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganimede, and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde.—But all was well; hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therefore let the forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie fortunes leysure, till she may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse; and therefore to Aliena, who saide, the wedding was not worth a pinne, unlesse there were some cheare, nor that bargaine well made that was not striken up with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde; which Rosader did, and so they passed awaye the day in many pleasant devices. Til at last Aliena perceyved time would tarry no man, and that the sun waxed very low, readie to set, which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carrowse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena broke off thus.—Now, forrester, Phœbus, that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing every woodman more fortunate in his loves than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast woon Rosalynde, when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids us adiew in a clowd. Our sheepe, the poore wantons, wander towards their foldes, as taught by nature their due times of rest, which tels us, forrester, we must depart. Marry, though there were a mariage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tomorrow morning, if you meete us heere, Ile promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content, quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love, that in the day am so fond to doate on love: and so till to morrowe you to your folds, and I will to my lodge. And thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flocks, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hyed homeward. By the way Aliena, to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganimede thus. I have heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period; that the starres are sticklers in Venus court, and Desire hangs at the heele of Destenie: if it be so, then, by all probable conjectures, this match will be a marriage: for if augurisme be authentically, or the devines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shadow

portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the gods force the conceit of this eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it bee long, I hope, in earnest, to daunce at your wedding. Tush, quoth Ganimedè, all is not malte that is cast on the kill: there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one. Love feeles no footing in the aire, and Fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse of his marke; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you, gentle mistresse Aliena, take it. I take all things well, quoth she, that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours; for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that ever looked at love, will now lende a glance on your lambes, and then they will prove more buxsome, and you more blyth, for the eyes of the maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spyed olde Coridon where he came plodding to meet them, who told them supper was ready, which newes made them speed them home, where we will leave them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne. All this while did poore Saladyne, banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond, wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by-pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desert, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carcases; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe, and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader, having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket, came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He espyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Where-uppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceiving by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosader's Meditation.—Now, Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salve thee with roses, and having crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her favors. Thou that didst count thyselfe the most distressed of all men, maiest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne, thine cnemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the crueltie of a mercilless lyon, brought into this miserie by the gods, that they might seeme just in revenging his rigour, and thy injuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a favourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall

die, and thou bee free of his blood: he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his tombe with innocent handes. Now, Rosader, shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his revenews by inheritaunce: now mayest thou triumph in love, and hang fortunes altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly: for womens eyes are made of chrisecoll, that is ever unperfect unlesse tempred with gold, and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this lyon, Rosader, ende the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his boare speare upon his necke, away he began to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his boare speare against his brest, he fell into this passionate humour.— Ah, Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breath out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salveth the most daungerous sores. Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee live an exile in the forrest, shal thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so savage, as to suffer so dismall a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wilde beastes? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life, Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries. With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him such a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently, as he was of a ripe conceipt, began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon, as a man in a traunce, he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother, being in that disguise; at last he burst into these tearmes. Sir, whatsoever thou be, as full of honour thou must needes be, by the view of thy present valour, I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own losse, which tyes me to be thine in all humble service. Thankes thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have, for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to commaund me, use mee as farre as the power of a poore gentleman may stretch. Rosader, seeing hee was unknowne to his brother, woondered to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nature, he made this answer. I am, sir, whatsoever thou art, a forrester and a ranger of these walkes, who, following my deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleepe, and the lyon watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey upon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman, for all mens thoughts ought to bee favorable in imagination, and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers

reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood, which I have performed, thou seest, to mine owne prejudiee. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior liniments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes; for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoever, or howsoever, lette mee crave that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Saladynes Discourse to Rosader unknowne.—Although the diseourse of my fortunes be the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre will open a fresh wound, yet that I may not proove ingratefull to so courteous a gentleman, I wil rather sitte downe and sigh out my estate, then give any offence by smothering my grieffe with silenee. Knowe therefore, sir, that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name, Saladine; who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two brethren committed by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concorde, as might have pierst like the syrens melodie into any humane care. But I, with Ulisses beame deafe against his philosophieall harmony, and made more value of profit than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie. I sette my middle brother to the universitie to bee a scholler, eounting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I fed on his revenewes; and for the yoongest, which was my fathers joye, yoong Rosader—and with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sate him downe and wept. Nay, forward man, quoth the forrester, teares are the unfittest salve that any man can apply for to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceive, not out of a gentlemans looke to discover his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse. Ah, sir, quoth Saladyne, this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and blood from my heart, was like my father in exterior personage and in inward qualities; for in the prime of his yeres he aynded all his acts at honor, and coveted rather to die than to brooke any injury unworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blinde, and covetousnesse masked with the vayle of selfe-love, seeing the palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it, being a twig; but nature wil have her eourse, the cedar will be tall, the diamond bright, the carbuncle glistening, and vertue wil shine though it be never so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and used him as one of my servile hindes, until age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch, that he could not brooke it, but coveted to have what his father left him, and to live of himselfe. To be short, sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he counter-checkt me, not with abilitie but valour, until at last, by my friends, and ayde of such as folowed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and hee, poore gentleman, lives no man knowes where, in some distressed discontent. The gods, not able to suffer such impietie unrevenged, so wrought, that the king pickt a causelesse quarrel against me, in hope to have my lands, and so hath exiled me out of Franee for ever. Thus, thus, sir, am I the most miserable of al men, as having a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I profered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by injustice. Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reeconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the Holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities. Rosader, hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to eompassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes

of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches. Then know, Saladyne, quoth hee, that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery. Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The king looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might afford, which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life; whereupon Saladyne briefly discourst unto him his injustice and tyrannies with such modestie, although hee had wronged him, that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yoong gentleman. Many questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh to inquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalynd? None, sir, quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious fortune, quoth the king, that to double the fathers miserie, wrongst the daughter with misfortunes! And with that, surcharged with sorrowes, he went into his cell, and left Saladyne and Rosader, whome Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who, seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne study; but when he heard the whole matter, although hee grieved for the exile of his maister, yet he joyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a vertuous gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he sayd thus. I, marry, thus it should be: this was the concord that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwyxt you. Now fulfil you those precepts hee breathed out at his death, and in observing them, looke to live fortunate and die honorable. Well sayd, Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but hast any victuals in store for us? A piece of a red deer, quoth he, and a bottle of wine. Tis forresters fare, brother, quoth Rosader: and so they sat them downe and fel to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke; during which time hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who mused much with Aliena what should become of their forrester. Some while they thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new love had withdrawne his fancie, or happely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds; or that hee had made a reconcilment with his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux. These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but especially Ganimede, who, havng love in heart, proved restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed

lived poore Ganimedè, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his neeke. At that sight her colour changde, and shee said to Aliena, See, mistresse, where our jolly forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof, quoth Aliena, your nose bewrayes what porredge you love: the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the sun shadowed with a vayle, oyle hidden in water, nor love kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. Why, how now, gentle forrester, what winde hath kept thee from hence? that being so newly marryed, you have no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent yourself so many dayes? are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd. You are deceived, mistres, quoth Rosader; 'twas a cobby of unkindnes that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you caried away the bride: but if I have given any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth, faire mistreess, and my good Rosalynd, my eldest brother by the injury of Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the forrest. And heere Rosader discourst unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconeilement made them glad, especially Ganimedè. But Aliena, hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow then the concept: yet that her estate might bee hyd stil, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe. Fortune that sawe how these parties valued not her deitie, but helde her power in soerne, thought to have a bout with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascals that lived by prowling in the forest, who for feare of the provost marshall had caves in the groaves and thicketts to shrowde themselves from his traines, hearing of the beautie of this faire shepheardesse, Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purehase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimedè were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her page, which made them crye out to Rosader; who having the valour of his father stamped in his hart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way to bee toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did wnesse well upon their carkasses that hee was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimedè had been quite carryed away by these rascalles, had not fortune, that meant to turne her frowne into a favour, brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to find out his brothers walk, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forrest bill he had on his neck, and the first he stroke had never after more need of the phisition; redoubling his blowes with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valour. Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he behaved himselfe, though sore wounded rushed amongst them, and layd on such loades, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimedè in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne. Alicna, after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimedè was busie dressing up the woundes of the forrester: but shee cast her

eye upon this courteous champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbrydeled villaines. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned unto him these thankes. Gentle sir, whatsoever you bee that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, and to have as many hidden vertues as you have manifest resolutions. Wee poore shepherdes have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasures; but our recompence is thankes, and our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy as a poore shepherdesse and her page may give, with promise, in what wee may, never to proove ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yoong Rosader, hee is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance: weele pay him with smiles, and feed him with love-lookes; and though he be never the fatter at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him that he shall hold himselfe satisfied. Saladyne, hearing this shepherdesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deep as it could never after be raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answer. Faire shepherdesse, if Fortune graced me with such good hap as to doo you any favour, I hold my selfe as contented as if I had gotten a greater conquest; for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point that gentlemen are tyed unto by honor: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes was rather duty than curtesie, thankes is more than belongs to the requitall of such a favour. But lest I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimedede lookt earnestly upon him, and sayd, Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No marvell, quoth he, gentle swayne, for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother, quoth Aliena? and with that she blusht, he is the more welcome, and I hold myself the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse. Content, sweet mistresse, quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love, quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleed sore, and I will have them drest. Ganimedede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a mazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rysing, with the helpe of his brother, hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimedede, assoone as they were out of sight, led his flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart. And Aliena, as a woman passyng discontent, severing herselfe from her Ganimedede, sitting under a lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new love, and to meditate with hir selfe in this maner.

Alienaes Meditation.—Aye me! now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes lawrels are harbours for Venus doves; that there trace as well through the lawnes wantons as chast ones; that Calisto, be she never so charie, wil cast an amorous eye at courting Jove; that Diana her selfe will chaunge her shape,

but shee will honour Love in a shaddow; that maydens eyes bee they as hard as diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See, Alinda, how Fortune and Love have interleagued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee theyr subject, or els their abjeet, have inveigled thy sight with a most beautiful object. Alate thou didst hold Venus for a giglot, not a goddesse, and now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde; but, alas, his eye had ayme enough to pierce thee to the hart. While I lived in the court I held love in contempt, and in high seats I had small desires. I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was majestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made lowe by destinie? I have heard them say, that Love lookes not at low cottages, that Venus jettes in robes not in ragges, that Cupide flyes so high, that hee scornes to touch povertie with his heele. Tush, Alinda, these are but olde wives tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles; for experience tels thee, that peasauntes have theyr passions as well as princees, that swaynes as they have theyr labours, so they have theyr amoures, and Love lurkes assoone about a sheepcoate as a pallaice. Ah, Alinda, this day in avoyding a precipice thou art fallen into a deeper mischief; being reseued from the robbers, thou art become captive to Saladyne: and what then? Women must love, or they must cease to live; and therefore did nature frame them faire, that they might be subject to fancy. But perhaps Saladines eye is levelde upon a more seemlier saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience; say Love hath wronged thee, that hath not wronged him; and if he be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather dye than discover any desire: for there is nothing more pretious in a woman than to conceale love, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. Oh, Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye: wise, else hadst thou not been now wonne; but for all these vertues banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he will hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoever, I must love, and whomsoever I will; and, whatsoever betide, Alicna will thinke wel of Saladyne, suppose he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rose up, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being over growne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasaunt perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided their eates. Hee, after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong shepheard, that was in love with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her hands, but still pained in restlesse passions remained a hopelesse and perplexed lover. I would I might, quoth Aliena, once see that Phœbe. Is she so faire that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beauty? or so froward that no love nor loyaltie will content her? or so eoy, that she requires a long time to be wooed? or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must have a large harvest from a little corne? I cannot distinguish, quoth Coridon, of these nice qualities; but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions; and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if al maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe; for there would be great store of wooing and litle wedding, many words and litle worship, much folly and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon, so solempnly brought forth, Alicna smiled, and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them having fleas

in their eares to keep them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they past away the time, till falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, Love left them to their quiet slumbers, which were not long. For as soon as Phœbus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah! quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? then in fayth I perceiue that there is no diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no cedar so strong but the wind will shake, nor any mind so chaste but love will change. Well, Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me, he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthy knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile. What then? I hope my mistresse respectes the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like Jove in no shape but in a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth and little witte, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should, my Aliena, stayne the honour of a shepherds life to set the end of passions upon pelfe. Loves eyes looks not so low as golde: there is no fees to be payd in Cupids courtes, and in elder time, as Coridon hath told me, the shepherdes love-gifts were apples and chestnuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now,—“*Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*” And the time is grown to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on: “*Omnis enim res virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris,*” &c. But, Aliena, lette it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith and there an ende. Aliena, hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought shee kist the child for the nurses sake, and woed for him that she might please Rosader, made this reply. Why, Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene love in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some newe enter-tayned fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maicst prove as ill a physiognomer, as the lapidarie that aymes at the secret vertues of the topaze by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the agate is not known by the strakes, nor the diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The carbuncle that shineth most is not ever the most pretious; and the apothecaries choose not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes calenders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree; for when their eyes are fullest of favors, then are they oft most emptie of desire; and when they seeme to frowne and disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then, Ganimede, tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But secing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor love kept so covert but it will be spyed, what shoulde friends conceale fancies? knowe, my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes but the sight of Saladyne; and if Love have done me justice to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate, I tell thee, Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus have the destenies favoured us with some pleasing aspect, that have made us as private in our loves, as familiar in our fortunes. With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the

excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader : not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with his hast. What newes with you, quoth Aliena, that you come in such post? Oh, mistres, quoth Coridon, you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepherdesse whom Montanus loves ; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdain. The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate, the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole forrest, she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepherd, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have beene compassionate : at last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, hee sung this mournfull dittie.

MONTANUS SONNET.

<p>A turtle sate upon a leavellesse tree, Mourning her absent pheare, With sad and sorry cheare : About her wondring stood The citizens of wood, And whilest her plumes she rents, And for her love laments, The stately trees complaine them, The birds with sorrow paine them. Each one that doth her view, Her paine and sorrowes rue ; But were the sorrowes knowne That me hath overthrowne, Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ? The love sicke Polypheme, that could not see, Who on the barraine shore,</p>	<p>His fortunes doth deplore, And melteth all in mone For Galatea gone ; And with his piteous cries, Afflicts both earth and skies, And to his woe betooke, Doth breake both pipe and hooke ; For whom complaines the morne, For whom the sea nymphs mourne : Alas, his paine is nought ; For were my woe but thought, Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ? Beyond compare my paine ; Yet glad am I, If gentle Phœbe daine To see her Montan die.</p>
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After this, Montanus felte his passions so extreame, that he fel into this exclamation against the injustice of Love :—

<p>Helas, tirant, plein de rigueur, Modere un peu ta violence : Que te sert si grande dispense ? C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer. Espargnez en une estincelle, Puis fay ton effort d'esmouvoir,</p>	<p>La fiere qui ne veut point voir, En quel feu je brouse pour elle. Execute, amour, ce dessein, Et rabaisse un peu son audace : Son cuer ne doit estre de glace, Bien que elle ait de niege le sein.</p>
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Montanus ended his sonet with such a volley of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might have moved any but Phœbe to have granted him favor. But

she, measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the poore shepherds pathetical humors, smiling at his martyrdom as though love had bene no maladie, scornfully warbled out this sonet.

PHŒBES SONET, A REPLIE TO MONTANUS PASSION.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish love are stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I. With a downe,
 downe, &c.
 When Love was first begot,
 And by the movers will
 Did fall to humane lot
 His solace to fulfill,
 Devoid of all deceipt,
 A chast and holy fire
 Did quicken mans conceipt,
 And womens brest inspire.
 The gods that saw the good
 That mortalls did approve,
 With kind and holy mood,
 Began to talke of Love.
 Downe a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung
 By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare,
 Whilest Love in deed and word
 Most faithfull did appeare,
 False semblance came in place,
 By jealousie attended,
 And with a double face
 Both love and fancie blended ;
 Which make the gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie,
 And maidens scorne a make,—
 Forsooth, and so will I.
 Downe a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish love are stung
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe, a downe,
 a downe a.

Montanus, hearing the cruell resolution of Phœbe, was so overgrowne with passions, that from amorous ditties he fel flat into these tearmes: Ah, Phœbe, quoth he, wherof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? Am I so hatefull an object that thine eyes condemne mee for an abject? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so low as to lend me a gracious looke? My passions are many, my loves more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith: al devoted in humble devoire to the service of Phœbe; and shall I reape no reward for such fealties? The swaines dayly labours is quit with the evenings hire, the ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the oxe sweates out at the plough, he fatneth at the cribbe; but infortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrowes, nor any hope of recompence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If, Phœbe, time maye plead the prooffe of my truth, twise seaven winters have I loved faire Phœbe: if constancie be a cause to further my sute, Montanus thoughts have bene sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellence, as far from change as she from love: if outward passions may discover inward affections, the furrows in my face may discover the sorrowes of my heart, and the mappe of my looks the griefs of my mind. Thou seest, Phœbe, the teares of despayre have made my cheeks full of wrinckles, and my scalding sighes have made the ayre eccho her pittie conceived in my plaintes: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I have pourtrayed in every tree the beauty of my mistres, and the despaire of my loves. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? only Phœbe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthles swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe! oh, might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of

that good hap. Measure Montanus, not by his fortunes, but by his loves, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lende but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares. If not, ah! if Phœbe cannot love, let a storme of frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are above my deserts: onely at my death this favour cannot be denied me, that al shal say Montanus died for love of hard-hearted Phœbe. At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.—Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? or art thou so folly-sicke, that thou must needes be fancie-sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serves but Phœbe? Well, sir, if your market can be made no where els, home againe, for your mart is at the fayrest. Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet, Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine: not that I scorne thee, but that I hate love; for I count it as great honor to triumph over fancie as over fortune. Rest thee content, therefore, Montanus: cease from thy loves, and bridle thy lookes, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame; for in loving mee thou shalt but live by losse, and what thou utterest in wordes are all written in the wind. Wert thou, Montanus, as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore, if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne. Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, faire nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so is there nothing more fading; as momentary as the shaddowes which growe from a cloudy sunne. Such, my faire shepheardesse, as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been loved in the prime. A wringled mayd is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to had-I-wist, and therefore be rulde by mee. Love while thou art yong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great. Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers; for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elizium in the shape of a swaine. When she blusht at her owne folly to looke so long on a stranger, she mildely made answer to Ganimede thus. I cannot deny, sir, but I have heard of love, though I never felt love; and have read of such a goddesse as Venus, though I never sawe any but her picture; and, perhaps,—and with that shee waxed red and bashfull, and withall silent: which Ganimede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the mayd, and desired her to go forward. And perhaps, sir, quoth she, mine eye hath been more prodigal to day than ever before: and with

that she stayd againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle, but in vaine; for at this abrupt period she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face covered with a vermillion die, she sat downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the shepherdesse in such a straunge plight, left Phœbe with her Montanus, wishing hir friendly that she would be more pliant to Love, least in penance Venus joynd to her some sharpe repentance. Phœbe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of hir plaint, giving Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceived Phœbe was pincht by the heele. But leaving Phœbe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend upon her, to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena; insomuch that he framed a sweet conceited sonnet to content his humor, which hee put in his bosome, being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signify unto them that his woundes were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his forrest bill on his neck, he trudgeth in all haste towardes the plaines where Alienaes flockes did feede, comming just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe. Fortune so conducted this jolly forester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted in this maner. Faire shepherdesse, and too faire, unless your beautie be tempred with curtesie, and the liniaments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of mynd, as many good fortunes to you and your page, as your selves can desire or imagine. My brother Rosader, in the grief of his green wounds stil myndful of his friends, hath sent me unto you with a kynd salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence hee received the prejudice. The report of your welfare will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent me with a strict charge to visite you. And you, quoth Aliena, are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kynd a gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow as he brookes them with grieffe; and his wounds breed in us as many passions as in him extremities, so that what disquiet he feelles in bodie, we partake in heart, wishing, if wee might, that our mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wils yeeld him little ease, our orizons are never idle to the gods for his recovery. I pray you, quoth Ganimede with teares in his eyes, when the surgion searcht him, held hee his woundes dangerous? Dangerous, quoth Saladyne, but not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the mean time, quoth Ganimede, say his Rosalynde commends her unto him, and bids him be of good cheare. I know not, quoth Saladyne, who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever shee is, her name is never out of his mouth, but amidst the deepest of his passions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience; insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love, and shee some paragon that holdes his heart perplexed, whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with joye, then with smiles; as if in one person Love had lodged a chaos of confused passions. Wherin I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a comfort myxt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste. By my fayth, quoth Aliena, sir, you are deep read in love, or growes your insight into affection by experience? howsoever, undoubtedly it seemeth you are a great philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover our secret aphorismes. But, sir, our countrey amours are not lyke your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing lyke your suing; for

pore shepherds never plaine them til love paine them, where the courtiers eyes is full of passions, when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discover their eloquence, wee wooe to ease our sorrowes: every faire face with them must have a new fancy sealed with a fore-finger kisse, and a farre-feteht sigh: we heere love one, and live to that one, so long as life can maintaine love, using few ceremonies, because we know fewe subtilties, and litle eloquence, for that we lightly aecompt of flattery: onely faith and troth, that is shepherds wooing; and, sir, how lyke you of this? So, quoth Saladyne, as I could tie my self to such love. What, and looke so low as a sheheardesse, being the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux? such desires were a disgrace to your honors. And with that surveying exquisitely every part of him, as uttering all these wordes in a deepe passion, she espied the paper in his bosom; wherupon growing jealous that it was some amorous sonnet, she sodeinly snaecht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were anye secret? she was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht, which she preeceiving, sayd: Nay then, sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some love matter. I will see your mistresse name, her praises, and your passions: and with that she lookt on it, which was written to this effect:

SALADYNES SONNET.

If it be true, that heavens eternall course
 With restlesse sway and ceaseless turning glides;
 If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse
 Turne and returns with many fluent tides;
 If earth in winter summers pride estrange,
 And nature seemeth onely faire in change;

If it be true, that our immortall spright,
 Derivde from heavenly pure, in wandring still
 In noveltie and strangenesse doth delight,
 And by discovering power discerneth ill;
 And if the body for to worke his best
 Doth with the seasons change his place of rest;

Whence comes it that, inforst by furious skies,
 I change both place and soyle, but not my hart,
 Yet salve not in this change my maladies?
 Whence growes it that each object workes my smart?
 Alas, I see my faith procures my misse,
 And change in love against my nature is.—Et florida pungunt.

Aliena having read over his sonnet, began thus pleasantly to deseant upon it. I see, Saladyne, quoth she, that as the sun is no sun without his brightnesse, nor the diamond accounted for precious unlesse it be hard, so men are not men unless they be in love; and their honors are measured by their amours, not their labors, counting it more commendable for a gentleman to be ful of fancy, than full of vertue. I had thought

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
 Contemptæque jacent, et sine luce faces:

But I see Ovids axiome is not authenticall, for even labour hath her loves, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fancy. Yourselfe exiled from your wealth, friendes, and country by Torismond, sorrowes inough to suppress affection, yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Love will be lord, and shew his power to bee

more predominant than fortune. But I pray you, sir, if without offence I may crave it, are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladyne, that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, sate downe by her; and Ganimedee, to give them leave to their loves, found her selfe busie about the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.—Faire mistresse, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and use little eloquence in levelling out my loves, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, shepherds use few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtilties. To frame my selfe, therefore, to your country fashion with much faith and little flattery, know, bewtifull shepherdesse, that whylest I lived in the court I knew not loves comber, but I helde affection as a toy, not as a malady; using fancy as the Hiperborci doo their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuell at night. I lyked all, because I loved none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye; but as charily as the bee, that assoone as shee hath suckt honny from the rose, fieth straight to the next marigold. Living thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in love, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for poemes that flowed from the quicknesse of the wyt, not the sorrowes of the heart. But now, faire nymph, since I became a forrester, Love hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitic, and saie as there is nothing so pretious as beuty, so there is nothing more piercing than fancy. For since first I arrived at this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as, sweet Aliena, Saladyne without further circumstance loves Aliena. I could paynt out my desires with long ambages; but seeing in many wordes lyes mistrust, and that truth is ever naked, let this suffice for a country wooing, Saladyne loves Aliena, and none but Aliena. Although these wordes were most heavenly harmony in the eares of the shephardesse, yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdain love howsoever she desired love, she made this reply. Ah, Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtile than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted bayt: as men are wily so women are wary, especially if they have that wyt by others harmes to beware. Do we not know, Saladyne, that mens toongs are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes? and their words are prejudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters. If such syrens sing, we poore women had need stoppe our eares, least in hearing wee prove so foolish hardy as to believe them, and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting litle. Saladyne, *piscator ictus sapit*, hee that hath been once poisoned, and afterwards fears not to bowse of every potion, is worthy to suffer double pennance. Give mee leave then to mistrust, though I doo not condemne. Saladyne is now in love with Aliena, hee a gentleman of great parentage, shee a shephardesse of meane parents: he honorable, and shee poore: Can love consist of contrarieties? Wyl the fawlcen perch with the kistrelle, the lyon harbor with the wolfe? Will Venus joyne roabes and rags together, or can there be a sympathie betweene a king and a beggar? Then, Saladyne, how can I believe thee that love should unite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? but suppose thou likest Alienaes bewtie: men in their fancy resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing lyke the inhabitants of the iland Tenerifa, who, when they have gathered the sweet spices, use the trees for fuell: so men, when they have glutted themselves with the faire of women faces, holde them for necessary evils, and wearied with that which they seemed so much to love, cast away fancy as children doo their rattles, and loathing that which so deeply before they liked; especially such as take love in a minute, and have their eyes attractive, lyke jeate apt to

entertaine any object, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladyne, hearing how Aliena harpt still upon one string, which was the doubt of mens constaney, he broke off her sharpe invective thus. I grant, Aliena, quoth hee, many men have done amisse, in proving soone ripe and soone rotten; but partieular instanees inferre no generall conelusions, and therefore I hope what others have faulted in, shall not prejudiee my favours. I wil not use sophistry to confirme my love, for that is subiltie; nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more than my fayth: but if this will suffiee, that by the honor of a gentleman I love Aliena, and wooe Aliena, not to erop the blossomes and rejeet the tree, but to consumate my faithfull desires in the honorable ende of marriage. At the word marriage Aliena stood in a maze what to answeere, fearing that if shee were too coy, to drive him away with her disdaine, and if shee were too eurteous, to discover the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she sayd. Saladyne, ever since I saw thee, I favoured thee; I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I love thee so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence; but if I knew thee as verteous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to give thee an answeere, assure thy selfe this, I will either marry with Saladyne, or still live a virgine. And with this they strained one anothers hand: which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had had his mistresse long inough at shrift, sayd: What, a match or no? A match, quoth Aliena, or els it were an ill market. I am glad, quoth Ganimede: I wold Rosader were wel here to make up the messe. Well remembred, quoth Saladyne; I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, and therefore least, being solitary hee should encrease his sorrowes, I wil hast me to him. May it please you, then, to command mee any service to him, I am readie to bee a dutifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him, quoth Aliena, and tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not, quoth Ganimede, my commendations; but say to him that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her heart as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare proeure her content. Say thus, good Saladyne, and so farwel. He having his message, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena, and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, she perplexed and yet joyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new love till evening drew on; and then they folding their sheep, went home to bed: where we leave them and return to Phœbe.—Phœbe, fiered with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restlesse passions, as now shee began to aeknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so efast, but time armed with love could make amorous; for shee that held Diana for the goddesse of her devotion, was now fain to flie to the aulter of Venus, as suppliant now with praiera, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to mynd the several bewties of yoong Ganimede: first his loeks, which being amber hued, passeth the wreath that Phœbus puts on to make his front glorious: his browe of yvorie was like the seate where love and majestie sits intronde to enehaine fancy: his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heaven, darting forth frowns with disdaine, and smiles with favour, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were she wrapt in the cirele of the frozen zoane: in his cheekes the vermillion tincture of the rose florished upon naturall alabaster, the blushe of the morne and Lunaes silver showe were so lively pourtrayed, that the Troyan that filles out wine to Jupiter was not halfe so bewtiful: his face was full of plesanee, and al the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as

Phœbe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her mynde made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, shee rather wished to die than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is litle worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forst to pine in her malady, without any salve for her sorrows. Reveale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why, it doubled her grieffe: for as fire supprest growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt to the more violent streame, so love smothered wrings the hart with the deeper passions. Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her food began to faile, and the disquiet of her mind began to worke a distemperature of her body, that, to be short, Phœbe fell extreme sicke, and so sicke as there was almost left no recovery of her health. Her father, seeing his faire Phœbe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medecine to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine; for although her body was feeble through long fasting, yet did shee *magis ægrotare animo quam corpore*; which her friends perceyved and sorrowed at, but salve it they could not. The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but hee, like a mad man, came to visit Phœbe; where sitting by her bed side, he began his exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she, perceiving the extremitie of his sorrows, began now as a lover to pittie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secret plaints, but she answered him, as the rest, with silence, having still the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and conjecturing how she might reveale her love. To utter it in wordes she found her selfe too bashfull; to discourse by any friend shee would not trust any in her amours; to remain thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon, for her last refuge, she resolved to write unto Ganimede, and therfore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale a nappe. Hee was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching to her standish, shee tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phœbe to Ganimede, wisheth that she wants her selfe.—Faire shepheard, and therefore is Phœbe infortunate, because thou art so faire, although hitherto mine eyes were adamantes to resist love, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to intertaine love; more devoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, and drawn to the other by beauty: which being rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phœbe, as shee restes at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not, Ganimede, my loves by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree; but thinke my thoughts as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favors. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest mee hard-harted because I hated Montanus, think I was forced to it by fate: if thou saist I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the first looke, think I was driven to it by desteny, whose influence, as it is mighty, so is it not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorn by putting in another. If then, Ganimede, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driven out with phisicke nor reason, pittie mee, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweet self, whose grieffe hath no ease but through thy grant; and think I am a virgin who is deeply wrongd when I am forst to woo, and conjecture love to be strong, that is more forceable then nature. Thus distressed unless by thee eased,

I expect either to lyve fortunately by thy favour, or die miserably by thy denyall.
Living in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine, or not be at all,—PHŒBE.

To this letter she annexed this sonnet.

SONNETTO.

My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas inceust with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse :
Amidst the winters night,
A blind and carelesse boy
Brought up by fond desire,
Doth guide me in the sea
Of sorrow and despight.

For every oare he sets
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts, instead of wave,
A hope without distresse :
The winds of my deepe sighes,
That thunder still for nought,

Have split my sayles with feare,
With care and heavinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines
Doe slacke the haleyards oft :
Till ignorance doe pull,
And errour hale the shrowd ;

No starre for safetie shines,
No Phœbe from aloft !
Time hath subdued art, and joy is slave
to woe :
Alas, Loves guid, be kind ! what, shall
I perish so ?

This letter and the sonnet being ended, she could find no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called in Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceive what passion pinched her, yet, that he might seeme dutifull to his mistresse in all service, he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdome. And so, taking the letter, went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliena fedde hir flocks, and there he found Ganimede, sitting under a pomegranate tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and, according to his charge, delivered Ganimede the letters, which, he said, came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what news should come from an unknowne shepherdesse ; but taking the letters, unript the seales, and read over the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When she had read and over-read them, Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Aliena, to whome shee shewed the writings. Who, having perused them, conceived them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how love had yokt her, who before would not stoop to the lure. Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying, Knew Phœbe what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how unfit thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured ; but leaving that, I pray thee let us sport with this swaine. At that word Ganimede, turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus. I pray thee, tell me, shepherd, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from thy mistresse favours, art thou in love with Phœbe ? Oh, my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phœbe so farre in love with me, my flocks would be more fatte, and their maister more quiet ; for through the sorrows of my discontent growes the leannesse of my sheepe. Alas, poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason wil blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou strivest for without hope ? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, whilst Montanus forget himselfe ; for those characters which true love hath stamped, neither the

envie of time nor fortune can wipe away. Why but, Montanus, quoth Ganimedede, enter with a deep insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies; for, poore man, thy progresse in love is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against wind and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and shee flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobbie, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone, and roavest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to love, when love is pittillesse, and thy maladie remedillesse. For prooffe, Montanus, read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies and little hope. With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions in his heart: at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighes. At last, noting Phœbes extream desire towards Ganimedede, and her disdaine towards him, giving Ganimedede the letter, the shepheard stood as though he had neyther won nor lost. Which Ganimedede perceiving wakened him out of his dreame thus: Now, Montanus, doest thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee, as Bellepheron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson: creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What, Montanus, there are many as faire as Phœbe, but most of all more courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee, shepheard, favour is loves fuell: then since thou canst not get that, lette the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrowe for a while then repent thee for ever. I tell thee, Ganimedede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with the scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles lance bee cured but with the same truncheon, so Apollo was faine to cry out that love onely was eased with love, and fancy healed by no medicine but favour. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion: Cyrces had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtill reasons to refell all griefs but love. Perswasions are bootles, reason lendes no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whome fancie hath made resolute; and therefore, though Phœbe loves Ganimedede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe. Then, quoth Ganimedede, may I rightly tearme thee a despairing lover, that livest without joy, and lovest without hope. But what shall I do, Montanus, to pleasure thee? Shall I despise Phœbe, as she disdaines thee? Ah, quoth Montanus, that were to renew my griefs, and double my sorrows: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas, Ganimedede! though I perish in my thoughts, let her not die in her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient: then lette not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke under the burden of so deepe distresse. Being love sicke, she is proved hart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganimedede. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then, sith she loves thee so deare, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon: she hath beauty to please thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her; for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make love frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganimedede ought to love Phœbe, when his onely life was the love of Phœbe, answered him thus. Why, Montanus, dost thou further this motion, seeing, if Ganimedede marry Phœbe, thy market is cleane mard? Ah, mistres, q. he, so hath love taught me to honour Phœbe, that I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than shee should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her favour. If she marry, though it bee my martyrdome, yet if she be pleased I

wil brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore, if Ganimede be as courtcous as hee is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loves; so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subiltie get Montanus the favour of Phœbe. Straight, as womens heads are full of wiles, Ganimede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancie the shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde: he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth he, seeing Phœbe is so forlorne, least I might be counted unkind in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phœbe, and there heare her selfe in word utter that which shee hath discourst with her pen; and then, as love wils mee, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phœbe. When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran afore, and went in and tolde Phœbe that Ganimede was at the doore. This word Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phœbe, drave hir into such an extasie for joy, that rising up in her bed, she was halfe revived, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phœbe with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a salve to her sorows. Sitting him downe by hir bed side, he questioned about hir disease, and where the paine chiefly helde hir? Phœbe looking as lovely as Venus in her night gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blue as Clitia did when shee bewrayed her loves to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hande began thus. Faire Shepheard, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame, my immodesty were the more, and my vertues the les; for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their harts full of feare, and theyr tongs full of silence; but love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, there he perverteth all, and wrests the wealth of nature to his owne wil: an instance in my selfe, fayre Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindeled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seek a salve at thy hands for my harms. Blame me not if I be over bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I bee too forward it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond; for let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phœbe loves Ganimede. At this shee held downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plaints, Phœbe, for I do pity thy plaints, nor seek not to discover thy loves in teares, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick, Phœbe; for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall. But thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate: so I tell thee, Phœbe, either some starre, or else some destenie, fittes my mind, rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage; for though I hold thee fair, yet mine eye is not fettred. Love grows not, like the hearb spartanna, to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last attaines to the top. Festina lente, especially in love, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies. If, Phœbe, I should like thee as the Hiperborei doo theyr dates, which banket with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I wil have time to turn my thoghts, and my loves shall growe up as the water cresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus, Phœbe, thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not; remaining indifferent til time

and love make me resolute. Therefore, Phœbe, seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganimedè: strive thou to hate mee as I seeke to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayest have one more wealthy, but not more loyall. These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.—And shall I then have no salve of Ganimedè but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of Time? justly have the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganimedè as unkind to my selfe: so in forcing him to perish for love, I shall die my selfe with over-much love. I am glad, quoth Ganimedè, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimedè, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimedè, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that love that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimedè will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. And with that Ganimedè gave Phœbe a fruitlesse kisse, and such wordes of comfort, that before Ganimedè departed shee arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheare, as could bee founde in such a country cottage, Ganimedè in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus favour, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganimedè tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimedè, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she cald to remembrance his wounds, fild her eies full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her grieffe, and such a cordiall unto her heart, that shee tript alongst the lawnes full of joy.—At last Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimedè, and with that the clown rose, and, running to meet him, cried, Oh, sirra, a match, a match! our mistres shal be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolict it before Ganimedè, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so wel recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solempnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimedè; but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimedè, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimedè: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownd, thinking that Ganimedè had jested with him. But, breaking off from those matters, the page, somewhat pleasant, began to discourse unto them what had past between him and Phœbe; which, as they laught, so they wondered at, all confessyng that there is none so chast but love will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and

when the sun began to set, they tooke their leaves and departed; *Aliena* providing for their marriage day such solemue cheare and handsome roabes as fitted their country estate, and yet somewhat the better, in that *Rosader* had promised to bring *Gerismond* thither as a guest. *Ganimede*, who then ment to discover herselfe before her father, had made her a gowne of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly nymph harboured in country attire. *Saladyne* was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor *Rosader* unmindfull to bid guests, who invited *Gerismond* and all his folowers to the feast, who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the mean while, *Phœbe* being a bidden guest made herself as gorgious as might be to please the eye of *Ganimede*; and *Montanus* suted himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against that day, for then was *Ganimede* to give *Phœbe* an answer of her loves, and *Montanus* either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a brewing, *Phœbe* past not one day without visiting her *Ganimede*, so far was she wrapt in the beauties of this lovely swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of many passions, *Phœbe* wishing for the day, as she thought, of her welfare, and *Ganimede* smiling to thinke what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came. No sooner did *Phœbus* hench-man appeare in the skie, to give warning that his maisters horses should be trapt in his glorious coach, but *Coridon*, in his holiday sute marvellous scemely, in a russet jacket, welted with the same and faced with red worsted, having a paire of blew chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrists with foure yeolow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons; his hose was of gray karsie, with a large sloppe bard over thwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, sticht of either side with red threed; his stock was of the owne, sewed close to his breech, and for to bewtifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new thredden points of medley colour: his bonnet was greene, wheron stood a copper brooch with the picture of *St. Denis*; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shyrt band of fine lockeram, whipt over with *Coventry* blew of no small cost. Thus attired, *Coridon* bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of *Floraes* choyce bowers than any country cottage. Thether repaired *Phœbe* with all the maides of the forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee; but howsoever she helpt to prancke out *Aliena*, yet her eye was stil on *Ganimede*, who was so neat in a sute of gray, that he seemed *Endymion* when he won *Luna* with his lookes, or *Paris* when he playd the swain to get the bewtie of the nymph *Enone*. *Ganimede*, like a prettic page, waited on his mistresse *Aliena*, and overlookt that all was in a readines against the bridegroom shuld come, who, attired in a forresters sute, came accompanied with *Gerismond* and his brother *Rosader* early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by *Aliena* and the rest of the country swains; *Gerismond* very highly commending the fortunate choice of *Saladyne*, in that he had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward bewties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. *Ganimede* comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush, Nature woorking affects by her secret effects. Scarce could she abstain from teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall pallaice, attended on by twelve noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troupe of revelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall made *Ganimede* full of sorrowes; yet, that she might triumph over fortune with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and verie reverently welcommed the king, not

according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such dilligence as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisite person and excellent qualities. As thus the king with his forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maydes, amongst whom Phœbe was the formost. Aliena pledged the king, and drunk to Rosader: so the carowse went rounde from him to Phœbe, &c. As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes. Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grieffe as his heart was of sorowes, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. As soon as the shepheards saw him, they did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since that wanton wag of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessyng it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country curtesie could afford; insomuch that the king wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him, made this reply:—I am, sir, quoth he, loves swaine, as ful of inward discontentments as I seeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hive of my heart farre more gaul than hony, and for one drop of pure deaw, a tun full of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the fly to pursue the eagle, that flying too nigh the sun, I perish with the sun: my thoughts are above my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loves. But daring with Phæton, I fal with Icarus; and seeking to passe the mean, I die for being so mean: my night sleeps are waking slombers, as full of sorowes as they be far from rest; and my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star and stombling at a straw, leaving reason to follow after repentance: yet every passion is a pleasure thogh it pinch, because love hides his wormeseed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadows prejudize with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which would salve my harm, like the patient which stung with the tarantula loaths musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus, sir, restlesse I hold myselfe remediles, as loving without either reward or regard, and yet loving bicause there is none worthy to be loved but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I have discourst in my plaintes, sir, if you please, see my sonnets, and by them censure of my sorowes. These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as at his attire, insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

MONTANUS FIRST SONNET.

Alas! how wander I amidst these woods,
 Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse:
 But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
 Dark as the night, my night of woes expresse.
 Disarmde of reason, spoilde of Natures goods,
 Without redresse to salve my heavinesse
 I walke, whilst thought, too cruell to my harmes,
 With endles grief my heedles judgement charmes.

My silent tongue assailde by secret feare,
 My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their joy,
 My fatall peace devourd in fained cheare,
 My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
 My reason robde of power by yeelding care,
 My fond opinion slave to every toy.

Oh, Love! thou guide in my uncertaine way,
 Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the king had read this sonnet he highly commended the device of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shaddow, and so covertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent; affirming, that as the least shrubs have their tops, the smallest haire their shaddowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of love as a king. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second, and read it: the effects were these—

MONTANUS SECOND SONNET.

When the dog
 Full of rage,
 With his irefull eyes
 Frownes amidst the skies,
 The shepheard to asswage
 The fury of the heat,
 Himselfe doth safely seat
 By a fount
 Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath,
 Mounting from beneath,
 Tempreth the aire.
 There his flocks
 Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose,
 Whilst sweet sleepe doth close
 Eyes from toylsome ill;

But I burne
 Without rest,
 No defensive power
 Shields from Phœbes lower:
 Sorrow is my best.
 Gentle Love,
 Lowre no more:
 If thou wilt invade
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so sore.
 I my selfe
 And my flocks,
 They their love to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
 Both leave the shadie oakes:
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith Love doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond, seeing the pithy vaine of those sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was? whereupon Rosader discourst unto him the love of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie and her deep crueltie, and how in revenge the gods had made the curious nymph amorous of yoong Ganimede. Upon this discourse the king was desirous to see Phœbe, who being broght before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermilion teinture, that the kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while upon her faire, he questioned with her why she rewarded Montanus love with so little regard, seeing his desertes were many, and his passions extreame? Phœbe, to make reply to the kings demaund, answered thus:—Love, sir, is charitie in his lawes, and whatsoever hee sets downe for justice, bee it never so unjust, the sentence cannot be reverst: womens fancies lende favours not ever by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires; for fancy is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens cars are greatly delighted with

wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as Ulisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of objects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the bee to suck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of give me perswades a woman more than a pound of heare me. Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter. I tell you, sir, the string of a woman's heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand; and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she wil proove his hearts gold. Montanus is yoong, a great clause in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Love yeelds; and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, loving the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destenies have set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus, to ad revenge, hath given me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance; for I am in love with a shepherds swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain as I was perverse in desire; and that is, quoth she, Alienaes page, yong Ganimede. Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favour to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader, quoth hee, the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter, quoth Gerismond, that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir, quoth Rosader, because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition, quoth Gerismond, that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head, and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepherdesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, quoth Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of myfortunes; for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while, quoth shee, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented himself at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised. Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke, uttering the passions of his joy in watry plaints, driven into such an extasie of content, that

he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer myselve to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and so deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader? So much, sir, quoth she, as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the mariage. Why, then, quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her: shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader, beyond measure content, humbly thankt the king, and imbraeced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen suffieient reason to suppress the force of her loves. Yea, quoth Phœbe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanelled his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and coneluded that Montanus and Phœbe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Alicna seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why, how now, my Saladyne, all a mort? what melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardesse. Cheare up thy hart, man; for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a king; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynd, Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court to live with thee exilde in the country? The same, quoth Rosalynde. Then, quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly forrester, be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent: thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladyne, an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favour. While every one was amazed with these comieall eventes, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where, to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors: homely cheare they had, such as the country could afford, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song:

CORIDONS SONG.

<p>A blyth and bonny country lasse, Heigh ho, the bonny lasse! Sate sighing on the tender grasse, And weeping said, Will none come woo me? A smicker boy, a lyther swaine, Heigh ho, a smicker swaine! That in his love was wanton faine, With smiling looks straight came unto her.</p>	<p>When as the wanton wench espied, Heigh ho, when she espied! The meanes to make her selfe a bride, She simpred smooth like bonny Bell: The swaine, that saw her squint-eyed kind, Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind! His armes about her body twind, And, faire lasse, how fare ye, well?</p>
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The country Kit said, Well, forsooth,
Heigh ho, well forsooth!

But that I have a longing tooth,

A longing tooth that makes me crie:

Alas! said he, what garres thy grief?

Heigh ho, what garres thy grief?

A wound, quoth she, without reliefe,—

I fear a maid that I shall die.

If that be all, the shepheard said,

Heigh ho, the shepheard said!

He make thee wive it, gentle mayd,

And so recure thy maladie.

Hereon they kist with many an oath,

Heigh ho, with many an oath!

And fore god Pan did plight their
troath,

And to the church they hied them
fast.

And God send every pretie peate,

Heigh ho, the pretie peate!

That feares to die of this conceate,

So kind a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jolitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is, sir, quoth Rosader, our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and Rosader gave him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where they all sate at dinner. Fernandine, as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as wel brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speaches. Although, right mighty prince, this day of my brothers marriage be a daye of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you, the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors and fal to arms: change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The armies are ready to joyne: therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to incourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selves as hardy soldiers as you have been harty lovers: so shal you, for the benefit of your country, discover the idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum, given him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay, quoth Gerismond, go with me: I have horse and armor for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father: hee, not returning a word because his hast was great, hied him home to his lodge, wher he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were joyned. Gerismond, seeing the wing wherein the peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S. Denis! laying on such load upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When the peeres perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in battaile. The peers then gathered themselves together, and, saluted their king, conducted him

royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens. Assoone as all was quiet, and he had received againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionat for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Wel, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for all the peeres and lords of his land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome: hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers land, and gave him the dukedome of Nameurs: he made Fernandine principall secretarie to himselfe; and that fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Heere, gentlemen, may you see, in Euphues Golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice; that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger brethren, though inferiour in yeares, yet may bee superiour in honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any fruit by this legacie, speake wel of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favor, you incorage me to be the more forward: and assoone as I have overlookt my labors, expect the Sailers Kalender.—TH. LODGE.

The comedy of *As You Like It* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and the earliest notice of it by name occurs in a leaf of one of the volumes of the Stationers' Company, which does not belong to the regular series of the registers, but contains irregular entries, prohibitions, notes, &c. In this leaf, between two other notices, the first dated in May, 1600, and the other in January, 1603, occurs the following memorandum:—

4 Augusti.

As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man }
 in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much Adoo about nothinge, } To be staid.
 a book.

all which "books" are also stated to be "my lord Chamberlens mens plaies," a eircumstane which seems to confirm Malone's opinion, that the above entry refers to the year 1600, Shakespeare's plays of Henry the Fifth and Much Ado about Nothing having been duly licensed in the same month of that year. It is improbable that the prohibition would have been applied for or recorded after the publication of those two dramas; and it may reasonably be concluded that the objection was removed shortly after the date of the entry, it being possibly of such doubtful validity that the clerk did not consider it advisable to make a formal note of it in the body of the register. Presuming, then, upon the probability that so finished a comedy as *As You Like It* would have been mentioned by Meres in 1598, had it been then in existenee, the year 1599 may be with

good reason assigned as the date of its composition. The allusion to the poem of Hero and Leander, the earliest known edition of which appeared in 1598, may also, in some slight degree, support this view; but it is very likely to have been published before that time, or, if not, the poem may have been familiar to Shakespeare either in manuscript or by recitation, as it must evidently have been written some years previously.

There is an allusion in the fourth act,—“I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain”—which is generally supposed to refer to a particular fountain in Cheapside, in Shakespeare’s time, in which there was a figure of Diana; an opinion that, if adopted, will enable us to bring the question as to the date of the composition of the play within very narrow limits, that agree perfectly with the opinion above expressed. Speaking of the Cross in Cheapside, and the defacement of the religious images with which it was adorned, Stowe thus writes,—“on the east side of the same crosse, the steps taken thence under the image of Christs Resurrection defaced, was then (1596) set up a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water convayd from the Thames prilling from her naked breast for a time, but now decayed,” *Survay of London*, ed. 1603, p. 269. The last passage respecting the decay of this fountain was first added in the edition of 1603, Stowe, in the impression of 1598, speaking of it as then perfect and in use. It is evident, therefore, that if Shakespeare alludes to the Cheapside fountain, the words of Rosalind must have been penned somewhere between the year 1596, when it was erected, and the year 1603, when it had been allowed to go to ruin. At the same time, it should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object; independently of the obvious circumstance that the statue mentioned by Stowe did not literally weep, though this may be a discrepancy not requiring a too curious investigation. A statue “prilling” from either the mouth or the breast may well be said metaphorically, or even in the license permitted to incidental allusions in conversation, to “weep for nothing.”

No definite record of any early performance of *As You Like It* has yet been discovered, but it seems impossible that it should not have been popular both in the author’s own time, and until the suppression of the theatres in the revolutionary period. Its

capacity to give pleasure to the vitiated taste of an audience of the later part of the seventeenth century is more questionable. At a later period, it was altered by Charles Johnson, under the title of *Love in a Forest*, acted at Drury-lane, 8vo. 1723; and again by one J. C. under the title of the *Modern Receipt, or a Cure for Love*, 12mo. 1739. Miller, also, in his *Universal Passion*, 1737, has borrowed slightly from *As You Like It*. There was, however, a tradition current at the commencement of the last century, that Shakespeare performed the character of Adam in the following comedy. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," says Oldys, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II., would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatiick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatiick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This account contains several discrepancies, but there may be a glimmering of truth in it, and, at all events, it must be recollected that Oldys wrote before the era of Shakespearian forgeries had commenced. The brother here mentioned was Gilbert, who probably survived till after the Restoration.

Shakespeare performed a part in Jonson's *Sejanus* in 1603, so that the anecdote is not inconsistent with the date at which *As You Like It* seems probably to have been composed. It is also worth notice that Adam is represented as being somewhat lame,—"when service should in my old limbs lie lame;" and Orlando speaks of his *limping* "many a weary step" after him in pure love. On the supposition that those critics are right who affirm that there is a literal application in the curious allusions to lameness in the Sonnets, and that they refer to a personal defect in the poet himself, the fact of the character assigned as the subject of his own personification being similarly afflicted is at all events a singular coincidence, if it cannot be admitted as strong evidence in support of the truth of the story transmitted to us by Oldys.

Rosalind, in the Epilogue, charges the women, "for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you." This appears to be the only clue to the title adopted by Shakespeare, unless it be thought that he had possibly in his mind the following passage in Lodge's preface to the novel above reprinted,—“if you like it, so; and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in favour.” Braithwait, however, in his *Barnaby's Journal*, speaks of *as you like it* as a proverbial motto, and this seems more likely to imply the true explanation. The title of the comedy may, on this supposition, be exactly paralleled with that of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

The proverbial title of the play implies in itself that freedom of thought and indifference to censure, which characterizes the sayings and doings of most of the actors in this comedy of human nature in a forest. Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, *As You Like It* is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what nature would produce under similar conditions. The character of the reserved and censorious Jaques may be regarded as a severe type of a dissipated man, naturally amiable, removed from the sphere of vicious attractions, and, left to his own reflections, self-arguing into virtue from an unwilling conviction of the frivolities of the world. It must, indeed, be admitted there is an ascetic impression induced, and notwithstanding the nice varieties of character, most readers will probably consider that the vanity of active life has been the

chief object of illustration. The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story, by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but wilful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power, which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- DUKE, *living in Exile.*
FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.*
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, }
SYLVIUS, } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns;¹ and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept.² For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me:³ he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility⁴ with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.⁵

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?⁶

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!⁷

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.⁸

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:⁹ I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor

allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do, beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will; I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your serviee.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?¹⁰ I will physie your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their eradles bred¹¹ together, that she would have followed her exile,¹² or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,¹³ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old

Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,¹⁴ as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment,¹⁵ or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother;¹⁶ therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck¹⁷ as his finger; and thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship. [Exit.]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:¹⁸ I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved:¹⁹ and, indeed, so much in the heart of the

world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither,²⁰ which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND²¹ and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?²² Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush²³ thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,²⁴ that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.²⁵

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No ? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's ; who, perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone :²⁶ for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.²⁷—How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Touch. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ros. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards²⁸ that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were : but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ;²⁹ or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st ?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.³⁰

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him³¹ enough : speak no more of him ; you'll be whipped for taxation,³² one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced,³³ the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-eramm'd.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur le Beau : What's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ? Of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.³⁴

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,³⁵ —

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me,³⁶ ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,³⁷ —“ Be it known unto all men by these presents,”——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?³⁸ is there yet another dotcs upon rib-breaking?— Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.³⁹ In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.⁴⁰

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes,⁴¹ or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me⁴² much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious:⁴³ if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to moek me after;⁴⁴ you should not have moeked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hereules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.⁴⁵

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, *Train*, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, eoz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;⁴⁶—and would not change that calling,⁴⁷
To be adopted heir to Frederiek.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle eousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,⁴⁸
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me,⁴⁹—one out of suits with fortune,⁵⁰
That could give more but that her hand laeks means.—
Shall we go, eoz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts⁵¹
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain,⁵² a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, eoz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love ;
 Yet such is now the duke's condition,⁵³
 That he misconsters all⁵⁴ that you have done.
 The duke is humorous ;⁵⁵ what he is, indeed,
 More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.⁵⁶

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me this :
 Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
 That here were at the wrestling ?⁵⁷

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
 But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :⁵⁸
 The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
 And here detain'd by her usurping unele,
 To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
 Grounded upon no other argument,
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,⁵⁹
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you ; fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :—
 But, heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, eousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have merey !—
 not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be east away upon
 curs ; throw some of them at me : come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two eousins laid up ; when the one
 should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father :⁶⁰ O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, eousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very pettiecoats will eateh them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try ; if I could cry "hem," and have him.⁶¹

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,⁶² I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?⁶³

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,⁶⁴
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, eousin :
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publie court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :
If with myself I hold intelligenee,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom ;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;⁶⁵
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;⁶⁶
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,⁶⁷
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips ;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her : she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool :—You, niece, provide yourself ;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
Prithce, be cheerful ; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No hath not ?⁶⁸ Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one ;⁶⁹
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
And do not seek to take your change upon you,⁷⁰
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,⁷¹
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber⁷² smirch my face :
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than eommon tall,⁷³
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe⁷⁴ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ;⁷⁵ and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;⁷⁶
As many other mannish cowards have,⁷⁷
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be eall'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, eousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *But a poor thousand crowns.*

So the second folio, the first edition reading, “but poor a thousand crowns,” which may, however, be right, as an instance of a construction familiar to writers of the period. “How poor an instrument may do a noble act,” Anthony and Cleopatra. *It was* is understood before *charged*. There has, however, been so much controversy on the exact reading of the opening paragraphs of this speech, it may be well to add the notes of the principal commentators:—

The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, *his blessing* refers; so that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right,—As I remember, Adam, it was upon this *my father* bequeathed me, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this. Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner—As I remember, it was upon this, that is, for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.—*Warburton*.

The old reading was, “it was upon this *fashion* bequeathed me by will,” which plainly indicates that something necessary to compleat and support the construction had been accidentally omitted. Now from the near resemblance between *fashion* and *father*, it seems extremely probable that this last word was the word omitted, which led in consequence to the omission also of the possessive, *my*. I suppose, therefore, that our poet wrote, “As I remember, Adam, it was upon this *fashion*; my father bequeathed me,” &c. Warburton’s correction leaves the construction still lame and imperfect.—*Heath*.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes. I read thus: “As I remember, Adam, it was on this *fashion* bequeathed me.—By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou

sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well." What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself.—*Johnson*.

Father is not the nominative case to *charged*, but the construction must be supplied by *it was charged*. *His* by the artifice of the poet relates to something understood, that the audience may be impressed with the idea of a previous conversation; and as if he had not sufficiently explained himself in this place, he afterwards adds, "My *father* charged you in his will."—*Whiter*.

"It was on this fashion bequeathed me," as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read: "As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.—*He* bequeathed me by will," &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As *I* remember, says he, it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.—*Blackstone*.

Warburton would substitute *my father* in the place of *fashion*. Johnson allows that the nominative *my father* is left out, but says it is so left out that the auditor inserts it in spite of himself. An auditor's understanding the intent of a speech will not, however, supply the defects of its grammatical construction. There is no necessity for omitting the word *fashion*, but either *my father*, or the pronoun *he* should be inserted between *fashion* and *bequeathed*. The passage ought, therefore, to be read and pointed thus: "As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion he bequeathed me, by will, but a poor thousand ducats," &c. The reader will perceive that it is only the sequel of a conversation which has commenced before the play.—*Ritson*.

Thrown out with the ease and freedom of the most familiar dialogue, the language of Shakespeare receives here, as we conceive, the following easy and natural interpretation:—"It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by [my father in his] will, but poor a (the poor pittance of a) thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, [it was, or he there] charged my brother upon his blessing to breed me well." The question then is, whether instead of this, our author's text as delivered down to us, and his natural, but unconnected, dialogue, we are to substitute, and that in the opening of a comedy, and conversation between a master and a servant, the new punctuation and argumentative formality adopted by the modern editors from Dr. Johnson, who gives it thus: "As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor," &c. This substitution appears to us hard and unnatural: and the real text, on the contrary, in the true character and spirit of all dialogue on such an occasion between such parties. This phraseology, *poor a*, is not yet altogether disused. It has been observed to us, that "*poor a* is certainly right. *A* is *one*, a number. Suppose then the bequest had been two or five or ten, you see how insufferable would be this expression, 'two *poor* thousand crowns.' But farther—a 'thousand crowns' are words of the will, which the speaker quotes; and thereby makes them, as 'twere, a substantive to his adjective *poor*."—*Caldecott*.

It has been independently suggested by two critics, Pye and Seymour, to read,—"my brother charged on his blessing," that is,—“my father thus provided for me; by his will, I was to receive a thousand crowns; and my brother was charged to breed me well.”

² *Stays me here at home unkept.*

Warburton considers that "we should read *stays*, that is, keeps me like a brute. The following words—'for call you that keeping—that differs not from the stalling of an ox?' confirms this emendation;" but it is contrary to all sound critical rules, to alter the original text, whenever good sense can be derived from it.

If we had found the word *stys* in the original, we should not perhaps have ventured any emendation; but so far from thinking there is a necessity for any here, the amendment offered is a sort of tautology, and somewhat of an anticlimax; “to speak more properly, *stys* me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox?” This is the same as saying, I am *styed* like a hog, nay, I am *stalled* like an ox; whereas, by retaining the original word the absurdity is removed.—*Anon.*

³ *His countenance seems to take from me.*

His countenance, that is, the mode of his behaviour, the expression of his look. It was, observes Mr. White, “the countenance, the *very look* of his brother which almost deprived poor Orlando of the command of the good parts that nature gave him.” Warburton proposes to read, *his discountenance*.

The last sentence of the page affords another example of that singular usage of the common verb, *seem*, which is so conspicuous in two passages of Macbeth, in both which, it comprehends the idea of desire or intention: so here,—“*seems to take from me*,” means, seems as if it wish’d to take from me: and *his countenance* is, his countenance towards me, his evil countenance.—*Capell.*

⁴ *Mines my gentility with my education.*

That is, by want of culture saps and defeats; and this was the language of a later period: “where he gains no conquest by perswasion, he *mines* by flattery.” Sydenham’s Arraignment of the Arrian, a Sermon, 4to. 1636, p. 3.—*Caldecott.*

⁵ *Thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.*

It is extremely curious that our poet has caught many words and even turns of expression belonging to the novel, from which the play is taken; though he has applied them in a mode generally different, and often very remote from the original. Rosader, or Orlando, is introduced making, for the first time, his reflections on the indignities which he had suffered from his brother Saladine, or Oliver.—“As he was thus,” says the novelist, “ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to *shake* him out of his dumps thus.”—*Whiter.*

⁶ *What make you here?*

That is, what do you here? The phrase is very common, and is similarly quibbled upon in Love’s Labour’s Lost and in Richard III.

⁷ *And be naught awhile!*

This is merely a petty oath, equivalent to, *a mischief on you*, or, sometimes, to, *get you gone immediately*. It is generally misunderstood by the actors. “*Be naught awhile*, and *be naught to you*, are proverbial expressions here in these Northern Counties of the same import, are a kind of curse or imprecation of evil to the person spoke to, and always used, as here, in reproof, and signify, *may evil come upon you!*,” Warburton’s Letters. Several instances of the expression occur in our early writers. “Come away, and be naught awhile!” Storie of King Darius, 1565. In Swetnam the Woman-hater, 1620, the chambermaid says to the lovers,—“Come, leave your prating and protesting, and get you both in, and be naught awhile; ’tis dangerous talking here in publike.”—“Leave your prophesies, and be naught awhile!” The Frolick, a Comedy, 1671, MS. A similar expression occurs in Bartholomew Fair, where Ursula says to Mooncalf:—“Leave the bottle behind you, and be curs’d a while.” The phrase, *be naught*, in the sense of, *be hanged*, was exceedingly common, and the expression *awhile* may in many instances be considered a mere expletive. So we have, in Measure for

Measure,—“Shew your sheep-biting face, and be *hanged an hour!*”; and, in an old madrigal,—“What, piper, ho! *be hanged awhile!*” Hanmer, not understanding the expression in the text, proposed to read, *and do aught awhile*, one of the many instances of the danger incurred in altering the original text merely because the phraseology may not be capable of ready explanation.

^s *Your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.*

That is, more closely and directly the representative of his honours; the head of the family, and thence entitled to a larger proportion of derivative respect: so Prince Henry to his father,—

My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as *immediate* from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.—*2 Henry IV.*

——Yet *reverence*,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low.—*Cymbeline.*

“Honor, vel honos, est *reverentia* alicui exhibita, Anglice, *worshyp*,” Ortus Vocabulorum, 4to. 1514. And thus Cordelia of Lear:—“Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters have in thy *reverence* made.” It may be worth notice that in the novel, *Saladine*, the Oliver of that piece, is mentioned in these terms: “in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted *reverence*, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus.”—*Culdecott.*

It is to be taken for granted that Orlando is speaking most ironically and sarcastically, or Oliver's rejoinder would be inexplicable. Warburton thought that Shakespeare might write, “albeit your coming before me is nearer his *revenue*,” that is, though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate.”

Capell has observed that, in the original reading, no reason can be given for the sudden anger of Oliver, which is certainly occasioned by something offensive at the conclusion of Orlando's speech. The reading, however, of the old copy is unquestionably the true one. *Reverence* appears to have been the appropriate term for the “*reverential* condition or character of an old man.” So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick says, “I should think this a gull; but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot hide himself in such *reverence*.” Again Leonato says,—“thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me, that I am forc'd to lay my *reverence* by.” In the Second Part of *Henry VI.*, we have the following lines:—

—— Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy *reverence*, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle.

In the present instance, Orlando uses the word in an ironical sense, and means to say that his “brother, by coming before him, is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family.” The phrase, *his reverence*, is still thus ironically applied, though with somewhat of a different meaning; and we frequently use the expression of *your worship* both with a grave and ludicrous signification nearly in the same manner.—*Whiter.*

⁹ *I am no villain.*

Villain seems to be used in two significations, in its present sense, and also

with its original meaning, a person born in subjection. "The word *villain*," observes Dr. Johnson, "is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*."

¹⁰ *Begin you to grow upon me.*

In other words, to increase in disobedience to my authority. The expression is followed up by the word *rankness*. It has, however, been proposed that *grow* should be altered to *growl*, but the contemptuous epithet of *dog* was applied to Adam. The present speech evidently refers to Orlando.

¹¹ *The duke's daughter, her cousin.*

The words *her cousin* are used purposely to distinguish her from the other duke's daughter mentioned in the preceding speech. Hanmer inserts *old* and *new* respectively before the words, *duke's daughter*.

¹² *That she would have followed her exile.*

"That *he* would have followed *her* exile," eds. 1623, 1632; "that *she* would have followed *their* exile," eds. 1663, 1685.

¹³ *In the forest of Arden.*

The name of this forest is derived from Lodge's novel, being one of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, 1595:

Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of savage prey:
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo is.

The name would recall, even were it not immediately in the poet's mind when he transferred it from the novel to the play, the sylvan glades of the Warwickshire Arden, whose "rough woodlands" are described in the *Polyolbion*. "I learned at Warwike," says Leland, "that the most part of the shire of Warwike that lyeth as Avon river descendeth, on the right hand or ripe of it, is in *Arden*, for soe is the ancient name of that part of the shire; and the ground in Arden is much enclosed, plentifull of grasse, but not of corne. The other parte of Warwikeshire that lyeth on the left hand or ripe of Avon river, much to the south, is for the most part champion, somewhat barren of wood, but plentifull of corne." So also Camden: "*Woodland* trans Avonem ad septentriones expanditur spatio multo majori, tota nemoribus infessa, nec tamen sine pascuis, arvis, et variis ferri venis. Hæc, ut hodie *Woodland*, id est, regio sylvestris, ita etiam *Ardern* antiquiori nomine olim dicebatur, verum eadem plane, ut existimo, significatione. *Ardern* enim priscis Britannis et Gallis sylvam significasse videtur, cum in Gallia sylvam maximam *Ardern*, oppidum in Flandria juxta alteram sylvam *Ardenburg*, et celebratam illam Angliæ sylvam truncato vocabulo *Den* nominari videamus. Ex hac *Turkillus de Ardern*, qui hic floruit magno honore sub Henrico primo nomen assumpsit, et propago ejus admodum clara longe per Angliam succedentibus annis est diffusa,"—*Britan.* p. 501, edit. 1600. The original name, *Arderne*, observes Malone, was in process of time softened into *Arden*, anterior, as it should seem, to the forest of *Den* being thus denominated. Drayton, in his *Matilda*, 1594, speaks of "sweet Arden's nightingales;" and again, in the *Idea*,—

Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers.

¹⁴ *And fleet the time carelessly.*

Fleet, make to flit or pass. Baret, 1580, has *flecte* for *float*. “*Fleten* lycour, spumo, exspumo, despumo,” Prompt. Parv. “Musicke sent forth a pleasing sound, such as useth to *flecte* from the loud trumpet,” Lord’s Discoverie of the Banian Religion, 4to. 1630, p. 10. *Flett*, floated, Towneley Mysteries, p. 31. A vessel is said to fleet, when the tide flows sufficiently to enable her to move.

¹⁵ *That you might stay him from his intendment.*

As he had practis’d bad *intendments* with them.—*Byron’s Tragedy*.

And this I note, your verses have *intendment*,
Still kept within the lists of good sobrietie,
To worke in men’s ill manners, good amendment.

Harington’s Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

¹⁶ *His natural brother.*

The term *natural* did not formerly imply, as now, illegitimacy. “*Filius naturalis*, a natural or lawfully begotten sonne,” Nomenclator, 1585.

¹⁷ *I had as lief thou didst break his neck.*

So the brother, in the Tale of Gamelyn, “besoughtin Jesus Christ that he mighte brekin his nek, in that ilk wrastling.”

¹⁸ *I will stir this gamester.*

Gamester, adventurer, frolicsome fellow. The term occurs in a similar sense in the Taming of the Shrew, and in Henry VIII. Caldecott explains the passage thus,—stimulate, urge to the encounter this adventurer; the person disposed to try his fortune at this *game*.

¹⁹ *Enchantingly beloved.*

That is, to a degree that could only be supposed to be the effect of spell or *incantation*. Cotgrave interprets the word, *charmingly*.—*Caldecott*.

²⁰ *Kindle the boy thither.*

To *kindle*, to inflame, and thence, to incite, to stimulate; that is, to inflame the mind. He means, “that I excite the boy to it.” So in Macbeth, when Banquo means to say, “such a prophecy, if believed, might stimulate you to seek the crown,” he thus expresses it:—“That, trusted home, might yet *inkindle* you unto the crown.”—*Nares*.

²¹ *Enter Rosalind.*

The name of Rosalind, here taken by Shakespeare from Lodge, was a favorite one with our early poets. Spenser appears to intend a personal allusion to some living character, when he thus notes on the name as used by himself,—“*Rosalinde* is also a fained name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth.” It is also introduced into another play, Marston’s Antonio and Mellida.

²² *And would you yet I were merrier.*

The pronoun *I* was inserted by Pope, but perhaps it was purposely understood by the author. Mr. Collier suggests that the original text “might be intelligible, were we to suppose Rosalind to express a wish that Celia were yet even merrier than she appeared to be.” The chief point of Rosalind’s speech is obscured by this explanation.

²³ *Than with safety of a pure blush, &c.*

She accounted love a toy, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke.—*Lodge's Rosalynde.*

²⁴ *Mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel.*

Two laughing girls, devising sports to divert melancholy thoughts, for her partiality and injurious fickleness, propose, by their raillery, to drive Dame Fortune from her wheel. This seems to be a clear image, and such as in their change of fortunes naturally presented itself; and on the fall and death of Antony, our author makes another lady, Cleopatra, exclaim in nearly similar terms:—“Let me rail so high, that the false *housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*” The following observations on the *Rota Fortunæ*, or the Wheel of Fortune, as a subject for the efforts of mediæval art, are extracted from a paper by Mr. Fairholt on mural paintings.—“About six years ago, an illustration of this allegory was found on the walls of

Rochester cathedral, apparently belonging to the early part of the thirteenth century; it exhibited Fortune as a female, crowned, and holding in her right hand one of the spokes of a wheel, on the summit of which a figure was seated, whilst below were two others, one above another, who were climbing. The left portion of the composition was effaced,



which would have shewn Fortune's caprice: this was exemplified by figures falling from the wheel, in the same manner as the other exhibited them rising. This subject receives illustration from the French poem of William de Deguilleville, entitled the *Pilgrimage of Human Life*, written in the early part of the fourteenth century, of which there is an English translation in a manuscript in the Cottonian collection of the fifteenth century. The Pilgrim, among a number of other allegorical personages, encounters dame Fortune, whom he interrogates as to the meaning of her wheel, and is thus answered:

“Towchyng my whel, it is no doute,
Whiche turnyth evere round aboute,
Ther may no man alofte abyde,
But seve so be I be his guyde;
It turneth evere to and ffro;
The play thereof is meynte with wo.

“This is accompanied by an illumination (see above), which shews Fortune similarly distinguished, as in the Rochester painting—viz., a crowned figure—her right hand directing the wheel, while in her left she holds a crooked staff; the pilgrim on her right is about to attempt the ascent, on the left he is represented as having fallen, and he firmly grasps his *bourdon* or staff for protection: the ocean forms the base of the design.”

Good housewife seems applied to Fortune merely as a jesting appellation, without any reference to the wheel on which she stood. The wheel of Fortune was an emblem of her mutability; from which Celia and Rosalind proposed to drive her by their wit, that she might ever after cease to be inconstant.—*Harness.*

²⁵ *She makes very ill-favouredly.*

Alter'd by the four latter moderns into—*ill-favoured*; in order, as may be suppos'd, to make the antithesis the rounder: but how if that roundness was dislik'd by the poet, as thinking it destructive of the ease of his dialogue? yet this he might think, and with great reason.—*Capell.*

²⁶ *Hath sent this natural for our whetstone.*

The conjunction *and* has generally been prefixed to this sentence by modern editors, but the original text is in accordance with the phraseology of the time. Steevens obviates the difficulty by reading *perceiving* in the previous passage, as it is altered in ed. 1632.

To this we may join that other privilege of a traveller, twin-born with swearing; which is, a happy talent of lying; familiar enough to those men of fire, who looked on every one graver than themselves as their *whetstone*. This you may remember is a proverbial term, denoting an excitement to lying, or a subject that gave a man the opportunity of breaking a jest upon another. Jonson, alluding to the same, when he draws the character of Amorphus, says, "He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the *Whetstone* his page."—*Whalley.*

It must be observed that Touchstone is here called a *natural* merely for the sake of alliteration and a punning jingle of words; for he is undoubtedly an artificial fool.—*Douce.*

²⁷ *The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.*

That is, as, in another view, Falstaff says, he "is the cause of wit in others," so here, as is common or proverbial, the fool is said to be the cause or exciter of the wit of the wits, that is, of wit in the wits. For *the wits*, the modern editors, without any notice or explanation, read, "*his wits.*"—*Caldecott.*

²⁸ *Swear by your beards.*

An expression used by Grangousier to his son Guragantua, Rabelais, book i. chap. 13,—“Now go on in thy bumfodder discourse, and by my *beard* I *swear*, that for one punchion, thou shall have threescore pipes.” Chaucer in his Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, 580, makes the porter swear by God's beard.—*Dr. Grey.*

²⁹ *For he never had any.*

Richard III., act iv. sc. 4, swearing by his "George, his garter, and his crown," is answered much in the same way by Q. Eliz. "Item, that no bankrupt knight, that to set up shop againe becomes parasite or buffone to some great lord, shall never after sweare by his honour, but by his knighthood he may," Certaine Edicts from a Parlament in Eutopia. A similar jest is found in the old play of Damon and Pithias, 1573:

I have taken a wise othe on him; have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestic?
As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit.

³⁰ *One that old Frederick, your father, loves.*

It appears from the latter end of this play, that Frederick was the father of

Celia, not of Rosalind, as Theobald hath rightly observed. It should be added too that these words are addressed to Celia, in answer to a question she had just asked. 'Tis with great propriety therefore, and very justly, that the same gentleman hath transferred the reply from Rosalind to Celia.—*Heath*.

Frederick is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*, which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother.—*Malone*.

Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which I have still left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderness for the fool, as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker. *Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is called by Lucio "the *old* fantastical Duke," &c.—*Steevens*.

The modern editors, following Theobald, transfer this speech to Celia, upon the ground that Frederick, the Duke spoken of, was the name of the usurping Duke, the father of Celia. But the Clown might turn towards Rosalind, though addressed by Celia; or might speak inaccurately: neither would it be out of character to make him do so. The answer of Rosalind, at the same time, seems to shew that it was her truly respectable father that was meant; and Malone has well observed that there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia.—*Caldecott*.

As Malone remarks, there is some error here, as Frederick is the father of Celia, and not of Rosalind. He suggests that we might read *Ferdinand* for "Frederick." Perhaps the name of the knight was Frederick, and the clown's answer ought to run, "One old Frederick, that your father loves," which only changes the place of "that." This is the more likely, because Frederick the usurper, being younger than the exiled Duke, would hardly be called by the clown "Old Frederick."—*Collier*.

⁸¹ *My father's love is enough to honour him enough.*

This is Rosalind's answer, in Shakespeare's characteristic manner, as it stands distinctly in the old copies; but Malone and others give it as follows:—"My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him;" which sacrifices the point of the reply.—*Collier*.

Two of the poet's editors, the third and the fourth, have given this speech to Celia; assigning for reasons, first—that she is the questionist; that the answer therefore ought naturally to be address'd to her, and reply'd to by her: and in the next place, that *Frederick* is the name of *her* father; and this indeed appears beyond controversy from two subsequent passages. To the first of these reasons, it may be reply'd that Celia is effectually answer'd; but the matter of his answer concerning Rosalind most, the Clown turns himself in speaking to her: to the second, that *Frederick* is a mistake, either of the poet's through haste, or of his compositor's, as we shall endeavour to shew by and by; first observing that the speech cannot be Celia's, for two very good reasons: we have no cause to think that she would have been so alert in taking up the Clown for reflecting upon her father; who, besides, is not the person reflected upon, that person being call'd

“old Frederick.” Throughout all this play, Shakespeare calls his two dukes *Duke senior*, and *Duke junior*; giving no proper name to either of them, except in this place, and the two that are refer’d to above: his original makes them both kings, and kings of France; calling the elder, Gerismond; the younger, and the usurping king, Torismond: these names the poet chose to discard, putting *Frederick* instead of the latter; but not instantly hitting upon another that pleas’d him, when he had occasion to mention the former, he put down *Frederick* there too, with intention to alter it afterwards. There is a name in the novel, which might possibly be that intended for Gerismond; and this the reason why it was taken away from it’s owner, Orlando’s second brother; and *Jaques* bestow’d upon him for *Fernandine*, his name in the novelist: however that be, it can be no very great licence to put *Fernandine* in the previous line, or *Ferdinand* rather; and get rid of a name by that means, which will be for ever a stumbling-block to all those who read with attention.—*Capell*.

³² *You’ll be whipped for taxation.*

This whipping, observes Douce, was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legar, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, *fut bien fouetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles*.

Taxation, censure, satire. “Things much more satyricall have passed both the publicke stage and the presse, and never questioned by authority; and there are fewer that will find themselves touched or *taxed*,” C. Brook, 1625.

And because they would be free from any *taxation* at all, they revealed their adventures to the other three ignorants, and so fell all eight into one formall confederacie.—*Boccaccio*, 1625.

³³ *Since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced.*

Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.—*Johnson*.

³⁴ *That was laid on with a trowel.*

To lay on with a trowel is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say that he lays it on with a trowel. I have heard the same expression applied to a lady’s painting, as it is in this passage to ridicule.—*M. Mason*.

A similar phrase occurs in the farce of Tony Lumpkin in Town, 1780,—“Tim, that was a dash with the pound brush.” Ray, in his Collection of English Proverbs, 1678, p. 89, gives the expression, “that was laid on with a trowel,” as equivalent to, *a great lie*. The phrase was no doubt applied to any exaggerated form of speech. “To lay on with a trowel is now a common phrase to bedaub with too much flattery,” Warner’s MS. notes on Shakespeare.

³⁵ *If I keep not my rank.*

Rank, quality or order. The nasty quibble in the next line is again introduced; see the second act of *Cymbeline*, sc. 1.

³⁶ *You amaze me, ladies.*

To *amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex, to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative.—*Johnson*. So, in *Cymbeline*, iv. 3,—“I am amazed with matter.”—*Stevens*.

³⁷ *With bills on their necks.*

The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a

kind of *cross purposes*; where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before, "Nay, if I keep not my rank," Rosalind replies, "Thou lovest thy old smell." So here when Rosalind had said—"with bills on their necks," the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—"know all men by these presents." She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: so that they must be given to him.—*Warburton*.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularly, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*.—*Johnson*.

"With *bills* on their necks," should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*!" But Lassels, in his Voyage of Italy, says of tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*." But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot,—"*Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest-bill on his necke*."—*Farmer*.

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, Book I.: "— with a sword by his side, a *forest-bille on his necke*," &c.—in Rowley's When You See Me You Know Me, 1621:—"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."—in the Pinner of Wakefield, 1599: "And each of you a good bat *on his neck*." Again: "— are you not big enough to bear your bats *upon your necks*?"—*Steevens*.

From hence, as well as from the numerous instances supplied by Steevens, of the use of these implements in this way, it is highly probable that an allusion is here made to the undoubted usage of "bills, forest-bills, and bats," being carried on the neck; although the leading idea holden out, is manifestly that of "scrolls, or labels," with an inscription running in a legal form; and for the purpose of a conceit between *presence* and *presents*, to which the consonance or chiming of these the last words of the two speeches invited, this course was no doubt pursued. "The watchman's weapon," says Douce, "was the bill; but Stowe's Annal., p. 1040, edit. 1631, informs us, "that when prentizes and journeymen attended upon their masters and mistresses in the night, they went before them carrying a lanthorne and candle in their hands, and a great long club *on their necks*."—*Caldecott*.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in Woman's a Weathercock, 1612:

Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand.

The allusion is, in all probability, a double one, Rosalind intending a play upon the word *bills*, alluding in the first instance to the weapon, and following it up by playfully citing the commencement of a bill. Compare the following anecdote in the Witty Apothegms of King James, 1669,—"*Jack Roberts was desired by his taylour, when the reckoning grew somewhat high, to have a bill of his hand. Roberts said, I am content, but you must let no man know it; when the taylour brought him the bill, he tore it as in cholera, and said to him,—You use me not well; you promised me that no man should know it, and here you have put in: Be it known unto all men by these presents.*"

³⁸ *To see this broken music in his sides.*

That is, to witness the rough or unmelodious music caused by the wrestling, or

the crushing of bones in his sides. This use of the verb, *to see*, is not unfrequent in familiar conversation. "*See* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment; so we say every day—*see* if the water be hot," Dr. Johnson. So this commentator, in his *Life of Milton*, says, "Milton being now forty-seven years old, and *seeing* himself disencumbered from external interruptions," &c. Milton was then *blind*. "When ye see the south wind blow, ye say there will be heat," Luke. But the most remarkable instance is in Pope's *Odyssey*:—"See from their thrones thy kindred monarchs *sigh*," *White*. There seems no necessity for altering the word *see* in the text, but it has been proposed to read *set* (Warburton), *feel* (Johnson), and *get* (Heath). The expression, *broken music*, occurs in *Henry V.* and in *Troilus and Cressida*. "The sufferer can, with no propriety," observes Johnson, "be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*."

³⁹ *There is such odds in the man.*

This should seem to be, observes Caldecott, the challenger is so little of a match. The modern editors, following Hanmer, read *men*. Another explanation has been offered.—What is meant to be said is, "there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man*;" and "odds" formerly signified *superiority*, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes—"The passion of laughter," says Hobbes, "proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own *odds* and eminency."

⁴⁰ *The princess calls for you.*

So the old editions, altered by Theobald to, *princesses call*, but it is only Celia who directed Le Beau to call the challenger. The word *them*, in the reply, refers either to the princess's party, or to the princesses. There is no necessity for a very strictly worded answer, nor any improbability in Orlando, when asked to attend on Celia, thinking of the other, and replying that he will wait on both.

⁴¹ *If you saw yourself with your eyes.*

If you could only see yourself, and exercise your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. The emphasis is to be laid on the words *eyes* and *judgment*. If you did not abandon the use of your senses, if not blinded and presumptuous, you would, as Dr. Johnson says, use your own eyes to *see*, or your own judgment to know *yourself*; *the fear of your adventure would counsel you*.

Our eyes, our judgment, Warburton. A very modest proposal truly, that Orlando, who must have been taught by experience the measure of his own skill and strength, should rather refer himself to the judgment upon the first view of two ladies to whom he was till that moment a perfect stranger. The common reading was, "If you saw your self with *your eyes*, or knew your self with *your judgment*." The sense of which seems to be, If you would give credit to the faithful report of your own eyes, and to the cool dictates of your judgment, rather than suffer yourself to be seduced by the bold spirits of your youth.—*Heath*.

⁴² *Your hard thoughts; wherein I confess.*

Admitting, as I do, that I incur much guilt by the very act of denying, &c. "I should wish to read," observes Johnson, "I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing."

As the word *wherein* must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial."—*M. Mason*.

The meaning, I think, is,—Punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur*, for denying such fair ladies any request. The expression is licentious, but our author's plays furnish many such.—*Malone*.

I would, with Dr. Johnson, read, *therein*; but perhaps the text may stand as it is.—"In your thoughts of me I confess I must appear guilty," &c.—*Seymour*.

This does not seem express'd with that neatness which is so conspicuous in this play above any of the others; for with what propriety can Orlando be said to be guilty in the ladies' *hard* thoughts? or why *confess* himself guilty in those thoughts? He might indeed confess himself guilty, in denying their request; and this leads to what, perhaps, is the true reading, *herein*. *Wherein* stands at the head of another period, only two lines below; which might be the occasion of its getting in here.—*Capell*.

⁴³ *That was never gracious.*

That is, acceptable. "Goring was no more *gracious* to Prince Rupert than Wilmot had been," Clarendon.—*Caldecott*.

⁴⁴ *You mean to mock me after.*

Theobald suggested that *an'* should precede this sentence, and M. Mason thinks *if* has been omitted; but there does not appear to be any necessity for either addition.

⁴⁵ *I am not yet well breathed.*

So the corresponding character, in the Tale of Gamelyn, says,—"I havin not yet halvindele y-solde all my ware."

⁴⁶ *His youngest son.*

The words "than to be descended from any other house, however high," must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said—

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.—*Malone*.

⁴⁷ *And would not change that calling.*

Calling, appellation. "It shall thereby increase the reputation of all thy ancestry, who, for thy sake, I will invest with titles of calling," A Defiance to Fortune, 1590.

⁴⁸ *But justly, as you have exceeded all promise.*

All in, ed. 1632. Steevens proposes to omit the word *all*. *But justly*, that is, says Caldecott, adverbially for *just*; only, or in that degree, in which you have, &c.

⁴⁹ *Wear this for me.*

There is nothing in the sequel of this scene, expressing what it is that Rosalind here gives to Orlando: nor has there been hitherto any marginal direction to explain it. It would have been no great burden to the editor's sagacity, to have

supply'd the note I have given in the margin: for afterwards, in the third act, when Rosalind has found a copy of verses in the woods writ on her self, and Celia asks her whether she knows who hath done this, Rosalind replies, by way of question, "Is it a man?", to which Celia again replies, "Ay, and a chain, that you once wore, about his neck."—*Theobald*.

⁵⁰ *One out of suits with fortune.*

Out of suits with fortune, I believe, means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery.—*Steevens*. So afterwards Celia says, "—but turning these *jests out of service*, let us talk in good earnest."—*Malone*.

In its import it seems equivalent to "out of her books or graces." Johnson says, "having no correspondence with," and that it is a metaphor taken from cards. An anonymous critic considers we should read, "*Out of sorts* with fortune," that is, discontented with the blind goddess; and another suggests the explanation, out of her favour and not obtaining the *suits*, the petitions, *she* addressed to her.

The explanations first given are confirmed by other passages. "I find the wind begins to come about, I'll shift my suit of fortune," Marston's *Malecontent*. "The *train* of fortune is borne up by wit," *ibid*. "They will pluck the gay new coats o'er the French soldiers heads, and *turn them out of service*," Henry V.

⁵¹ *My better parts are all thrown down.*

Macbeth says,—“For it has cow'd *my better part* of man,” his spirit. We may therefore conclude, that by these terms *spirit and sense* were meant here.—*Caldecott*.

⁵² *Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.*

In other words, a mere wooden image of a man, a lifeless block without a soul, referring to the quintain having frequently been the figure of a man, as in the last specimen (5) in the subjoined plate, taken from Pluvinel, where the young king Louis XIV. is represented as practising with the quintain, the latter being in the shape of a Saracen bearing a shield on his left arm, and brandishing a sabre with his right. The following interesting account of this practice is given by Menestrier, in his treatise of Tournaments,—“La quintaine n'est autre chose qu'un tronc d'arbre ou un pilier contre lequel on va rompre la lance, pour s'accoutumer a atteindre l'ennemi par des coups mesurez. Nous l'appellons *la course au faquin* parcequ'on se sert souvant d'un faquin, ou d'un portefaix, armé de toutes pieces; contre lequel on court. Les Italiens la nomment *la course à l'homme armé et le Sarrasin*, parce qu'ils transfigurent ce faquin en Turc, en More, ou en Sarrasin, pour rendre ces courses plus mystérieuses. On se sert ordinairement d'une figure de bois en forme d'homme, plantée sur un pivot, afin qu'elle soit mobile. Elle demeure ferme quand on la frappe au front entre les yeux et sur le nez; qui sont les meilleurs coups: et quand on la frappe ailleurs, elle tourne si rudement, que si le cavalier n'est adroit pour esquiver le coup, elle le frappe d'un sabre de bois ou d'un *sac plein de terre*; ce qui donne à rire aux spectateurs.” To use the words of Todd, the quintain “is an upright post, on the top of which is a cross post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand-bag. The play was, to ride against the broad end with a lance, and pass by, before the sandbag, coming round, should strike the tilter on the back.” He cites *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, 1815, by the Rev. Peter Roberts, who states it to be one of the games at a Welsh wedding,—“The *gwyntyn* (literally the vane), corrupted in English into *quintain*, is an upright post, on the top of which a spar turned freely. At one end of this spar hung a sand-bag, the

other presented a flat side. The rider in passing struck the flat side; and, if not dextrous in passing, was overtaken, and, perhaps, dismounted by the sand-bag, and became a fair object of laughter. I rather think it was not in use amongst the Romans. The name is, I think, decisive of Welsh origin." He adds from Feltham's Sermon on Eccl. ii. 2,—“The highest contentments, that the world can yield, become to me like the country *quintanes*: while we run upon them with a hasty speed, if we post not faster off than we at first came on, the bag of sand strikes us in the neck, and leaves us nothing but the blueness of our wounds to boast on.”

The following interesting account of the quintain is given in Stow's Survey of London, 1603,—“The marching forth of citizens sonnes, and other yong men on horsebacke, with disarmed launces and shieldes, there to practise feates of warre, man agaynst man, hath long since be left of, but in their citie, they have used on horsebacke to runne at a dead marke, called a quinten: for note whereof I reade, that in the yeare of Christ 1253, the 38. of Henrie the third, the youthfull citizens, for an exercise of their activitie, set forth a game to runne at the quinten, and whosoever did best, should have a peacocke, which they had prepared as a prise: certaine of the kings servants, because the Court lay then at Westminster, came as it were in spite of the citizens, to that game, and giving reprochfull names to the Londoners, which for the dignitie of the Citie, and auncient priviledge which they ought to have enjoyed, were called Barons: the said Londoners, not able to beare so to be misused, fell upon the kings servants, and bet them shrewdly, so that upon complaint the king, he fined the Citizens to pay a thousand markes. This exercise of running at the quinten was practised by the youthfull citizens, as well in sommer as in winter, namely, in the feast of Christmase; I have seene a quinten set upon Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendantes on the Lords of merrie Disports have runne, and made great pastime, for he that hit not the brode end of the quinten, was of all men laughed to scorne, and he that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke, with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end. I have also in the sommer season seene some upon the river of Thames rowed in whirries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore end, running one against another, and for the most part, one, or both overthrowne, and well dowked.” To this account there is affixed in the original an engraving of the quintain, copied in the plate (fig. 3).

To the best of my recollection, observes Strutt, Fitzstephen is the first of our writers who speaks of an exercise of this kind, which he tells us was usually practised by the young Londoners upon the water during the Easter holidays. A pole or mast, says he, is fixed in the midst of the Thames, with a shield strongly attached to it; and a boat being previously placed at some distance, is driven swiftly toward it by the force of oars and the violence of the tide, having a young man standing in the prow, who holds a lance in his hand with which he is to strike the shield; and, if he be dexterous enough to break the lance against it and retain his place, his most sanguine wishes are satisfied: on the contrary, if the lance be not broken, he is sure to be thrown into the water, and the vessel goes away without him; but at the same time two other boats are stationed near to the shield, and furnished with many young persons who are in readiness to rescue the champion from danger. It appears to have been a very popular pastime; for the bridge, the wharfs, and the houses near the river, were crowded with people on this occasion, who come, says the author, to see the sports and make themselves merry.

The quintain is mentioned by several writers as an old English rural sport on the occasion of marriages. According to Blount's Glossographia, ed. 1681, p. 535, it is “a game or sport in request at marriages in some parts of this nation,

specially in Shropshire; the manner now corruptly thus, A quintin, buttress, or thick plank of wood is set fast in the ground of the highway where the bride and bridegroom are to pass, and poles are provided with which the young men run a tilt on horse-back; and he, that breaks most poles, and shews most activity, wins the garland," Blount, ed. 1681, p. 535. So Minsheu, in his Diet. 1617: "A *quintaine* or *quintelle*, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dick, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland." So also, Randolph at somewhat a later period,—Poems, 1642:

Foot-ball with us may be with them balloone;
As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;
And those old pastimes relish best with me,
That have least art, and most simplicities.

It is most true: nevertheless, study, learning, horsemanship, running at the *quintane*, and the ring, to fight at barriers and turneament, be true honours of a brave Knight or Courtier.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

As for the sledge, barre, ball, and bace, my wrestling, and my running,
The *quinten*, and a countrie-dance, I list not boast my cunning.

Warner's Albions England.

"For tilt staves to runne at *quyntane*, 5 li. 15s.," Prince Henry's Book of Payments, June, 1609, MS. "Keelpins, tronks, coits, pitching bars, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, feneing, mustring, swimming, wasters, foiles, foot-ball, balown, *quintans*, &c., and many such, which are the common recreations of the country folks," Burton's Anat. of Mel. i. 406.

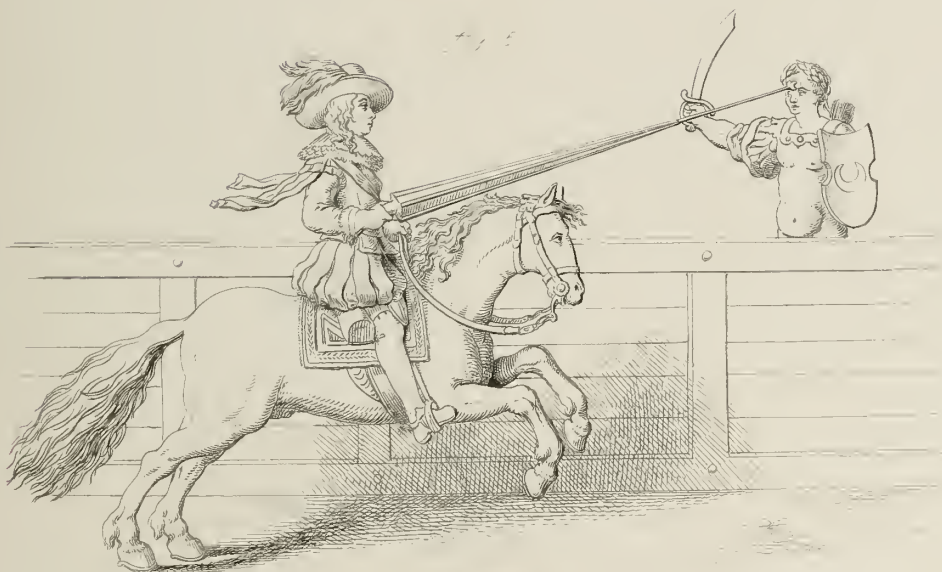
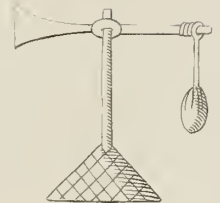
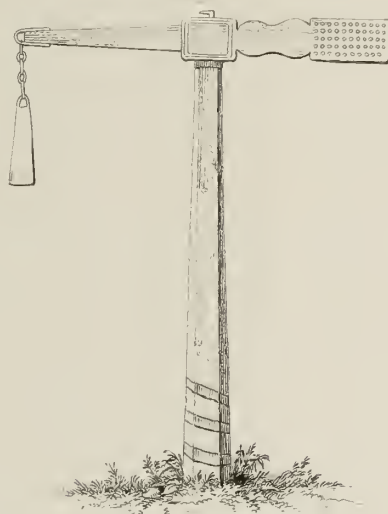
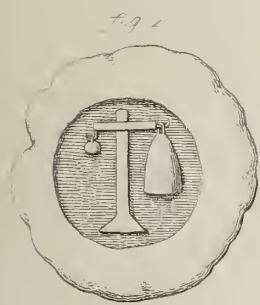
Quintana.—Decursio equestris ludicra, ad metam hominis armati figuram exhibentem ad umbilicium, mobilem et versatilem, sinistra clypeum, dextra ensem aut baculum tenentem: quæ si aliter quam in pectore lancea pereutiatur, statim qui a seopo aberrat baculo repercutientem figuram sentit.—*Ducange*.

At last they agreed to set up a *quinten*, which is a cross-bar turning upon a pole, having a broad board at the one end, and a bag full of sand hanging at the other. Now he that ran at it with his launee, if he hit not the board, which was probably often painted like a figure, was laughed to scorn; and if he hit it full, and rid not the faster, he would have such a blow with the sand-bagg on his back, as would sometimes beat them off their horses.—*The Essex Champion*, ab. 1690.

Whilst dance about the may-pole is begun,
When, if need were, they could at *quintain* run.

Sir P. Sydney's Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.

A quintain (engraved in the subjoined plate, fig. 4), is still preserved at Offham, co. Kent, near the habitation of a family that was obliged under some tenure to support it. The original family has disappeared, but the tenure is still enforced by the Lord of the Manor, the Earl of Thanet, who compelled a recent owner of the property, who had removed it into his barn, to reinstate it on the green. It is not, however, in its original position. The seal, also here engraved (fig. 2), is taken from the well-known quintain deed forged by Ireland; but the seal itself is unquestionably genuine, and is stated in the Confessions, 1805, p. 53, to have been cut off from an ancient deed found in the chambers of the elder Ireland. The curious specimen of the water-quintain at the top of the plate is copied from the illuminated Roman d'Alexandre of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian Library. In this instance, the quintain consists of a square board. On the right is seen a person in the water blowing a trumpet as a



ANCIENT SPECIMENS OF THE QUINTAIN.

signal for the starting of the boat, while near the quintain is observed a figure, partially undressed, ready for the rescue of any practiser at the amusement who failed to break his lance, or perhaps here to turn the board, and was thrown into the water.

⁵³ *Yet such is now the duke's condition.*

The word *condition* means *character, temper, disposition*. So, Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best-condition'd man*.—*Johnson*.

They woorke theyr nette so finely, that it cannot so soone bee perceived, and pitcheth it more covertly, applyng it aptely to *theyr maisters condicions*, so that it shall be almost impossible for hym to escape, but that in one meishe or other he shall be tangled.—*The Image of Governance, translated by Sir Thomas Elyote, 1549.*

⁵⁴ *He misconsters all.*

Misconster, the genuine archaic form of *misconstrue*, and should not be altered. Mr. Knight has restored it in Henry VI., but it has escaped his notice in the present instance. It is a matter of great difficulty to be uniform in these minute readings.

⁵⁵ *The duke is humorous.*

Humorous, capricious. It is sometimes used in the sense of *fantastic*, the meaning given to the word by Minsheu, or, perhaps, *peevish, wayward*, as Coles has it, translating it by *morosus*. Cotgrave has, "*Avertineux, moodie, humorous;*" and again,—"*Avoir le cerveau un peu gaillard, to be humorous, toyish, fantastical, new-fangled.*"

⁵⁶ *Than I to speak of.*

Rowe, and most modern editors, altered *I* to *me*, but the original text is in accordance with the grammatical phraseology of the time; and, indeed, the interchange of these pronouns is still idiomatic, in certain cases, in familiar conversation.

⁵⁷ *That here were at the wrestling.*

Here *was*, old eds. The alteration is made in following the rule here adopted with respect to singulars and plurals, the verb referring to *the two*.

⁵⁸ *But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.*

Although all the early editions concur in reading *taller*, there must have been an error in so giving it; for in the next scene Rosalind describes herself as "more than common tall," and thence assuming the dress of a man, which her friend did not: and in the fourth act, Oliver describes Celia as "low and browner than her brother," who was Rosalind.—*Caldecott*. "Leonato's *short* daughter," *Much Ado about Nothing*. The alteration *shorter* was made by Pope, but Malone suggested *smaller*, on the ground that the latter word is nearer the original text. *Small* is used to express lowness of stature in Greene's James IV.:—"But my *small* son made prettie handsome shift."

⁵⁹ *In a better world than this.*

This is explained by Seymour, in better times. So, in *Coriolanus*,—"There is a world elsewhere," act iii. sc. 3.

⁶⁰ *For my child's father.*

Mr. Knight thinks this, the original reading, indelicate; and so it would be undoubtedly to modern ears. Jokes of this kind were very commonly received in Shakespeare's time, and a worse one is assigned to Beatrice in *Much Ado about*

Nothing, ii. 1. The meaning is clearly,—for my lover, on whom she was meditating, and by whom she hoped for a child; or, as a child is accepted as a token of affection,—for him who has my affection. Rowe unnecessarily altered the expression in the text to,—*my father's child*; but this reading, however ingenious, is at variance with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as thinking intently of her lover, and as constantly referring to him.

⁶¹ *If I could cry 'hem,' and have him.*

If, as I suspect, there is here a quibble between *hem* and *him*, the force, even of Shakespearian quibbling, “can no further go.”

⁶² *By this kind of chase.*

That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense.—*Johnson*.

Alluding, possibly, to the *deer*, quibbling on the word *dearly*. Mrs. Ford tells Falstaff, “I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you *my deer*;” and Malone has preserved some verses, supposed to have been written by Shakespeare on sir Thomas Lucy, in which the same quibble occurs.

⁶³ *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well.*

Theobald proposed to alter *not* to *hate*, but the sentence is to be understood by reference to that which had preceded, i. e. upon a principle stated by yourself; “because my father hated his father, does he not well deserve by me *to be hated*?” while Rosalind, taking the words simply, and without any reference, replies, “Let me love him for that;” that is, for that *he well deserves*.—*Caldecott*.

Celia answers Rosalind, who had desired her, “*not to hate* Orlando, for her sake,” as if she had said—“*love* him, for my sake:” to which the former replies, “Why should I *not*,” i. e., love him? So, in the following passage, in King Henry VIII:

—————Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?

Uncontemn'd must be understood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends.—*Malone*.

⁶⁴ *Dispatch you with your safest haste.*

The reading of the Perkins MS., *fastest haste*, is inconsistent with the time allowed for Rosalind's departure. Surely, the original form of words, “Dispatch you with your *safest haste*;” that is, with as much haste as is consistent with your personal safety, is a much more dignified and polished address from the duke to a *lady*, and at the same time more poetical!—*Anon*.

⁶⁵ *And your own remorse.*

Remorse is here used in the sense of, pity, compassion. Numerous instances of its use in that signification occur in old plays.

⁶⁶ *Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together.*

Youthful friendship is described in nearly the same terms in a book published the year in which this play first appeared in print:—“They ever went together, *plaid* together, *cate* together, and usually *slept* together, out of the great love that

was between them," Life of Guzman de Alfarache, 1623, p. i. b. i. c. viii. p. 75.—*Reed.*

⁶⁷ *And seem more virtuous.*

Shine, for *seem*, which was the ancient reading, is an alteration of Warburton's; but, if the former word mean any thing in this place more than the latter, it must be that Celia would not only seem, but in truth and reality be more virtuous by the absence of Rosalind, which is palpably absurd.—*Heath.*

This passage did not require a note; but we have here one by Dr. Johnson that misleads us. Frederick does not mean merely to tell his daughter that she would be more noted when alone, but when a more accomplished and popular companion, or, as he hints, rival, was removed.—*Pye.*

⁶⁸ *No hath not.*

A singular idiom, found also in other plays, which perhaps would be better understood by the modern reader if printed, *no "hath not."*

⁶⁹ *Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one.*

Am one, old eds., altered in unison with the plan here adopted of correcting the singulars and plurals. The correction was made by Theobald, who also proposed to alter *thee* to *me*, but, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?"*

The inexpressible sweetness of the sentiment contain'd in this line, and that before it, is lost by the old reading, *thee*; which were alone sufficient to justify the corrector, and those who have follow'd him in his change, the two latter moderns. But are there not some other corruptions behind, in the line that is quoted? The freedom us'd with grammar in *am*, has, perhaps, a reason for't; the diction, it will be said, is more forcible in that than in *are*. But is either diction or pathos improv'd, by the transition from Rosalind in the third person in one line to Rosalind in the second in this? if they are not, *thou* should give place to *she*, as *thee* has to *me*.—*Capell.*

⁷⁰ *Do not seek to take your change upon you.*

That is, observes Malone, to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* upon yourself, without any aid or participation. *Charge*, ed. 1632. Mr. Singer proposes to alter *your change*, to *the charge*.

⁷¹ *For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale.*

This passage may be interpreted either "by this heaven, or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings:" or, "for, by this heaven, now we have reached, now we are at the *utmost verge or point*, in this extremity or crisis of our fate," &c., for such it was, as this word is used in the Winter's Tale—"For the red blood reigns in the winter's *pale*."—*Caldecott.*

⁷² *And with a kind of umber smirch my face.*

Umbur is a species of ochre, formerly brought from *Umbria*. It contains a large proportion of oxide of iron, on which its colour depends. "He umbers her face" is a stage-direction in an old MS. play at Dulwich College entitled the Tell-Tale.

Gipsies, but no tann'd ones, no red-oker rascalls *umberd* with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen, lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh free-booters; no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies.—*The Spanish Gipsie.*

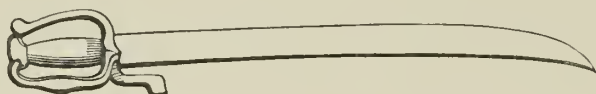
To *smirch*, to smear, obscure, blacken, daub, dirty, or stain. Still in use in Herefordshire. "Shall I then smirch my face like a chimney-sweeper, and wear the rest of his smokyness," Chapman's *May Day*.

⁷³ *Because that I am more than common tall.*

Tush, quoth Rosalynd, art thou a woman, and hast not a sodcine shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou scest, am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon.—*Lodge's Rosalynde*.

⁷⁴ *A gallant curtlee-ax upon my thigh.*

"*Coutelas*, a *cuttelas*, *courtelas*, or short sword for a man at armes," Cotgrave. Taylor, the Water-Poet, in his *Workes*, 1630, speaks of a *curtoll-knife*, so that



the expression *curtlee* was perhaps applied to any short sharp weapon. The annexed engraving represents a curtlee-axe of the early part of the reign of Henry VI., selected by

Mr. Fairholt from the Meyrick collection. Meyrick conjectures, without very great probability in favour of his opinion, that the name was derived from its power of cutting, like an axe, on one side only.

⁷⁵ *A boar-spear in my hand.*

The following observations on this passage were kindly communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt:—

"The boar-spear of the time of Henry VIII. is here engraved from a specimen preserved in the Meyrick collection of arms at Goodrich Court. The shaft is about twice the length of the portion engraved, and ends in a large knob. The



blade is very broad and strong, a peculiarity still observable in modern German boar-spears. The older form of this weapon is characterized by a cross-bar inserted immediately below the blade, to prevent its passing through the body of the animal. The curious woodcuts in the *Triumphs of Maximilian I.*, executed in the early part of the sixteenth century, exhibit both sword and spear of the boar-hunters protected by such guards. It is, however, a custom of profound antiquity; thus the *venabulum* or hunting spear of the Romans, though sometimes it had a simple lozenge-shaped head, was frequently provided with the *mora* or bar. Unlike the ordinary spear, it appears to have seldom been thrown, but the rush made by the animal on the hunter was met by a direct opposition of the weapon on his part, if on foot; and if on horseback, the spear was sloped toward the animal. All these peculiarities characterized the hunting scenes of the middle ages, and will be recognised in the curious engraving below, copied from an ivory comb of the fifteenth century, in the collection of Lord Londesborough. It

represents a boar-hunt in a forest; the animals being roused by a mounted horseman, who winds his horn, and urges on his dogs, consisting of the hound and old English talbot; while his huntsman, with his halbard directs the boar toward the



spearman, who awaits his rush on one knee, directing the spear toward the animal's shoulder. The bar below the blade is in this instance curved downward, and gives the head of the spear the appearance of the heraldic *steur-de-lys*."

⁷⁶ *A swashing and a martial outside.*

Swashing, noisy, blustering. "To swash, or to make a noise with swordes against tergats," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.*, the Boy says—"As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph.—*Steevens*.

"*Swashing* abbottes, which will be called and regarded as princes, and kepe a state, as if they were lordes," *Antichrist*. 12mo. 1550, p. 147. "What a quarrelling *swash-buckler*, Mars?," Melton's *Figure Caster*, 4to. 1620, p. 15.—*Caldecott*. So "roaring city swashes," that is, roaring blades, swaggerers, are mentioned in the mock translation of Ovid, 1677.

⁷⁷ *As many other mannish cowards have.*

Mannish, manly, like a man. The word, in this sense, is not very common. An instance of it occurs in Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540.

⁷⁸ *Now go we in content.*

The old copy reads—Now go *in we* content. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our author might have used *content* as an adjective.—*Malone*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior,¹ AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam:²
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,³
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,⁴
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;⁵
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,⁶
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.⁷

Ami. I would not change it.⁸ Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me,⁹ the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,¹⁰—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads¹¹
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melaneholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,¹²
 Much marked of the melaneholy Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;¹³
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much."¹⁴ Then being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;¹⁵
 "'T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
 The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;¹⁶
 'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of country, city, court,¹⁷
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,¹⁸
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

1 Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight.¹⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roinish clown,²⁰ at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ;²¹ fetch that gallant hither ;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I 'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;²²
And let not search and inquisition quail²³
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master!—O, my gentle master!
 O, my sweet master, O you memory²⁴
 Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny priser²⁵ of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off:
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place,²⁶ this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or, with a base and boist'rous sword,²⁷ enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.²⁸

Adam. But do not so : I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,²⁹
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,³⁰
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant ;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,³¹
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.³² Let me go with you ;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,³³
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having :³⁴ it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways, we 'll go along together :
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years³⁵ till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :³⁶
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits!³⁷

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:³⁸ yet I should bear no cross,³⁹ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:⁴⁰
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,⁴¹
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd :

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exit* SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,⁴²
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile :⁴³ and I remember the kissing of her batler,⁴⁴ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milk'd : and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her ;⁴⁵ from whom I took two cods,⁴⁶ and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears,⁴⁷ "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.⁴⁸

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove ! Jove ! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food ;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Hollo ; you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ; he 's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,

And little wreaks⁴⁹ to find the way to heaven,
 By doing deeds of hospitality:⁵⁰
 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,⁵¹
 Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice⁵² most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
 That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me; if you like, upon report,
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be,⁵³
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Am. Under the greenwood tree,⁵⁴
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note⁵⁵
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck
 melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.⁵⁶ More! I
 prithee, more!

Ami. My voice is ragged;⁵⁷ I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza ; Call you them stanzas ?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ;⁵⁸ and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I 'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree :⁵⁹—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable⁶⁰ for my company : I think of as many matters as he ; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.⁶¹ Come, warble ; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*]
 And loves to live i' the sun,⁶²
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I 'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdamé, ducdamé, ducdamé ;⁶³
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.

Ami. What 's that ducdamé ?

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.⁶⁴

Ami. And I 'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Forest.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.⁶⁵ Farewell, kind master!

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth⁶⁶ forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable;⁶⁷ hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,⁶⁸ grows musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!⁶⁹—

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
 Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
 Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune :⁷⁰
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,⁷¹
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, “ It is ten o'clock :
 Thus we may see,” quoth he, “ how the world wags :
 'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
 And after one hour more, 't will be eleven ;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
 And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.⁷²

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit⁷³
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation,⁷⁴ the which he vents
 In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit :⁷⁵
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
 The why is plain as way to parish church :
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth, very foolishly, although he smart,

Seem senseless of the bob :⁷⁶ if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.⁷⁷
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If it will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fic on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,⁷⁸ would I do but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;⁷⁹
 And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,⁸⁰
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party ?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the weary very means do ebb ?⁸¹
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost,⁸²
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
 There then ; How then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
 Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,⁸³
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress ;
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,⁸⁴
And know some nurture.⁸⁵ But, forbear, I say :
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered !

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,⁸⁶
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;⁸⁷
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,—
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command⁸⁸ what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,⁸⁹
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,⁹⁰ age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye : and be bless'd for your good comfort ! [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.⁹¹

Jaq. All the world's a stage,⁹²
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,⁹³ —
His acts being seven ages.⁹⁴ At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,⁹⁵
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school :⁹⁶ and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace,⁹⁷ with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,⁹⁸
Seeking the bubble Reputation⁹⁹
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,¹⁰⁰
Full of wise saws and modern instances,¹⁰¹ —
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;¹⁰²
With spectacles on nose,¹⁰³ and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.¹⁰⁴

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome ; Set down your venerable burthen,¹⁰⁵
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.



Est hominis status in flore significatus
 Sicut levitatis quis esset et vnde neq̄ ues
 Sicut triax̄ vere que faciūt me sepe debere
 Secundū timor quia hoc nescio quando

Flos cadit et perit sicut homo cuius erit
 Numquā rēderes sed om̄i tpe flexes
 Et p̄mū durū q̄ scō me moriarū
 Nunc terrā flecto q̄ nescio ū in ereto

AMIENS *sings*.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,¹⁰⁶
 Thou art not so unkind¹⁰⁷
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,¹⁰⁸
 Although thy breath be rude.¹⁰⁹
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:¹¹⁰
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly!

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh,¹¹¹
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,¹¹²
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.¹¹³
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you are the good sir Rowland's son,—
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
 That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt*.

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Enter Duke senior.*

“Throughout all this play, Shakespeare calls his two Dukes, *Duke Senior* and *Duke Junior*,” Capell, p. 56. “This is not so. The younger brother is never once called *Duke Junior*, throughout the play, in any one entry. He is always called simply *Duke*. The other is called *Duke Senior*,” Malone’s MS. note.

² *Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.*

The old copy reads *not*, which Theobald changed into *but*. Though all our critics appear to have coincided in this emendation, yet I still persuade myself that the original reading is right. Theobald is of opinion that the penalty of Adam expressed by the poet was “the being sensible of the difference of the seasons.” I do not think that this is the allusion intended. We plainly see, from the Bible, that the only curse or penalty imposed on Adam, which can have any reference to the condition of a country life, is the toil of cultivating the ground, and acquiring by that labour the means of sustenance. The duke therefore justly consoles himself and his companions with the reflection that *their* banishment into those woods from the *paradise of a Court*, if we may be still permitted to continue the allusion, was not attended with the penalty pronounced on Adam—a life of pain and of labour; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be considered as a philosophical retirement of ease and independence. With respect to the minute inconvenience which they might suffer from the difference of the seasons—the biting frost and the winter’s wind—*these*, he observes, should not be regarded in any other view than as sharp but salutary counsellors, which made them *feel* only for the promotion of their good, and the improvement of their virtue.—*Whiter.*

Wherever the course of thought admits it, Shakespeare is accustomed to continue the form of speaking which he first falls upon; and the sense of this passage, in which he repeats the word *not*, appears to be—“The penalty here, properly speaking, is *not*, or scarce is, physically felt, because the suffering it occasions, sharp as it otherwise might be called, turns so much to account in a moral sense.” The construction of “which, when it blows,” is, “*at* which, or

which blowing." *And* or *for*, instead of *which*, would have given a plain and clear sense; but the same forms and cold terms of reasoning would have clogged the spirited and warm flow of the sentiment, and the recurrence of *and* at the beginning of this line would have offended the ear. The modern editors, following Theobald, for *not*, read *but*: as we conceive, unnecessarily. Still the word *feelingly*, used at the end of this passage in an affirmative sense, after *feel* had been brought forward, coupled with a negative, certainly makes a confusion, if it be not said to favour Theobald's substitution.—*Caldecott*.

Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer, from the penalty of Adam, the season's difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say—.—*Boswell*.

The alteration was made by Theobald, and is not only unnecessary but palpably wrong. The duke's sentiment is as follows:—Here we do not feel the penalty of Adam, the difference of seasons, because the slight physical suffering that it occasions only raises a *smile* and suggests a moral reflection.—*Harness*.

It appears to me impossible to let the word *not* stand in the passage at all without leading to utter inconsequence; whereas, if we substitute the word *yet*, sense and harmony are restored to the whole of the Duke's speech at once, without the necessity of our resorting to ingenious and elaborate speculation and research. The proposed reading, if admitted, will of course nullify Mr. Knight's argument founded on his views of the "seasons' difference" in the time of our first father; the correctness of which, by the way, appears to me to be rather invalidated than otherwise by anything I can find in the opening chapters of Genesis.—*Anon*.

³ *Sweet are the uses of adversity.*

They are distinguished in the *use of adversity*: for this is a proper and peculiar marke of Gods children, to profit by affliction: and therefore wee reade not in all the punishments of the wicked, that one of them said, like David, It is good for mee that I have been afflicted.—*Smith's Sermons*, 1609, p. 87.

⁴ *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous.*

The ancient popular notion of the excessively noxial power of the poison emitted by the toad may be well illustrated by a story, related in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, of two lovers who perished through the apparently harmless action of rubbing their gums with sage, "to the great marvayle of all them that stode by: whereupon the judge, suspecting the cause of their deathes to be in the sage, caused the sayde bedde of sage to be plucked and digged up, and to be burned, least other might have the lyke harme thereby: and at the rootes, or under the sayde sage, there was a great tode founde, which had infected the same sage with his venemous breath." One of the rude woodcuts in *A New Years Gifte to the Pope's Holinesse*, 1579, represents a monk of Swinstead abbey, extracting poison from a toad, with which he poisons King John. The part in which the venom was secreted, according to vulgar opinion, may be learned from the same source:

He takes a tode and beats and prickes it so,
As that same tode, through rigour of the paine,
Casts up his gorge, wherewith the king is slaine.

Shirley, in the *Maides Revenge*, speaks of "an extraction of todes and vipers" as the most virulent poison that could be imagined. The toad is generally considered to be perfectly innocuous, but the recent researches of some French

philosophers appear to have led to the dismissal of any doubt respecting the existence of poison in the skin pustules of this animal. They have even, it is stated, succeeded in eliminating the poisonous principle from the inert matters with which it is associated in the skin pustules, and they found that when thus purified its effects are greatly more intense than before. Like most of the known very strong organic poisons, the active principle of toad venom is alkaline in its character, almost insoluble in water, slightly soluble in ether, and very soluble in alcohol.

⁵ *Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

What that stone which was supposed to come from the head of a toad really was, would be no easy task to determine. Various conjectures have made it the *batrachites*, *chelonites*, *brontia*, *ceraunia*, *glossopetra*, &c. Neither is it certain that the text alludes to a *stone*; for Gesner informs us that in his time, and *in England more particularly*, the common people made superstitious uses of a *real jewel* that always could be found in a toad's head, viz., its *forehead bone*. To obtain this they severed the animal in two parts, and exposed it to be devoured by ants, by which means it presently became a skeleton. The above author carefully distinguishes this bone from the toadstone, and from Pliny's bone. He has likewise with great industry, as on all occasions, collected much that relates to the subject of the toadstone. See his work *De Quadrup. Ovipar.*, p. 65. It must be owned that better naturalists than Shakespeare believed in the common accounts of the toadstone. Batman, in his addition to the article relating to the *botrax* or *rubeta* in Bartholomæus, informs us that "some toads that breed in Italy and about Naples, have in their heads a stone called a *crapo*, of bignes like a big peach, but flat, of colour gray, with a browne spot in the midst *said to be of vertue*. In times past they were much worne, and used in ringes, as the forewarning against venime." Another learned divine who is often very witty, but on this occasion perfectly grave, has told us, that "some report that the toad before her death sucks up, if not prevented with sudden surprisal, the precious stone, as yet but a jelly, in her head, grudging mankind the good thereof."—Fuller's *Church History*, p. 151. In a medical work too we are informed that "in the head of a greate tode there is a stone, which stone being stamp't and geven to the pacyent to drinke in warme wine, maketh him to pise the stone out incontinent," Lloyd's *Treasure of Helth*, pr. by Copland, n. d.—*Douce*.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly; it is available against envenoming." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639,—"in most physicians' heads, there is a kind of *toadstone* bred." Again, in *Adrasta, or the Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

Do not then forget the *stone*
In the *toad*, nor serpent's bone.

Pliny, in the 32nd Book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency, however, is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569, who says that "there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call *Borax* or *Stelon*: it is most commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone."—*Caldecott*.

Lupton, in his *Thousand Notable Things*, tells us of "a rare good way to get

the stone called *crapaudina* out of the toad," which is this:—"put a great or overgrowne toad, first bruised in divers places, into an earthen pot; put the same into an ant's hillocke, and cover the same with earth, which toad at length the ants will eat, so that the bones of the toad and stone will be left in the pot, which Mizaldus and many others, as he saith, hath oft time proved." The same credulous author adds:—"you shall knowe whether the tode-stone, called *crapaudina*, be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a tode, so that he maye see it, and if it be a ryght and true stone, the tode wyll leape towarde it, and make as though he woulde snatch it from you. He envieth so much that man should have that stone. This was credibly tolde Mizaldus for trueth by one of the



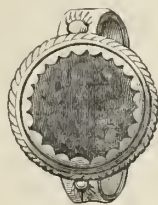
French kings Phisitions, which affyrmed that he dyd see the tryall therof." The annexed rude engraving of a man taking this supposititious stone from the head of a toad is copied from a woodcut in an early edition of the *Ortus Sanitatis* in my possession, an undated one believed to have been printed about the year 1495. "As the foule toade hath a faire stone in his heade; the fine golde is founde in the filthie earth; the sweete kernell lyeth in the harde shell," *Palladis Tamia*, by F. Meres, 1598. Lyly, in his *Euphues*, observes, "the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head."

There be many late writers which doe affirme that there is a precious stone in the head of a toade, whose opinions, because they attribute much to the vertue of this stone, it is good to examine in

this place, that so the reader may be satisfied whether to hold it as a fable or as a true matter, exemplyfying the powerfull working of Almightye God in nature, for there be many that weare these stones in ringes, becing verily perswaded that they keepe them from all manner of grypings and paines of the belly and the small guttes. But the art, as they terme it, is in taking of it out, for they say it must be taken out of the head alive, before the toade be dead, with a peece of cloth of the colour of redde skarlet, where withall they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves as it were in sport upon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it up againe, unlesse it be taken from them through some secrete hole in the said cloth, whereby it falleth into a cesterne or vessell of water, into the which the toade dareth not enter, by reason of the coldnes of the water. These things writeth Massarius. Brasavolus saith that he found such a thing in the head of a toade, but he rather tooke it to be a bone then a stone, the colour wherof was browne, inelyning to blacknes. Some say it is double, namely outwardly a hollow bone, and inwardly a stone contained therein, the vertue whereof is said to breake, prevent, or cure the stone in the bladder. Now how this stone should be there ingendered there are divers opinions also, and they say that stones are ingendered in living creatures two manner of wayes, either through heate, or extreame cold, as in the snaile, pearch, crabbe, Indian tortizes, and toades; so that by extremitie of cold this stone should be gotten. Against this opinion the colour of the stone is objected, which is sometimes white, sometimes browne, or blackish, having a citrine or blew spot in the middle, sometimes all greene, wher-upon is naturally engraven the

figure of a toade: and this stone is sometimes called *borax*, sometimes *crapodina*, and sometimes *nisa*, or *nusa*, and *chelonites*. Others doe make two kindes of these stones, one resembling a great deale of milke mixed with a little blood, so that the white exceedeth the redde, and yet both are apparant and visible: the other all blacke, wherein they say is the picture of a toade, with her legges spread before and behind. And it is further affirmed that, if both these stones be held in ones hand in the presence of poyson, it will burne him. The probation of this stone is by laying of it to a live toade, and if she lift up her head against it, it is good, but if shee run away from it, it is a counterfeyte. Geor. Agricola calleth the greater kind of these stones, *brontia*, and the lesser and smother sort of stones, *ceraunia*, although some contrary this opinion, saying that these stones, *brantia* and *ceraunia*, are bred on the earth by thundering and lightning. Whereas it is said before that the generation of this stone in the toade proceedeth of colde, that is utterly impossible, for it is described to be so solide and firme, as nothing can be more hard, and therefore I cannot assent unto that opinion, for unto hard and solide things is required abundance of heate: and againe, it is unlikely that whatsoever this toade-stone be, that there should be any store of them in the world as are every where visible, if they were to be taken out of the toades alive, and therefore I rather agree with Salveldensis, a Spaniard, who thinketh that it is begotten by a certaine viscous spume, breathed out upon the head of some toade by her fellowes in the Spring-time. This stone is that which in auncient time was called *batrachiles*, and they attribute unto it a vertue besides the former, namely, for the breaking of the stone in the bladder, and against the falling-sicknes. And they further write that it is a discoverer of present poyson, for in the presence of poyson it will change the colour. And this is the substaunce of that which is written about this stone. Now for my part I dare not conclude either with it or against it, for Hermolaus, Massarius, Albertus, Sylvaticus, and others, are directlie for this stone ingendered in the braine or head of the toade: on the other side, Cardan and Gesner confesse such a stone by name and nature, but they make doubt of the generation of it, as others have delivered; and therefore they beeing in sundry opinions, the hearing whereof might confound the reader, I will referre him for his satisfaction unto a toade, which hee may easily every day kill: for although when the toade is dead, the vertue thereof be lost, which consisted in the eye, or blew spot in the middle, yet the substaunce remaineth, and if the stone be found there in substance, then is the question at an end, but if it be not, then must the generation of it be sought for in some other place.—*Topsell's Historie of Serpents*, 1608.

According to the *Mirour of Stones*, there were two kinds of toadstone; "that which is best is rarely found; the other is black or dim, with a cerulean glow, having in the middle the similitude of an eye, and must be taken out while the dead toad was yet panting; and these are better than those which are extracted from it after a long continuance in the ground. They have a wonderful efficacy in poison, for whoever has swallowed poisons let him swallow this, which being down rolls about the bowels, and drives out every poisonous quality that is lodged in the intestines, then passes through the fundament, and is preserved." The toadstone was sometimes worn in a ring as a kind of amulet. Lord Londesborough possesses several toad-stone rings, one of which, of the fifteenth century, composed of silver, has the shell or stone obscurely embossed with the figure of a toad (see engraving). Ben Jonson speaks of a "saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in 't," *Volpone* or the Fox. "Lost a fair toad-stone of



some eighteen shillings," Woman's Prize. Lord Londesborough also possesses a remarkable ring of the fourteenth century, which may be mentioned in connexion with this subject. It is surmounted by the figure of a toad swallowing a serpent, and is supposed to be connected with the old proverb which intimates that a serpent, to become a dragon, must eat a serpent. There is a middle-age story, says Mr. Croker, of one necromancer introducing himself to another professor of magic by showing him a serpent-ring; upon which the latter, who did not desire any one to interfere with his practice, produced his toad-stone ring, observing that the toad might swallow the serpent; thereby intimating that he would destroy him.



Now, as the worst things have some things of stead,
And some toads treasure jewels in their head.

Llewellyn's Men-Miracles with other Poems, 1679.

It has been suggested that the *eye*, which in the toad is so bright and beautiful, was perhaps "the precious jewel" alluded to.

⁶ *Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.*

Thus be my thoughts disperst, thus thinking nurseth a thinking;
Thus both trees, and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancy.

Sir P. Sydney's Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, lib. i.

⁷ *And good in every thing.*

Those daies begot some mal-contents, the principall of whome
A county was, that with a troop of yomandry did rome,
Brave archers and deliver men, since nor before so good,
Those tooke from rich to give the poore, and manned Robin Hood.
He fed them well, and lodg'd them safe in pleasant caves and bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men, what juster life than ours?

Warner's Albions England.

⁸ *I would not change it.*

Upton transposes these words to the end of the preceding speech, assigning for reason that 'tis more in character for the duke to speak them, than Amiens: but the reverse of this is true. Amiens, as a courtier, might make the declaration, being only a mode of assenting to the truth of what his master had spoken; but the duke could not, without impeachment of dignity, of being wanting to himself and his subjects; accordingly, when occasion of *change* presents itself at the end of the play, we see it embrac'd with great readiness. Add to this,—that the following reflection of Amiens, *Happy is your grace, &c.*, would come in too abruptly, were the other words taken away.—*Capell.*

⁹ *And yet it irks me.*

"I yrke, I waxe werye or displeasaunte of a thyng; I yrke me more with his servyce than of anything that ever I dyd in my lyfe," Palsgrave, 1530. "I yrke, I waxe werye by occupyng of my mynde about a thyng that displeaseth me," *ibid.* The word, however, was certainly often used in a stronger sense than in either of these interpretations. "Whom *erketh* not the scoulde (Scylla) with barkin?" Studley's Seneca's Medea, 4to. 1581, p. 127. So "*irk* your ease," Puttenham's Arte of Poesie, 4to. p. 185. "And is irkt that so sweete comedie by such unsuted speech should hindred be," Sir P. Sydney's Astrophel and Stella.

Where yawning ghosts do howle in ghastly wise,
 Where that dull hollow ey'd, that staring syre,
 Yclept Dispaire, hath his sad mansion.
 Him let us finde, and by his counsell we,
 Will end our too much *yrked* misery.

The Returne from Pernassus, 1606.

¹⁰ *Being native burghers of this desert city.*

In Sydney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgesses* of the forest." Again, in the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
 And every where walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood.—*Steevens*.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalinde*, 1592:—"About her wond'ring stood—The *citizens* o' the wood." Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:—"Sweep on, you fat and greasy *citizens*."—*Malone*.

Whereby it fell out that, when the sunne was ascended to his height, and all the nimble citizens of the wood betooke them to their laire, this youthfull lord of the lawnds, all faint and malcontent, as prophecying his neere approaching mishap by his languishing, with a lazie, wallowing pace, strayed aside from the rest of his fellowship.—*Nash's Pierce Penilesse*.

Lodge, in his *Wounds of Civill War*, 1594, speaks of birds as "the frolic citizens of forest."

¹¹ *In their own confines, with forked heads.*

"Came to inhabite in our confines," Noble Stranger, 1640. The forked heads of course allude to those of barbed arrows. "While the broad arrow with the forked head," *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608.

¹² *And thus the hairy fool.*

Fool is here, as in several other places, used as a term of endearment. Harington thus concludes an epigram addressed to his wife,—

Thus then I doe rejoyce in that thou grievest,
 And yet, sweet *foole*, I love thee, thou beleevest.

¹³ *In the needless stream.*

The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Pope.—*Malone*.

¹⁴ *To that which had too much.*

Too must, ed. 1623; *too much*, ed. 1632. Shakespeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:—"in a river—Upon whose weeping margin she was set,—Like usury, applying wet to wet." Again, in *King Henry VI.*—"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,—And give more strength to that which hath too much."—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend.*

The word *friend* of all the old copies was altered by Rowe to *friends*, but, as is observed by Whiter, "the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical." *Abandon'd of* is the old phraseology. "Which lodges and cotages were abandoned of the watchmen and keepers," Newton's *Herbal for the Bible*, 1587, p. 162. *Velvet* was a

common symbolical epithet applied to the rich or great. "That spruce and velvet youth," *Wits Recreations*, 1640.

¹⁶ *You fat and greasy citizens.*

"By other men's losses to enrich and *greaze* themselves,"—Newton's *Lemnie's Touchstone of Complexions*, 1581. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, sheep are called "the citizens of field." See note 10.

¹⁷ *The body of country.*

Most modern readers would prefer the lection of ed. 1632, *the country*, but the original text, here given, is probably the author's own diction.

¹⁸ *And to kill them up.*

The preposition *up* is redundant, not intensative. Few idioms are more common in Elizabethan writers, and numerous instances, were it necessary, might be adduced. See examples in vol. i. p. 273. The particle *up* is unnecessarily altered to *too* in Mr. Quincy's annotated copy of the fourth folio.

¹⁹ *I'll bring you to him straight.*

This speech is given to the first lord in eds. 1623, 1632, and to the second lord in eds. 1663, 1685. Capell assigns it to the first lord, but also gives the speech commencing, "We did, my lord," to Amiens.

²⁰ *The roynish clown.*

Roinish, that is, mangy, scabby, from the Anglo-Norman. In old English, *roinous*, as in Chaucer. Metaphorically, mean, low, base. "The sloven and the careless man, the *roynish* nothing nice," Tusser, p. 289. "Such a *roynish* rannel," Harvey, 1593. Mr. Hunter imagines it to mean *obtrusive, troublesome*, in Shakespeare, on a misinterpretation of a single passage. Parkinson, speaking of plants suitable for borders for flower-beds, says of the germander, that on account of its disposition to spread itself, it must be taken up and new set once in three or four years, "or else it will grow too *roynish* and troublesome." *Roynish* here means *coarse*; and *troublesome* is used in a somewhat peculiar sense.

Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or Maid Marian, yet she was not such a *roynish* rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt, &c.—*Harvey's Pierces Supererogation*, 1593.

²¹ *Send to his brother.*

I believe we should read—*brother's*. For when the Duke says in the following words, "Fetch that gallant hither," he certainly means Orlando.—*M. Mason*.

²² *Do this suddenly.*

Suddenly, soon, immediately. This meaning of the term, which was formerly very prevalent, is not used now in colloquial language. In an advertisement appended to Walker's *Treatise of English Particles*, 1679, we are told that "the Whole Duty of Man, being put into significant Latine for the use of Schools, is now printing, and will *suddainly* be finished."

²³ *Search and inquisition quail.*

Quail, to slacken or relax. "Hunger cureth love, for love *quailleth* when good cheare faileth," *Choise of Change*, 1585, ap. Douce. Cotgrave will lead us to the meaning of it in this place, "*to quaille, fade, faile*," are among the interpretations he gives of the word *alachir*, and *fail* is the sense required by the context of the above passage. So in *Tancred and Gismunda*:—"For as the world wore on and waxed old,—So virtue *quail'd*, and vice began to grow."—*Singer*.

²⁴ *O you memory of old sir Rowland!*

Shakespeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So, in the Humorous Lieutenant,—“I knew then how to seek your *memories*.” Again, in the Atheist’s Tragedy, by C. Tourneur, 1612,—“And with his body place that *memory* of noble Charlemont.” Again, in Byron’s Tragedy,—“That statue will I prize past all the jewels within the cabinet of Beatrice,—The *memory* of my grandame.”—*Steevens*. “Be better suited:—These weeds are *memories* of worser hours,”—*Lear*. “Their fame in stories happened, and so did many like *memories* of menne men,” &c., Pottenham’s Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 35. See Heywood’s Hierarchie of Angels, 1635, p. 170, and Coriol. iv. 5.—*Caldecott*.

For that at Corinth only, their chief temples were set forth and adorned, not with spoiles of the Grecians, nor offerings gotten by spilling the blood of their owne nation and contrie, which, to say truely, are unpleasant *memories*, but with the spoiles taken from the barbarous people their enemies.—*North’s Plutarch*, 1579.

²⁵ *The bonny priser of the humorous duke.*

That is, the gallant prize-fighter of the capricious duke. *Bonny* again occurs in Henry VI; and also in Lodge’s Rosalynde. Warburton, however, thinks that we “should read—*bony* priser; for this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour.” So, Milton:—“Giants of mighty *bone*.” So, in the Romance of Syr Degoré,—“This is a man all for the nones,—For he is a man of *great bones*.”

²⁶ *This is no place.*

That is, no abiding place for you, no place of security for you to remain in. Adam means merely to say that his brother’s house was no fit place for Orlando to repair to. A similar expression occurs in Fletcher’s Mad Lover, where Memnon says, “Why were there not such women in the camp,” &c. To which Eumenes answers,—“T’was no *place*, sir,” meaning that a camp was not a place fit for them.—*M. Mason*.

²⁷ *Or, with a base and boisterous sword.*

The term *boisterous* is similarly applied, to armour, in some lines in Kendall’s Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577,—

Why hast thou, Venus, tell,
God Mars his armour on?
Suche *boisterous* stufte why doest thou put
Thy tender corps uppon?

²⁸ *Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.*

Of a *diverted blood*, that is, affections alienated and turned out of their natural course; as a stream of water is said to be *diverted*. So, in our author’s Lover’s Complaint:—“Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied to the orbéd earth.—” —*Malone*.

To *divert* a water-course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall, in our author’s time, as it is at present. Again in Ray’s Travels: “We rode along the sea coast to Ostend, *diverting* at Nieuport, to refresh ourselves, and get a sight of the town;” that is, leaving our course.—*Reed*.

Now none will speake to us, we thrust ourselves
Into mens companies, and offer speech,
As if not made, for their *diverted* eares.—*Byron’s Tragedy*.

²⁹ *When service should in my old limbs lie lame.*

Here is a fine metaphor, the abstract noun *service* being used instead of the concrete, and yet in the sense of the concrete. It suggests the natural picture of an old servant lying about lame amid the scenes of his former activity; but the correction *be lame* (of the Quincy folio) turns the passage into prose. How natural for a poet to use the metaphor, and for a narrow grammarian to correct him.—*R. G. White.*

³⁰ *Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.*

So all the old copies, but *caters* is altered to *cares* in some editions of the last century. For the Scriptural allusions, see Job, xxxviii. 41; Psalms, lxxxiv. 3, cxlvii. 9; Matthew, x. 29; Luke, xii. 6, 24.

³¹ *Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.*

That is, liquors which inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel against reason. So, in *Othello*:—"For there's a young and sweating devil here,—That commonly *rebels*."—*Malone.*

Perhaps, observes Steevens, he only means liquors that *rebel* against the constitution; inflammatory. "The (Quincy) correction has 'hot and rebellious liquors *to* my blood,' instead of '*in* my blood.' Now we think the poet, not bearing in mind that there was any such thing as grammar, but regarding only the thought, wished to represent the hot and rebellious liquors as commingling with the blood, and thus weakening and corrupting it; but the critic, dwelling more on the *language*, recollected that *apply* should be followed by *to* instead of *in*," *R. G. White.* The use of the particle *in* after the verb *apply* is consistent with the grammatical usages of Shakespeare's period.

³² *Frosty, but kindly.*

Kindly, naturally, suitable to the season. The adverb used for the adjective. "We have spoken of the proprieties of man towchyng those thynges of the whyche man is *kyndely* made," *Glanvilla, Wynkyn de Worde's edition*, vi. 20.

³³ *The constant service of the antique world.*

"This pattern of the worn-out age," Rape of Lucrece. The "constant service," that is, the invariably faithful service. It is proposed in the Perkins MS. to alter *service* to *favour*. In the next line, one critic suggests that the word *service* should be altered to *servants*.

³⁴ *Even with the having.*

That is, observes Dr. Johnson, even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished.

³⁵ *From seventeen years.*

The old copy reads—*seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Rowe.—*Malone.*

³⁶ *It is too late a week.*

The term *week* was often used with an indefinite sense in idiomatic passages like the present. A similar phrase occurs in Heywood's *Workes*, 1577,—“And, amend ye or not, I am to olde a yere.”

——To whose heavenly praise
My soule hath bin devoted many a *weeke*.

Heywood's Great Britaines Troy, 1609, p. 251.

³⁷ *O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits!*

So the old copies. How *weary*,—Theobald. The context, however, and the Clown's reply, added to the comment of Malone, establish the original reading, and render the emendation of Theobald certainly wrong. Does not the reader perceive that the whole humour of the passage consists in the word *merry*, and that Rosalind speaks thus ironically in order to comfort Celia? 'O Jupiter!', says she, 'what *merry* spirits I am in!' To which the clown replies, 'I care not whether my spirits were good or bad, if my legs were not weary.'—'Indeed,' adds Rosalind, 'to speak the truth, tho' I pretend in my *mannish* character to be in *good* spirits, and *not* to be weary, yet I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman: as it becomes me, however, to comfort the weaker vessel, I must assume a quality which I have not:—therefore, *courage*, good Aliena,—bear fatigue as I do, good Aliena.'—*Whiter*.

³⁸ *I had rather bear with you, than bear you.*

This jingle, observes Steevens, is repeated in King Richard III.:—"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me."

³⁹ *Yet I should bear no cross.*

That is, not bear a penny, the ancient English penny, called a cross from its having one impressed upon it. There is a similar play upon the word in Heywood's Epigrammes upon Proverbs, "of making a *crosse*,"—

It will make a *crosse* on this gate, yea *crosse* no;
Thy *crosses* be on thy gates all, in thy purse no.

⁴⁰ *Thou hast not lov'd.*

It is observed by Dr. Johnson that from this speech Suckling perhaps derived the idea of his song commencing, "Honest love, whosoever," the burden of which is,—

Know this,—Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

⁴¹ *Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise.*

Wearing, ed. 1623; *wearying*, ed. 1632. *Weary* is derived from *wear*. "Quoniam," says Junius, "quotidiano usu conteri solent ea, quæ assidue gerimus, hinc Anglis etiamnum, *to wear or waste away*, est tabescere; atque adeo quoque ab hac postrema verbi acceptione, *to weary*, cæpit accipi pro fatigare; quod lassitudo corpora nostra maxime frangat atque ipsos quoque spiritus vitales valde imminuat," Etymol. Anglican. sub voce *Wear*. But the following quotation from Jonson's *Masque of the Gypsies* puts the matter out of dispute:—"Only time and ears out-*wearing*."—*Whiter*.

⁴² *Searching of thy wound.*

They would, ed. 1623; *their wound*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. Rowe reads *thy wound*, and the latter reading is also found in the Dent annotated folio.

⁴³ *For coming anight to Jane Smile.*

Thus the old copy. *Anight* is, *in the night*. The word is used by Chaucer, in the *Legende of Good Women*. Our modern editors read—*o'night's*, or *o'night*.—*Steevens*.

His fader he tolde a swefne
Aniȝt that him mette.—*MS. Bodl.* 652, f. 1.

He's haunted all the day with jealous sprits,
And horrid due benevolence *anights*.

Brome's Northern Lasse, or the Nest of Fools.

⁴⁴ *I remember the kissing of her batler.*

Batler, ed. 1623, or *batlet*, ed. 1632, the instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. Often spelt *batlet*. It is also called a *batling-staff*, or a *batstaff*, and sometimes a *batting-staff*, as in Cotgrave, in v. *Bacule*. Mr. Hartshorne gives *battleton* as the Shropshire form of the same word.

⁴⁵ *I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her.*

Our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, by selecting one growing on the stem, snatching it away quickly, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, then presenting it to the lady of their choice. According to Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, "the efficacy of peascods in the affairs of sweethearts is not yet forgotten among our rustic vulgar. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." Anderson mentions a custom in the north, of a nature somewhat similar. A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village." "Winter-time for shoeing, peas-cod time for wooing," old proverb in MS. Devon Gl. The divination by peascods alluded to by Mr. Davy is thus mentioned by Gay:—

As peascods once I pluck'd I chanced to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.

But perhaps the allusion in Shakespeare is best illustrated by the following passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*,—

The peascod greene oft with no little toyle,
He'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance woove her.

Moll Berry, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, chooses the peascod for the emblem of her love:—

I cannot tell how others' fancies stand,
But I rejoyce sometime to take in hand
The simile of that I love; and I protest,
That pretty peascod likes my humour best.

Whiter asks why should our poet fix upon a *peascod* to be courted by Touchstone for a *woman*? It might be supposed that some ludicrous resemblance was intended; and however remote the likeness may appear, the following proverb will shew that such a notion prevailed:

If women were as little as they are good,
A *peascod* would make them a gowne and a hood.

⁴⁶ *From whom I took two cods.*

For *cods* it would be more like sense to read, *peas*, which, having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers.—*Johnson*. In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles."—*Farmer*.

Peascods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "—went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *pescods*," &c. Again, in the *Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in England's *Helicon*, 1600:—"In *pescod time* when hound to horne gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c. Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Shall feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries."—*Stevens*.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here: "He (Richard II) also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster," Camden's *Remains*, 1614.—Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakespeare used the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious.—*Malone*.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer, by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress.—*Douce*.

⁴⁷ *Said with weeping tears.*

This pleonastic expression is also found in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, but it is of so extremely common occurrence, there is no necessity for presuming it to have been suggested to Shakespeare by its introduction into that novel. Instances of it occur in the *Rescuynge of the Romishe Fox*, 1545; *Hardyng's Chronicle*; the *Victories of Henry the Fifth*; Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*; *Peele's Jests*; *Ballad of Lord Wigmore*, ap. *Evans*, iii. 229; *Yorkshire Anthology*, p. 359; *Ballad of the Old Man and his Wife*.

Gardiner, my sonne, which wyth wepyng teares,
Cut ones awaye the toppes of myne ears,
Hath taken for me of late such payne,
That they are growen and healed agayne.

The Huntyng of the Romyshe Wolf, 1540.

The tygresse that hath dranke the purple bloud,
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men;
Washing her red chaps in the weeping teares
Of widdows, virgins, nurses, sucking babes.—*Aminta*, 1628.

Lamenting loud is made, then close his lims in bed on floore,
They couch with weeping teares, and purple weeds on him they throw.
Virgil's Æneis, translated by *Phaer*, 1600.

⁴⁸ *So is all nature in love mortal in folly.*

This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes advantage to produce one

of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be—so is all nature in love *abounding* in folly.—*Johnson*.

Perhaps it means, *all nature*—even we, the superior intelligences of nature, when in *love*, are equal in folly to the ordinary race of mortals.—*Whiter*.

⁴⁹ *And little wrecks to find the way to heaven.*

Wrecks, old eds., *recks*, modern eds. The meaning is, heeds, cares for. “And *reakes* not his own reade,” Hamlet. The word is written in Spenser as in the text above. “What *wreaked* I of wintrie ages’ waste?,” Shep. Cal. Decemb.—*Caldecott*.

⁵⁰ *By doing deeds of hospitality.*

“Above all things, have fervent charity among yourselves; use hospitality one to another, without grudging,” 1 Peter, iv.

⁵¹ *And bounds of feed.*

The term *bound* seems to be here used in the sense of land terminated by a bound or limit, in other words, an enclosed pasture.

⁵² *And in my voice.*

That is, by my *vote* or wish. Hamlet says, Fortinbras has his “dying *voice*;” and Horatio adds, “whose *voice* will draw on more.” *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome.—*Johnson*.

⁵³ *I will your very faithful feeder be.*

Feeder, one who feeds or provides for another, a caterer, a house-servant. “When all our offices have been oppress’d with riotous feeders,” Timon.

⁵⁴ *Under the greenwood tree.*

Songs of the greenwood tree are of high antiquity in England, and were probably suggested by some medieval ballad or poem of a romantic character, such, for example, as the early metrical tale of Robin Hood preserved in MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, which commences as follows,—

In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song;
To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leffe the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Undur the grenewoode tre.

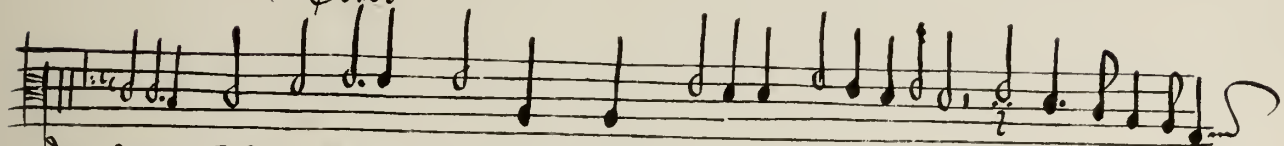
A very curious and early song of the greenwood tree is preserved in MS. Bibl. Reg. Append. 58, in the British Museum, a musical MS. written about the year 1500, the notes being accompanied with the following words,—

My lytelle fole ys gon to play,
Sche wylle tary no longer with me;
He how frisca joly,
Under the gryndwood tre; He how, &c.
My lytelle fole ys fulle of pley,
And prety sportes can welle asay,
Both trym and fett in her aray,
Frisca joly, under the greenwood tre, Frisca joly, &c.

There was, in Shakespeare’s time, a song alluded to in Ane Compendious

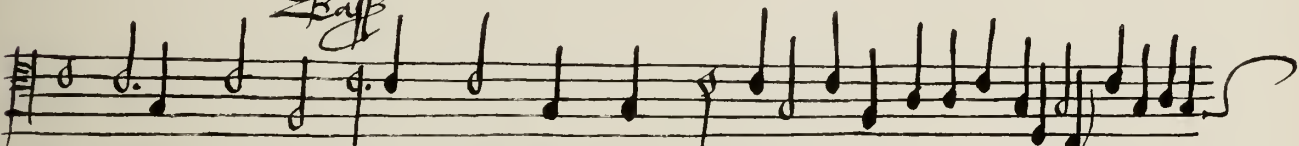
Facsimile of the Music and Words to a very early Song of the Greenwood Tree from the original Manuscript preserved in the British Museum.

Tenor



By tittel folk ye gon to play fags with tary no tong w^t me the gow fiska joly
 vnd the grend wood the the gow fiska joly vnd the grend wood the the gow fiska joly

Bass



By tittel folk ye gon to play the wyll tary no tong w^t me the gow fiska
 joly vnd the grend wood the the gow fiska joly vnd the grend wood the the grend
 folk ye gon to play the wyll tary no tong w^t me the gow fiska joly vnd the
 grend wood the the gow fiska joly vnd the grend wood the the gow

By tittel folk ye gon to play a play spente canyone to a fye tithy tithy folk
 In the dray fiska joly vnder the grend wood the fiska joly vnder the grend wood
 By tittel folk ye gon

Booke of godly and spiritual Songs, 1590, as, "Hay, trim goe trix, under the greenwood tree," which may possibly also have been in the poet's recollection; but the superiority of the beautiful lines in the text will be apparent from the following specimen of the latter production, here taken from Deloney's Second Part of the Gentle Craft, 1598,—

The primerose in the greene forrest,
The violets that be gay;
The duple daysies and the rest,
That trimly deckes the way,
Doth moove the spirits to brave delights,
Where beauties darlings be:
With hey tricksie trim goe tricksie,
Under the greenewood tree.

The tune of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, found in most editions of the Dancing Master, is not, according to Mr. Chappell, that to which the Shakespearian lines were sung; but the tune to a ballad, the Countryman's Delight, preserved in Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, appears to be the original. It may be worth notice that possibly Shakespeare's song was in Bunyan's recollection, when he penned the lines, in the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, which commence,—“Who would true valour see.”

⁵⁵ *And turn his merry note.*

To *turn a tune*, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune.—*Whiter*. Pope reads *tune*. That the old copy was right, observes Mr. Singer, appears from the following line in Hall's Satires, B. vi. S. 1:—“While threadbare Martial *turns* his merry note.” Ben Jonson, in his well-known verses on Shakespeare, speaks of his *well-turned* lines.

⁵⁶ *As a weasel sucks eggs.*

As fast and readily as a weasel sucks eggs. The common weasel (*mustela vulgaris*) sucks an egg through a very small orifice at one end, leaving the shell itself entire; but its chief food consists of rats and mice. “The harne they do is to hens, chickins, and egges, and yet some say they eat the egges, and let the hens alone; they are likewise enimies to geese, and devoure their egges,” Topsell's Historic of Foure-Footed Beastes, 1607, p. 728. According to Lovell's History of Animals, 1661, p. 126, weasels live on mice, moles, serpents, hares, and eggs. Shakespeare again alludes to the weasel sucking eggs in Henry V.

⁵⁷ *My voice is ragged.*

Ragged, that is, broken, and unequal. Rowe and the subsequent editors read, *ragged*. Our author's term is yet used, if I mistake not, among singers. In Cymbeline he speaks of the *snatches* of the voice. Again, in King Henry IV., “Is not your voice *broken*?” Our author has—“Approach—the *ragged*'st hour, that time and spite dare bring,” Henry IV. In the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's Shepherd's Calender, the writer speaks of the rascally route of our “*ragged* rhimers;” and again, in the same work,—“thinking them fittest for the rustical rudeness of shepheards; for that their rough sound would make his rimes more *ragged* and rustical.” Sir Henry Wotton, in his will, mentions his “*ragged* estate.” Again, in our poet's Rape of Lucrece:—“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,—Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.” Again, in Nash's Anatomie of Absurditie, 1589: “—as the foolish painter in Plutarch, having blurred a *ragged* table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke,

wished his boy in any case to drive all live cocks from this his worthless workmanship," &c. So, in Nash's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses, &c. The false gallop of his *ragged* verses, if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses run *hobbling*."

What? should I with harsh language slubber o'er
Exact perfection? shall my *ragged* quill
Injure, &c.—*Heywood's Great Britaine's Troy*, 1609, p. 134.
The rimes, which pleaseth thee, were all in print,
And mine were *ragged*.—*Gascoigne's Poems*, 1575, p. 89.

The above note is chiefly taken from Steevens, Malone, and Caldecott.

⁵⁸ *The encounter of two dog-apes.*

Bartholomæus, speaking of apes, says, "some be called *cenophe*; and be lyke to an *hounde* in the face, and in the body lyke to an *ape*."—Lib. xviii. c. 96. Maplett, in his *Green Forest, or a Natural History*, 1567, says, that according to Isidore, there are five kinds of apes, and that one of these "is not much unlike our dog in figure or shew." It is most probable that Shakespeare and Isidore both mean what naturalists call the dog-faced baboon, the *Simia hamadryas* of Linnæus, the *Cynocephalus hamadryas* of Desmarest. This species has been known nearly three hundred years, and is stated to have been first described by Gesner.—*Fennell*.

⁵⁹ *The duke will drink under this tree.*

It may just be worth notice that the Dent annotated copy of ed. 1663, and Mr. Quincy's corrected copy of ed. 1685, read, *will dine*, a reading also adopted by Pope; but, as Capell observes, "bidding the attendants *cover*, was telling them—the duke intended to *dine* there; *drink* tells them something more,—that he meant too to pass his afternoon there, under the shade of that tree."

⁶⁰ *He is too disputable.*

That is, inclined to dispute. So, afterwards, *comfortable*, used for, inclined to comfort, inclined to be comfortable.

⁶¹ *I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.*

This proverbial phrase also occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 3,—*"Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it."*

⁶² *And loves to live i' the sun.*

Live, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *lye*, ed. 1685. That is, he who makes his pleasures consist in the enjoyment of the sunshine, and simple blessing of the elements. "To live i' the sun, is to labour and 'sweat in the eye of Phœbus,' or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat?" Tollet.

⁶³ *Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.*

The notes of the commentators on this word are by no means satisfactory. Mr. Collier judiciously omits the accent *Ducdame*, for, it being necessarily a trisyllable, owing to the construction of the verse, if any accent were required, we ought to print *Ducdamé*. The mere fact of the word being a trisyllable shows at once the inconsistency of attempting to establish a connexion with the old country song, commencing,—"*Dame*, what makes your *ducks* to die?," on which Whiter and Farmer have so elaborately written, and which Mr. Knight pronounces much more rational than Hanmer's conjecture of *duc ad me*, which is forced and

unnecessary, but perhaps not so improbable as to suppose Jaques was using some country call of a woman to her ducks. Mr. Collier seems correct when he says that Jaques's declaration of its being "a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle" is merely a jeer upon the ignorance of Amiens. The answer of Jaques is playful, not a serious exposition of the word. There is, however, a passage in an uncollated MS. of the Vision of Piers Ploughman, in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that *Ducdamé* is a burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of Jaques. The passage is as follows:—

Thanne sete ther some,
 And *sunge* at the ale,
 And helpen to eryl that half akre
 With *Dusadam-me-me*.—*MS. Rawl. Poet.* 137, f. 6.

To show that this is evidently intended for the burden of a song, we need only compare it with the corresponding passage in the printed edition, in which the words answering to it are, *How, trolly lolly*. The Shaksperian word may also possibly be intended by the contraction, *Dmee! dmee! dmee!*, in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, p. 32. I add the chief notes of the commentators:

An anonymous critic has proposed, *huc ad me*. In the foregoing stanzas it is of no consequence either as to the sense or the metre, whether *dame* be read in its usual way, or whether we pronounce it *damè* with the accent on the last syllable. They are all, however, manifestly addressed to the *dame*, the good housewife of the family, under whose care we may suppose the poultry to be placed; and it may be observed, that the *ducks* are particularly specified on account of the alliteration with *dame*. This beauty is mightily cultivated in effusions of this sort; and, indeed, it is often the only reason for the existence of the composition.—I therefore see no difficulty in the derivation of the word *ducdame*, which has so much embarrassed our commentators. What is more natural, or obvious, than to suppose *Duc Dame* or *Duc Damè* to be the usual cry of the dame to gather her ducks about her; as if she should say, *Ducks come to your Dame*, or *Ducks come to your Damè*? The rhyme requires that we should read it with Dr. Farmer *Ducdamè*, placing the accent on the last syllable. It is common for persons in their addresses to young and helpless animals, either to make diminutives of themselves, or of the animals which they are addressing. The explication here given of this passage is the only one, which at all properly corresponds with the context. 1st, According to this sense, *Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè*, becomes, what Jaques certainly intended it to be, a ridiculous parody on the burden of the former song, *Come hither, Come hither, Come hither*. This effect, I think, will hardly be produced by an indirect and insipid translation of *Come hither* into Latin. 2dly, This sense likewise accounts for the ignorance of Amiens, and the explanation of Jaques. It is no wonder that a courtier should not understand a term derived from the occupation of rustics; and the answer of Jaques plainly points out that the expression was intended for a certain cry to collect together some silly species of animals; "'Tis a Greek invocation," says he, "to call fools into a circle."—If Shakespeare is to be explained, neither the writer nor the reader should become fastidious at the serious discussion of such trifling topics.—*Whiter*.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a Greek invocation." It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, "One for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*." Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:—"An' if he will come to *Ami*," that is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself.—*Farmer*.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an allusion to the burthen of Amien's song—"Come hither, come hither, come hither." That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen roost was robbed, a facetious old squire, who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:—" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?—*duck, duck, duck*.—*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?—*chuck, chuck, chuck*."—*Steevens*.

Mr. Field has suggested that there may be a connexion between the words *ducadame* and *balductum*, the latter of which is sometimes spelt *ducketome*. "Balducketome ballads" are mentioned in Stanyhurst's Virgil; and a "balductum play" in Ulysses upon Ajax, 1596.

⁶⁴ *I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.*

Dr. Johnson says that this is a proverbial expression for high-born persons; but it has not been met with, except in this passage. Perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters.—*Nares*. It is scarcely requisite to observe that the phrase is also Scriptural.

Jaques says *Duc ad me* is a charm; but if it does not make him sleep, he will rail against all the gypsies who use it. For granting it an invocation, as he jeeringly says, the gypsies, the witches and magicians of Shakespeare's days, were the most likely to be the inventors of it, and if it failed of effect, they deserved to be railed at as impostors.—*Pinkerton*.

⁶⁵ *Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:—"—fall upon the ground, as I do now,—Taking the measure of an unmade grave."—*Steevens*.

⁶⁶ *If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage.*

Uncouth, strange, unknown, unproved. Thus Spenser, "That with the *uncouth* smart the monster loudly cryde." And Milton, the constant follower of our poet,—“And through the palpable obscure find out his *uncouth* way.” Milton's expression, "uncouth way," also occurs more than once in Sylvester's translation of *Du Bartas*. "Through many uncouth ways he led me on," Sir T. Overbury's *Vision*, 1616. So Ben Jonson,

———— It is no *uncouth* thing,
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

⁶⁷ *For my sake, be comfortable.*

That is, "be comforted, become susceptible of comfort." We find before, *disputable* for *disputatious*. "His *comfortable* temper has forsook him,"—*Timon*. It is used also in the sense of being ready to dispense comfort, or comforting: as in *Lear*,—"Who I am sure is kind and *comfortable*." See "*comfort* your bed," *Julius Cæsar*.—*Caldecott*.

⁶⁸ *Compact of jars.*

That is, made up of discords. "She's compact merely of blood," Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632. "What's that, compact of earth," Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*. "Shee's all compact of mirth, all meretrix," Taylor's *Workes*, 1630.

For, besides that there is no manner of exercise of the bodie or minde therein, they use great and terrible blasphemings and swearings, wicked brawlings and robbings, robbing and stealing, craft, covetousnesse, and deceyte. Oh! why doe

we call that a play, which is *compact* of covetiousnesse, malice, craft, and deceyte?
—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

No one of these, but one *compact* of all.

Byrd's Songs of Sundrie Natures, 1589.

Even as the body or bulke of a tree is *compact* of many rootes.—*Lambarde's Perambulation*, 1596, p. 288.

For as they are the robes of sinne and shame,
Yet more may be consider'd in the same :
Be they *compact* of silke, or cloth of gold,
Or cloth, or stufes, of which ther's manifold.

Taylor's Workes, 1630.

⁶⁹ *A miserable world!*

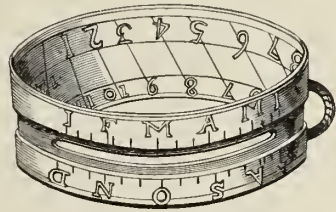
Warburton alters *world* to *varlet*, but, as Dr. Johnson observes, “a *miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life.”

⁷⁰ *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.*

In allusion to the old proverb, fools have fortune. “Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck; it's but equall, Nature having not, that Fortune should do so,” Ray's English Proverbs, 1678, p. 141. *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Upton observes, the saying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:—“*Fortuna, ninium quem fovet, stultum facit.*” So, in the Prologue to the Alchemist: “Fortune, that favours fooles.” Again, in Every Man out of his Humour,—“*Sog.* Why, who am I, sir?—*Mac.* One of those that fortune favours.—*Car.* The periphrasis of a foole.”—*Reed.*

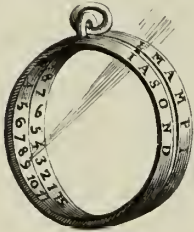
⁷¹ *And then he drew a dial from his poke.*

The term *dial* appears to have been applied, in Shakespeare's time, to anything for measuring time in which the hours were marked, so that the allusion here may be either to a watch, or to a portable journey-ring or small sun-dial. The expression, “it is ten o'clock,” is not decisive, as it may be considered to be used merely in the sense of the hour thus named; but it seems clear, from the following entry in MS. Harl. 4698, that a watch was also sometimes termed a clock,—“First, one armelet or shakell of golde all over fairely garnishedd with rubies and dyamonds, haveing in the closing thearof a *clocke*, and in the foreparte of the same a faire lozengie dyamond without a foyle, hanging thearat a rounde juell fully garnished with dyamondes and a perle pendaunt, weying xj. oz. qrt. dim. and farthing golde weight; in a case of purple vellat all over embroderid with Venise golde, and lyned with greene vellat.—Given by therle of Leycetour,” MS. temp. Elizabeth. On the other hand, Orlando tells Rosalind “there's no clock in the forest,” where he seems to take her mention of a clock in its present sense. It is, therefore, by no means unlikely that the common ring-dial, which has been in use for several centuries up to a comparatively recent period, should be the dial referred to in the text. The annexed early example of one of these dials, usually termed journey-rings, is copied from a specimen in the possession of W. Whincopp, Esq. of Woodbridge, sketched by W. C. Maclean, Esq. Others of a similar character are thus described in Holme's



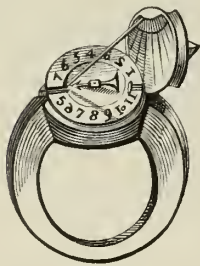
Academy of Armory, 1688,—“ In this square is the shape of two sun-dials, which are generally cast in brass. The first is called an *hoop*, or *circle dial*; it hath the hours of the day made within the hoop, and on the out side the days of the month, and the months, with an eye and ring to hang it by, which are moveable, and will be set to any day of the month, where the hole for the sun to shine through, being placed, the sun will cast a light through it upon the figure, which is the absolute hour of the day. The second is called an *horizontal sun dial*; it is made of brass after the manner in all respects to the aforesaid hoop dial; with this addition to it, of a meridian or horizontal line of brass fixt in the middle of the hoop from one side to the other, in the center whereof is set a moveable needle, like the needle of a mariner’s compass.”

The one engraved above differs slightly in its form, but not in general character, from another thus described by Mr. Stephens,—It is nearly half an inch



broad, and two inches in diameter, obtained from the Swedish island of Gothland, and is of more modern make. It is held by the finger and thumb clasping a small brass ear or handle, to the right of which a slit in the ring extends nearly one-third of the whole length. A small narrow band of brass, about one-fifth of the width, runs along the centre of the ring, and of course covers the slit. The narrow band is movable, and has a hole in one part through which the rays of the sun can fall. On each side of the band, to the right of the handle, letters, which stand for the names of the months, are

inscribed on the ring as follows:—J A S O N D—P N V I I P. *Inside* the ring, opposite to these letters, are the figures for the hours. The small brass band was made movable that the ring-clock might be properly *set by the sun* at stated periods, perhaps once a month. The arrangement of the inside figures varies in different specimens. See another example engraved in *Spiegel der Deugden en Konsten*, Leyd. 1721, plate 57. Ring-dials were manufactured in



large numbers at Sheffield so lately as at the close of the last century, and were commonly used by the lower orders of peasantry as substitutes for watches. Some of them, of superior construction, serving for all latitudes, were furnished with more than one ring. An interesting account of two portable indicators of time, one fitted in a ring, and showing the time, the magnet leading the holder to ascertain the proper position, by means of the shadow cast from a line which opens with the top, the other of the ordinary journey-ring, both here engraved, is given in the treatise of *Petra-Sancta de Symbolis Heroicis*, 1634,—“Alterius funda, secta in partes binas,

intus habeat horarum characteres; et in ejus medio sit caveola, cum acu magnetica. Hæc acus, agmine tremulo et sollicito suum quæret sidus, horam vero indicabit umbra staminis, quod in claustris ostiolo tendetur. Claudetur dein annulus, ut foris in eo etiam gemma fulgeat. Alter annulus ita in se horologium habet, ut subsidio magnetis non egeat; neque enim ei cum sidere alio, quam cum sole, negotium intercedit. Porro describitur hac arte. Primo elementa priora, hinc eorum mensium qui ad solstitium a bruma intercurrunt, nempe Januarii, Februarii, Martii, Aprilis, Maii, et Junii; illinc mensium aliorum, qui ad brumam a solstitio eunt, videlicet Julii, Augusti, Septembris, Octobris, Novembris, et Decembris, describantur ordine suo, supra hemicyclum annuli convexum. In hemicyclo dein concavo e regione sint horarum characteres, et hinc quidem progrediendo 4, 5, 6,

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, illinc autem regrediendo, sed infra ultimam notulam, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Præterea pars convexa fissionem tenuem habeat, eaque ducatur inter mensium utramque seriem. Huic vero circulus alius exilis ac ductilis ita circumponatur, ut in illo etiam sit foramen, quasi ocellus. Tunc si ocellus hic constituetur juxta characterem mensis qui in anno agitur, ex sole adverso radiolum, quasi punctum lucis, per fissionem vibrabit in concavum hemicyclum, quem opacant umbræ-hemicycli convexi; fietque certa horæ significatio." The frontispiece to the present volume represents a viatorium, or pocket sun-dial, an ivory carving of an early period, preserved in the valuable museum of Lord Londesborough. On the top is a small sunken circle for a needle which ascertained the position, and the shadow was obtained by means of a small triangular index. The reverse side probably contained a metal compass.

⁷² *Motley is the only wear.*

That is, a particoloured dress. "A foole in *motley*—in *motley* cotes goes Jacke Oates," Rob. Armin's Nest of Ninnies. There was a species of mercery known by that name. "Polymitus; he that maketh *motley*, polymitarius," Wythals' Little Dict. 1568, fo. 34, b. "Frisadoes, *motleys*, Bristowe frices" are in the number of articles recommended for northern traffic in 1580; Hakluyt's Voyages, 1582. And it was the dress of Chaucer's Marchant:—"A marchant was ther with a forked berd, in *mottelee*." Steevens, who rightly interprets "out of motleys" in B. Jonson's Epigr. 53, to mean "not cloathed in the garb of a fool," thinks the 3rd Satire of Donne,—"*Your only wearing is your grogram,*" might have suggested this turn of phrase.—*Caldecott*. "*Motley* colour, *biguarruge*," Palsgrave, 1530.

⁷³ *Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit.*

And now and then breaks a *dry biscuit* jest:
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.

Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.

⁷⁴ *He hath strange places cramm'd with observation.*

This is whimsically, but not carelessly expressed: his wit is of so strange a kind, that it seems to be extracted from the most obscure recesses of the intellect.—*Seymour*.

⁷⁵ *It is my only suit.*

That is, suit or petition. A similar quibble occurs in the fourth act,—"*not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.*"

⁷⁶ *Seem senseless of the bob.*

The words *not to*, first added at the commencement of this line by Theobald, are generally adopted, but the difficulty is removed by Whiter, who places a comma in the previous line after *doth*, omitting any stop after *foolishly*, with the following explanation,—"*a wise man, whose failings should chance to be well rallied by a simple unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke. Bob and anatomize were the appropriate terms in the attacks of successful wit. So Ben Jonson, in his Cynthia's Revels, "But then you have your passages and imbroglios in courtship, as the bitter bob in wit," &c.—"You give him the reverse stroke with this *sanna* or storks-bill, which makes up your wits *bob* most bitter."* Hence, perhaps, is derived the vulgar phrase to *bear a bob*—to *bear your part* in the rencounters of wit. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Thersites says of Ajax, "I have

bob'd his *brain*, more than he has beat my bones." In another place, *bob* is used in a sense which it has among the vulgar at present, and which is likewise derived from its application to the effect of *wit*: "You shall not *bob* us out of our melody." *Anatomize* occurs every where, and means what we now quaintly express by the phrase *cut up*."

The prodigall at poverty doth seoffe,
Though from his baeke the begger's not farre off.
Here flout with flout, and *bob* with *bob* is quitted,
And proud vain-glorious folly finely fitted.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

There was a *bob* too: Pretty little rogue,
How she doth flout him with her flatteries!

The Wizard, a Play, 1640, MS.

⁷⁷ *Even by the squandering glances of the fool.*

Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool.—*Johnson*.

⁷⁸ *What, for a counter.*

In other words, for a trifle, a counter being a piece of base metal, generally known as a Nuremberg token, used for the purposes of reckoning. See further respecting counters in the notes to the *Winter's Tale*.

⁷⁹ *As sensual as the brutish sting itself.*

Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish sty*.—*Johnson*. I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Fairie Queen*, b. i. c. viii.:—"A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*." Again, b. ii. c. xii.: "As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *sting*, had them enrag'd." Again, in *Othello*: "— our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts."—*Steevens*.

⁸⁰ *The embossed sores, and headed evils.*

Also this noble salve or plaister amongst all other is most cleansing, and well sounding the flesh, that it healeth more in one week then in any other; it will suffer no corruption to be ingendred in man or woman, nor no *evill* flesh to grow; for all these diseases above named, it is the most strange medicine that ever was found: as in experience it hath beene full many times proved and tryed.—*The Pathway to Health*.

⁸¹ *Till that the weary very means do ebb.*

The meaning is,—does not pride flow as stupendously as the sea, until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb. This is the reading of all the old copies, but Pope reads *very very*; Seymour, *very weary*; the Perkins MS., *the very means of wear*; and Mr. Singer, *the wearer's very means*. The original text is perfectly intelligible, and similar transpositions of the adjective are met with in other places. It may be observed, however, that *Rosalind*, in the fourth act, terms herself "your *very very* *Rosalind*."

⁸² *That says, his bravery is not on my cost.*

That is, tells me, the cost of his expensive dress, ill suited to his condition, does not come out of my pocket, but he who in so doing shapes his folly to the fashion, adapts it to the spirit and aim, of my speech.—*Caldecott*.

Zownds, he has been taking an inventorye of my houshold stuffe: all my *bravery* lies about the flour.—*The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

⁸³ *My taxing like a wild goose flies.*

That is, the imputation thrown out is spread into the winds unappropriated or falls to the ground without meeting its object. The verb *tax* in all its inflexions was in current and most general use in the sense of *charge* or *censure*. “Things much more satyricall have passed both the publicke stage and the presse, and never questioned by authority; and there are fewer that will find themselves touched or *taxed*,” Chr. Brooke’s Funerall Poem on Sir Arthure Chichester, 1625. In Edw. Blount’s *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 8vo. 1620, p. 245, we have the *noun* in this sense. “Where the governour is not one man, as in a monarchy, but a great many, as in a commonwealth, there personall *tax* breedeth not so oft publique offence.”—*Caldecott*.

I did you wrong, at least you did suppose,
For *taxing* certaine faults of yours in prose:
But now I have the same in rime reherst,
My error, nay your error, is reverst.

Harington’s Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

⁸⁴ *Yet am I inland bred.*

By no common application of the term, observes Caldecott, used in opposition to *uplandish*; which in our early writers and dictionaries is interpreted, unbred, rude, rustical, clownish: “because,” says Minsheu, “the people that dwell among mountaines are severed from the *civilitie* of cities.” Again, in Puttenham’s *Arte of Poesie*, 1589, fol. 120: “— or finally in any *uplandish* village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustical or uncivill people.” Rosalind, in the next act, speaks of “an inland man.”

⁸⁵ *And know some nurture.*

Nurture is *education, breeding, manners*. So, in Greene’s *Never Too Late*, 1616:—“He shew’d himself as full of *nurture* as of nature.” Again, Baret says in his *Alvearie*, 1580: “It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to salute them that you meete.”—*Steevens*. St. Paul advises the Ephesians, in his Epistle, ch. vi. 4, to bring their children up “in the *nurture* and admonition of the Lord.” There is a rare black-letter educational book by one Seager, entitled, the *School of Vertue and Book of good Nurture*, teaching Children and Youth their Duties, n. d.

⁸⁶ *In this desert inaccessible.*

This expression I find in the *Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: “— and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitarinesse of this *unaccessible desert*.”—*Henderson*.

⁸⁷ *Where bells have knoll’d to church.*

—And what we look’d for then, sir,
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell *knoll*,
And see the grave a-digging, tell.

Beaumont and Fletcher’s Humorous Lieut., ii. 4.

I am assuredly enformed that, as well elsewhere as in London, the very shakinge caused the belles in some steeples to *knoll* a stroake or twaine.—*Twyne’s Discourse concerning Earthquakes*, 1580.

⁸⁸ *And take upon command.*

That is, at your own command, at your pleasure or will. Dr. Johnson unnecessarily proposed to alter *command* to *demand*.

⁸⁹ *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn.*

Like a milch *doe*, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn.—*Venus and Adonis*.

⁹⁰ *Oppress'd with two weak evils.*

The expression *weak evils* is curious. It means, of course, evils that are in themselves weaknesses or causes of weakness.

⁹¹ *Wherein we play in.*

Pope omits *in*, but these kinds of pleonasms are frequent in Shakespeare and contemporary writers. See examples in vol. i. p. 279. Steevens also omits *in*, but adds *why* at the commencement of the next line.

⁹² *All the world's a stage.*

A familiar adage in Shakespeare's time, *totus mundus agit histrionem*, which was the motto over the entrance of the Globe Theatre, or, as in the Greek epigram,—*Σκηνη πας ο βιος και παιγνιον*. The Latin proverb is probably taken from one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere *totus mundus exerceat histrioniam*." The comparison is of constant occurrence in English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts.—*Damon and Pythias*, 1582.

She found the world but a wearisome *stage* to her, where she *played a part* against her will.—*Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia*.

A worldling here, I must hie to my grave;
For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
A borrowde rounge *where we our pageants play*,
A *skaffold* plaine, &c.—*Churchyard's Farewell*, 1593.

In a very rare little volume of Poems, entitled, *Of Love's Complaints, with the Legend of Orpheus and Euridice*, printed in 1597, occur the following lines—

Unhappy man——
Whose life a sad continual tragedie,
Himself the *actor, in the world, the stage*,
While as the acts are measur'd by his age.

Think how this world is your stage, your life an act: the tiring-house, where you bestow'd such care, cost and curiosity, must be shut up when your night approacheth.—*Brathwait's English Gentlewoman*, 1641.

Oldys has preserved a copy of verses contained in a MS. of the seventeenth century, entitled,—Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

Jonson.—If but *stage actors* all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?
Shakspeare.—Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

The comparison is carried out to a great length in an old ballad, *Poor Robin's*

Dream, comonly called Poor Charity, one stanza of which will suffice for an extract,—

But afterwards I did perceive,
 And something more did understand.
 The stage was the world wherein we live,
 And the actors were all mankind.
 And when the play is ended the stage they down do fling,
 When there will be no difference in this thing,
 Between a beggar and a king.

What else is this world but a theatre? Whereas some playe or use the state of artificers and men of base condition and calling, and others do represent the state of kings, dukes, earls, marquises, barons, and others, constituted in dignities. And neverthelesse, when al these have cast of their visards and masking garments, and that death commeth and maketh an end of this bloudie tragedie, then they acknowledge themselves al to be mortal men.—*The Theatre or Rule of the World*, by Peter Boaystuan, Englished by John Alday, 12mo. Lond. 1581.

The world by some, and that not much amisse,
 Unto a theater compared is.

MS. Satires in Canterbury Cathedral, D. x.

⁹³ *And one man in his time plays many parts.*

So lykewyse all this life of mortall man, what is it else but a certain kynde of stage-plaie, whereas men come foorth, disguised one in one arraie, another in another, each playinge his parte, till at last the maker of the plaie or bokebearer causeth them to avoyde the skaffolde, and yet sometyme maketh one man come in two or three times, with sundry partes and apparayle, as who before represented a kynge, beinge clothed all in purpre, havinge no more but shifted hymselfe a little, should shew hymselfe agayne lyke a woobegon myser.—*Erasmus' Praise of Folie*, 1549, ap. R. G. White.

⁹⁴ *His acts being seven ages.*

Ages, old eds., *labours*, ed. 18th cent. Warburton observes that this was “no unusual division of a play before our author’s time,” but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramatic piece antecedent to Shakespeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In *God’s Promises*, 1577, by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found. It should, however, be observed, that the intervals in the Greek tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to seven.—*Steevens*.

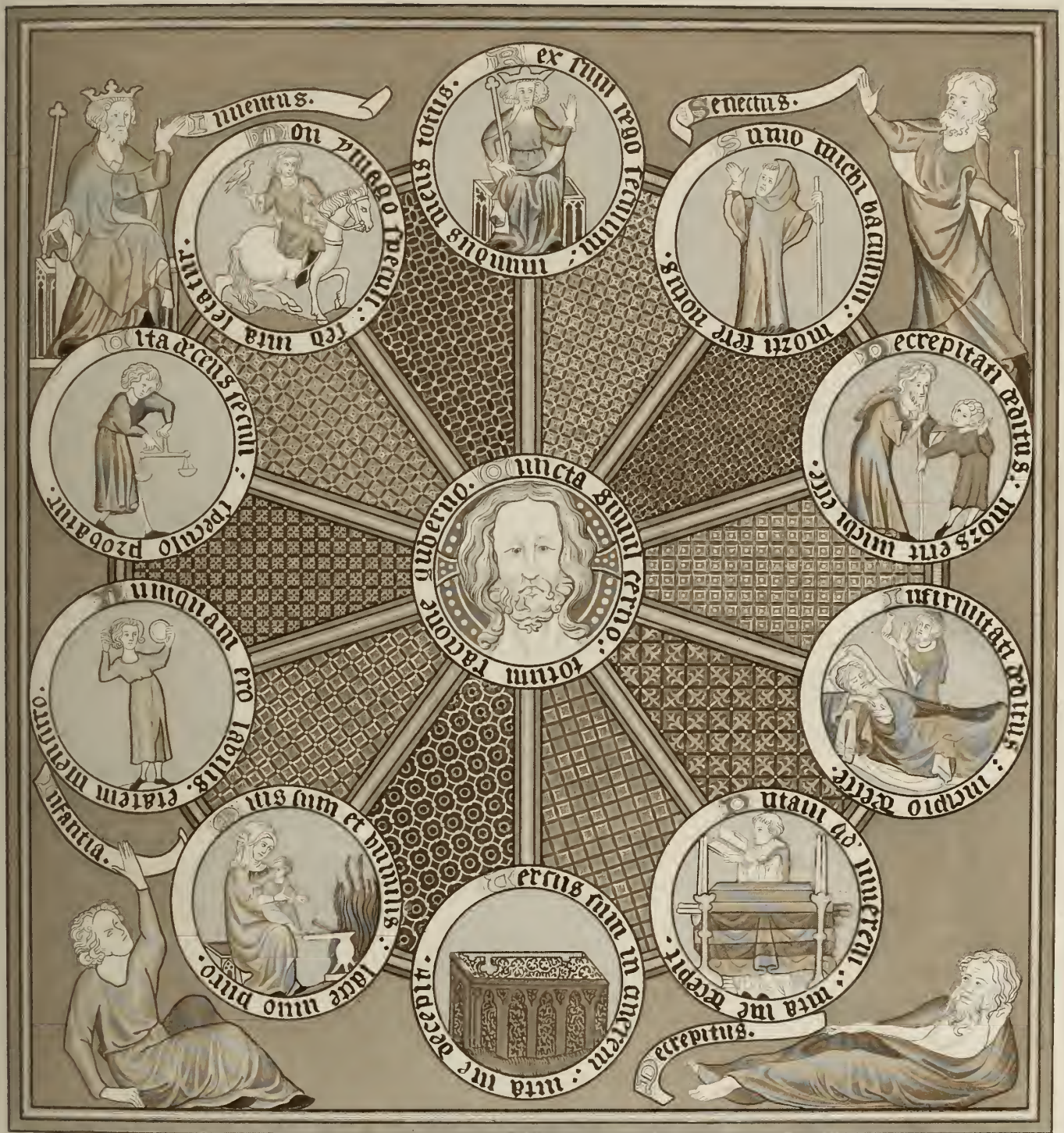
One of Chapman’s plays, *Two Wise Men and All the Rest Fools*, is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatic piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into *several* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *seven* periods. In the *Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into *seven ages*, over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. “The *first age* is called *Infancy*, containing the space of foure yeares.—The *second age* continueth ten yeares, until he attaine to

the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The *third age* consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The *fourth age* paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and forty yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The *fifth age*, named *Mature Manhood*, hath, according to the said authour, fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the *sixt age*, and is called *Old Age*.—The *seaventh* and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, which is more admired than noted in many, you shall evidently perceiue that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe.” Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown’s *Vulgar Errors*, 1686, p. 173. So also in the *Diamant of Devotion*, Cut and Squared into Six Seuerall Points, by Abraham Fleming, 1586,—“Wee are not placed in this world as continuers; for the Scripture saith that we have no abiding citie heere, but as travellers and sojourners, whose custome it is to take up a new inne, and to change their lodging, sometimes here, sometimes there, during the time of their travell. Heere we walke like plaiers uppon a stage, one representing the person of a king, another of a lorde, the third of a plowman, the fourth of an artificer, and so foorth, as the course and order of the enterlude requireth; everie acte whereof beeing plaide, there is no more to doe, but open the gates and dismisse the assemblie. Even so fareth it with us: for what other thing is the compasse of this world, beautified with varietie of creatures, reasonable and unreasonable, but an ample and large theatre, wherein all things are appointed to play their pageants, which when they have done, they die, and their glorie ceaseth.”—*Malone*.

A poem “clepid the sevene ages,” the first title of which is “the mirrour of vices and of vertues,” is preserved in the Thornton MS. of the fifteenth century in Lincoln Cathedral. There can be no doubt but that the expression, and the generic idea of such a division of man’s life, were well known to Shakespeare before he wrote this comedy.

The vij. ages of man living in the world.—The furst age is infancie, and lastith from the byrth unto vij. yere of age. The ij. is childhood, and endurith unto xv. yere age. The iij. age is abholocencye, and endurith unto xxv. yere age. The iiij. age is youthe, and endurith unto xxxv. yere age. The v. age is manhood, and endurith unto l. yere age. The vj. age is elde, and lasteth unto lxx. yere age. The vij. age of man is crepill, and endurith unto dethe.—*Arnold’s Chronicle*.

“We are not yet in possession of sufficient materials,” observes Mr. Winter Jones, “to be able to form a correct opinion as to the period when the Ages of Man first became the subject of pictorial illustration; but the subject must have been popular as early as the twelfth century, and the windows and sculptures of several cathedrals still bear witness to its application, as a moral lesson, under various modifications, even at an earlier period.” In the Arundel MS. 83, a highly interesting example occurs, executed in England in the early part of the fourteenth century, in which the various stages of life are depicted with an artistic merit reflecting great credit on the ancient delineator. At a later period, the subject became a popular one for broadsides and ballads, one of the latter, of the seventeenth century, now before me, entitled, “The Age and Life of Man, Perfectly showing his Beginning of Life, and the progress of his Dayes, from Seaven to Seaventy,” is adorned with the accompanying woodcut, in which there are no less than eleven stages. In the *Orbis Sensualium Pictus*, ed. 1689, p. 45, is a wood-



cut of the Seven Ages of Man, in which the figures are placed on steps one above another from infancy to manhood, and from thence downwards to old age.

There is a penny chap-book of the last century, the text in verse, each page being surmounted by a rude woodcut, entitled,—“The Vanity and Vain Glory of Mortals, or the Pride and Folly of Man, explained in the seven several Stages of



his Life; first, from his birth to ten years of age, and to twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy, which, according to the sayings of the Psalmist, is the full age and measure of man's days: London, Printed in Stone-cutter Street, Fleet-market."

⁹⁵ *With his satchel.*

The school-boy's satchel was generally made of leather. "*Ascopera*, a bagge, a purse, or sachell of lether," Elyot's *Dictionarie*, 1559. "*Folliculus*, a lether satchel or pouch," *Nomenclator*, 1585. The accompanying engraving of school-boys with satchels is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an allegorical picture of learning and its rewards, dated 1589, preserved in the library of Strasburg. "I make a doubt whither I had the same identicall, individually numericall body, when I carried a calf-leather *sachell* to school in Hereford, as when I wear a lamskin hood in Oxford," Howell's *Letters*, 1650.



This done, thy sethell and thy bokes take,
 And to the scole haste see thou make,
 But ere thou go with thy selfe forthynke,
 That thou take with thee pen, paper, and ynke.

The Schoole of Vertue, 1557.

Unto thy place appoynted for to syt
Streight go thou to, and thy setchel unknýt.—*Ibid.*

⁹⁶ *Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.*

Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
Withouten paine: but when the morne doth looke
Out of the casterne gates, a snayle would faster
Glide to the schooles, then they unto their master.—*Browne.*

⁹⁷ *Sighing like furnace.*

So, in *Cymbeline*: “—he *furnaceth* the thick *sighs* from him—.” Shakespeare may possibly have had in his recollection the following lines in the Earl of Surrey’s poem,—Revolving in his mind the ill success of his passion,—

For when in *sighes* I spent the day,
And could not cloak my grief with game,
The *boyling smoke* did still bewray
The persant heat of secret flame.

⁹⁸ *Sudden and quick in quarrel.*

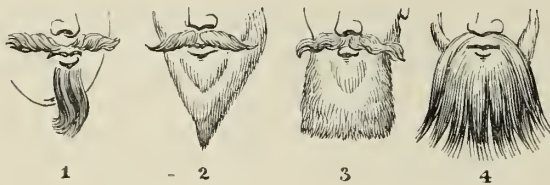
It is generally presumed that *sudden* is here used in the sense of *passionate*. “I grant him sudden, malicious,” *Macbeth*. Accepting it in the common sense of rash or precipitate, the phrase “sudden and quick” may merely be considered as intentionally pleonastic.

⁹⁹ *Seeking the bubble Reputation.*

“If they chance to go into the Netherlands, and perhaps get to be gentleman of a company but of three weeks’ standing, then at their return, among their companions they must be styled by the name of Captain, they must stand upon that airy title and mere nothing called *Reputation*, undertake every quarrel, or become seconds to them that will,” *Peacham’s Truth of our Times*, ap. Hunter.

¹⁰⁰ *And beard of formal cut.*

Beards of different *cut*, observes Malone, were appropriated in our author’s time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the



judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. A few examples here engraved are taken from Mr. Fairholt’s *Songs and Poems on Costume*, 1849, p. 121, thus described by that writer,—“The beard, like the Roman T, mentioned in the following ballad, is exhibited in

our cut—*Fig. 1*, from a portrait of G. Raigersperg, 1649, in Mr. Repton’s book. The Stiletto-beard, as worn by Sir Edward Coke, is seen *fig. 2*. The needle-beard was narrower and more pointed. The soldier’s, or spade beard, *fig. 3*, is from a Dutch portrait, also in Mr. Repton’s book. The stubble, or close-cropped beard of a judge, requires no pictorial illustration. The bishop’s-beard, *fig. 4*, is given from Randle Holme’s *Heraldry*, who calls it ‘the broad, or cathedral beard, because bishops, and grave men of the church, anciently did weare such beards.’ Cranmer, Knox, and others, are seen with them.” Ben Jonson, speaking of the soldier’s face, says,—“the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard.”

¹⁰¹ *Full of wise saws and modern instances.*

Familiar as every line of this celebrated speech is to all ears, it may be doubted

whether most readers are aware that *modern* is here used in the common old sense of, *slight, trivial, foolish, common*. So Ben Jonson, satyriizing Marston, writes,—

Alas! that were no *modern* consequence,
To have cothurnal buskins frighted hence.

The word is used in the same sense by Rosalind at the commencement of the fourth act,—“Betray themselves to every *modern* censure, worse than drunkards.” I remember a very old lady, observes Nares, after whose death, a miscellaneous paper of trifles was found among her property, inscribed by herself, “odd and *modern* things.”

Some critics, including Dr. Johnson, accept the term, in the line in the text, in its present acceptation, “full of wise maxims, and the latest precedents;” an interpretation perhaps scarcely suitable to the justice of peace in Shakespeare’s time. Besides, the terms *wise* and *modern* seem placed in opposition to each other. Heath explains the phrase, “stories of whatever had happened within his own observation and remembrance, which the justice is constantly repeating and applying on every occasion that offers.”

¹⁰² *Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon.*

The only account we have met with of this character, the buffoon in the pantomimes of modern comedy, is pointed out by Todd, from Addison’s Remarks on Italy: “They are four standing characters, which enter into every piece that comes on the stage; the doctor, harlequin, *pantalone*, and Coviello. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.” In the Travels of the Three English Brothers, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord’s house, in which, among other characters, he mentions “a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*.” But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that “*Pantalóne* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in slippers.” In Florio’s Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In the Taming of a Shrew, one of the characters is called an “old *Pantaloone*.” Nash, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592, commending the English theatres, says, “our stage is more stately furnished,—not consisting, like theirs, of a *Pantaloun*, a whore, and a zanie,” &c., but he does not describe the dress of the Pantaloone.—*Malone*.

To omit all the doctors, zawnys, pantaloones, harlakeenes, in which the French, but especially the Italians, have beene excellent.—*Heywood’s Apology for Actors*, 1612.

Thou scurvy squint-eyd brazen-fac’d baboon,
Thou dam’d stigmaticall foule pantaloone,
Thou taverne, alehouse, whorehouse, gig of time,
That for a groat wilt amongst tinkers rime.

The Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.



It is possible that the term may here be applied more generally. Howell, 1660, makes a pantaloone synonymous with a “Venetian magnifico.” In Calot’s

series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy, is one in which the ancient pantaloon is represented as wearing slippers.

¹⁰³ *With spectacles on nose.*

So, in the *Plotte of the Deade Man's Fortune*, a play of the sixteenth century, "Enter the *panteloun* and *pescode* with *spectakles*." See also the curious engraving of a pantaloon copied above from a print by Abraham Bosse, 1633, in the collection of Mr. Fairholt, which represents the performance of an Italian comedy. The pantaloon, observes Mr. Fairholt, "holds in his right hand a pair of spectacles, made to rest on the nose, where they hold by pressure, being without side bars; it is the earliest form assumed by these articles. In the original print, the large pouch at his girdle is being clandestinely emptied by Scaramouch."

¹⁰⁴ *Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

The French word *sans*, often spelt *sance*, was very common in English in Shakespeare's time, but the present line may possibly have been suggested by the following description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurs in Garnier's poem called the *Henriarde*, 1594,—

Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,
Meurtri de toutes parts.

Something similar also occurs in Montaigne. See Florio's translation, ed. 1603, p. 306,—“As the soules of the gods, sanse tongues, sanse eyes, and sanse eares, have each one in themselves a feeling of that which the other feele.”

¹⁰⁵ *Set down your venerable burden.*

Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*? xiii. 125: —“*Patremque fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros.*” Golding, 1587, translates it thus: —“Upon his backe, his aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe.*”—*Johnson and Steevens.*

¹⁰⁶ *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*

Perhaps the remote original of this song may be found in one written about A.D. 1300, preserved in MS. Harl. 2253, and beginning—

Blow, northerne wynd,
Sent thou me my suetyng;
Blow, northerne wynd,—Blou, blou, blou!

¹⁰⁷ *Thou art not so unkind.*

Unkind, that is, unnatural, contrary to *kind*, nature. This is the usual interpretation, but the ordinary meaning of the term makes here a good, perhaps a finer, sense.

It wastes the body and forduſe
Thorue *unkende* outrage use.—*MS. Harl. 2260, f. 141.*

¹⁰⁸ *Because thou art not seen.*

“Thou winter wind, says Amiens, thy rudeness gives the less pain, *as thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult,”—*Johnson.* Warburton reads, *art not sheen*; Hanmer, *thou causest not that teen*; and Farmer, *because the heart's not seen.* There is no reason whatever to alter the original text. The wind is alluded to elsewhere as *viewless*, and *all unseen*, in *Measure for Measure*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, &c. Mr. Harness thus explains it, that *the inclemency of*

the wind was not so severely felt as the ingratitude of man, because the foe is *unseen*, i. e., *unknown*, and the sense of injury is not heightened by the recollection of any former kindness.

¹⁰⁹ *Although thy breath be rude.*

So, in the Lover's Complaint, speaking of Spring,—“when winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”

¹¹⁰ *Sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.*

Songs of the holly were current long before the time of Shakespeare. It was the emblem of mirth. Thus a song in MS. Harl. 5396, of the fifteenth century, commences,—

Holy and hys mery men they dawnsyn and they syng;
Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and they wryng.

A song of the green holly is thus alluded to in Maroccus Extaticus, 1595,—“Byrch and *greene holly*, and thou be beaten, boy, thank thine owne follie; he that will thrust his necke into the yoke, is worthy to be used like a jade.”

¹¹¹ *That dost not bite so nigh.*

Bite, to pierce or wound, to pierce to the quick. The term occurs frequently in this sense in Chaucer and Spenser. The latter, speaking of a sword, says, “Throughout his armure it will kerve and bite.” See Tundale, p. 24; Eglamour, 491.

Ther was no knyfe that wolde hym *byte*.

MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 66.

Gye, wyth hys owne hande,
Defendyd hym with hys axe *bytande*.—*Ibid.* f. 189.

Bot thofe he rade never so faste,
His nobile spere on hym he braste,

It wold nott in hym *bytt*.—*MS. Lincoln*, A. i. 17, f. 141.

¹¹² *Though thou the waters warp.*

It appears also that to *warp* sometimes was used poetically in the sense of to *weave*; from the *warp* which is first prepared in weaving cloth, and forms, as it were, the foundation of the whole texture. Hence Sternhold:—“While he doth mischief *warp*.” And again:—“Why doth thy minde yet still devise, —Such wicked wiles to *warp*.” In both these places a modern poet would write *weave*. Hence, “Though thou the waters *warp*,” may be explained, “though thou weave the waters into a firm texture.”—*Nares*.

Warp signifies to *contract*, and that it is so used without any allusion to the precise physical process which takes place in that contraction? Cold and winter have been always described as *contracting*—heat and summer as *dissolving* or *softening*. The cold is said to *warp the waters*, when it *contracts* them into the solid substance of ice, and suffers them no longer to continue in a *liquid* or *flowing* state. Hence water is said to *stop*—to be *bound*—to *come together*, and one of the words to express *ice* among the Greeks is derived from a verb which signifies to *compress* or *contract*. Every school-boy will immediately call to mind the common-place descriptions of Spring and Winter; in which expressions of this sort perpetually occur—the *solvitur acris hiems*—*Gelu flumina constiterint acuto*, &c.—*Whiter*.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakespeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else physical, or mechanical. To

warp is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakespeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state.—*Johnson*.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonson: "I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And so, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act I.:—"My favour here begins to *warp*." Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon*: "—the icicle that *curdled* by the frost," &c.—*Stevens*.

¹¹³ *As friend remember'd not.*

Malone considers *remember'd* here put for *remembering*, but Whiter objects to this interpretation grounded on the grammatical licenses of the period, observing that if ingratitude consists in one friend not *remembering* another, it surely must consist likewise in one friend not *being* *remember'd* by another. So in the former line, *benefits forgot*—*by* our friend, or our friend *forgetting* benefits, will prove him equally ungrateful.

Caldecott explains it thus,—forgotten; as the case of one friend not remembered by another; as before, "benefits forgot" are obligations overlooked or disregarded by him, who ought to have acknowledged them.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since ?¹ Sir, sir, that cannot be :
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument²
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it ;
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ;³ bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors ;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent⁴ upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently,⁵ and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*
21

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,⁶ survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.⁷
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character ;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree⁸
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁹ she.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends : That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun : That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,¹⁰ or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.¹¹ Wast ever in court, shepherd.

Cor. No truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg,¹² all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners;¹³ if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone, those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!¹⁴ thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate,¹⁵ envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,¹⁶
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.¹⁷

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.¹⁸

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,¹⁹
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses!²⁰ Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe,²¹ and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.²²

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert be?²³
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.²⁴

Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;²⁵
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.²⁶

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.²⁷

Therefore Heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,²⁸
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,²⁹
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.³⁰
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what a tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends;³¹—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder,³² before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:³³ I was

never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,³⁴ which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : Change you colour ?

Ros. I prithee, who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ;³⁵ but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.³⁶

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I pr'y 'thee now, with most petitionary vehemenee, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping !³⁷

Ros. Good my complexion !³⁸ dost thou think, though I am eaparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.³⁹ I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apae: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this eoneeal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine eomes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his ehin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard,⁴⁰ if thou delay me not the knowledge of his ehin.⁴¹

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take moeking ; speak sad brow and true maid.⁴²

Cel. I' faith, eoz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando ?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ?—What did he when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How look'd he ? Wherein went he ?⁴³ What makes he here ?

Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth⁴⁴ first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay, and no, to these particulers, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,⁴⁵ as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree;⁴⁶ when it drops forth such fruit.⁴⁷

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.⁴⁸

Cel. Cry, holla! to the tongue,⁴⁹ I prithee; it eurvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart!⁵⁰

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen:⁵¹ thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:⁵²—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers! Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?⁵³

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁵⁴ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world⁵⁵ but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.⁵⁶

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—*CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a sauey laequy, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a cloek?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there 's no cloek in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a cloek.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,⁵⁷ between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall,⁵⁸ he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.⁵⁹

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.⁶⁰

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.⁶¹

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship⁶² too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women.

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not east away my physie but on those that are siek. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with earving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good eounsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my unele's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which eage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean eheck, which you have not : a blue eye,⁶³ and sunken, which you have not : an unquestionable⁶⁴ spirit, which you have not : a beard neglected, which you have not : (but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard⁶⁵ is a younger brother's revenue :) Then your hose should be un-garter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your aecoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their conseiencs. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and eured is, that the lunaey is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by eounsel.

Orl. Did you ever eure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At

which time would I, being but a moonish⁶⁶ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness;⁶⁷ which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart,⁶⁸ that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; ⁶⁹JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?⁷⁰

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.⁷¹

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited!⁷² worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!⁷³ [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.⁷⁴ Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is : is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry,⁷⁵ may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.⁷⁶

Jaq. A material fool!⁷⁷ [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to east away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.⁷⁸

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone?⁷⁹ No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁸⁰ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill,⁸¹ by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*⁸²

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.⁸³

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What ye call 't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be eover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,⁸⁴ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind⁸⁵ but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—"O sweet Oliver,⁸⁶
 O brave Oliver,
 Leave me not behind thee:"
 But—"Wind away,⁸⁷
 Begone I say,
 I will not to wedding with thee."

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.]

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest. Before a Cottage.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.⁸⁸

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:⁸⁹ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.⁹⁰

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.⁹¹

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana:⁹² a nun of Winter's sisterhood⁹³ kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,⁹⁴ or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite

traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ;⁹⁵ as a puisne tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose :⁹⁶ but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides :—
Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,⁹⁷
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?⁹⁸

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, *at a distance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye ;
'T is pretty sure, and very probable,⁹⁹
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers !

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
 Now counterfeit to swoond ; why, now fall down ;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame !
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some sear of it ; lean upon a rush,¹⁰⁰
 The cicatrice and capable impressure¹⁰¹
 Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes¹⁰²
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me : and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? [*Advancing*] Who might be your
 mother,¹⁰³
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,¹⁰⁴
 Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty,¹⁰⁵
 (As, by my faith,¹⁰⁶ I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed),
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work.¹⁰⁷—O's my little life !
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too :—
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.¹⁰⁸
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'T is such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children :

'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :
 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;
 Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.¹⁰⁹
 So, take her to thee, shepherd ; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fall'n in love with your foulness,¹¹⁰ and she 'll fall
 in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee
 with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why
 look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine :
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—
 Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard ;
 Come, sister : Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud : though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.¹¹¹

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd !¹¹² now I find thy saw of might ;
 “ Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ? ”¹¹³

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
 Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?¹¹⁴

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ;
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love :
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I 'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further reeompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of graee,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A seatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old earlot once was master of.¹¹⁵

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'T is but a peevish boy :¹¹⁶—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he 's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :
He 'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offenee, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ;¹¹⁷ yet for his years he 's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.¹¹⁸
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In pareels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause¹¹⁹ to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd,¹²⁰ scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that 's all one : omittanee is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I 'll write it straight :
The matter 's in my head, and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt*

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Not seen him since.*

See, in the old copies, is altered to *seen* in the Perkins MS. The new reading is plausible, but the reply, as in the original, may possibly be made in answer to some such passage as,—“since when I did not see him.” The alteration is one of the few in the Perkins MS. which are sufficiently probable to be inserted in the text.

² *I should not seek an absent argument.*

An *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book; thence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.—*Johnson*. “Sheath’d their swords for lack of argument,” Henry V.

³ *Seek him with candle.*

It is supposed that this is an allusion to the passage in Saint Luke, xv. 8: “If she lose one piece, doth she not light a *candle*, and *seek* diligently till she find it?” If so, it is, metaphorically, seek him in every corner with the greatest diligence.—*C. Knight*.

⁴ *Make an extent upon his house and lands.*

An extent, says Blount, Law Dictionary, 1691, “sometimes signifies a writ or commission to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ.” “To make an *extent* of lands,” observes Malone, “is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, *extendi facias*, whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c., in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. Let the proper officers estimate his effects at their full value, with all despatch, and turn him adrift.”

She is rig’d most strangely, her ropes and cables are conditions and obligations, her anchors are leases forfeited, her lead and line are mortgages, her maine sayles are interchangeable indentures, and her top-sayles bills and bonds, her small shot

are arrests and actions, her great ordnance are *extents*, out-lawries and executions. —*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁵ *Do this expediently.*

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, signifies—*expeditious*. So, in King John:—"His marches are *expedient* to this town." Again, in King Richard II.:—"Are making hither with all due *expedience*."—*Steevens*.

⁶ *Thrice-crowned queen of night.*

Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:

Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptru, fulgore, sagittis.—*Johnson*.

This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology, but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with those fine racy old poems, Chapman's Hymns to Night and to Cynthia, which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which the following may have been in our poet's mind:

Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
Earth, seas, and hell.—*Hymnus in Cynthia*, 1594.—*Singer*.

⁷ *That my full life doth sway.*

"M. O. A. I. doth sway my life," Twelfth Night. *Full*, entire.

⁸ *Carve on every tree.*

A very common mode, in former times, of expressing deep affection. Gayton, Notes on Don Quixote, 1654, informs us that even the trees in Hyde Park bore marks of this romantic practice. An old love-song mentions the time,—

When you carved my name upon every tree,
And swore you'd be kind to no virgin but me.

Those poore Arcadian shepherds, when they had no other meanes to continue the memory of their actions, or perpetuate their loves, or recommend to posterity their rurall rapsodies, used to indorse their passionate expressions in rindes of trees; which seemes pleasantly shadowed at by the poet:



"In barks of trees shepherds their loves
ingrav'd,
Which in the bole remain'd, when th' rinde
was shav'd.

"So sollicitous were poore swainlins to have the memory of their pastoralls continued, as they used the best meanes they could to have them preserved," Brathwait's Survey of History, 1638. "He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee, and carv'd my name on each green tree," Sawncies Neglect, Jovial Poems, p. 321. The accompanying woodcut of a countryman in the act of thus carving his lover's name on a tree is copied from an engraving in the editor's possession. The practice is alluded to by classical writers.

⁹ *And unexpressive she.*

By a licence, of which we have had already examples in this play, used for *inexpressible*.—"And hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song," Lycidas, v. 176. Milton has again, in his Hymn to the Nativity, v. 116, "*unexpressive* notes;" nor was it uncommon in that day.

——Big with an extasie
Of wonder, had endeavour'd to set forth
The *unexpressive* glorie of thy worth.

Glaphorne's Poems, 4to. 1639, p. 4.—*Caldecott*.

¹⁰ *May complain of good breeding.*

This is elliptical, as Dr. Johnson observes, for "may complain of *the want of* good breeding," adding that the custom of our author's age might authorise this mode of speech; in the last line of the Merchant of Venice, "to fear the keeping" is "to fear the not keeping." Whiter says, it is a mode of speech common to all languages, and cites the Iliad, i. 65. The word *good* has been unnecessarily altered to *gross* and *bad*. In the Sad Shepherd, observes Mr. Singer, Lionel says of Amie,—"*she's sick of the young shepherd that bekist her,*" that is, sick *for* him, or *wanting* him.

¹¹ *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*

That is, with his favourite play upon words, and here certainly characteristic wit, "so far as" reasoning from his observations on nature, in such sort a philosopher; and yet as having been schooled only by nature, so far no better than a fool, a motley fool. 'Tis in the spirit in which Armado calls Costard "the rational hind;" which is rightly interpreted by Steevens, "the reasoning brute, the animal with some share of reason."—*Caldecott*.

¹² *Like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.*

An egg, roasted merely on one side, overdone on that and raw on the other, is bad, condemned, or, as Touchstone says, damn'd. Eggs were usually roasted in wood ashes. A gentleman, who was a member of Winchester College, says,—I well remember, some forty years since, how great was our enjoyment of these delicacies, roasted in the ashes of our wood fires in the college chambers of an evening; and I should marvel if they no longer formed a portion of the viands surreptitiously provided for the Noctes Wiccamicæ, unless modern grates and coal have now taken the place of the spacious hearths and crackling fagots in the time-honoured dormitories above mentioned.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one side*; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated.—*Steevens*.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "all on one side." Shakespeare's similes hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse; not that two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*.—*Malone*.

¹³ *Thou never saw'st good manners.*

A play upon words, *manners* being formerly used for *morals* as well as for habits or deportment. See the notes to the fifth act.

¹⁴ *God make incision in thee! thou art raw.*

I apprehend the meaning is, God give thee a better understanding, thou art very raw and simple as yet. The expression probably alludes to the common proverbial saying concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the simples. Warburton tells us that, 'to make an incision was a proverbial expression in vogue in Shakespeare's age for to make to understand.'—*Heath*.

The opinion that there is a reference to the proverb above mentioned seems to derive support from the commencement of Touchstone's next speech,—“that is another *simple* sin in you.”

¹⁵ *Owe no man hate.*

“Owe no man anything, but to love one another,” Romans, xiii. 8.

¹⁶ *All the pictures, fairest lin'd.*

Linn'd, modern eds. The old copy has *fairest linde*, which is the true reading. The poet means that the most beautiful *lines* or touches exhibited by art are inferior to the natural traits of beauty which belong to Rosalind.—*Whiter*.

¹⁷ *But the fair of Rosalind.*

Fair, beauty, complexion; *face*, Pope. Lodge, in his novel, speaks more than once of the *fair* of Rosalind,—“since for her *faire* there is fairer none,” &c. The eds. 1663 and 1685 read, “But the *most fair* Rosalind.”

¹⁸ *It is the right butter-woman's rank to market.*

Rank, old editions; *rate*, Hanmer; *rant*, Grey; *rant at*, anonymous. The ancient reading *rank* is considered by Capell to be “the *order* observed by such women; travelling all in one road with exact intervals between horse and horse.” This explanation will appear more forcible, if we consider that on account of the badness of the roads in our author's time the women must travel from their villages in the manner which is here described. Something of this sort may be observed at present. Malone remarks that “the following line in Richard the Third may be urged to shew that the familiar image of the butter-woman's *horse* going to market was in our author's thoughts:—But yet I run before my horse to market.” May not the same line be urged in confirmation of Capell's sense, to shew that the image of travellers to market *succeeding* each other was likewise familiar to the thoughts of our author? In short, if *rate* conveys a sense suitable to the occasion, *rank* will certainly be preferable; as it expresses the same thing with an additional idea; and perhaps the very idea in which the chief force of the comparison is placed. “The right butter-women's *rank* to market” means the *jog-trot rate*, as it is vulgarly called, with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market: in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set* or *string* of verses in the same coarse cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhythm.—*Whiter*.

The term *rank* is of constant occurrence in the sense of, range, line, file, order,—in fact to any things following each other. Thus Browne, in the *Britannia's Pastorals*, speaks of trees “circling in a ranke.” The more common meaning is, row. “Range all thy swannes, faire Thames, together on a rancke,” Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593. “There be thirty egges laide in a *rancke*, every one three foote from another,” Hood's *Elements of Arithmeticke* from Urstius, 1596.

Short be the *rank* of pearls circling her tongue,
Whence that same wanton syren oft hath sung.

Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 226.

The *right* butter-woman's rank, &c. So, again, in this play,—“ I answer you *right* painted cloth.” Again, in Golding's Ovid, 1567,—“ the look of it was *right* a maiden's look.”

¹⁹ *If the cat will after kind.*

A common old proverbial phrase, a few references to instances of which will suffice, e. g.,—“ Cat after kinde, saith the proverbe, swete milke wil lap,” Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568; Gascoigne's Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi, p. 278; “ but thou art even kitt after kind,” Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631; Durfey's Richmond Heiress, 1693, p. 7; Vanbrugh's *Æsop*, 1697, p. 34.

What is hatcht by a hen, will scrape like a hen, and cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch, and you are an ill bird so fowly to defile your nest.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

An evill bird layeth an ill egge, the cat will after her kinde, an ill tree cannot bring foorth good fruit, the young cub groweth craftie like the damme.—*The Arraignment of Lewd, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women*, 1617, p. 44.

It is not force, feare, faire words, gifts, nor deeds of due benevolence, can keepe a woman honest, if she bee borne and bred of a skittish mother: for *cat after kind*, shee will follow Nature, doe what you can.—*The Golden Fleece*, 1626.

²⁰ *This is the very false gallop of verses.*

So, in Nash's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 4to. 1593: “ I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet.”—*Malone*.

²¹ *You 'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe.*

Quickest in coming to its perfection. The allusion, says Pye, is to early progress to decay, in which it is proverbially so much earlier than other fruits, that it even precedes its ripeness, and hence your best virtue, he would say, will be no better than premature rottenness.—*Caldecott*.

²² *Let the forest judge.*

Forester, Warburton. No alteration is necessary. Nothing is more usual than to say, the *town* talks, the whole *kingdom* knows of such a thing; and a man's being tried by his *country*.—*Heath*.

²³ *Why should this desert be?*

Silent be is the emendation of Tyrwhitt, and it has received the approbation both of Steevens and Malone. The old copy reads, “ Why should this *desert be?*,” and Pope corrects it, “ Why should this *a desert be.*” But although, says Tyrwhitt, “ the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense is still defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree* make it less a desert?” The old reading, however, I believe, is genuine. Surely the same metaphor has power to *people* woods, which is able to afford them *speech*. Dr. Johnson is on this point correct and perspicuous. “ This desert,” says he, “ shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.”—If the metre should be thought defective, *why* may be taken for one of our poet's dissyllables. Let the reader of taste, who is used to the rhythm of Shakespeare, repeat the line in question with a gentle pause upon *why*, and he will find no reason to reject it for deficiency of metre.—*Whiter*.

²⁴ *That shall civil sayings show.*

Civil sayings, explained by Gifford, "sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life." That great critic, speaking of the word *civil*, says it alludes to the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court: sometimes, indeed, it takes a wider range, and comprises a degree of civilization or moral improvement, as opposed to a state of barbarism, or pure nature.

Sometimes we mark the un noble ladde, that was noosed in the homely country caban or rude *civil* shoppe, attain to that which the onely honourable and gentle do aspire.—*Palace of Pleasure*.

Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.—*Johnson*.

²⁵ *Runs his erring pilgrimage.*

Erring, wandering. This use of the word occurs again in *Hamlet*.

²⁶ *Buckles in his sum of age.*

Buckles, bends. "Ninepences are a little *buckled* to distinguish in their currancie up and downe," MS. Harl. 6395, xvij. cent.

²⁷ *Heaven would in little show.*

The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "painted in *little*." So, in *Hamlet*: "— a hundred ducats a-piece for his *picture in little*."—*Malone and Steevens*.

²⁸ *Helen's cheek, but not her heart.*

This line is misprinted, "Hellens cheecke, but not his heart," in the copy of this song in the 1640 ed. of the *Poems*. In contemplating the portrait of Helen, he is attracted only by those charms which are at once the most distinguished, and at the same time are the least employed in expressing the feelings of the heart. He wishes, therefore, for that rich bloom of beauty which glowed upon her *cheek*, but he rejects those lineaments of her countenance which betrayed the loose inconstancy of her mind—the insidious smile and the wanton brilliancy of her eye. Impressed with the effect, he passes instantly to the cause. He is enamoured with the *better part* of the beauty of *Helen*; but he is shocked at the depravity of that *heart*, which was too manifestly exhibited by the worse. To convince the intelligent reader, that *cheek* is not applied to *beauty in general*, but that it is here used in its appropriate and original sense, we shall produce a very curious passage from one of the *Sonnets*, by which it will appear that the portraits of Helen were distinguished by the consummate beauty which was displayed upon *her cheek*.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's *cheek* all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are *painted* new.—*Whiter*.

²⁹ *Atalanta's better part.*

The expression *better part* is a very common one in works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used in the sense of the soul or mind, or sometimes for the head, the seat of the intellect or soul. Its exact meaning in the present line is somewhat obscure, but it probably refers to the chaste mind of the beautiful *Atalanta*, who is thus mentioned, in company with Helen, by Pliny,—“*Semblably,*

at Lanuvium there remaine yet two pictures of ladie Atalanta and queene Helena, close one to the other, painted naked, by one and the same hand; both of them are for beautie incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one of them (Atalanta) to be a maiden by her modest and chaste countenance," Holland's translation, ed. 1601, ii. 525.

Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts have ventred,
To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart,
And close the way my friendly foe first entred,
Striving thereby to free my *better part*.

Poems added to Sydney's Astrophel and Stella, ed. 1591.

The above lines also occur in Daniel's *Delia* containing Certaine Sonnets, 1592.

With so great care doth shee, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne
That *better parte*, the mansion of your minde.

Sam. Daniel to the Lady Anne Clifford.

Some say for this, Jove, vexed at the heart,
Did hide it long from the world's *better part*.

The Metamorphosis of Tabacco, 1602.

To call thee fair, sweet, loving, and my wife, are but poor attributes; thou art my soul, the *better part*, that governs my best thoughts, and bids me think on heaven, and view thee.—*The Comedy of the Two Merry Milkmaids*.

Or. Shees warme, and soft as lovers language: shee spoke too, pretilie;—Now have I forgot all the danger I was in.—*Sab*. What have you done to day, my *better part*?—*Or*. Kind little Rogue!—I could say the finest things to her mee thinks.—*The Goblins, by Sir J. Suckling*, 1646.

You eas'ly would forgive it, if you knew how much my soull, that better part, was with you.—*The Frolick, or the Lawyer Cheated*, 1671, MS.

³⁰ *To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

The *touches*, that is, features, traits. So, in King Richard III.,—"Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition."—*Steevens*. Again, in the fifth act of the present comedy,—"some lively *touches* of my daughter's favour."

³¹ *How now! back, friends.*

There should be no mark of interrogation after the word *friends*, as in some editions, as *Celia* means only to desire that the Shepherd and Clown should fall back, or retire. Compare *Comus*, 958.—*Seymour*.

³² *I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder.*

It is still a common saying amongst us, that a wonder lasts nine days; seven of which, says *Rosalind*, are over with me, for I have been wondering a long time at some verses that I have found.—*Capell*.

³³ *Look here what I found on a palm-tree.*

The willow was frequently called a palm in writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Bulleyn, in his Booke of Compoundes, 1562, p. 40, speaks of "the kaies or woolly knottes, growing upon sallowes, commonly called *palmes*." Mr. Collier suggests that Shakespeare may possibly have written, *plane-tree*. *Steevens* says a palm-tree in the forest of Arden is out of place, but the word is probably not to be taken in its present usual signification.

³⁴ *Since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*

Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple, in his Essay on Poetry, has the following passage:—"The remainders (he is speaking of the old Runic) are woven into our very language. *Mara*, in old Runic, was a goblin that seized upon men asleep in their beds, and took from them all speech and motion. Old *Nicka* was a sprite that came to strangle people who fell into the water. *Bo* was a fierce Gothick captain, son of Odin, whose name was used by his soldiers when they would fight or surprise their enemies: and the proverb of rhyming rats to death came, I suppose, from the same root."—*Johnson*.

The Irishirs believe that their children and cattel are eybitten when they suddenly fall sick, and call these sort of witches eybiters, and believe that they can rime any man or beast to death.—*Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 4to. Lond. 1584.

Though I will not wish unto you the asses eares of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himselve, nor to be rimed to death, *as is said to be done in Ireland*, yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalfe of al poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an epitaph.—*Sydney's Defence of Poesie*. Dean Swift, in his witty and ironical Advice to a Young Poet, having quoted Sir Philip Sydney, says:—"Our very good friend (the Knight aforesaid), speaking of the force of poetry, mentions rhyming to death, which, adds he, is said to be done in Ireland; and truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power in a great measure continues with us to this day."

Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*
In drumming tunes.—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster*.

Censure. I would rather the courtier had found out some tricke to begge him from his estate!—*Exp*. Or the captaine had courage enough to beat him.—*Cen*. Or the fine madrigall-man, in rime, to have runne him out o' the countrey, like an Irish rat.—*The Staple of Newes*.

He rhyme de grand rats from my house.—*Dr. Dodypoll*, 1600.

My poets shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vineger, rhythme 'em to death, as they *do rats in Ireland*.—*Dem*. Good words.—There 's no resistance to the laws of Fate.—*Randolph's Jealous Lovers*, 1646.

So 'tis long ere she bite at the bait, unless he be rich, and then she nibbles a little to draw him on, else she jears him to death, as they rhyme rats in Ireland, and he dyes a quaker in love at last.—*Flecknoe's Characters*, 1665.

The power of the Irish satirist to rhyme men to death is frequently referred to, and is the subject of various ancient legends. According to Mr. Currie, "the most ancient story of rhyming rats to death in Ireland is found in an historico-romantic tale, entitled, *The Adventures of the Great Company*. The history of the Great Company is this:—On the death of Dallan Forgaill, the chief ollave, or poet of Erinn, about A. D. 600, Senchan Torpest, a distinguished poet of Connacht, was selected to pronounce the defunct bard's funeral oration, and was subsequently elected to his place in the chief ollaveship of the kingdom. Senchan forthwith formed his establishment of bardic officers and of pupils in the art of poetry, &c., on a larger scale than had been known since the revision of the bardic institution at the great meeting of Dromceat, some twenty years previously. As chief poet of Erinn, he was entitled to make his visitation, with his retinue, of any

of the provinces, and to be entertained during pleasure at the court of the provincial kings; and the honour of being so visited was sought for with pride and satisfaction by the kings of Ireland. Senchan having consulted with his people, they decided on giving the distinguished preference of their first visitation to his own provincial king, Guairè the Hospitable, king of Connacht. They were received hospitably and joyfully at the king's palace, at the place now called Gort, in the county of Galway. During the sojourn of Senchan at Gort, his wife Bridget on one occasion sent him from her own table a portion of a certain favourite dish. Senchan was not in his apartment when the servant arrived there; but the dish was left there, and the servant returned to her mistress. On Senchan's return, he found a dish from his wife's table on his own; and, eagerly examining it, he was sadly disappointed at finding that it contained nothing but a few fragments of gnawed bones. Shortly after, the same servant returned for the dish, and Senchan asked what its contents had been. The maid explained it to him, and the angry poet threw an unmistakeable glance of suspicion on her. She, under his glance, at once asserted her own innocence, and stated at the same time, that as no person could have entered the apartment from the time that she left until he returned to it, the dish must have been emptied by *mice*. (*Luch* is the generic name, and is qualified by *mor*, big, as *Luch Mhor*, a big mouse, or a rat.) Senchan believed the girl's account, and vowed that he would make the mice pay for their depredations, and then he composed a metrical satire on them. Of this we have but two and an half quatrains, of which the following is a literal translation:—"Mice, though sharp their snouts,—Are not powerful in battles;—I will bring death on the party—For having eaten Bridget's present.—Small was the present she made us,—Its loss to her was not great,—Let her have payment from us in a poem,—Let her not refuse the poet's gratitude!—You mice, which are in the roof of the house,—Arise all of you, and fall down." And thereupon ten mice fell dead on the floor from the roof of the house, in Senchan's presence. And Senchan said to them,—It was not you that should have been satirized, but the race of cats, and I will satirize them. And Senchan then pronounced a satire, but not a deadly one, on the chief of the cats of Erin, who kept his princely residence in the cave of Knowth, near Slane, in the county of Meath. Various legends of rats being rhymed to death are still current in Ireland. It must be remembered, that the rat satire was always composed in rhyme, and in the most obscure and occult phraseology of the Irish language." An anonymous critic adds that in France, at the present day, similar reliance on the power of rhyme is placed by the peasantry. Most provinces contain some man whose sole occupation is to lure insects and reptiles by song to certain spots where they meet with destruction. The superstition belongs to the same order as that of the serpent-charmers of the East.

³⁵ *It is a hard matter for friends to meet.*

"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet; *mons cum monte non miscbitur; pares cum paribus*; two haughty persons will seldom agree together," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 143. "I'll tell thee why we meet; because we are no mountains," Three Lordes of London, 1590. "Then we two met, which argued that we were no mountains," Lilly's Mother Bombie, 1594.

³⁶ *But mountains may be removed, and so encounter.*

"Montes duo inter se concurrerunt," &c., says Pliny, Hist. Nat. lib. ii. c. lxxxiii., or, in Holland's translation, "Two *hills* (removed by an earthquake) *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."—*Tollet*.

³⁷ *And after that, out of all whooping!*

Literally beyond, or out of all call or stretch of the voice : metaphorically, and as we are to understand it, not to be expressed by any figure of admiration. Steevens likens it to a proverbial phrase in our old writers, "out of cry," out of all measure or reckoning.—*Caldecott*. The latter expression is a very common one. "What meane you, I have beraied myself *out of crie*," Common Condictions, 1576. "And then was shooting *out of crye*," Ballad of Yorke, Yorke, for my Money, 1584. "Oh! mayster, 'tis without all these, and without al crie," Chapman's Blinde Begger of Alexandria, 1598. The phrase also occurs in the following title of a well-known tract,—"*Hay any Work for a Cooper, by Martin, in the modest defence of his selfe and his learned pistles, and makes the cooper's hoops to fly of, and the bishops tubbes to leak out of all crye* ; printed in Europe, not far from some of the bouncing priestes." Other instances may be noticed in the Shoemaker's Holiday ; Northward Hoe, 1607 ; The Puritaine, or the Widow of Watling Streete, 1607 ; Turberville's Poems, p. 381 ; Braithwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 67.

I have made them both beleeve that you love them *out of all cry*, and I beshroe thy hart for that, quoth Richard, for therein thou dost both deceive them, and discredit me.—*Deloney's Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

Misere hanc amat, He loves her *out a crie*, dearely, deeply, as his owne life. He is wonderfull farre in love with this maide.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

And therefore unregarded, being dry,
My muse grew melancholy *out a-cry*.

Pasquils Palinodia, and his Progresse to the Taverne, n. d.

³⁸ *Good my complexion!*

A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty ; in the nature of a small oath.—*Ritson*. And of the same character with what the princess says in Love's Labour's Lost, "Here, *good my glass*." My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this!—*Malone*. Theobald proposes to read, *'odds my complexion* ; and Heath, *Good my coz perplexer*, that is, my perplexing coz. Warburton retains the original text, explaining it,—Hold good my complexion ; let me not blush.

³⁹ *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.*

In other words, is, as referable to the narrow limits of my patience, a range of space, and waste of time, as broad and great as would be traversed and occupied in exploring the whole extent of that vast ocean.—*Caldecott*. The meaning is, says Mr. Collier, that a single "inch" of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South-sea. Every delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South Sea.—*Pye*. Henley says, a *South-sea of discovery* is not a discovery *as far off*, but as *comprehensive* as the South-sea ; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. Pinkerton explains it thus,—one inch of delay more is a South-sea, in which one may sail far and wide without making any discovery. Warburton reads, *off* discovery, that is, *from* discovery,—"*If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the South-sea is.*"

I read thus :—"One inch of delay more is a South-sea. *Discover*, I pr'ythee ; tell me who is it quickly!"—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover I*, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability.—"*Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery.*"—*Johnson*.

The old copy has—*of* discovery; and *of*, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was frequently used instead of *off* in Shakespeare's time: yet the construction of "South-sea *off* discovery" is so harsh, that I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—*a South-sea discovery*. "Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor.—*Malone*.

⁴⁰ *Let me stay the growth of his beard.*

Let me wait for the growth of his beard, if you will tell me who he is.

⁴¹ *If thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.*

That is, if you let me but know who he is, whose face it is, if herein you torment me with no more delays, I am content to wait the growth of his beard.—*Caldecott*.

⁴² *Speak sad brow, and true maid.*

That is, says Ritson,—speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. Benedick says to Claudio—"Speak you this with a sad brow?" Our author has many more of the same cast; as,—*"He smells April and May,"* Merry Wives of Windsor. *"Smells brown bread and garlick,"* Measure for Measure. *"Rain and wind beat dark December,"* Cymbeline. So in Othello, *"Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble?"* In the Lover's Complaint we have—"He *preach'd pure maid*, and prais'd cold chastity."—*Whiter*. So, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida,—*"by my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now."* Again, in Vittoria Corrombona, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612: "It may appear to some ridiculous thus to *talk knave or madman.*"

⁴³ *Wherein went he?*

In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed?—*Heath*.

⁴⁴ *You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth.*

Although there had been no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet it is evident from several notices that a chap-book history of the giant Garagantua, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad, was very popular in this country in the sixteenth century. The "witless devices of Gargantua" are decried among "the vain and lewd books of the age" by Edward Dering, in his Epistle to the reader prefixed to A Brief and Necessary Instruction, 1572. The history of Garagantua formed one of the pieces in the singular library of Captain Cox, so ludicrously described by Laneham, in the Letter from Kenilworth, 1575,—*"King Arthurz book, Huon of Burdeaus, Friar Rous, Howleglass, and Gargantua."* The "monstrous fables of Garagantua" are also enumerated among many other "infortunate treatises" in Hanmer's Eusebius, 1577. In the books of the Stationers' Company for 1592 is found an entry of "Gargantua his Prophecie," and in those for 1594 of "a booke entitled the History of Garagantua." In the same year, 1594, Holland, in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his Holy History of our Lord, speaks of the lives of saints being "the legend of lies rather than lives of saints: not unlike in most places, for method and matter, to the monstrous fables of *Garagantua*, Huon of Bourdeaux, and the like." Meres mentions him as equally hurtful to young minds with the Four Sons of Aymon, and the Seven Champions, and one of the translators of Rabelais seems to be alluded to in Hall's Satires, book ii.

Garagantua is introduced in the curious unique black-letter History of Tom

Thumbe the Little, 12mo. Lond. 1621,—“Tom Thumbe, being cured, rod forth in his coach one day to take the ayre; his coach was made of halfe a walnut-shell, the wheeles were made of foure button-mouldes, and foure blew flesh-flyes drewe it: riding in this maner by the wood side, he chanced to meete the great Garagantua, who was riding also to solace himselfe, his horse being of that great bignesse as is described in the booke of his honourable deedes, and himselfe being in height not inferiour to any steeple. Tom Thumbe, seeing of him, asked what he was? Garagantua answered him that he was the onely wonder of the world, the terror of the people, and the tamer of man and beast. Stay there, said Tom Thumbe, for I am to be wondred at as much as thyselc any waies can bee: for I am not onely feared, but also loved: I cannot onely tame men and beastes, but I also can tame thyselc. Hereat Garagantua fell into such a laughter that the whole earth where hee stood shooke, which made Tom Thumbe in all hast to ride away, and to beate his winged steades into a false gallop. Garagantua, seeing him in this feare, desired him to stay, and they would talke familiarly who was the better man, and could doe the most wonders. Hercto Tom Thumbe consented, and caused his coach to stand, and they began to dispute dialogue maner as followeth. Dwarfe, quoth Garagantua, I can blow downe a steeple with my breath, I can drowne a whole towne with my p...., I can eate more then a hundred, I drinke more then a hundred, I carry more then a hundred, I can kill more then a hundred: all this can I do: now tell what thou canst doe. I can doe more then this, saide Tom Thumbe, for I can creepe into a keyhole, and see what any man or woman doe in their private chambers; there I see things that thou art not worthy to know. I can saile in an egge-shel, which thou canst not: I can eate lesse then a wren, and so save victuals: I can drinke lesse then a sparrow, therefore I am no drunkard: I cannot kill a rat with my strength, and therefore am no murtherer: these qualities of mine are better then thine in all mens judgements, and therefore, great monster, I am thy better. Hereat Garagantua was madde, and would with his foote have kicked downe the whole wood, and so have buried Tom Thumbe. Tom, seeing of it, with his skill so enchanted him, that he was not able to stur, but so stood still, with one leg up, till Tom Thumbe was at his lodging. Hereat Garagantua was much vexed, but knew not how to helpe himselfe.”

See other allusions to the story of Garagantua in Nash's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596,—“but when I came to unrip and unbumbast this Gargantuan bag-pudding, and found nothing in it;” Decker's *Shoo-maker's Holyday*; Taylor's *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, 1630; “*The Merry Gossips, Raynard the Fox, Tom Thumbe, or Gargantua,*” Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1640; Browne's *Religio Medici*, p. 48; “*Garagantua, nomen fabulosi illius gigantis pueris notissimum,*” Skinner's *Etym. Ling. Angl.*, 1671; Cleveland's *Works*, ed. 1687, p. 344; *The Lucky Chance*, 1687, p. 38; Brome's *Travels over England*, 1700.

They look as if they would fight with Gargantua, and make a fray with the Great Turke; and yet I durst lay my life they dare scantlie kill a hedghog.—*Deloney's Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

Puago might be his grandfather, for his full feeding; and *Garagantua* his sire, for his gormandizing; he is none of your ordinarie fellowes, which will suffice nature for threepence.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

Item, he is of this opinion, that if the histories of *Garagantua* and Tom Thumbe be true, by consequence Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's Jests must needes bee authenticall.—*Harry White's Humour*, 1659.

Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais.—*Johnson*.

⁴⁵ *It is as easy to count atomies.*

Atomies, the old form of *atoms*. "Circumstances are the *atomies* of policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but Successe the ornament," Overbury's *New and Choise Characters*, 1615. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, it is "a *mote* flying in the sunne; any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse."

Hee that can count the candles of the skie,
Or number numberlesse small *attomie*.—*Diella*, 1596.

⁴⁶ *It may well be call'd Jove's tree.*

In time of yore, when earth was yet but clods,
Trees for their guardians had no less than gods;
Jove did protect the oke, Bacchus the vine.—*Dodona's Grove*.

⁴⁷ *When it drops forth such fruit.*

The old copy reads—"when it drops forth fruit." The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's, for it occurs again in this play,—“woman's gentle brain could not *drop forth such* giant-rude invention.” This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made.—*Malone*.

In the common sort, saith he, is no perfect knowledge or skill to select or choose *forth* amongst many things what is heade and principall.—*Maplet's Greene Forest*, 1567.

⁴⁸ *It well becomes the ground.*

Capell is of opinion that this metaphor is taken from colour'd needle-work; whose figures are more or less beautiful, according to the ground they are lay'd upon; but the more obvious meaning may be what is intended. So, in *Hamlet*,—"Such a sight as this becomes the field."

⁴⁹ *Cry, holla! to the tongue.*

Thy tongue, Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering *holla*, or his *stand*, *I say*?

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:—"Holla! stand there."—*Malone*. Again, in Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak*:—"But I must give my muse the *hola* here."—*Reed*.

⁵⁰ *He comes to kill my heart.*

As here spelt, the animal, the game and prey of the hunter, the last word that dropped from the lips of Celia; but at the same time it means that which, in this very familiar phrase of the day, imported the seat of her warmest affections. It is a play which often occurs in our author, and is given in his *Venus and Adonis* with a little variety: "—they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine." Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—"Why that contempt will *kill* the speaker's *heart*."—*Caldecott*.

⁵¹ *I would sing my song without a burden.*

That is, without interruption, any thing interposed at the end of each stave or sentence.—*Caldecott*.

⁵² *You bring me out.*

That is, you put me out, interrupt me.

⁵³ *And conn'd them out of rings.*

In allusion to posy rings, numerous specimens of which of the Shaksperian period are preserved in the cabinets of the curious. The example here engraved, selected by Mr. Fairholt, was found near the farm at Arreton, Isle of Wight. The inside of the ring is flat, and upon it is engraved,—"I have my Choice—I do Rejoyce." See more on this subject in the notes to Hamlet.



⁵⁴ *I answer you right painted cloth.*

A familiar mode of speaking, equivalent to, "I answer you *in the style of painted cloth*," or, as Hanmer unnecessarily alters the text, "I answer you right in the style of the painted cloth." We say, observes Caldecott, "she *talks right Billingsgate*, or he *speaks downright Dunstable*." From our author Steevens instances:—"He *speaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and smoke," K. John. "I *speak to thee plain soldier*," Henry V. "He *speaks nothing but madman*," Twelfth Night. So, again, in the present comedy,—*"speak sad brow and true maid."* Seymour misapprehends the sense intended by the author, when he proposes to read, *your right*.

I suppose Orlando means to say that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pitifull, by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, "This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many *wise sayings* painted upon them." The following lines, which are found in a book with this fantastick title,—No Whipping nor Tripping, but a Kind of Friendly Snipping, octavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language :

Read what is written on the *painted cloth* :
 Do no man wrong ; be good unto the poor ;
 Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
 And ever have an eye unto the door ;
 Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore ;
 Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare ;
 And turn the colt to pasture with the mare ; &c.—*Malone*.

Decker, in the Gulls Hornbook, 1609, speaks of "those coarse painted-cloth rhymes made by the university of Salerne;" and Rowley, in his Match at Midnight, 1633,—

There's a witty posy for you.
 —No, no ; I 'll have one shall savour of a saw.—
 Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth*.

He drops away at last in some obscure *painted cloth*, to which himself made the verses ; and his life, like a cann too full, spills upon the bench.—*Earle's Microcosmography*.

So, in Barnaby Rich's Soldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604,—*"It is enough for him that can but robbe a painted cloth of a historie, a booke of a discourse, a fool of a fashion,"* &c.—The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599 : "Now will I see if my memory will serve for some *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter." Shakespeare again alludes to the proverbs in the painted cloth in his Rape of Lucrece.

Whose wordes and workes differ, as it is seene in some tappe-houses, when the painted walles have sober sentences on them, as Feare God, Honour the King, Watch and Pray, Be sober, &c., and there is nothing but drunkennes and swearing in the house.—*Adams' Spirituall Navigator*, 1615.

⁵⁵ *I will chide no breather in the world, but myself.*

So, in the eighty-first Sonnet,—“When all the *breathers of this world* are dead.” Again, in Antony and Cleopatra;—“She shows a body, rather than a life;—A statue, than a *breather*.”—*Malone*.

Wee looke for softer courtships ; humble prayers ;
Sighes which confesse the *breather* is our captive.

Maine's Amorous Warre, 1648.

“Let a man examine himself; for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged,” 1 Corinthians, xi. It is Law, if I recollect rightly, who observes, not imagining he was nearly quoting Shakespeare, that every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of with respect to others.

⁵⁶ *Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.*

Chre. How make you a figure of a cipher?—*Pam.* When a foole keeps a place among wise men.—*Chre.* And howe a cipher of a figure?—*Pam.* Of a wise man without money; for a purse without money is a body without life.—*Breton's Olde Man's Lesson, and a Young Man's Love*, 1605.

⁵⁷ *He trots hard with a young maid.*

Can this be accepted that Time appears so long to her that it increases the necessary pace to enable him to overcome it? The repetition of the word *hard* shows that it is unlikely there is any misprint, but the term may perhaps here be interpreted, with difficulty, very slowly. “Solid bodies foreshow rain, as boxes and pegs of wood when they draw and wind *hard*,” Bacon. “Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites,” *Much Ado about Nothing*. It is, perhaps, possible that Rosalind is referring to the idea that in matters of ardent desire, even rapidity is reckoned a delay. “In desiderio etiam celeritas mora est, in desyre, in a thing that a man coveteth, even spede is counted a taryauunce,” Taverner's *Mimi Publani*, 1539. Mrs. Griffith gives quite a different explanation, observing that “by *hard* is meant *high*, which is the most fatiguing rate to a traveller;” and Mr. R. G. White considers that Rosalind's comparison “refers to the comparative comfort and discomfort, and not to the speed of the different gaits which she enumerates.” Thus a hard-trotting horse will make a short journey seem long, and an ambling nag carries the rider so easily, a long journey will seem short.

⁵⁸ *Though he go as softly as foot can fall.*

“I go as softe as foote maye fall, *je men vas mon beau bas trac, je men suis allè mon beau bas trac, aller mon beau bas trac*, used in comen langage,” Palsgrave.

⁵⁹ *Like fringe upon a petticoat.*

The annexed representations of petticoat fringes are selected by Mr. Fairholt from portraits of the Elizabethan era.



⁶⁰ *That you see dwell where she is kindled.*

Kindle, to produce young; a term still in use in the provinces, applied chiefly

to hares and rabbits. "I kyndyll, as a she hare or cony dothe whan they bring forthe yonge, *je fays des petis*," Palsgrave, 1530. "A konny kyndylleth every moneth in the yere," *ibid*.

⁶¹ *In so removed a dwelling.*

That is, remote, sequestered.—*Reed*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ed. 1623:—"From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues."—*Steevens*.

⁶² *One that knew courtship too well.*

Courtship is here used for *courtly behaviour, courtiership*. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 3. The context shows that this is the sense:—"for *there* he fell in love;" i. e. *at court*.—*S. W. Singer*.

⁶³ *A blue eye.*

That is, a blueness about the eyes.—*Steevens*.

⁶⁴ *An unquestionable spirit.*

Unquestionable, not to be conversed with. *Question* is constantly used in the sense of *discourse*. Rosalind says in another scene, "I met the duke, and had much *question* with him."

⁶⁵ *Your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.*

Having, possessions, property, interest, portion. Celia had observed on the scarcity of his beard. "My having is not much," *Twelfth Night*. "Of noble having," *Macbeth*. "The gentleman is of no having," *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The second folio incorrectly reads, *no beard*, the editor apparently misapprehending the meaning of the original text.

More wealth than makes him seeme a handsome foe, lightly he covets not, lesse is below him; he never truly wants, but in much *having*, for then his ease and leachery afflict him; the word peace, though in praier, makes him start; and God he best considers by his power.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

Ne're trust me now I 'm come to be a gentleman;
One of your *havings*, and thus cark and care?

Randolph's Muses Looking-Glasse, 1643.

⁶⁶ *Being but a moonish youth.*

Moonish, variable, inconstant. "Wee ben in the seventhe clymat, that is of the mone; and the mone is of lyghtly mevyng; and the mone is planete of weye: and for that skylle, it zevethe us wille of kynde, for to meve lyghtly, and for to go dyverse weyes, and to sechen strange thinges and other dyversitees of the world; for the mone envyrouneth the erthe more hastyly than any othere planete," *Maundevile's Travels*. "The inconstant moon," *Romeo and Juliet*. "I am marble *constant*, the fleeting moon no planet is of mine." It is possible that *moonish* may, however, be correctly rendered, *foolish, weak*; for Ben Jonson uses the term *moonling* in the sense of a fool or lunatic.

To comfort *moone-fac'd* cuckolds that were sad,
My muse before was all in hornes y-clad.

Pasquils Palinodia, and his Progresse to the Taverne, n. d.

⁶⁷ *To a living humour of madness.*

That is, from those love-flights and extravagancies, which, to the imagination, present the image of madness, to others of a character so positive, as actually to constitute the character of madness itself. Perhaps the following line from *Othello* may throw light on this passage.—"*Oth*. Give me a *living* reason that

she's disloyal," that is, give me a *direct, absolute, and unequivocal* proof. Why then may not the *living* humor of madness mean a *confirmed, absolute, and direct* state of madness? This signification is easily deduced from the sense which the original word bears in the phrases of, "done or expressed to the *life*"—*ad vivum* expressum.—*Whiter*.

If this be the true reading, we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent*; but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus—"I drove my suitor from a *dying* humour of love to a living humour of madness." Or rather thus—"From a mad humour of love to a *loving* humour of madness," that is,—from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption.—*Johnson*.

Perhaps we should read—to a humour of *loving* madness.—*Farmer*.

Both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness, in which he was originally without her aid; but she drove him *from* love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. A *living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madness*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad humour of life*; "— to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick."—*Malone*.

⁶⁸ *To wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart.*

This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. A *sheep's heart*, before it is drest, is always split and washed, that the blood within it may be dislodged.—*Steevens*. The liver, as has been before observed, was considered the seat of love.

⁶⁹ *Audrey.*

"Audry, Sax., it seemeth to be the same with Etheldred, for the first foundresse of Ely church is so called in Latine histories, but by the people of those parts, S. Audry," Camden's Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 77. The name was occasionally used in Warwickshire in the time of Shakespeare. "Anno 1603, the ix.th of May, Thomas Poole, and *Audry* Gibbes, were married," Parish Register of Aston Cantlowe. Awdrey Turfe is one of the characters introduced into Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub. Dunton, in the Ladies Dictionary, 1694, derives Audrie from the German, rendering it, "noble advice." A statement in the Bibliotheca Heberiana, iv. 181, that there is in the Blacke Booke, 1604, an allusion to the present comedy, and to the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey, is merely mentioned in case it may mislead others. The only reference in that tract is to a person of the name of Audrey.

⁷⁰ *Doth my simple feature content you?*

The term *feature* is here used either in its ordinary sense, or in that of form, or person in general, as in the Faerie Queene,—“the fair feature of her limbs.” It is not a country word, and Audrey, in her reply, merely implies that it is beyond her comprehension, an interpretation suggested by the ordinary reading, without adopting Farmer's emendation,—*what's feature?* The following observations by Steevens are added, as they have been referred to by other critics,—

Feat and *feature*, perhaps, had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features* of his face content her; she takes the word in another sense, that is, *feats, deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, that is, what have we done

yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glue; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which signifies, *rascals, low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in the Second Part of King Henry IV., and Spenser very frequently.—*Stevens*.

I see no occasion for supposing Audrey to have so gross a meaning in her question as Stevens suggests; but, on the contrary, it appears to me to be a beautiful stroke of rustic simplicity. Audrey, a plain country wench, hears Touchstone make use of a word she never heard before, and has no idea whatever affixed to it. She repeats it, making a slight mistake, but with no advance towards its comprehension.—*Anon. MS. note*.

Her grace, gesture, and beauty liked them all extremely, and made them account Don Fernando to be a man of little understanding, "seeing he contemned such *feature*," beauty.—*Shelton's Don Quixote*.

⁷¹ *The most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.*

Caper, capri, caperitious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish: and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats*. In our early printing *Goths* and *Gothic* were spelt *Gotes* and *Gottishe*,—"against the *gotes*," Thomas' *Historye of Italye*, 4to. 1561, fol. 86; and "Attila, kyng of the *Goti*," *ib.* fo. 201. So in Chapman's *Homer*, *passim*. The *Goths*, Upton says, are the *Getæ*; *Ovidii Trist.* V. 7.—*Caldecott*.

⁷² *O knowledge ill-inhabited!*

That is, *ill-lodged*, an unusual sense of the word. A similar phrase occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, book v. hist. 21: "Pieria's heart is not so *ill-lodged*, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of her disgrace." Again, in the *Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 196: "I am ryghtwysnes that am *enhabited* here, and this hous is myne, and thou art not ryghtwyse."—*Stevens*.

⁷³ *Worse than Jove in a thatch'd house.*

An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. "The rooffe thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede," Golding's translation, fol. 104.

⁷⁴ *Than a great reckoning in a little room.*

In other words, when our good and witty speeches are not appreciated or understood, it makes us more gloomy or displeased than is caused by an extravagant charge for mean accommodation. Hanmer altered *reckoning* to *reeking*.

⁷⁵ *What they swear in poetry, may be said, &c.*

As that is not a *true* thing which is *feigned*; if the truest poetry is the most feigning, "what is sworn in it by lovers, or others, must be *false* and feigned."—*Caldecott*. This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent: perhaps it were better read thus—What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.—*Johnson*. I would read—*It* may be said, as lovers they do feign.—*M. Mason*.

⁷⁶ *Is to have honey a sauce to sugar.*

As honey and sugar would mutually confound the quality of each other, so would your beauty betray your honesty, and your honesty your beauty.—*Seymour*.

⁷⁷ *A material fool!*

Material, that is, full of matter or sense, sensible and stocked with ideas. The

Duke has said of Jaques that he likes to meet with him when he is "full of matter." So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, 1602,—“what thinks material Horace of his learning?” And again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:—“His speech even charm'd his eares,—so order'd, so *materiall*.” Mr. R. G. White, however, considers that the context requires us to explain *material fool*, “a fool who is essentially, materially, a fool.”

⁷⁸ *Though I thank the gods I am foul.*

By *foul*, says Hanmer, is meant *coy* or *frowning*. Tyrwhitt rather believes it to be the rustic pronunciation of *full*. Audrey says she is not *fair* (*handsome*), and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut* (an *ill favoured dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut* (no *dirty drab*), though, in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (*homeliness*), for being as she is. Well, adds he, praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, *sluttishness* may come hereafter.—*Ritson* (who reads, “I thank the gods for my *foulness*.”)

He means, “not highly prized; humble and *little worth* :” the sense which, in earlier times, the word *foul* bore. “Devileo, esse vel fieri vile, to be *foule*, or no thyng worthe,” *Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1514. *Foul* is used in opposition to *fair*; and thankfully accepted as consistent with *honesty*: so far in the one sense *foul*, of little estimation, homely, not captivating or alluring, though not, in the other, *sluttish*. “If the maiden be *fayre*, she is sone had, and little money geven with hir: if she be *foule*, they avaunce hir with a better porcion,” Thomas's *Historie of Italye*, 1561, f. 83. That there should be so much of blunder, or at least absurdity in the expression, as to correspond with the awkwardness and ridiculousness of Audrey's character, and so much of confusion, or of an equivocal sense, as to let in the play of Touchstone's humour, is evidently a part of the intention.—*Caldecott*.

So, in the next scene but one, Rosalind says to Phebe—“*Foul* is most *foul*, being *foul*, to be a scoffer.”—*M. Mason*. So, in Abraham's *Sacrifice*, 1577:—“The *fayre*, the *fowle*, the crooked, and the right.” So, also in Gaiscoigne's *Steele Glasse*:—“How *fowle* or *fayre* soever that they be.”—*Malone*. That *foul* retained the meaning in which it is used here, as low down as Pope, we find by the following lines in the *Wife of Bath*:—“If *fair*, though chaste, she cannot long abide,—If *foul*, her wealth the lusty lover lures.”—*Talbot*.

⁷⁹ *Horns? Even so;—Poor men alone?*

The effect of this ruminating is impaired by the violent alteration proposed in the Perkins MS.,—“are horns given to poor men alone?” Mr. Singer alters *even so* to *never for*.

⁸⁰ *As huge as the rascal.*

Rascal was applied to a lean deer, out of season. “And have known a rascal from a fat deer,” Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1649. “Rascall, refuse beest, *refus*,” Palsgrave, 1530. “*Raskall* knave is a catachresis, or a figure of abuse; where *raskall* is properly the hunter's terme given to young deere, leane and out of season, and not to people,” Puttenham's *Arte of Engl. Poesie*, 4to. 1589, p. 150.

Then Love, I beg, when next thou tak'st thy bow,
Thy angry shafts, and dost heart-chasing go,
Passe rascall deare, strike me the largest doe.

Lovelace's Lucasta, 1649.

⁸¹ *By how much defence is better than no skill.*

Defence, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in

Hamlet: “—and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your defence.” Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.—*Caldecott*.

⁸² *Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Sir, the style of a priest, answering to *dominus*. See the notes to Twelfth Night.

⁸³ *She must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.*

Alluding to that question in King Edward's first liturgy, and continued in all the Offices of Matrimony since that time.—“Then shall the minister say,—Who geveth this woman to be maryed to this man?—And the minister receiving the woman at her father, or frendes handes, shall cause the man to take the woman by the right hande, and so either to geve their trowth to other.”—*Dr. Grey*.

⁸⁴ *As the ox hath his bow.*

The bow of wood that goes round the neck of an ox, fixed at the top in the beam or yoke. The bow, observes Mr. Lower, is not the heavy beam which surmounts the neck of the animal, but the flexible collar by which it is connected with that beam. This is commonly, perhaps invariably, made of ash, and is known in some of the provinces as the *ox-bow*.

⁸⁵ *I am not in the mind, &c.*

That is, I am of no other opinion or inclination than, *my mind is*, that it were better to be married by him.—*Caldecott*.

⁸⁶ *Not — O sweet Oliver.*

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:—

“*Clo.* I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [*They whisper.*—*Clo.* Farewell, good sir Oliver, not *O sweet Oliver*, *O brave Oliver*, leave me not behind thee,——but—*Wend* away,—Begone, I say,—I will not to wedding with thee to-day.”

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them.—*Johnson*.

The Clown dismisses Sir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just. *O brave Oliver*, *leave me not behind you*, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his Packet, 1600. In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of,—“*O Swete Olyver*, Leave me not behind thee.” Again, “The answeare of *O Sweete Olyver*.” Again, in 1586: “*O Swete Olyver* altered by the Scriptures.”—*Stevens*.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from

the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey:—" *Touch*. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.—*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.'"—*Malone*.

The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's *Underwood*:—"All the *mad* Rolands and *sweet* Olivers." And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, is the same allusion:—"Do not stink, *sweet* Oliver."—*Tyrwhitt*.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon* discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun, "the *juncto* will go near to give us the *baggage*, if *O brave Oliver* come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleveland*. *Wind away* and *wind off* are still used provincially: and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read *behi' thee* in the third line, and *wi' thee* in the last line.—*Farmer*.

If, according to Dr. Johnson's notion, we consider these lines as separate quotations, there can be no reason why they should rhyme together. *Touchstone* says in the first place, 'I will not quote that part of the ballad which says, O sweet Oliver! leave me not behind thee;' but adds, in the second place, 'I will rather take that verse which suits my present purposes,' which was probably the man's answer,—'Wind away,' &c.—*Boswell*.

Rann makes the three last lines rhyme by reading, "I will not to wedding with thee *to-day*;" and in the Perkins MS., the rhymes of the third and sixth lines are rendered more forcible by the change of *with thee* to *bind thee*. There can be little doubt but that both of these violent alterations are of modern invention.

⁸⁷ *Wind away.*

Wind is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:—"Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen." Again, in the MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*,—

And we shalle to-morrowe as stil as stoon,
The Saresyns awake e'r ye wynde.—*Steevens*.

⁸⁸ *His very hair is of the dissembling colour.*

In allusion to red, or perhaps gold-coloured, hair. "Hair of the colour of gold denotes a *treacherous* person, having a good understanding, but mischievous; red hair, enclining to black, signifies a *deceitful* and malicious person," Saunders' *Physiognomie and Chiromancie*, 1671, p. 189.

A judge condemn'd a red bearded fellow to be whipt at a cartes taile: and it was afterwards evident that he was innocent of the fact: the judge being tolde as much, answered, yet is he justly whipt for having a red beard.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*.

⁸⁹ *Something browner than Judas's.*

Judas colour, red colour, of hair or beard. It was a current opinion that Judas Iscariot had red hair and beard; probably for no better reason than that the colour was thought ugly, and the dislike of it was of course much increased by this opinion. Thiers, in his *Histoire des Perruques*, gives this as one of the reasons for wearing wigs: "Les *rousseaux* portèrent des perruques, pour cacher la couleur de leurs cheveux, qui sont en horreur à tout le monde, parce que Judas, à ce qu'on prétend, étoit *rousseau*." The representations so common in tapestry, made these images familiar to all ranks of people.—*Nares*. "And let their beards be of *Judas* his own colour," Spanish Tragedy. Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—

“That’s he in the *Judas* beard.” Again, in the *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:—“I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a *Judas*.”

What has he given her? what is it, gossip? a fair high standing cup, and two great ’postle spoons, *one of them gilt*. Sure *that* was *Judas with the red beard*.—*Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620.

Receive me to your bosom: by this beard, I will never deceive you. *Beam*. I do not like his oath, there’s treachery in that *Judas-colour’d* beard.—*Dryden’s Amboyna*.

Dryden also, in a fit of anger, described Jacob Tonson, “With two left legs, and *Judas-coloured* hair.” As Tonson is in the same attack mentioned as “freckled fair,” there can be no doubt that Judas’ hair was always supposed to be red. In Leland’s *Collectanea*, v. 295, it is asserted that “painters constantly represented *Judas* the traitor with a *red head*.” Dr. Plot, in his *Oxfordshire*, p. 153, says the same: “This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired Danes*.”—*Nares and Tollet*.

⁹⁰ *I’ faith, his hair is of a good colour.*

There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind: she finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted; and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself, rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.—*Johnson*.

⁹¹ *As the touch of holy bread.*

Warburton would read *beard*, because, he says, the present comparison is impious; and Mr. Barry also understands by *holy bread* the sacramental bread; but the latter, in those times, would have been called a great deal more than *holy bread*, and would never have been profaned by Shakespeare. Rosalind is guilty of no impiety. Holy bread was merely one of the “ceremonies” which King Henry VIIIth’s Articles of Religion pronounced good and lawful, having mystical significations in them. “Such,” he says, “were the vestments in the worship of God, sprinkling holy water, to put us in mind of our baptism and the blood of Christ; *giving holy bread*, in sign of our union to Christ; burning candles on Candlemas Day,” &c.—*B. Field*.

⁹² *He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana.*

Theobald explains *cast lips* “a pair *left off* by Diana.” It is not easy to conceive how the goddess could *leave off* her lips; or how, being left off, Orlando could purchase them. Celia seems rather to allude to a statue *cast in plaister or metal*, the lips of which might well be said to possess *the ice* of chastity.—*Douce*. Perhaps it would be still more correct to say that it is to a pair of lips cast for a statue, as that kind of workmanship is commonly executed in detached parts.—*Anon. Chast lips*, ed. 1632.

⁹³ *A nun of Winter’s sisterhood.*

The poet here, as Douce correctly observes, poetically feigns a new order of nuns, most appropriate to his subject, and wholly devoid of obscurity. Theobald conjectured to read, *Winifred’s sisterhood*, but the original allegory is far preferable, even were there any kind of authority for the alteration.

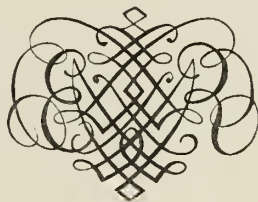
⁹⁴ *As concave as a cover’d goblet.*

It is, observes Monck Mason, the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakespeare wishes to convey, and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. There seems peculiar propriety in the expression, as a covered goblet resembles more immediately the shape of the heart, the seat of the

affection, which Celia was speaking of. The specimen of an elaborate drinking cup or "covered goblet," here engraved, formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and has been preserved for many years in the possession of the Gwatkin family, who obtained it from the Earl of Thomond. "Our cut has been executed from a drawing, to a scale exactly one-half the size of the original, which is of silver gilt. The rim around the cover is engraved with an arabesque, and bears traces of coloured enamels and stones that have decorated the leaves and flowers of which it consists. This is the only piece of engraved work upon the cup, for the cover, sides, and knobs, are completely covered with precious stones, many hundreds in number, secured in separate cells, and ranged closely together in rows entirely round the vessel.

These stones are amethysts of various tints, and the interstices between the setting of each are filled with small turquoises, which are in some instances as minute as seed pearls, to allow of every part of the cup being incrustated with jewels. The knob on the top of the cover, and the three upon which it stands, are in a similar manner covered with jewels of the like kind. Those which form the feet unscrew; a hollow tube, affixed to the bottom of the cup, passes partially through each, and a

screw, the head of which contains an amethyst, fits into this tube from beneath, and completely conceals the mode of securing them. A false bottom of thin silver is held on by these screws, and covers a cypher, here engraved the actual size of the original; the letters being E. R. conjoined in a scroll characteristic of the reign of the sovereign whose ownership has been thus carefully stamped upon it," Paper by Mr. Fairholt in Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc., v. 144. "The weight of the cup," observes the same writer, "is considerable; it holds about half a pint, and when filled, would, in the present day, be considered much too ponderous for a lady's use, and although its costliness is at once visible, it is scarcely elegant enough to attract attention."



⁹⁵ *Quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover.*

That is, most injuriously and unskillfully. It was considered very disgraceful, observes Nares, when the tilter by unsteadiness or awkwardness suffered his spear to be turned out of its direction, and to be broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by the push of the point. "The wind took such hold of his staffe, that it *crost quite over his breast*, and in that sort gave a flat bastonado to Dametas," Sydney's *Arcadia*. So in some verses by the same author:—"One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be." Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress." *Lover*,

mistress; that term, as has been elsewhere remarked, being applied, in Shakespeare's time, to either sex.

⁹⁶ *Breaks his staff like a noble goose.*

By this phrase is perhaps meant "a magnanimous simpleton of an adventurer." Hammer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke."—*Farmer*.

⁹⁷ *If you will see a pageant truly play'd.*

Pageant is seenie representation, show, or procession.—*Caldecott*. The poet again refers to the pageant of love in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

⁹⁸ *Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.*

Die and live.—This *hysteron proteron*, observes Mr. Arrowsmith, is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, *i. e.*, subsist from the cradle to the grave:

With sorrow they both *die and live*,
That unto richesse her hertes yeve.

The Romaunt of the Rose, v. 5789-90.

He is a foole, and so shall he *dye and live*,
That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.

Barclay's Ship of Fooles, 1570, fol. 67.

Behold how ready we are, how willingly the women of Sparta will *die and live* with their husbands.—*The Pilgrimage of Kings and Princes*, p. 29.

The same expression occurs, but used in a somewhat different manner, in Achelley's *Lamentable and Tragicall Historie of Violenta and Didæo*, 1576,—“I live and die, I die and live, in langour I consume.” Various unnecessary alterations of the original text have been proposed, e. g., *deals and lives* (Warburton), *lives and thrives* (Hammer), *dyes his lips* (Johnson), *that daily lives* (Heath), *kills and lives* (Perkins MS.), *dines and lives* (Collier), *eyes and lives* (Capell), the last one being interpreted, he that is accustomed to look upon blood, and get his livelihood by it. The phrase, “to live and die,” has already occurred in the present act.

⁹⁹ *'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable.*

Sure, for *surely*, the adjective used for the adverb.

¹⁰⁰ *Lean upon a rush.*

The word *but* was inserted before *upon* by the editor of the second folio, apparently for the sake of the metre, but there are so many lines in Shakespeare metrically imperfect, the later folios do not afford a sufficient authority for interfering with the original text in a case like the present.

¹⁰¹ *The cicatrice and capable impressure.*

That is, the sear and perceptible impression. *Capable* is here equivalent to, able to receive. “Capable impressure” must be vindicated as the undoubted language of Shakespeare, against the MS. corrector, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Singer, all of whom would advocate *palpable impressure*. “Capable impressure” means

an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to *contain* something within it.—*Anon.*

Capable may be, and has been, defended upon various grounds; but there is one consideration which, with me, is all-sufficient, viz., it is necessary for the explanation and defence of the accompanying word "*cicatrice*." *Capable* is *concave*, and has reference to the *lipped* shape of the impression, and *cicatrice* is a *lipped* scar; therefore one word supports and explains the other. And it is not a little singular that *cicatrice* should, in its turn, have been condemned as an improper expression by the very critic (Dr. Johnson) who, without perceiving this very cogent reason for so doing, nevertheless explains "capable impressure" as a *hollow mark*.—*A. E. B.*

Capable, here, I believe, is sensible, susceptible, and has exactly the same meaning (and not intelligent or perceptible) in the instance brought by Malone from Hamlet:—"His form and cause conjoin'd,—Preaching to stones, would make them capable."

Thales Milesius hath taught us that the most ancient of all things was God, for that he was alwaies; the most beautiful thing, the world, for that it was the worke of God: the most *capable* was place, because it comprehended all other things; the most profitable hope.—*Rich Cabinet Furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

¹⁰² *Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes.*

This is equivalent to,—neither, I am sure, is there any force in eyes, &c. The double negative is of such common occurrence, there is no necessity for altering *nor* to *now*, though the latter reading (found in Mr. De Quincy's annotated copy of ed. 1685) may appear to some an improvement. The second negative is, however, generally used when the speaker is more than usually earnest, so that it exactly suits the termination of the present speech.

¹⁰³ *Who might be your mother.*

It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses.—*Johnson*. See also the following note.

¹⁰⁴ *That you insult, exult, and all at once.*

Warburton alters *all* to *rail*, but, as Heath observes, "Phebe had in truth both insulted and exulted, but had not said one single word which could deserve the imputation of *railing*." Mr. Hickson, after remarking on the great degree of reverence attached by Shakespeare to the character of a mother, observes that "the same feeling is implied in Rosalind's reproof to Phebe; and that there is no ground whatever for saying that *mother* is used as a warranty for *female beauty*, but rather as one for feminine qualities. Rosalind in effect says, "who might your mother be that you should be so unfeeling?" And, as she tells her plainly she sees no beauty in her, it is clearly to be inferred that it must have been for some other quality that her mother was to be "warranty." Rosalind, in other words, might have said, "Had you a mother, a woman, that you can so discredit the character of womanhood as to exult, insult, and all at once, over the wretched?" Mr. C. Forbes boldly proposes to read, *à l'outrévidence*, in the place of the words, *and all at once*. "The speaker may mean thus: who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too *all in a breath*? Such is, perhaps, the meaning of *all at once*," Steevens.

¹⁰⁵ *What though you have no beauty.*

If it be carefully borne in mind that Rosalind is here bantering Phebe, with

the view of reducing her arrogance, the various proposed alterations of modern editors will not appear necessary,—*you have beauty*, Theobald; *no beauty*, Malone; *more beauty*, Steevens; *some beauty*, Hanmer; *had more beauty*, M. Mason; *more beauty, yet by*, MS. alteration in Mr. De Quincy's copy of ed. 1685.

The modern editors give *more* instead of *no*, the reading of the old copies. Malone says that it appears clearly from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakespeare imitated, viz., "because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy," that it is a misprint in the folios; and it may also be said that the argument plainly points that way. On the other hand, it may be said that Shakespeare does not follow the course of the argument in every speech that he imitates, but adapts it to his occasions; that in point of argument *more* does not so well consist with the next line; and further, that the course of argument is both in our author's manner, and in such a bantering dialogue sufficiently good. And *Rosalind* presently says,—“Though all the world could see,—None could be so abus'd in sight as he,” viz., her suitor. In the same spirit of banter, and ironical character of argument, *Touchstone* tells the pages: “Truly, young gentlemen, *though* there was *no* great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.” The sense of the passage is, “what, must you add one species of deformity to another? and, because there is no beauty in your person, must you to this defect add deformities of mind?”—*Caldecott*.

The gentlemen who have thrown out the negative, and the other who has chang'd it to *some*, make the poet a very bad reasoner in the line that comes next to this sentence; and guilty of self-contradiction in several others, if *no* be either alter'd or parted with: besides the injury done to him in robbing him of a lively expression, and a pleasantry truly comick; for as the sentence now stands, the consequence that should have been from her *beauty*, he draws from her *no beauty*, and extorts a smile by defeating your expectation. This *no beauty* of *Phebe*'s is the burthen of all *Rosalind*'s speeches, from hence to her exit.—*Capell*.

¹⁰⁶ *As, by my faith, &c.*

Seymour explains this,—your beauty admits not of hyperbolical praise; I cannot say it illumines darkness: but *Rosalind* seems to be referring in the next line to *Phebe* herself by a change of exact reference frequent in Shakespeare,—I see no more beauty in you, than would justify your going to bed without candle.

¹⁰⁷ *Of nature's sale-work.*

Those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*.—*Warburton*.

And linnen cloths most chefly was here greatyste trayd,
And at faris and merkytts she solde *sale-ware* that she made;
As shertts, smockys, partlytts, hede-clothes, and othar thinggs,
As sylk thredd, and eggyngs, skirtts, bandds and strings.

MS. *Ashmole* 48, xvj. Cent.

Shews her works, and makes a brave description of pieces: as *sale-work*, day-work, night-work, wrought night-caps, coyfs, stomachers.—*Brome's Queen and Concubine*, 1659.

¹⁰⁸ *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*

To *entame*, for, to *tame*, is, I suppose, one of Shakespeare's peculiarities, formed, however, agreeably to the general analogy of our language, as in the verbs,

enforce, endamage, engender, ensnare, entangle, engrave, &c. There was therefore no need of obtruding French upon him while he was writing English, as Warburton would do by substituting the French word, *entraîne*.—*Heath*. “*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand,” *Much Ado about Nothing*. Though the above enumeration does not at all consist with the general depreciation of her personal qualities, made in the opening of this address, it is not under the circumstances the less natural.

¹⁰⁹ *Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.*

That is, literally, ugliness is most ugly, to be a scoffer, being ugly. In other words, an ugly person is most ugly, when he is a scoffer. Warburton unnecessarily reads, *being found*.

¹¹⁰ *He's fallen in love with your foulness.*

If Rosalind here turns to the parties before her, this reading may stand. Without this supposition, *her*, the reading of the modern editors must be adopted.—*Caldecott*. If Silvius is not to hear the beginning of this speech, it is impossible for him to understand the latter part; the first part, therefore, is not to be said aside, according to the marginal direction, but to be spoken aloud, and is in fact addressed to Silvius, though worded in the third person.—*M. Mason*.

¹¹¹ *None could be so abus'd in sight as he.*

Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so *deceived* (fascinated or blinded) as to think you beautiful but he.—*Johnson*.

¹¹² *Dead shepherd!*

The term *shepherd* was a common appellation for a poet, as will be familiar to readers of Spenser. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: “But not I, nor this place, may halfe suffice for his (Lord Leicester's) praise, which the sweetest singer of all our western *shepherds* hath so exquisitely depicted, that, as Achilles by Alexander was accounted happy for having such a rare emblazoner of his magnanimitie as the Alconian poete, so I account him thrice fortunate in having such a herald of his virtues as Spencer.”

¹¹³ *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*

This celebrated line occurs in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, the earliest known edition of which was published in 1598, but the following lines which are included in it, and many others, were most likely known through the medium of commonplace-books,—

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29; in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261; and, at a later period, in the old prose tale of the *History of George a Green*, 1706, p. 20.

But whan his mooste gentyll harte perceyved that my love was in a moche hygher degree than his toward that lady, and that it proceded neither of wantonness, *neyther of long conversation*, nor of any other corrupte desyre or fantasie, *but in an instant, by the onely looke*, and with such fervence that immediatly I was so cruciate, that I desired, and in all that I mought, provoked deth to take me.—*Sir Tho. Elyot's Governour*, 12mo. 1534.

¹¹⁴ *Is not that neighbourly?*

These words seem scarcely natural to the speaker, unless it be presumed there is here an allusion to our Saviour's injunction—“thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

¹¹⁵ *That the old carlot once was master of.*

The usual old English word was *carl*, a churl, a bondman, a rude country clown. (A.S.)

¹¹⁶ *'Tis but a peevisish boy.*

Peevisish, foolish. See Richard III., and several other plays.

¹¹⁷ *He is not very tall.*

The correctness of the original text is proved by Rosalind's own account of herself,—she is “more than common tall.” Steevens proposes to omit the word *very*, from a misapprehension of the metre of the age.

¹¹⁸ *The constant red, and mingled damask.*

Constant red is *uniform red*: immovably fixed,—“the whiche is verye fayre and of a *constant* face and behaviour; and havynge her apparell and garmentes symple,” Sir Francis Poyngs's Table of Cebes, Printer (Berthelet) to the Reader. “*Mingled damask*” is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited.—*Steevens*. “The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing *constantly*,” Twelfth Night. Mr. Knight refers the expression *damask* to the *rose*, observing that the *damask rose* was of a more varied hue than the *constant red* of other species of rose. Fairfax also uses *damask* as applied to colour, apparently with a reference to the rose,—“her damask late, now chang'd to purest white.”

¹¹⁹ *I have more cause.*

The pronoun *I* was first inserted in ed. 1632. The original text may be right, the omission of the personal pronoun being of occasional occurrence.

¹²⁰ *Now I am remember'd.*

As this passage has been misinterpreted, it may be well to observe that it means,—now I recollect myself, now I am put in remembrance.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so : I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ;¹ nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which, by often rumination,² wraps me in a most humorous sadness.³

Ros. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ;

then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller : Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable⁴ all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ;⁵ or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.⁶ [*Exit JAQUES.*⁷]
—Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ;⁸ a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman : Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that ?

Ros. Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune,⁹ and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.¹⁰

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent :—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind ?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.¹¹ Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking—God warn us!¹²—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker¹³ than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind.

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die!

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and, in all this time, there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age¹⁴ found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays,¹⁵ and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay; and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,——*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission;¹⁶ but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest:¹⁷ and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,¹⁸ and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,¹⁹ and that when thou art inclined to sleep.²⁰

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors²¹ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt?²²

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,²³ unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,²⁴ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise,²⁵ and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice²⁶ that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu! [Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.²⁷

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No. that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,²⁸ conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.²⁹

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.³⁰
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear—
This burthen.³¹

All. Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;³²
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it;
And thy father bore it:³³
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.³⁴

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!³⁵

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:— [Giving a letter.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour : pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ;³⁶ bear this, bear all :
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix ;³⁷ Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt ;
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.³⁸
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand : but that's no matter ;
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain³⁹
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me :⁴⁰ Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—

[*Reads.*

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance⁴¹ to me.—

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect?
 Whiles you chid me, I did love;
 How then might your prayers move?
 He, that brings this love to thee,
 Little knows this love in me:
 And by him seal up thy mind;
 Whether that thy youth and kind⁴²
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make;⁴³
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepheard!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,⁴⁴ and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
 Where, in the purlieus of this forest,⁴⁵ stands
 A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
 The rank of osiers,⁴⁶ by the murmuring stream,
 Left on your right hand,⁴⁷ brings you to the place:
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
 There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then I should know you by description;
 Such garments, and such years: “The boy is fair,
 Of female favour,⁴⁸ and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister:⁴⁹ the woman low,⁵⁰
 And browner than her brother.” Are not you
 The owners of the house⁵¹ I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin ;⁵² Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ;⁵³ and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,⁵⁴
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an old oak,⁵⁵ whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away⁵⁶
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead ;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render him⁵⁷ the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revcnge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling⁵⁸
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last,⁵⁹ betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came⁶⁰ into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood,⁶¹ unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND faints.]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? sweet Ganymede ?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede !⁶²

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man ?—You lack a
man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra,⁶³ a body would think
this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how
well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho !

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw home-wards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Which is nice.*

Nice, that is, delicate, affected, effeminate. "As nice as a nunnes hen," Heywood's Proverbs. "You must appear to be straunge and *nyce*," The Longer Thou Liv'st, the More Fool thou Art, 1570.

² *In which, by often rumination, wraps me in.*

So in ed. 1623, and, I believe, rightly, the duplication of the particle *in* belonging to the grammar of the period. The first *in* is here redundant. See vol. i. p. 279. The second folio reads, *my often*; Malone omits the first *in*; Steevens alters the second *in* to *is*; and Seymour suggests *on which*, the last critic explaining it,—It is a melancholy of my own, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me, that is, my often rumination on *which* (my travels) wraps or entrances me. *Often*, thus adjectively used, is not without example; as in Warner's Albion's England, chap. 9,—“With often kisses plying him, no sport was overpass'd.” Caldecott thus paraphrases the text,—“it is the diversified consideration or view of my travels, in which process my frequent reflection, and continued interest that I take, wraps me in a most whimsical sadness.”

³ *Wraps me in a most humorous sadness.*

In his Apology for Smectymnuus, Milton says of his own ear for numbers, that it was “rather nice and *humorous* in what was tolerable, than patient to read every drawling versifier.” Here it may be rendered *exceptionous*: and the *humorous* Duke has been previously mentioned.—*Caldecott*.

⁴ *Disable all the benefits of your own country.*

Disable, that is, detract from, undervalue, censure. “His Majestie by proclamation found fault with such freeholders, as *disabled* their counties and corporations; using to chuse strangers,” Scot's Highwaies of God and the King, a Sermon, 1623, p. 87. “*Disabled* my judgment,” act v.—*Caldecott*. “You think my tongue may take a licence to disable ye,” Island Princess. “In their study abhomynable, our glorious lady to disable,” Skelton's Replycacion. “Disablinge

himself in wordes, though his entent was otherwise," Hall's Chronicle, 1548, ap. Dyce.

⁵ *For making you that countenance you are.*

That is, observes Caldecott, that *person you are*; or giving you that *countenance you have*.

⁶ *I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.*

That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion. The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was, therefore, gravely censured by Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, and by Bishop Hall, in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakespeare.—



Johnson. The annexed representation of the gondola is taken from the view of Venice in the *Travels of Breydenbach*, fol. 1486.

⁷ *Exit Jaques.*

"In the first folio," observes Mr. Dyce, "the *exit* of Jaques is not marked at all. In the three later folios it is placed at the end of his speech. But *exits* as well as *entrances* were very frequently marked much earlier than they were really intended to take place: and nothing can be more evident than that here the *exit* of Jaques ought to follow *gondola*." Mr. R. G. White thinks that Rosalind purposely refuses, for a woman's reason, to recognize the presence of Orlando at first, and in placing the *exit* here, it must be understood that Jaques has been retiring during these words, now passing quite out of sight.—It may just be worth notice that the name of this character was pronounced *jakes*. See an unsavory anecdote, turning on this pronunciation of the name, in the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596.

⁸ *He carries his house on his head.*

A curious story of a young bride is related in the *Apophthegms of the Earl of Worcester*, p. 81. Her husband wishes her to go like the snail, "who seldom stirs abroad, but whilst that blessing, the dew of heaven, is upon the earth, that she may gather benefit, and by her greatest care, and equal management, still carries her house upon her back. O, my lord, said she, if I should go abroad like the snail, I should carry a house upon my back, and horns in my forehead. No, lady, said the marquess, though she forks at you, yet they are no horns; the snail can soon draw them in if you touch them, which no horned creature can perform, but she carries them in her head, to teach you what you should provide and bear in your mind against you go to haymaking."

Apelles us'd to paint a good housewife upon a snail; which intimated that she should be as slow from gadding abroad, and when she went she should carry her house upon her back: that is, she should make all sure at home. Now, to a good housewife, her house should be as the sphere to a star, I do not mean a *wandering* star, wherein she should twinkle as a star in its orb.—*Howell's Parly of Beasts*, Lond. 1660, p. 58.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
 Inn anywhere;
 And seeing the *snail*, which everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
 Follow, for he is easy-paced, this *snail* :
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.—*Donne*.

⁹ *He comes armed in his fortune.*

The humour of the present speech is obvious, but the author probably had here in his recollection the old story of the snail being “armed” with his horns, and vanquishing all opponents. Your fortune consists of horns, but the snail is armed with his, so that the seducer dare not approach. In Pynson's edition of the *Kalender of Shepherdes*, there is a singular engraving of the snail defying the attacks of armed men. The snail itself is introduced saying,—

I am a beest of right great mervayle,
 Upon my backe my house reysed I bere ;
 I am neyther flesshe ne bone to avayle :
 As well as a great oxe two hornes I were :
 If that these armed men approche me nere,
 I shall them soone vaynquysshe everychone,
 But they dare nat, for fere of me alone.

¹⁰ *He hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*

That is, of a better countenance, feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in Holland's *Pliny*, b. xxxi. c. ii. p. 403: “In some places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but also the corn on the ground,” &c. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is used in *Titus Andronicus*, “Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*.”—*Tollet*.

His lady is white as whales bone,
 Here *lere* bryghte to se upon.—*Isumbras*, *Cotton MSS.*

¹¹ *You might take occasion to kiss.*

Thus, also, in *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 511: “—and when he hath pumped his wittes dry, and can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season.”—*Steevens*.

¹² *God warn us !*

If this exclamation, which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is not a corruption of—“God *ward* us,” *defend* us, it must mean, “*summon* us to himself.” So, in *King Richard III.*:—“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”—*Steevens*.

¹³ *I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.*

Ranker, less clean and pure. It would seem impossible to misunderstand this; and yet the MS. corrector proposes that *Rosalind* should say:—“Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit:” a change which makes absurd nonsense of the passage; for, in the case supposed by *Rosalind*, she would have no honesty to thank.—*R. G. White*.

¹⁴ *The foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.*

Hanmer alters *chroniclers* to *coroners*, being misled by the apparently technical use of the word *found*, which here merely means, found out, discovered, stated. *Leander*, says *Rosalind*, was only bathing in the *Hellespont* on a midsummer

night, taken with the cramp, and drowned; and the story of Hero having been the cause was a mere invention of the chroniclers of that age. The alteration made by Hamner will not even make good sense, for though the coroner's jury might *find* a verdict of "drowning," they could not have "found it was Hero of Sestos." The passage in Hamlet, where the coroner is spoken of as finding a verdict, is written in intentional error, and cannot fairly be appealed to in the present discussion. *Chronoclers*, ed. 1623; *chroniclers*, ed. 1632.

¹⁵ *Fridays and Saturdays, and all.*

This is said to mean, "fasting days, and all."

¹⁶ *I might ask you for your commission.*

Commission, authority. These words are addressed to Celia.

¹⁷ *There's a girl, goes before the priest.*

Alluding to her anticipating what Celia ought to have said:—There's a girl who goes faster than the priest. Malone and Steevens read, "*There a girl.*"—*Collier*.

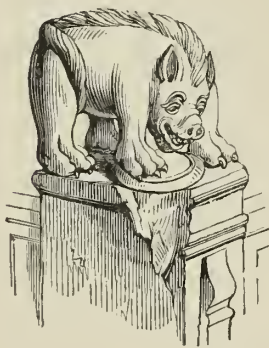
¹⁸ *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain.*

Statues, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in the *City Match*, iii. 3,—“Now could I cry—Like any image in a fountain, which—Runs lamentations.” And again, in Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II. by Drayton :

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands.—*Whalley*.

¹⁹ *I will laugh like a hyen.*

Hyen for *hyæna*. “When these same vertues we esteeme our owne, are thus eclips'd by hyene-faced whores,” Brathwait's *Strappado* for the Divell, 1615. The bark of the hyæna, observes Steevens, was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh. So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 : “—— Methinks I see her *laughing*, excellent *hyena!*” Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594 : —“You *laugh hyæna-like*, weep like a crocodile.” Compare Greene's *Never too Late*,—“weeps with the crocodile, and smiles with the hiena.” The annexed engraving of an early wooden grotesque carving of a figure believed to represent a hyæna grinning at its features in a looking-glass, was copied by Mr. Fairholt from the original, which forms the ornament of a corner post in a pew in Wenden church, co. Essex. It is carved, observes Mr. Fairholt, “out of the solid block which forms the post, which is six inches broad on each side.”



The shape of the animal thus delineated does not present exactly the characteristics of it as now familiar to us, but there can be little doubt that the artist intended to represent the hyæna, not only from the circumstance of its being in the act of grinning in the glass, but from the rude attempt to exhibit the singular mane of hair which extends from the nape of the neck along the spine, which is one of the chief marks of the striped hyæna. “This first and vulgar kind of hyæna is bred in Affricke and Arabia, being in quantity of body like a wolfe, but much rougher haired, for it

hath bristles like a horses mane all along his back," Topsell's *Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes*, 1607.

²⁰ *And that when thou art inclined to sleep.*

Theobald asks whether the designed contrast of the terms, referring to *weep*, *merry*, *laugh*, does not require us to read *weep* in the place of *sleep*; but there can be no doubt that the original text is correct. "He commeth to houses *by night*, and feineth *mannes voyce* as hee maye," &c.—Bartholomæus, Batman's edition, 1582. "Hyena nocturna bestia, cadaveribus, cunctisque immundis vescitur," Gesner de Quadrupedibus, p. 625.

²¹ *Make the doors upon a woman's wit.*

To make the doors, that is, to bar or fasten them. See a note in vol. iii. p. 382. One of the MS. correctors unnecessarily reads, *the doors fast*.

²² *Wit, whither wilt?*

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "My sweet *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:—"Wit:—is the word strange to you? *Wit?—Whither wilt thou?*" The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance.—*Steevens*.

I should rather explain the phrase, an ironical expression, equivalent to, what will your wit lead you to? A good example of it occurs in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, ed. Dyce, p. 611,—"*G. Cap. Wit, whither wilt thou?—Don. Marry, to the next pocket I can come at; and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in 't.*"

In a sermon preached by Tho. Adams, at Paul's Cross, Mar. 7, 1611, we have: *Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua*, power without pollicy is like a peece without powder: many a pope sings that common ballad of hell: *Ingenio perii qui miser ipse meo*:

*"Wit, whither wilt thou? woe is me!
My wit hath wrought my miserie."*

Which lines are also quoted in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. "But, wit, whither wilt thou? what hath morrice tripping Will to do with that?," Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600.

Right worthy worthlesse patron, the dayes and times being such, wherein wit goes a wooll-gathering in a thredbare jacket, and folly is well reputed amongst those that seeme wise, I, considering this, having but little wit, in a mad humour bade farewell it, and never so much as asked the question, *Wit, whither wilt thou?*—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

²³ *You shall never take her without her answer.*

Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
That I shall yeve hire suffisant answere,
And alle women after for hire sake;
That though they ben in any gilt y-take,
With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
For lack of answere, non of us shall dien.
Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,

Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
 And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
 That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees.—*Chaucer.*

²⁴ *That cannot make her fault her husband's occasion.*

That is, an act done upon his occasions, in prosecution of his concerns; or, as Dr. Johnson says, “represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.” So, in *Troil. and Cress.* “the ward I lic at is—Upon my *wits* to defend my *wills*.”—*Caldecott.* Hanmer alters *occasion* to *accusation*.

²⁵ *I will think you the most pathological break-promise.*

Steevens observes that the epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning;—“most *pathetical* nit.” By *pathetical* break-promise, Malone thinks is meant a lover whose falsehood would most *deeply* affect his mistress. *Pathetical*, in its first sense, means full of passion and sentiment. In a ludicrous sense, a *pathetical break-promise* is a whining, canting, promise-breaking swain. Our poet, perhaps, caught this word from the novel to which he is indebted for his play. The novelist is speaking of Phœbe, and Silvius, or Montanus,—“but shee measuring all his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the poore shepheard's *pathetical* humors, &c.” The title of Nash's celebrated pamphlet, as it appeared in the first edition, is,—“Pierce Penilesse, his supplication to the Devill, describing the over-spreading of vice and the suppression of vertue; pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights, and *pathetically* intermixt with conceipted reproofes.”—*Whiter.* Again, in Greene's *Never Too Late*, 1590: “—having no *patheticall* impression in my head, I had flat fallen into a slumber.” In 1595, was published Chappell's *Garden of Prudence*, “wherein is contained a *patheticall* Discourse and godly Meditations, touching the Vanities of the World,” 8vo. “There is nor quaint phrase, nor choise worde, nor ambiguous figure, nor *patheticall* example, nor love-expressing gesture,” Montaigne's *Essayes*, by Florio, 1603, p. 514. “And how? and how? was it not *patheticall* and pretty?” *Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640. “Fine and *patheticall*,” *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, 1646, p. 14. Warburton altered *pathetical*, in the passage in the text, to *atheistical*; and Grey suggested *jesuitical*; both of which conjectures are obviously unnecessary.

²⁶ *Time is the old justice.*

And that *old common arbitrator, Time,*
 Will one day end it.—*Troilus and Cressida.*

²⁷ *What the bird hath done to her own nest.*

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: “I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your own robes were off, what mettal are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?”—*Steevens.*

²⁸ *That was begot of thought.*

Thought, moody reflection, melancholy. “Christopher Hawis shortened his life by thought-taking,” Stowe's *Chronicle*. “She pin'd in thought,” *Twelfth Night*.

²⁹ *I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.*

Let us seek out some desolate *shade*, and there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.—*Macbeth.*

³⁰ *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

Shakespeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by Lodge's

novel,—“What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the shoulders, and the *horns*,” Lodge’s *Rosalynde*. So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled the *Boke of Huntyng*, that is cleped *Mayster of Game*: “and as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *smyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes stroke*, and he be recovered by sonne going doune, he shall have the *skyn*,” &c.—*Steevens*.

³¹ *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—this burthen.*

This is printed as one line in the original, and various conjectures have been raised as to the correct mode of regulating it. Theobald is of opinion that the words, “the rest shall bear this burthen,” form a stage-direction, applicable to the lines as thus arranged,—

Then sing him home: and take no scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

but there can be little doubt that the greater part of the song, in fact the last six lines, was originally intended to be sung in chorus, Jaques being indifferent to the tune, “so it make noise enough.” The arrangement here adopted, placing the words, “this burthen,” in one line, and assigning the rest as sung by the whole company, seems on the whole more likely to be correct than considering any portion of the line as a stage-direction. It is, however, to be observed that in Hilton’s *Catch that Catch Can*, 1652, and in Playford’s *Musical Companion*, 1667, p. 52, the line is entirely omitted in the song as there set to music; but, as Mr. Knight observes, the “omission was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit, and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to each part.” The words of the song are thus given in an early MS. copy of Hilton’s music to it now before me,—

What shall he have that kil’d the deare?
His leather skin and hornes to wear.
Take you no scorne to wear a horn,
It was a creast ere thou wast borne.
Thy father’s father bore it,
And thy father wore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

³² *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn.*

In *King John*, in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had, without doubt, attentively read, we find these lines:

But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn*,
If Philip front him with an English *horn*.—*Malone*.

Thus also, in the old comedy of *Grim the Collier of Croydon*—

—Unless your great infernal majesty
Do solemnly proclaim, no devil *shall scorn*
Hereafter still *to wear the goodly horn*.

To *take scorn* is a phrase that occurs in *Henry VI.*:—“And *take fowl scorn*, to fawn on him by sending.”—*Steevens*.

³³ *And thy father bore it.*

Thy own, Hanmer. If the last-mention’d line should be perfected, for which

the editor sees no necessity, he should choose to do it by reading—*Ay, and thy father, &c.* or by—*Ay, and his father bore it*, meaning—his father's father's father; which makes the satire the keener, by extending the blot to another generation, and avoids the apparent indelicacy of taxing a person present with bastardy.—*Capell*.

³⁴ *Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

The foregoing noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated.—*Johnson*. Surely this "noisy scene" was inserted with a wonderful appreciation of stage effect.

³⁵ *And here much Orlando.*

Spoken ironically, equivalent to, *And here no Orlando!* *Much*, used in this way, is of frequent occurrence in the old dramatists. "*Much* duchess, and *much* queen, I trow!" Heywood's Edward IV. Thus Brainworm, sending Old Knowell on a false scent, in pursuit of his son, says to him, "I, sir, there you shall have him;" and, as soon as he is out of hearing, adds,—"Yes! invisible. *Much* wench, or *much* son!" Every Man in his Humour, ap. Nares. "Much husbands here!" Blurt, Master-Constable, 1602. The word occurs as an interjection, with a similar ironical meaning, in 2 Henry IV. According to Whalley, there was, in his time, "this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment,—*Ay*, you will be sure to see him there *much!*"

So the vulgar yet say, observes Malone, "I shall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they shall get nothing. Pope, not understanding the idiom, boldly altered the text to,—"*I wonder much*, Orlando is not here;" and Ritson suggested that the true reading might be,—"*and here's no Orlando.*"

³⁶ *Patience herself, &c., and play the swaggerer.*

This would make Mercy swear, and play the tyrant.—*Measure for Measure*.

³⁷ *Were man as rare as Phœnix.*

The specimen of the phœnix in the accompanying woodcut illustrates the common notion of this supposititious bird. It is a copy of one of the curious sculptures which are round the capital of one of the columns of the nave in the church of St. Pierre, at Caen, executed in the fourteenth century. On the right hand is a pelican, on the other the phœnix rising from its flames, while in the centre



is the figure of a man vanquishing a lion. "That there is but one phœnix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great antiquity," Brown's Pseudodoxia Epidemica, 1658.

³⁸ *And turn'd into the extremity of love.*

Had Silvius been at first a cool lover, as now a hot one, the word *turn'd* had been proper: but as this was never the case, we must either put a sense upon

turn'd that is not common,—to wit, got or fall'n; or else suspect a corruption, and look out for amendment: the various readings have two (*turned in the, turn'd so in the*); both within the bounds of probability, but the first of them seems the most eligible: for *turned* will signify—head-turned; and then Rosalind's meaning will be,—Come, come, you're a simpleton, and the violence of your love has turn'd your head.—*Capell*.

³⁹ *Woman's gentle brain.*

Women's, old eds. The alteration was made by Rowe.

⁴⁰ *She Phebes me.*

That is, observes Caldecott, deals with me after that very fashion, and in that character.

⁴¹ *That could do no vengeance to me.*

The term *vengeance* is here used in the sense of, cruelty, mischief, injury, without the implication of revenge. "A vengeable tyrant, *tyrannus dirus*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

⁴² *Whether that thy youth and kind.*

Kind is the common old term for *nature*, as has been previously observed. The expression, *youth and kind*, seems to be here equivalent to, youthful nature or inclination. See examples of similar constructions in vol. i, p. 282.

⁴³ *And all that I can make.*

Steevens explains this, raise as profit from anything. The verb is probably used in its ordinary acceptation, make by my labour or skill.

⁴⁴ *Love hath made thee a tame snake.*

The term *snake* was frequently applied in contempt to any poor mean miserable wretch, a poor creature. "*Coquin*, a beggar, poore snake, needie wretch, tattered rogue, lousie vagabond that begs from doore to doore," Cotgrave. "A poor snake, *irus*," Coles. "And you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty," Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. "The poore *snakes* dare not so much as wipe their mouthes unless their wives bidde them," Healy's *Disc. of a New World*, p. 114. "And still the poorest, miserable *snakes*—*Meliusque miserrimus* horum," Juv. xi. 12, *Fasciculus Florum*, 12mo. 1636, p. 161. "Wouldst thou thinke so poore a snake durst ever sting thee?," Minshull's *Essayes and Characters of a Prison*, 1638, p. 40. "For those poore *snakes* who feed on reversiones, a glimpse through the key-hole, or a light through the grate, must be all their prospect," Clitus's *Whimzies*, p. 67. "But I have found him a poor baffled *snake*," *Muses Looking-Glass*.

—— and the poorest *snake*,

That feedes on lemmons, pilchers, and neare heated
His pallet with sweete flesh, will beare a case
More fat and gallant then his starved face.

True Chronicle Historie of Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1602.

Now, rent-inhauncer, where away so fast?
Pray stay a little, sir, for all your haste:
Perchance you may more profit by your stay,
Then if you should leave me and goe your way:
For I conjecture whither you are going,—
Nay, doe not blush, to some poore *snakes* undoing,
To root out some poore family or other;
Speake freely, man; do not your conscience smother.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

Which to avoide, poore *snakes*, so scar'd were they,
As they would leave the bench and sneake away.—*Ibid.*

If those silie poore soules had taken up armour against his majesties power, they might justly be called rebels; but, alas! they were silie *poore snakes*, utterly unarmed.—*Tobacco Tortured*, 4to. 1616, p. 156.

⁴⁵ *In the purlieus of this forest.*

“Purlicu, or Pourallee, is a certain territorie of ground adjoining unto the forrest, meered and bounded wyth unmoveable markes, meeres, and boundaries, known by matter of record onely: which territorie of ground was also once forrest, and afterwards disafforrested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forrestes from the old,” Manwood’s Treatise and Discourse of the Lawes of the Forrest, 1598. Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, describes a *purlieu* as “a place neere joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere, of freeland.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *The rank of osiers.*

Rank, that is, row. “Upon the edges of a grassie banke, a tuft of trees grew circling in a ranke,” Browne’s Britannias Pastorals. “Short be the *rank* of pearles, circling her tongue,” Wit’s Interpreter, 1671, p. 226.

⁴⁷ *Left on your right hand.*

That is, passing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place.—*Malone*. *Bottom* should have a fuller stop after it, a semi-colon; for the meaning of these lines, whose construction is a little perplex’d, is as follows:—It stands to the west of this place, and down in the neighbour bottom; if you leave the rank of osiers, that grows by the brook side, on your right hand, it will bring you to the place.—*Capell*.

⁴⁸ *Of female favour.*

There dwels foure sisters near this town,
In *favour* like, and like in gowne:
When they run for a prise to win,
All at once they doe begin:
One runnes as fast as doth the other,
Yet cannot overtake each other.

The Booke of Merry Riddles, ed. 1631.

⁴⁹ *And bestows himself like a ripe sister.*

Of this quaint phraseology there is an example in 2 Henry IV., “How might we see Falstaff *bestow* himself to-night in his true colours?”—*Steevens*.

⁵⁰ *The woman low.*

But the, ed. 1632. *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre. I suspect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose.—*Malone*.

⁵¹ *The owners of the house.*

Owner, ed. 1623. This correction, which seems confirmed by the next speech, is derived from a copy of the first folio, with very early MS. notes, which was formerly in the library of the Earl of Inchiquin.

⁵² *He sends this bloody napkin.*

This, ed. 1623; *his*, Warburton. “A *napkin* or handkerchiefe, wherewith wee wipe away the sweate, *sudarium*,” Baret’s Alvearie, 1580. So, in Greene’s Never

Too Late, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping," ap. Steevens. "A napkin, a pocket-hand-kerchief, so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire," Ray's English Words, ed. 1674, p. 34.

⁵³ *Within an hour.*

Dr. Johnson, following Hanmer, proposes to read, *within two hours*, but the original may perhaps be idiomatic, implying a brief but indefinite period of time.

⁵⁴ *Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.*

Fancy, that is, *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*, being, as it should seeme, a comfort myxt with disquiet, and a *bitter* pleasure wrapt in a *sweet* prejudice."—*Malone*. Every sonneteer, observes Farmer, characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieffe,
A living death, an ever-dying life.

⁵⁵ *Under an old oak.*

Steevens unnecessarily proposes to omit the word *old*, on account of the metre, and to avoid the tautology created by the subsequent expressions, *age*, *antiquity*.

⁵⁶ *And with indented glides did slip away.*

"Not with *indented* wave prone on the ground," Milton.

⁵⁷ *And he did render him.*

Render, that is, construe, declare, set forth. "I rendre my lesson as a chylde dothe, *je rends*," Palsgrave, 1530.

⁵⁸ *In which hurtling.*

Bot scho mervelle of itt,
Why thaire clothis were so slytt,
As thay in hurtelyng had bene hitt,
With dynttis of swerdis.—*Degrevant*, MS. Linc.

⁵⁹ *When, from the first to last.*

No heedful peruser of this line, and the three it is follow'd by, can think we have the passage entire; other heads of these brothers' *recountments* are apparently necessary, to make the poet's *in brief* right and sensible: what the accident was, or whose the negligence, that has depriv'd us of these heads, the editor does not take upon him to say; this only he is bold to assert,—that there is a lacuna, and, perhaps, of two lines: if the publick thinks well to admit of them, here are two that may serve to fill up with;—"How, in that habit; what my state, what his; And whose the service he was now engag'd in:—In brief, &c."—*Capell*.

⁶⁰ *As, how I came.*

As, that is, as for instance. This use of the conjunction is common.

⁶¹ *Dy'd in this blood.*

This, ed. 1623. The repetition of the word *this* renders these lines more effective. Oliver, observes *Malone*, points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and *Rosalind* could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. *Seymour* advocates (*his*) the reading of ed. 1632, observing that "it was needless for Oliver to inform them that the napkin was dyed in the blood that stained it; but when he says it was dyed with the blood of Orlando, he gives

them the most interesting information which has an immediate effect upon Rosalind.”

⁶² *There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede !*

Is more, eds. 1623, 1632; *is no more*, eds. 1663, 1685. Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out, *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says,—*Ganymede*.—*Johnson*.

⁶³ *Ah, sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeited.*

Yet, scarce more than half in possession of herself, in her flutter and tremulous articulation, she adds to one word the first letter, or article, of the succeeding one. For this, the reading of the folios, the modern editors (following Pope) give *sir*.—*Caldecott*. It may be worth notice that the term *body* was formerly used in the way it is here in the text in serious composition.

That booke likewise will sufficiently instruct any reasonable *bodie* in the nature, names, and diversities of sprites, for the further explaining of this chapter.—*Nomenclator*, 1585.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink¹ to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name : Wast born i' the forest here ?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God* ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

Will. Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying :—The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat,² and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance³ you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you perséver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. [*Exit OLIVER.*

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.⁴

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag⁵ of—I *came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the

reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,⁶ or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.⁷

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to graee me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,⁸ and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:⁹ Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him,—love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;

All adoration, duty and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience.

All purity, all trial, all observance ;¹⁰

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[*To ROSALIND.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? [*To PHEBE.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Why do you speak too,¹¹ *why blame you me to love you ?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.¹²—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can :—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet ;—as you, [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet ; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well ; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.¹³ Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?¹⁴

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover, and his lass,¹⁵
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,¹⁶
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,¹⁷
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.¹⁸

I Page. You are deceived, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Oli. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.¹⁹

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?

[*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing ? [*To PHEBE.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will ?

[*To SILVIUS.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.²⁰ [*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples
are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange
beasts,²¹ which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome ; this is the motley-
minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he
hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purga-
tion. I have trod a measure ;²² I have flattered a lady ; I have
been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have
undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have
fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the
seventh cause.²³

Jaq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow ?

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like.²⁴ I press in
here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear,
and to forswear ; according as marriage binds, and blood
breaks :²⁵ A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine
own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else
will : Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as
your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift²⁶ and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet
diseases.²⁷

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel
on the seventh cause ?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed ;²⁸—Bear your body
more seeming,²⁹ Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of

a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;³⁰ as you have Books for Good Manners.³¹ I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*;³² the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *lie direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel;³³ but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker;³⁴ much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,³⁵ and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND³⁶ and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To DUKE S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To ORLANDO.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight,³⁷ you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [To DUKE S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [To ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.³⁸

You and you no cross shall part:

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.³⁹ [To SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword :
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him,⁴⁰ was converted
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them⁴¹ again
 That were with him exil'd : 'This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man :
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
 To one his lands with-held ; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot :
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.⁴²
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry :—
 Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy,⁴³ to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You to your former honour I bequeath ; [To DUKE S.
 Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it :—
 You [To ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—
 You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies :—
 You [To SILVIUS] to a long and well deserved bed ;—
 And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance.]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,⁴⁴ 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,⁴⁵ that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar,⁴⁶ therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you;⁴⁷ and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,⁴⁸ and breaths that I defied not:⁴⁹ and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.*

A common old proverbial phrase. "Yet is the causer of these inconveniences *meat and drinke* to him, and he loveth it above the love of women," Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes, 1609. "Yes, faith, 'tis meat and drink to me," Decker's Satiromastix. "Lord, 'twould be as good as meat and drinke to me to see a clown," Wily Beguiled. "*Malis gaudet*, he is delighted to play the knave; its *meate and drinke* to him to doe mischief," Terence in English, 1614. "This quarrelling is meat and drink to them," Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651.

I wonder how you wer able to continue there? To heare every mans talke that passed by was better then *meate and drinke* to me.—*The Returne of Pasquill of England*, 1589.

² *That grapes were made to eat, and lips to open.*

Grapes were made to eat, that is, for men to eat. The present passage affords another example of the circumstance previously noticed, that Shakespeare seems to have retained in his mind some expressions derived from the original novel, using them, however, with an entirely different context and intention. "Phebe is no lattice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot," Lodge's Rosalynde.

³ *Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, &c.*

Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.—*Stevens*.

⁴ *And you, fair sister.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to read, *and your*. The words in the text seem, under any explanation, improperly assigned to Oliver, who had probably taken his departure just previously. All difficulty is obviated by giving them to Orlando.

⁵ *And Caesar's thrasonical brag.*

The use of the word *thrasonical* is not, as some have supposed, any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before

Shakespeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More's Epigrams:—"Lyneckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrasonical* hufsnuffe. Compare, also, the following passage in Orlando Furioso, 1594,—"Knowing him to be a *Thrasonical* mad cap, they have sent me a *Gnathonical* companion," &c. Greene, in the dedication to his Arcadia, has the same word:—"as of some *thrasonical* huffe-snuffe." The word is also found in Bullokar's Expositor, 1616.—*Farmer and Malone.*

⁶ *Which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent.*

A similar play upon words occurs in the following anecdote in Taylor's Wit and Mirth, Workes, 1630,—“A gentleman being in a house of iniquity, or couzen-German to a bawdy-house, the roome being very darke, he called aloud for a *light, huswife*; to whom a wench made answer, I come incontinent:—

He calls for light, she understood him right,
For shee was vanity which made her light:
She sayd, she would inconcinent attend;
To make her continent, she needs to mend.

⁷ *Clubs cannot part them.*

That is, “the interposition of the civic guard, armed with *clubs*, when *that* outcry is made for assistance, on the breaking out of an affray. Malone observes that the preceding words “they are in the very *wrath* of love,” give the introduction of this word a marked propriety here; and he cites Titus Andronicus,—“*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not *keep the peace*.”—*Caldecott.*

⁸ *Human as she is.*

That is, Dr. Johnson says, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

⁹ *Though I say I am a magician.*

Also to use or practise witchcrafts, enchantment, charme, or sorcerie, whereby any person shall be killed, pined, or lamed in any part of their body, or to be counselling or ayding thereto, is felony: by the ancient common law such offenders were to be burned; Fit. 269, b.,—*Dalton's Justice of the Peace.*

¹⁰ *All purity, all trial, all observance.*

To avoid the repetition of the word *observance*, Malone proposes to read *obedience*, Ritson suggests *obeisance*, and Heath thinks the author may have written *perseverance*. Mr. Harness proposes, *endurance*. In ed. 1632, the first *observance* is printed *osberbance*.

¹¹ *Why do you speak too.*

Why do you also say? Rowe altered this to,—“Who do you speak to,” but the necessity for any alteration does not appear to be absolute.

¹² *Like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.*

That is, “the same monotonous chime wearisomely and sickeningly repeated.” Malone observes that this expression is borrowed from Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592. “I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou *barkest* with the *wolves* of Syria, *against the moone*.” In that place, however, it imports an aim at impossibilities, a sense which, whatever may be Rosalind's meaning, cannot very well be attached to it here.—*Caldecott.*

For being of their nature mute at noone,
Thou darst at midnight *barke* against the moone.
Stephens' Essayes and Characters, 1615.

Fac simile of the Music and Words to the Song "It was a Lover and his Lass" from an early Manuscript preserved in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh.

It was a lover and his lass with a hey with a ho with a joy nonno no and a hey no no no ni no, yet was he
 gone to some field did pass in spring tyme ij ij the onlie prettie ring tyme, when birds doe sing joy ding
 a ding a ding ij ij Sweet labour love the spring in spring tyme ij the onlie prettie ring tyme when
 birds doe sing joy ding a ding a ding. ij ij Sweet labour love the spring.

2

Between the while of the way
 with a joy and a ho and a joy nonno no ij
 the prettie country fields did lay
 in spring tyme ij ij. the onlie prettie ring tyme
 when birds doe sing joy ding a ding a ding ij ij
 Sweet labour love the spring in spring tyme ij a f.

3
 The caroll they began that joy w^t a joy and a ho and a joy na ni no ij
 for that a lye was bot a flower in spring tyme ij ij the onlie prettie a f.

4.
 Then prettie labour take the tyme w^t a hey and a ho and a joy nonno no ij
 for labour crowned with the pyme in spring tyme a f.

Finis

¹³ *To desire to be a woman of the world.*

To go to the world, says Steevens, is to be married. So in *Much ado About Nothing*,—"Thus," says Beatrice, "every one *goes to the world* but I." The phrase again occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "But if I may have your ladyship's good-will *to go to the world*." To these instances, add the following from John Florio's *Second Frutes*, p. 29,—“P. Why? is it so great a sinne?—A. Yea, sir, to visite women.—P. Yea, *worldly women*. Si le donne del mondo.—A. Be not all *women of the world*? Tutte le donne, non sono del mondo.—P. Yes, sir, but yet not all *worldly*. Signor si, ma non tutte mondane.”—*Whiter*.

¹⁴ *Which are the only prologues to a bad voice.*

Mr. R. G. White proposes to read, *only the*, which is clearly the sense intended to be conveyed; but inversions of nearly all kinds are so frequent in works of Shakespeare's time, the original text is probably correct.

¹⁵ *It was a lover, and his lass.*

In the original edition, the second stanza of this song is given as the third, the third as the fourth, and the fourth as the second. The arrangement here adopted is that found in the earliest copy of the song with musical notes, printed in Morley's *First Booke of Ayres*, or little short Songs to sing and play to the Lute, fol. 1600; and also in a manuscript copy, here given in facsimile, which is preserved in a volume in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, transcribed certainly before the year 1639, the name of a former owner of the MS. being accompanied with that date. It will be observed that there are several textual variations between the printed and manuscript copies of the song.

¹⁶ *In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.*

The old copies read *rang time*. Dr. Johnson altered *ring* to *rank*, Pope to *spring*, and Whiter suggested *range time*, signifying the only *pleasant* time for *straying* or *ranging* about; but there can be little doubt of the correctness of the reading here adopted, which suits the jingling rhyme probably intended, and is supported by the early MS. copy of the song previously alluded to. The *ring time* is the aptest season of marriage, the spring. It appears from the old calendars, observes Douce, that the spring was the season of marriage.

¹⁷ *This carol they began that hour.*

The term *carol* was formerly applied in a more general sense than at present. "Laertius dreamed that hee saw a young cygnet waxe flidge in his bosome, and eft beeing winged, to flie aloft, and fill the aire with melodious *carols*," Optick Glasse of Humors, 1639.

¹⁸ *Yet the note was very untuneable.*

That is, though there was so little meaning in the words, yet the music fully matched it, the note was as little tuneable.—*Caldecott*. Touchstone, observes Seymour, "would not be so exorbitant as to require music and sense at the same time; but, compounding for the absence of matter, he complains that the grace of harmony was wanting also." Theobald reads, *untimeable*, but the lection of the old copies sufficiently agrees with the context, and with the Page's speech that follows. Moreover, it can scarcely be said that a *note* was *untimeable*.

¹⁹ *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*

As those that fear what they hope, and know very well they fear a disappointment. Our author seems here to have more than ordinarily entangled himself by his favourite antithetical licence with both ideas and words. We may interpret it,

—"As those, that under a sad misgiving entertain a trembling hope, at the same time that they feel real apprehension and fears." A man might, with propriety, say, I fear I entertain so much hope, as teaches me I cannot be without fear of disappointment. Orlando says, he is like that man.—*Caldecott*. That is, he is as those who fear that they are feeding on *mere* hope—hope which is not to end in fruition—and who are certain that they fear or apprehend the worst:—a painful state to be in.—*Anon*. Various alterations have been proposed, e. g.,—"As those that fear *their* hap, and know *their* fear," Warburton; "As those that fear *with* hope, and hope *with* fear," Johnson; "As those that fear, *they* hope, and *now* they fear," *ibid.*; "As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear," Heath; "As those that *feign* they hope, and know they fear," Blackstone; "As those that fear, *then* hope; and know, *then* fear," Musgrave; "As those who *fearing* hope, and *hoping* fear," Mason; "As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear," Henley; "As those that fear *may* hope, and know they fear," Harness; "As those that fear *to* hope," Perkins MS. A similar jingle occurs in *Measure for Measure*,—

Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

²⁰ *To make these doubts all even.*

That is, remove doubts, which may be said to be in the nature of knobs or inequalities, obstructing our course.—*Caldecott*. To make even, to reconcile, to make straight. "Now that I have made ev'n, girl, with Heav'n," Cartwright's *Ordinary*, 1651. See also the commencement of the speech,—“I have promis'd to make all this matter even.” Again, in the *Goblins*, 1646,—“he struck me but for persuading him to make even with Heaven.”

²¹ *Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.*

Warburton proposes to read, *of unclean beasts*, supposing the allusion is to the pairs of unclean animals in the ark; but, as Johnson observes, "*strange beasts* are only what we call *odd animals*." There can be no necessity for any alteration.

²² *I have trod a measure.*

Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—"—the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancientry."—*Malone*. The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them in this manner:

But, after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more *grave and solemn measures* frame:
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
For every eye was moved at the sight,
With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.

Not those young students of the heavenly book,
 Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
 Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
 Could ever find such measure in the skies,
 So full of change, and rare varieties ;
 Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
 Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.—*Reed.*

None o' your dull *measures* ; there's no sport but in your country figaries.—*The Bird in a Cage.* It is now altered to a sort of jig, or Scotch measure, and consists of three dancers.—*Croft.*

²³ *And found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.*

Was not upon, Johnson. When Touchstone says afterwards, "I durst go no further than the *lie circumstantial*," this was certainly, as he sets them out, "finding the quarrel upon the *sixth*, and not, as he had just said, upon the *seventh* cause." But the correction or amendment of the humour, or blundering random shot of Shakespeare's clowns, is one of the most mischievous parts of the mischievous process of conjectural criticism. And the suggestion of Johnson that the text should be altered, because Touchstone had not been uniform in his statement of the gradation of causes that prevented his fighting this duel, has been judiciously rejected by the modern editors. The course indeed which Malone takes, would remove all difficulties ; and he repeatedly insists that the *seventh* cause, that is, the *lie seven times removed*, properly understood (which, he says, is by counting backwards from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie) was the *first*, or the *retort courteous*. But this involves a much stranger contradiction : he could not then have gone further ; and this he represents that he might have done, had he dared.—*Caldecott.*

In Touchstone's calculation, the quarrel really was, or rather depended upon, the *lie direct*, or the seventh cause. Six previous causes had passed without a duel ; there were six modes of giving the lie, none of which had been considered sufficient to authorize a combat ; but the seventh, the *lie direct*, would have been the subject of the quarrel, and this is also what is to be understood by "a lie seven times removed." The absurdity of the dispute just terminating before the necessity of fighting had arrived, and of there being two lies of higher intensity than the *countercheck quarrelsome*, "I lie," is evidently intentional. Malone's note, however, on the "lie seven times removed," is given, in order that the reader may have the opportunity of perusing the arguments upon which his theory is based. The term *cause* was technical in duelling. In *Romeo and Juliet*, a duellist is mentioned as "a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause."

²⁴ *I desire you of the like.*

Warburton proposed to read *of you*, but unnecessarily, there being numerous examples of the phraseology of the text. "I shall desire you of more acquaintance," *Midsummer Night's Dream*. So, observes Steevens, in the *Faerie Queene*,—"She dear besought the prince *of remedy*." Again, in Heywood's *Play of the Wether* :—"Besechynge your grace *of wynde continual*."

²⁵ *According as marriage binds, and blood breaks.*

"A man, by the marriage ceremony, swears that he will keep only to his wife ; when, therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn," Henley. "Beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into *blood*," *Much Ado about Nothing*.

²⁶ *He is very swift and sententious.*

Swift, ready. "So swift and excellent a wit," *Much Ado about Nothing*.

²⁷ *And such dulcet diseases.*

That is, such pleasant fooleries or sayings as I have been scattering about, and which are epidemical among us as diseases. Malone has produced a very apt instance of the same species of writing and humour in *Launcelot Gobbo*:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and destinies, and *such* odd sayings, the sisters three, and *such* branches of learning,) is indeed deceased."—*Caldecott*. Compare, also, the dialogue on "contagious breath" in the second act of *Twelfth Night*. Various unnecessary alterations of the text have been suggested, viz., *dulcet discourses* (Johnson), *in such dulcet diseases* (Farmer), *dulcet phrases* (Monck Mason).

The words *dulcet diseases* mean, wits, or witty people; so call'd, because the times were infected with them; they, and fools,—that is, such fools as the speaker,—being all their delight.—*Capell*.

²⁸ *Upon a lie seven times removed.*

Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the *retort courteous*, the *first* species of lie. When, therefore, he says that they *found the quarrel was on the lie seven times removed*, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—"Who hath some four or five *removes* come short—To tender it herself." Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling," i. e. so *distant* from the haunts of men. When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *seventh cause*, that is, on the *retort courteous*, or the *lie seven times removed*. In the course of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, counting in regular progression from the first to the last, the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here "the *seventh cause*," and "the *lie seven times removed*," he must mean, *distant* seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly, therefore, no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause."—*Malone*.

²⁹ *Bear your body more seeming.*

Seeming, that is, seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakespeare for *becoming*, or *fairness of appearance*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:—"——these keep—*Seeming* and savour all the winter long."—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book.*

"If he once get to walk by the book, and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book," Decker's *Gulls Horn-Book*, 1609. In the work of Vincent Saviolo of Honor and Honorable Quarrels, 4to. Lond., 1594, are several chapters on the etiquette observed in quarrelling on the lie. It is divided, says Capell, into a kind of chapters, though not so call'd; the first of which is intitl'd—"A Rule and Order concerning the Challenger and Defender." A "discourse," says the

author, "most necessarie for all gentlemen that have in regarde their honors touching the giving and receiving of the lie, whereupon the Duello and the combats in divers sortes doth insue, and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: and the right understanding of wordes." The other heads are as follows,—1. What the reason is, that the partie unto whom the lie is given, ought to become Challenger: and of the nature of Lies.—2. Of the manner and diversitie of Lies.—3. Of Lies certaine.—4. Of conditionall Lyes.—5. Of the Lye in generall.—6. Of the Lye in particular.—7. Of foolish Lyes.—8. A conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the lye, or Dementie. The lie certain and lie conditional of this author are called by Shakespeare, the lie direct, and the lie circumstantial; and his wresting or returning back of the lie,—the counter-check quarrelsome.

³¹ *You have Books for Good Manners.*

Hugh Rhodes wrote the "Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners for Men, Servants, and Children," Svo., 1577. An earlier piece, under a similar title, occurs in MS. Harl. 149, and there are so many works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to which the notice in the text might apply, it is difficult to say exactly what particular book is alluded to by Shakespeare. There was a book under the title published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507, the colophon of the latter of which is as follows,—“Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled

¶ Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled good maners.

good maners. Enprynted at London in y^e Flete Strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynken de Worde. In y^e yere of our Lorde, M. ccccc. and vii. The x. daye of December. The xxiii. yere of the reygne of our souerayne lorlde kynge Hary the seuenth." The work treats of vertues and vices; of churchmen and their duties; of princes, lords, and knights; of the duties of commoners; of death. An earlier edition, of which only one imperfect copy is known, was printed by Pynson in 1494, stated to be "fynyshed and translated out of Frenshe into Englyssh the viij. day of June in the yere of oure Lorde 1486, and emprynted the last day of September, 1494." Pynson also printed a work entitled,—“Here begynneth a ryght frutefull treatyse intituled the *myrrour of good maners*, conteyning the iiij. vertues called cardynall, compyled in Latyn by Domynike Mancyn, and translate into Englyshe at the desyre of Syr Gyles Alyngton knyght, by Alexander Berc'ey prest and monke of Ely."

Another work has perhaps a greater claim to the probability of being the Shaksperian book,—A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpretation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond. 1554, which is a translation of Erasmus de Civilitate Morum Puerilium. An earlier edition of this appeared in 1522, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and it was several times reprinted. Another is, Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation; a Work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. It may be just worth notice that Lydgate wrote a poem on manners, one stanza of which from a MS. of the fifteenth century preserved in the University Library, Leyden, will suffice for a specimen,—

Who wil be hool and keepe hym from syknesse,
 And resist the strok of pestilence,
 Late hym be glad and void al hevynesse,
 Flee wikked eyres, eschew the presence
 Off infecte placis causyng the violence ;
 Drynk good wyne and holsom metis take,
 Smelle swete thyng, and for his deffence,
 Walke in ciene heyr, eschew mystis blake.

For the carriage of youth, according to the civility used in our time, and for the whole course of framing their manners in the most commendable sort, there is a little booke translated out of French, called the Schoole of Good Manners, or the New Schoole of Vertue; teaching youth how they ought to behave themselves in all companies, times, and places. It is a booke most easie and plaine, meet both for masters and schollars to be acquainted with, to frame all according unto it; unless in any particular the custome of the place require otherwise.—*Spoud.* How would you have the children acquainted with this?—*Phil.* The master sometimes in steade of the history, or if he will, at some other times, might reade it over unto them al, a leaf or two at a time, and after to examin it amongst them. It is so plaine that they will easily understand it.—*Brinsly's Ludus Literarius*, 1612.

A fine gentleman is the cynamon tree, whose barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the Booke of Good Manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it.—*Overbury's Characters*, 1626.

The earlier sense of the word *manners*, as "*manners* makyth man," the motto of William of Wykeham, and in the passage, "Evil communications corrupt *good manners*," occurs in the works of an old pedagogue. "I wyll somewhat speke of the scholer's *maners* or duty: for *maners* (as they say) maketh man; de discipulorum *moribus* pauca contexam; nam *mores* (ut aiunt) hominem exornant," *Vulgaria Roberti Whittintoni*, 1521. Compare, also, Milton's *Areopagitica*: "That also, which is impious or evil absolutely against faith or *maners*, no law can possibly permit, that tends not to unlaw itself."—*Caldecott*.

³² *The lie, with circumstance.*

So, in Sogliardo's account of his friend, Cavalier Shift, "That he manages a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances," Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*. "All this he will demonstrate; and then, rules to give and take the lie by.—*Kas.* How? to take it?—*Fac.* Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle; but never in diameter," *Alchemist*. The same subject is alluded to by Fletcher in words exactly similar,—"Has he given the lie in circle or oblique, or semicircle, or direct parallel? you must challenge him," *Queen of Corinth*.

See also the Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is dicoursed the Causes of Quarrel and the Nature of Injuries, with their Repulses, 4to. 1590, b. iii. c. 20:—"Another way to procure satisfaction is, that hee who gave the lie shall say or write unto the partie belied to this effect: I pray you advertise me by this bearer, with what intent you spake those words of injurie whereupon I gave you the lie. The other will answere, I spake them in choller, or with no meaning to offend you. Thereunto may be answered by him again that gave the lie thus: If your words were said onelic in anger and no intent to challenge me, then I do assure you that my lie given shall not burthen you, for I acknowledge you to be a true speaker and a gentleman of good reputation: wherefore my desire is that the speech passed

between us may be forgotten. This mode of pacification may serve in many cases, and at sundrie occasions.”—*Malone*.

³³ *I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel.*

The MS. corrector of a copy of ed. 1685, in the possession of Mr. De Quincy, reads *make up*, but the idiom of the original text is no doubt correct. So, previously, Jaques asks, when Touchstone said he had *like to have fought* on one of his four quarrels,—“and how was that ta'en up?”

³⁴ *Your If is the only peace-maker.*

Of conditionall Lyes.—Conditionall lyes be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should saie or write these woordes,—If thou hast saide that I have offered my lord abuse, thou lye: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye: and as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes given in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and divers intricate worthy battailes, multiplying wordes upon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise: the reason is, because no lye can bee effectuall or lawefull, before the condition is declared to bee true, that is, before it be justified that such words were certainly spoken. For the partie unto whom such a lye is given, may answere according as he findes himselfe guiltie or not: if chaunce he have so saide, he may by generall wordes seeke meanes to escape the lye which is given him: and withall upon those words which the other hath spoken or written unto him, he may happilie finde occasion of a meere quarrell, and give him a lye certaine. And on the other side, if indeed he have not spoken those words wherupon the lye was given him, then may he saye absolutelye, that hee spake them not: adding therto some certaine or conditionall lye, as for example. Whereas thou chargest me that I should say that thou art a traitor, and thereupon saiest that I lye, I answere that I never spake such words, and therefore say, that whosoever saith that I have spoken such wordes, he lyeth. Yet notwithstanding I cannot like of this manner of proceeding, because therby men fal into a world of words. Some holde an opinion, that such an answere might be framed: Thou doost not proceede in this case like a gentleman, neither according to the honorable custome of knights: which when thou shalt doe, I will answere thee. Unto whom I cannot give applause, considering that the other maye replye, that hee lyeth, because hee saith hee did not as a gentleman, &c., alleadging that many gentlemen have observed and used that manner of proceeding, and so shall the other have occasion by his ignorance in not knowing how to answere the lye conditionallye given him, to give him a certain lye: therefore not to fall into any error, all such as have any regarde of their honor or credit, ought by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, never geving anie other but certayne lyes: the which in like manner they ought to have great regarde, that they give them not, unlesse they be by some sure means infallibly assured that they give them rightly, to the ende that the parties unto whome they be given may be forced without further *Ifs* and *Ands*, either to deny or justifie that which they have spoken.—*Saviolo of Honor and Honorable Quarrels*, 1594.

³⁵ *He uses his folly like a stalking-horse.*

Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have knowne in the fenne countries and els-where, that doe shoot at woodcockes, snipes, and wilde fowle, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carrey before them, having pictured in it the *shape of a horse*; which while the silly fowle gazeth on, it is knockt down with hale shot, and so put in the fowler's budget.—*Gee's New Shreds of the Old Snare*, 1624.

There is no getting at some fowl without a *stalking-horse*, which must be

some old jade trained up for that purpose, who will walk up and down in the water which way you



gently, as you would have him, please, flodding and eating the grass that grows therein; behind whose fore-shoulder you are to shelter yourself and gun, bending your body down low by his side, and keeping his body still full between you and the fowl. When you are within shot, take your level from before the fore-part of the horse, giving fire as it were between his neck and the water, which is much better shooting than under his belly. Now to supply the defect of a real *stalking-horse*, which will take up a great deal of time to instruct and make fit for this

exercise, an artificial one may be made of any piece of old canvas, which is to be shap'd in form of a horse, with the head bending downwards, as if he graz'd. It may be stuffed with any light matter, and should be painted of the colour of a horse, whereof brown is the best; in the middle let it be fixt to a staff, with a sharp iron at the end, to stick into the ground as occasion requires, standing fast while you take your level; and farther, as it must be very portable, it should also be moved, so as it may seem to graze as it goes; neither ought its stature be too high or too low, for the one will not hide the body, and the other will be apt to fright the fowl away. But when you have so beat the fowl with the *stalking-horse* that they begin to find your deceit, and will no longer endure it, you may stalk with an ox or cow made of painted canvas, till the *stalking-horse* be forgot, while others again stalk with stags, or red deer, formed out of painted canvas, with the natural horns of stags fixed thereon, and the colour so lively painted that the fowl cannot discern the fallacy.—*Dictionarium Rusticum*, 1726.

Allusions to the *stalking-horse* are common in old plays. "A fellow that makes Religion his stawking horse," Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604. The marginal note is, "shootes under his belly," sig. F. 4. "Thou hast been my *stalking-horse* now these ten months," Honest Lawyer, 1616. "Flattery is the *stalking-horse* of policy," *Maides Revenge*. "What a slic buzzard it is! A man can scarce get a shoot at him with a *stalking-horse*. He has been scar'd sure," Clarke's *Phraseologia Puerilis*, 1655, p. 126, from the comedy of *Ignoramus*. The annexed example of an archer shooting under the shelter of a *stalking-horse* is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a manuscript *de la Chasse des bestes sauvages*, executed in the fifteenth century, preserved at Paris.

³⁶ *Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind.*

Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.—*Johnson*.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, Hymen was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage, has left instructions how to dress this favourite character. "On the other hand entered Hymen, the god of marriage, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke

on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*.”—*Steevens*.

It is necessary to observe that the modern editors have here introduced, not only without any authority, but in contradiction to what follows, Hymen *leading* Rosalind *in women's clothes*; and in consequence have found it necessary to change the gender of two of the pronouns in the two last lines of the following hymn: and instead of *his*, in the first and third instances, they read *her*. Before our attention had been directed to this variance between the old copies and the modern editions, we had conceived that our author had repeatedly used the masculine pronoun in reference to the previously assumed character, and “doublet and hose” dress of Rosalind; but it seems now from this, as well as other considerations, that her dress could not have been altered. The duke, her father, who did not now know or suspect who she was, (although he had just before said, he remembered some “lively touches” of his daughter “in this shepherd boy,”) must, one would think, have at once recognized her in a female dress; and she must also have delivered the epilogue in a male habit, or she could hardly have used the expression, “if I were a woman.” That the text is correct there may be much doubt. The introduction of the words, “in women's clothes,” in the modern editions, was probably in consequence of the stage practice, and the mode of representation there.—*Caldecott*.

He is not answerable for one absurdity in the conduct of this masque, that must lye at his editors' doors; who, by bringing in Hymen in *propria persona*, make Rosalind a magician indeed; whereas all her conjuration consisted in fitting up one of the foresters to personate that deity, and in putting proper words in his mouth. If, in representing this masque, Hymen had some Loves in his train, the performance would seem the more rational: they are certainly wanted for what is intitl'd the *song*; and the other musical business, beginning—“Then is there mirth in heaven,” would come with greater propriety from them, though editions bestow it on Hymen.—*Capell*.

³⁷ *If there be truth in sight.*

In other words, if my sight does not deceive me. There is no necessity for Dr. Johnson's proposed alteration of *sight* to *shape*.

³⁸ *If truth holds true contents.*

That is, observes Caldecott, if truth contains truth: if the possession of truth be not imposture.

³⁹ *Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.*

Shakespeare is licentious in his use of this verb, which here, as in *Measure for Measure*, only signifies to *bind*:—“I am *combined* by a sacred vow.”—*Steevens*.

⁴⁰ *After some question with him.*

Question, that is, discourse. “At the beginning of this summers progresse, it pleased his sacred majestie to take notice of this sorrie libell, and to *question with mee* concerning it,” Jos. Hall's *Honour of the married Clergy*, 12mo. 1620.—*Caldecott*.

In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsel of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of Rosader (the Orlando of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right.—*Steevens*.

⁴¹ *And all their lands restor'd to them again.*

To him, old editions, corrected by Rowe. Mr. Collier's defence of the old

readings appears to be too subtle to be adopted,—“The meaning is, that the converted brother restores to the banished brother his dukedom, and all the lands of those who were in exile with him, in order that he (the duke) may bestow the lands again on their former possessors.”

⁴² *According to the measure of their states.*

That is, all my faithful followers shall receive such reward as suits their various stations.—*Rev. A. Dyce.*

⁴³ *With measure heap'd in joy.*

A heaped measure was a technical term. “Large measure, *heaped measure*, measure with advantage,” Cotgrave. I mention this, not that the line requires any explanation, but merely to show the source for the use of what would now be considered a forced metaphor.

⁴⁴ *Good wine needs no bush.*

The custom of hanging out a bush as a sign for a tavern, or a place where wine was to be sold, was of great antiquity in this country. The accompanying interesting example of this practice, from an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century, was kindly copied for me by Mr. Wright from a manuscript preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. Chaucer alludes to the bush, and its customary position appended to an ale-stake or sign-post, when he speaks of “a garlond had he sette upon his hede, as gret as it werin for an ale-stake.” So, in an early poem in MS. Cotton. Tiber. A. vii. fol. 72,—



Ryght as off a *tavernere*,
The greene busche that hangeth out
Is a sygne, it is no dowte,
Outward ffolkys ffor to telle,
That within is wyne to selle.

The proverb, “good wine needs no bush,” is introduced into some lines prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Maides Tragedy*, 1619,—“Good wine requires no bush, they say,—And I, no prologue such a play.” So in Hutton’s *Follies Anatomie*, 1619,—

Should I commend your satyres? faith no; tush,—
'Tis an olde proverbe, *Good wine needes no bush.*

Good wine needeth no bush—A bon vin, il ne faut point d’enseigne.—*Holyband’s French Littelton*, 1609.

Good wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let Bacchus bush be Barnaby’s rich nose.
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green,
Barnaby’s nose may for a bush be seen.—*Barnaby’s Journal.*

Good wine needs no bush, *Vino bono non opus est hedera.*—*Walker’s Idiomatologia Anglo-Latina*, 1670.

The bush is very frequently alluded to as having been formed of ivy, in which there appears a trace of classical allusion, as the ivy was always sacred to Bacchus; perhaps continued from Heathen times. “*Vino vendibili suspensa hedera non est opus*,” is the Latin form of the proverb.—*Nares.* So, in Gascoigne’s *Glass of Government*, 1575:—“Now a days the good wyne needeth none *ivy garland.*”

In Greene in Concept, 1598, p. 10, we read: "Good wine needes no *ivie* bush." And Lilly, "Things of greatest profit are set forth with least price; where the wine is neat there needeth no *ivie-bush*," Euphues. "Greene ivy-bushes at the vintner's doores," are mentioned in Summers Last Will and Testament, 1600. "I hang no ivie to sell my wine," England's Parnassus, 1600. In Brathwait's Law of Drinking, 1617, is, "A president of binding any one apprentice to the known trade of the Ivy-bush, or Red-lettice; taken out of the ancient register-booke of Potina." In Vaughan's Golden Grove, 1608, is the following passage: "Like as an *ivy-bush*, put forth at a *vintrie*, is not the cause of the wine, but a signe that wine is to bee sold there; so, likewise, if we see smoke appearing in a chimney, we know that fire is there, albeit the smoke is not the cause of the fire." Cotgrave, in v. *Bon*, gives the proverb,—"Good wine draws customers without any help of an ivy-bush." The nose of a character mentioned in the Rival Friends, 1632, is described as "like the ivy-bush unto a taverne, which tells us there is wine within." The bush was sometimes adorned with tinsel. "*Trémola*, a kinde of thin plate like gold that vintners use to adorne their bushes with," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

The ivy bush is but a needlesse gase
Before the doore, whereas the wine is pure.

Whetstone's English Myrror, 4to. Lond. 1586.

Like unto a starcht peece of fine lawne it is stayned with every light spot, frayed with the least stresse, and rent with a little use; it is like unto snow, of slender vertue, but to dazle the sight, in lesse than a thrice thawed to nothing with love as with the sun turned to durt with kindnes as with rayn; it is like unto an ivy bush, that cals men to the tavern, but hangs itselife without to winde and wether.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

For the poore fisherman that was warned he should not fish, yet did at his doore make nets, and the olde vintener of Venice that was forbidden to sell wine, did notwithstanding hang out an *ivie-bush*.—*Euphues and his England*.

Tell me, Where hadst thou *ivie-bush*, say where?
Which as thine ancient liv'rie thou dost weare;
That garland sure me-thinks that I should know it,
From th' temples sure of some pot-hardy poet;
Who, cause he had not wherewithall to pay,
Was fore't to leave his garland, or to stay
Till some of 's patrons pittied his estate:
But he, poore man, cleere out of hope of that,
Having discust it often in his minde,
Did think 't more fit to leave his wreath behinde,
Then into such apparant danger fall,
And so did unto one of th' drawers call,
To tell thee, if thou would'st be so content,
He would engage his *ivie-ornament*;
Which thou being glad of, for thy private use,
Wore it thyselife, and cheat'd the poet thus.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

This good wine I present, needs no ivy-bush; they that taste thereof, shall feele the fruit, to their best content, and better understanding.—*A Learned Summary upon Du Bartas*, 1621.

One that had a bush-beard, and us'd evermore to sweare thereby, an other said unto him: keeping no ale-house, what neede you sweare so by your bushe.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*.

You slave, what linnen hast thou brought us here?
 Fill me a beaker, looke it be good beere.
 What claret's this? the very worst in towne:
 Your tavern-bush deserves a pulling downe.
 Boy, bring good wine, when men of judgement cals,
 Or Ile send pots and cups against the wals.

Rowland's Knave of Harts.

The tavern bush invites those that love drinke to the wine, and these boughes invites or draws unto it wine itselfe.—*Minsheu's Pleasant and Delightfull Dialogues*, 1623.

The bush did wag, the dog did shake his tayle,
 When first my muse and I approach'd the wicket.

Pasquil's Palinodia, and his Progresse to the Tavernne, n. d.

The very vintners burnt their *bushes* in Fleet-street and other places, and their wine was burnt (all over London and Westminster) into all colours of the rainbow.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

By nature, as smoake is a signe of fire, or by institution, as an *ivybush* is a signe of wine to be sold.—*Geree's Astrologo-Mastix*, 1646.

Of the ivy Kennett (Glossary) tells us—"The booths in fairs were commonly drest with ivy leaves, as a token of wine there sold, the ivy being saered to Bacchus; so was the tavern bush or frame of wood, drest round with ivy, forty years since, though now left off for tuns or barrels hung in the middle of it. This custom gave birth to the present practice of putting out a green bush at the door of those private houses which sell drink during the fair;" a custom which still continues in many of the provinces. The tavern-bush is yet traced in the name of the Bush, the sign of an inn still retained in several places in England. Taylor, the Water-Poet, mentions the Bush-inn at Staines. The petty taverns in Normandy are, to this day, distinguished by bushes. Lupton, in his London and the Countrey Carbonadoed, 1632, p. 127, speaks of a "boxe-bush" as a sign of an ale-house.

Notices of the tavern-bush are common in our early writers, but a few additional references may not be unacceptable,—Nash's Christs Teares over Jerusalem, 1593; "stood at livery at an ale-house wispe, never exceeding a penny a quart," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596; Cawdray's Treasure or Storehouse of Similies, 1600, pp. 152, 672, a parallel at the latter page commencing thus,—"like as if a man would take the bush, that hangeth at the tavernne doore, and should sucke it for to slake his thirst;" Rowlands' Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, repr., p. 111; "Spied a bush at the ende of a pole, the auncient badge of a countrey ale-house," Decker's Wonderful Yeare, 1603; Mayne's Citye Match, 1639, p. 19; Davenant's Siege, 1673, p. 83; Madam Fickle, or the Witty False One, 1677, pp. 54, 58; Poor Robin's Perambulation from Saffron Walden to London, 1678; Lord Lansdowne's She Gallants, 1696, p. 66; Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion, 1696, p. 87.

⁴⁵ *What a case am I in then.*

That is, "although to good wine and good plays, bushes and good epilogues are needless or superfluous, yet such accidents recommend the subject, such accompaniments heighten and improve. What a sorry plight then am I in, who am not a good epilogue, and have not so much of address or insinuation, as to interest you on behalf even of a good play." For the use of the word *insinuate*, see Winter's Tale and Richard III. Monck Mason explains it, with more probability of having ascertained the poet's meaning,—“what a case then was she

in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one?" Dr. Kenrick proposes to alter *then* to *tho'*.—*Caldecott*.

Hee (the common player) doth conjecture somewhat strongly, but dares not commend a playes goodnes till he hath either spoken or heard the *epilogue*: neither dares he entitle good things good, unlesse hee be heartned on by the multitude.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

⁴⁶ *I am not furnished like a beggar.*

Furnished, dressed. So, in the third act,—“Furnished like a hunter.”

⁴⁷ *To like as much of this play as pleases you.*

Please in the old copies, the singulars and plurals, as has been before observed, being frequently indiscriminately used by writers of Shakespeare's time. So, shortly afterwards, *hate* is printed *hates* in ed. 1623. Warburton proposes the following violent changes in this paragraph, observing,—“This passage should be read thus: ‘I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases *them*: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, —to like as much as pleases *them*, that between you and the women,’ &c. Without the alteration of *you* into *them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises.”

The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: “I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and “I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (not to *set an example to*, but) to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful.” The words “to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies” are not, indeed, expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent; “that, between you and the women, the play may please.” In the epilogue to King Henry IV, Part II, the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: “All the gentlewomen here have forgiven (are favourable to) me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁸ *Complexions that liked me.*

Liked, pleased. “This lyketh me well,” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁴⁹ *And breaths that I defied not.*

To *defy*, used by Shakespeare, here and elsewhere, in the sense of, to abhor, detest, reject. So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,—“I thy gifts defy.”

A copy of the first folio, many years in the possession of the late James Baker of King's Arms Yard, contains two cancelled leaves of *As You Like It* in sheet R, or rather two leaves each of which has been cancelled on account of one of the pages being wrongly printed. The first is a cancel of sig. R, comprising pp. 193, 194, the first page being erroneously given as 203, and the signature as R 2. The second is the last leaf of the sheet, pp. 203, 204, the second page of which is misprinted 194. There do not appear to be any textual variations in consequence of these cancels, which are chiefly curious as showing that the work received some corrections while in the process of being passed through the press. In another copy of the first folio, at p. 204, col. 1, the Clown's speech, “a ripe age,” is given to Orlando, and William's speech, immediately following it, is assigned to the Clown.

The Taming of the Shrew.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.

2. A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew, as it was acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. 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.
In quarto.

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 Induction, and the chief incidents, of Shakespeare's comedy of the Taming of *the* Shrew, were derived from an older play, first printed in 1594 under the title of,—A Pleasant Conceited Historie called the Taming of *a* Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants, Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie at his shop at the Royall Exchange, 1594; and the great dramatist has followed the more ancient production with more fidelity than was usually the case with him in other instances of a similar kind. The Induction is copied with remarkable closeness, as far as regards its incidents, and their bearing upon the play intended to follow; but no comparison is to be traced betwixt them as works of genius, Shakespeare's Induction being one of the choicest fragments that ever emanated from his pen, while the corresponding portion of the older comedy, however amusing, is but at best feeble and insignificant. In the latter, however, the story of the Induction is continued at intervals throughout the play, and, at the conclusion, Sly is reinvested with his own apparel, taken back to the place where he fell asleep at the commencement, and, being discovered by the tapster, regards the whole performance as a dream. The tale of the old comedy is very similar to that of Shakespeare; it relates to three daughters, one of whom (the eldest) was troubled with an intolerable temper, and the father insisting on her being married first, the lovers of the younger sisters have

recourse to Ferando, the prototype of Petruchio, a man who, it is thought, "will fit her humour right." The scene is laid at Athens, and the names of the characters seem to be a selection derived from those of many countries. The mode in which the shrew is tamed is nearly identical in both plays, and even many of Shakespeare's jokes are derived, in idea at least, from the elder comedy. So numerous, indeed, are the evidences of imitation that Capell boldly assigns the *Taming of a Shrew* to the hand of Shakespeare, "spite of all its absurdities, there being no one example of his having taken so largely, and follow'd so closely the track of another writer, as he must have done in his *Taming of the Shrew*, if the other was not his; and what hinders, but the period that did produce it, indeed, might be that of Shakespeare's first youth, and the occasion of its producing, the wants of some low theatre (booth, perhaps) which 'tis suited to perfectly?" This conjecture may be safely dismissed, there being no characteristics of even an early composition of Shakespeare to be traced in the more ancient play; and the custom of the times would not only sanction, but demand of any professional writer for the stage, the plagiarisms involved in the alteration and enlargement of another author's work. In the present instance, the obligations are restricted to incidents and barren suggestions, the literary merit of the *Taming of the Shrew* not being in the least affected by the examination of its original. It may be perhaps just worth notice that several of the early critics were of the opinion of Capell, and that the *Taming of a Shrew* is ascribed to Shakespeare in the catalogue of plays appended to the interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, printed in 1661. The name of the author of the older drama has certainly, however, not been discovered; it has been conjecturally assigned to Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, and it is a singular circumstance that entire lines, in some instances several consecutive ones, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, are taken almost verbatim from the acknowledged plays of the last-mentioned dramatist. This is a very curious fact, but it proves nothing beyond this, that the anonymous writer of the *Taming of a Shrew* copied slightly from Marlowe, whose style he seems also occasionally to have imitated; and even if the plagiarisms alluded to were of a nature more liable to be detected by an Elizabethan audience, the author might either have sheltered himself under his incognito, or have defended the practice as not having been inconsistent with the literary usages of contemporary dramatists. That

Marlowe himself should have been the author of the comedy, and introduced in it entire passages from other works of his own, appears to be most unlikely; for although a dramatic writer may repeat images and thoughts, or even turns of expression, it is scarcely probable that one, possessing the ability and power of Marlowe, would condescend to adopt and reintroduce in one drama fragments from others of his own composition; and it is also to be observed that, in more than one instance, the imitations of Marlowe in the *Taming of a Shrew* are introduced with questionable taste as regards their consistency with the context.

The earliest notice of the play of the *Taming of a Shrew* yet discovered occurs in the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company for the year 1594,—“*Secundo die Maii, 1594.—Peter Shorte,—Entred unto him for his copie under Mr. Warden Cawoodes hande, A booke intituled a pleasant conceyted historie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe, vj.d.*,” which evidently refers to the edition printed in that year, the title of which is given above. A reprint of this edition was published by the same proprietors in 1596, under the following title,—*A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called the Taming of a Shrew, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants,—Imprinted at London by P. S. and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange, 1596.* It is worthy of remark that the play is mentioned in this year by Sir John Harington,—“*For the shrewd wife, read the booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her,*” *Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596.* Cuthbert Burby retained his interest in this comedy until 1607, the following entry occurring in the above-named registers under the date of 22 January, 1606-7,—“*Mr. Linge, by direction of a Court, and with consent of Mr. Burby under his handwrytinge, these iij. copies, viz., Romco and Juliett, Loves Labour Loste, the Taminge of a Shrewe.*” Ling published an edition the same year under the title of—*A pleasaunt conceited Historie called the Taming of a Shrew, as it hath becne sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants,—Printed at London by V. S. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet, 1607.* The three editions differ very slightly from each other, and the various readings furnished by the last are chiefly either modernizations or inferior to those of the earlier

copies. The text of the following reprint is chiefly taken from the first impression of 1594. The characters in the Induction are nearly the same as in Shakespeare's play, with the exception of the Tapster taking the place of the Hostess. The persons represented in the play itself are,—Alphonsus, a merchant of Athens; Jerobel, Duke of Cestus; Aurelius, his son, Ferando, and Polidor, three suitors to the daughters of Alphonsus; Valeria, servant to Aurelius; Sander, servant to Ferando; Phylotus, a merchant who personates the duke; Kate, Emelia, and Phylema, daughters to Alphonsus. The scene is laid at Athens, and at Ferando's house in the country :—

A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie Dronken.

Tapster. You whorson droonken slave, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night.

[*Exit Tapster.*

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee, Tapster, Ile fese you anon. Fils the tother pot, and alls paid for; looke you, I doo drinke it of mine owne instegation,—*omne bene.*—Heere Ile lie awhile; why, Tapster, I say, fils a fresh cushen heere.—Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

[*He fals asleepe.*

Enter a Noble-man, and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world unto the skie,
And dims the welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heavens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple uppe the hounds, and let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserv'd it well to daie;
But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead; see, one, what he dooth lacke?

Servingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe;
His head is too heavie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slavish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha, arise. What, so sound asleepe!
Go, take him uppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe;
Then set him at the table in a chaire:
When that is doone, against he shall awake,
Let heavenlie musicke play about him still;

Go, two of you, awaie and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I have devisde,
 But see in any case you wake him not.
 Now take my cloake and gyve me one of yours ;
 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
 For we will waite upon this droonken man,
 To see his countnance, when he dooth awake,
 And finde himselfe clothed in such attire,
 With heavenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eies ;
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heaven,
 But we will be about him when he wakes,
 And see you call him "lord" at everie word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere ;
 And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
 And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
 But still perswade him that he is a lord.

[*Exeunt two with Slie.*]

Enter One.

Mes. And it please your honour, your plaiers be com,
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could have chosen out.
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight ;
 Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now, sirs, what store of plaies have you ?

San. Marrie, my lord, you maie have a tragicall, or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A comedie thou shouldst say ; souns, thoult shame us all.

Lord. And whats the name of your comedie ?

San. Marrie, my lord, tis calde the Taming of a Shrew. Tis a good lesson for us, my lord, for us that are married men.

Lord. The Taming of a Shrew,—that's excellent, sure.
 Go, see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must play before a lord to-night ;
 Say you are his men, and I your fellow ;
 Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And, sirha, go you make you ready straight,
 And dresse yourselfe like (*to*, ed. 1607) some lovelie ladie,
 And when I call, see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife ;
 Dallie with him, and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
 Then faine some scuse, and say thou wilt anon.
 Be gone, I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not, my lord, Ile dandell (*handle*, ed. 1607) him well enough,
 And make him thinke I love him mightilie.

[*Ex.* Boy.]

Lord. Now, sirs, go you and make you ready to,
 For you must play as soone as he dooth wake.

San. O brave! sirha Tom, we must play before a foolish lord; come, lets go make us ready. Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes, and Ile speake for the properties. My Lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a little vinegre to make our divell rore.

Lord. Very well: sirha, see that they want nothing. [Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with Slie asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So, sirha, now go call my lord, and tel him that all things are (*is*, ed. 1594) ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine upon the boord, and then Ile go fetch my lord presentlie. [Exit.]

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what, is all thinges readie?

One. I, my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight, And see you doo as earst I gave in charge.

My lord, My lord,—he sleepes soundlie: My lord!

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho!

Lord. Heers wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which lord?

Lord. For your honour, my lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a lord? Jesus, what fine apparell have I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare, And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad, Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace Then winged Pegasus in all his pride, That ran so swiftlie over the Persian plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere, Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore, Who, in running, will oretake the row, And make the long breathde tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse, I thinke I am a lord indeed! Whats thy name?

Lord. Sim (*Simon*, old eds.), and it please your honour.

Slie. Sim, thats as much to say Simion or Simon, put foorth thy hand and fill the pot. Give me thy hand, Sim; am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I, my gracious Lord, and your lovelie ladie Long time hath moorned for your absence heere, And now with joy behold where she dooth come, To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim, Is this she?

Lord. I, my lord.

Slie. Masse, tis a prettie wench! Whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchsafe To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits! Or were I now but halfe so eloquent, To paint in words what ile performe in deedes, I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you, mistresse, will you eat a peece of bread? Come, sit downe on my knee; Sim, drinke to hir, Sim, for she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come to offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie, Sim. O brave! be they my plaiers?

Lord. I, my lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes, my lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie, Sim?

Lord. Even when it please your honor; they be readie.

Boy. My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leave you thus. [Exit Boy.]

Slie. Come, Sim, where be the plaiers? Sim, stand by me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them, my lord. Hoe, where are you, there?

Sound Trumpets.—Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Platoes schooles and Aristotles walkes!
Welcome from Cestus, famous for the love
Of good Leander and his tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares.
The greatest griefe is, I cannot, as I would,
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aurel. Thankes, noble Polidor, my second selfe!
The faithfull love which I have found in thee
Hath made me leave my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of Cestus thrise renowmed seate,
To come to Athens thus to find thee out;
Which since I have so happilie attaind,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did Cesar when he conquered most.
But tell me, noble friend, where shal we lodge,
For I am unacquainted in this place.

Poli. My lord, if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to use;
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy love.

Enter Simon, Alphonsus, and his three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew,
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heaven,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More lovlie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters, be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me downe unto the key,
To see what marchandise is come ashore. [Ex. Omnes.]

Pol. Why, how now, my lord? what, in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone?

Aurel. Trust me, my friend, I must confesse to thee,

I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
 As I doo wish they had not gone so soone ;
 But if thou canst, resolve me what they be,
 And what old man it was that went with them,
 For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor, good my lord,
 For they are both lovely, wise, faire and yong,
 And one of them, the yoongest of the three,
 I long have lov'd, sweet friend, and she lov'd me,
 But never yet we could not find a meanes
 How we might compasse our desired joyes.

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match ?

Pol. Yes, trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
 His eldest daughter first shall be espowsde,
 Before he grauntes his yoongest leave to love,
 And, therefore, he that meanes to get their loves,
 Must first provide for her, if he will speed,
 And he that hath her shall be fettered (*fretted*, ed. 1596, 1607) so
 As good be wedded to the divell himselfe,
 For such a skould as she did never live ;
 And till that she be sped, none else can speed,
 Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost ;
 And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to have,
 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
 And an ancient cittizen of the towne,
 And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my advise,
 And yet I needs must love his second daughter,
 The image of honor and nobilitie,
 In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
 Of natures skill and heavenlie majestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine.
 Then if you like to follow on your love,
 We must devise a meanes to (*and*, ed. 1594) find some one
 That wil attempt to wed this devilish skould,
 And I doo know the man. Come hither, boy ;
 Go your waies, sirha, to Ferandoes house ;
 Desire him take the paines to come to me,
 For I must speake with (*to*, ed. 1607) him immediatlie.

Boy. I will, sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man, I thinke will fit hir humor right,
 As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
 And he, I thinke, will match hir everie waie ;
 And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
 And for his person, worth as good as she,
 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
 Then may we freelie visite both our loves.

Aurel. O might I see the center of my soule,
 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me !
 More faire then was the Grecian Helena,
 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
 That came with thousand shippes to Tenedos ;

But when we come unto hir fathers house,
 Tell him I am a marchants sonne of Cestus,
 That comes for traffike unto Athens heere,
 And heere, sirha, I will change with you for once,
 And now be thou the Duke of Cestus sonne.
 Revell and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
 For I will court my love in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the duke, your father, should
 By some meanes come to Athens for to see
 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
 And find me clothed thus in your attire?
 How would he take it then, thinke you, my lord?

Aurel. Tush! feare not, Valeria, let me alone;
 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter Ferando and his man Saunder with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow, gentlemen, to all at once.
 How now, Polidor? what, man, still in love?
 Ever wooing, and canst thou never speed?
 God send me better luck when I shall woo!

San. I warrant you, maister, and you take my councill.

Feran. Why, sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who, I? twere better for you by five marke, and you could tell how to doo
 it as well as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
 To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.

Feran. Faith, I am even now a going.

San. Ifaith, sir, my maisters going to this geere now.

Pol. Whither, in faith, Ferando, tell me true.

Feran. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench alive.
 The divel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her!

Signior Alfonso's eldest daughter;
 And he hath promisde me six thousand crownes,
 If I can win her once to be my wife;
 And she and I must woo with scoulding sure,
 And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
 Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me love.

Pol. How like you this, Aurelius? I thinke he knew our mindes before we sent
 to him. But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith, presentlie; doo you but stand aside,
 And I will make her father bring hir hither,
 And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes; Come, Aurelius,
 Let us be gone, and leave him heere alone.

Feran. Ho, Signiour Alfonso, whose within there?

Alfon. Signiour Ferando, your welcome heartilie!
 You are a stranger, sir, unto my house;
 Harke you, sir; looke, what I did promise you
 Ile performe, if you get my daughters love.

Feran. Then when I have talkt a word or two with hir,
 Doo you step in and give her hand to me,

And tell her when the marriage daie shall be ;
 For I doo know she would be married faine,
 And when our nuptiall rites be once performde,
 Let me alone to tame hir well enough ;
 Now call hir fourth, that I may speake with hir.

Enter Kate.

Alfon. Ha, Kate. Come hither, wench, and list to me ;
 Use this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Feran. Twentic good morrowes to my lovely Kate.

Kate. You jest, I am sure ; is she yours alreadye ?

Feran. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.

Kate. The devill you doo ! who told you so ?

Feran. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.

Kate. Was ever seene so grose an asse as this ?

Feran. I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place ;
 Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I, prethe, doo, Kate ; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reech your eare.

Feran. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

Kate. In faith, sir, no, the woodcocke wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serve, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now, Ferando, what saies my daughter ?

Feran. Shees willing, sir, and loves me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand
 To him that I have chosen for thy love,
 And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why, father, what do you meane to do with me,
 To give me thus unto this brainsick man,

That in his mood cares not to murder me ?

[*She turnes aside and speakes.*]

But (*and*, ed. 1607) yet I will consent and marrie him,

For I methinkes have livde too long a maid,

And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Give me thy hand, Ferando loves thee wel,

And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state ;

Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,

And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.

Feran. Why, so, did I not tell thee I should be the man ?

Father, I leave my lovelie Kate with you ;

Provide yourselves against our mariage daie,

For I must hie me to my countrie house,

In hast to see provision may be made,

To entertaine my Kate when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so ; come, Kate, why doost thou looke so sad ? Be merrie, wench,
 thy wedding daies at hand. Sonne, fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

[*Exit Alfonso and Kate.*]

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho, Saunder !

Enter Saunder laughing.

San. Sander! I faith, your a beast! I crie God hartilie mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while, and heard what you said to hir.

Feran. Why, dost (*didst*, ed. 1594) thou think that I did not speake wel to hir.

San. You spoke like an asse to her! Ile tel you what, and I had been there to have woode hir, and had this cloke on that you have, chud have had her before she had gone a foot further, and you talke of woodcocks with her, and I cannot tell you what.

Feran. Wel, sirha, and yet thou seest I have got her for all this.

San. I, marry, twas more by hap then any good cunning; I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish shortly.

Feran. Wel, sirha, leave your jesting, and go to Polidors house, The yong gentleman that was here with me, And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst, Tell him on Sunday next we must be married, And if he aske thee whither I am gone, Tell him into the countrie to my house, And upon sundaie Ile be heere againe.

[*Ex. Ferando.*

San. I warrant you, maister, feare not me for dooing of my businesse. Now, hang him that has not a liverie cote, to slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest on them. Why, looke you now, Ile scarce put up plaine Saunder now at any of their handes, for and any bodie have any thing to doo with my maister, straight they come crouching upon me, "I beseech you, good M. Saunder, speake a good word for me," and then am I so stout and takes it upon me, and stands upon my pantofilles to them out of all crie: why, I have a life like a giant now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind to a woman now a late, and I have a prettie wench to my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my maister to her, and that would have beene a good deale in my waie, but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter Polidors boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

San. Souns, friend, wel met; I hold my life he sees not my maisters liverie coat. Plaine friend hop-of-my-thum, kno you who we are?

Boy. Trust me, sir, it is the use where I was borne, to salute men after this manner; yet, notwithstanding, if you be angrie with me for calling of you friend, I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slave is sorie for his fault; now we cannot be angrie; wel, whats the matter that you would do with us.

Boy. Marry, sir, I heare you pertain to signior Ferando.

San. I, and thou beest not blind, thou maiest see *Ecce signum* heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your maister?

San. I, it may be, and you tel us from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie, sir, I serve young Polidor, your maisters friend.

San. Do you serve him, and whats your name?

Boy. My name, sirha, I tell thee, sirha, is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie! O my teeth waters to have a peece of thee.

Boy. Why, slave, wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee? who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why, villaine, my name is Catapie. But wilt thou tell me where thy maister is?

San. Nay, thou must first tell me where thy maister is, for I have good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why, see where he comes.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius, and Valeria.

Pol. Come, sweet Aurelius, my faithfull friend,
Now will we go to see those lovlie dames,
Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle.
Whiter then is the Alpine christall mould,
And farre more lovlie then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What, Sander, what newes with you?

San. Marry, sir, my maister sends you word that you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Pol. What, shall he be married then?

San. Faith, I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you doo?

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?

San. Marrie, hees gone to our house in the countrie, to make all thinges in a readinesse against my new mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike; well, sirha boy, take Saunder in with you, and have him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will, sir: come, Saunder.

[*Exit Saunder and the Boy.*]

Aurel. Valeria, as erste we did devise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso's house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.

Pol. I, Valeria, for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wilt fit his turne so well,
As thou shalt get great favour at his handes;
Begon, Valeria, and say I sent thee to him.

Vale. I will, sir, and stay your comming at Alfonso's house.

[*Exit Valeria.*]

Pol. Now, sweete Aurelius, by this devise
Shall we have leisure for to courte our loves;
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play.
But come, lets go unto Alfonso's house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agreee;
I doute his musick skarse will please his skoller;
But stay, here comes Alfonso.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso. What, M. Polidor, you are well mett;
I thanke you for the man you sent to me;
A good musition I thinke he is;
I have set my daughter and him together.
But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is. I praie you, sir, bid him welcome ;
He's a wealthie marchants sonne of Cestus.

Alfon. Your welcom, sir, and if my house aforde
You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you, sir, make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you, sir, and if what I have got,
By marchandise or travell on the seas,
Sattens, or lawnes, or azure colloured silke,
Or pretious fire pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alfon. Thanks, gentle sir. Polidor, take him in,
And bid him welcome too unto my house,
For thou, I thinke, must be my second sonne.
Polidor, doost thou not know Ferando
Must marry Kate, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alfon. Polidor, tis true ; goe, let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That all thinges be according to his mind ;
And so Ile leave you for an houre or two.

[*Exit.*]

Pol. Come then, Aurelius, come in with me,
And weele go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them foorth to take the aire.

[*Exit.*]

Then Slie speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe ?

Lord. Heele come againe, my lord, anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here ; souns, wheres the tapster ? here, Sim, eate
some of these things.

Lord. So I doo, my lord.

Slie. Here, Sim, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My lord, heere comes the plaiers againe.

Slie. O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter Valeria with a lute, and Kate with him.

Vale. The sencelesse trees by musick have been moov'd,
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Have savage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance ;
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde ;
Come, lovelye mistresse, will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last ?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Vale. I would, sweet mistresse, that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pest'lence ! are you so kind ?
Then make a night-cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

Val. If that, sweet mistresse, were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate. Your so kind, twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why, mistresse, doo you moeke me ?

Kate. No, but I meane to move thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little ?

Kate. I, give me the lute.

[*She plaies.*]

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse ?

Kate. How now, jacksause, your a jollie mate !

Your best be still, least I crosse your pate,
And make your musieke flie about your eares ;
Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.

[*She offers to strike him with the lute.*]

Val. Hold, mistresse ! souns, will you breake my lute ?

Kate. I, on thy head, and if thou speake to me !

There, take it up, and fiddle some where else.

[*She throwes it downe.*]

And see you come no more into this place,

Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

[*Ex. Kate.*]

Val. Souns, teach hir to play upon the lute ?

The devill shall teach her first ! I am glad shees gone,

For I was neare so fraid in all my life,

But that my lute should flie about mine eares,

My maister shall teach her himselfe for me,

For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach ;

For he and Polydor sent me before,

To be with her and teach her on the lute,

Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen ;

And heere, methinkes, they come together.

Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.

Pol. How now, Valeria, whears your mistresse ?

Val. At the vengeanee, I thinke, and no where else.

Aurel. Why, Valeria, will she not learne apae ?

Val. Yes, ber-lady, she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt, had I not spoke hir faire,
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well, Valeria, go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From Cestus, where our aged father dwels.

[*Ex. Valeria.*]

Pol. Come, faire Emelia, my lovelie love,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie Prometheus shilie stole from Jove,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To everie object striken by thine eies.
Oh, faire Emelia, I pine for thee,
And either must enjoy thy love, or die.

Eme. Fie, man, I know you will not die for love.
Ah, Polidor, thou needst not to complaine.
Eternall heaven sooner be dissolvde,

And all that pearseth Phebus silver eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidor.

Pol. Thanks, faire Emelia, for these sweet words ;
But what saith Phylena to hir friend ?

Phyle. Why, I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse, you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause millions of labouring Moores
To undermine the cavernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And dive into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as Juno offered Priams sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you, sir, and would Phylena might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. How now, daughters, is Ferando come ?

Eme. Not yet, father. I wonder, he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister, that she is not heere ?

Phyle. She is making of hir readie, father,
To goe to church, and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you, heele not be long awaie.

Alfon. Go, daughters, get you in, and bid your sister
Provide her selfe against that we doo come,
And see you goe to church along with us. [*Exeunt Phylena and Emelia.*
I marvell that Ferando comes not away.

Pol. His tailor, it may be, hath bin too slacke
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones,
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,—
And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alfon. I carde not, I, what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Then that he should deceive us heere to daie ;
But soft, I thinke I see him come.

Enter Ferando, baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Good morow, father ; Polidor, well met ;
You wonder, I know, that I have staid so long.

Alfon. I, marrie, son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce have had our bridegroome heere ;
But say, why art thou thus basely attired ?

Feran. Thus richlie, father, you should have said,
For when my wife and I are (*am*, ed. 1594) married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out,

Sheele pul my costlie sutes over mine cares,
 And therefore am I thus attired awhile ;
 For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
 And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
 For we shall live like lammes and lions sure ;
 Nor lammes to lions never were so tame,
 If once they lic (*be*, ed. 1607) within the lions pawes,
 As Kate to me if we were married once,
 And, therefore, come, let 's to church presently.

Pol. Fie, Ferando, not thus atired, for shame ;
 Come to my chamber, and there sute thy selfe,
 Of twentic sutes that I did never were.

Feran. Tush, Polidor, I have as many sutes
 Fantasticke made to fit my humor so,
 As any in Athens, and as richlie wrought
 As was the massie robe that late adorn'd
 The stately legate of the Persian king ;
 And this from them have I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie, Ferando, let me intreat,
 Before thou goste unto the church with us,
 To put some other sute upon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world, if I might gaine it so ;
 And, therefore, take me thus or not at all.

Enter Kate.

But soft, se where my Kate doth come ;
 I must salute hir : how fares my lovely Kate ?
 What, art thou readie ? shall we go to church ?

Kate. Not I, with one so mad, so basely tirde,
 To marrie such a filthie slavish groome,
 That, as it seemes, sometimes is from his wits,
 Or else he would not thus have come to us.

Feran. Tush, Kate, these wordes addes greater love in me,
 And makes me think thee fairrer then before ;
 Sweete Kate, thou (*the*, ed. 1594) lovelier then Dianas purple robe,
 Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
 Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
 Father, I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
 More faire and radiente is my bonie Kate,
 Then silver Xanthus, when he doth imbrace,
 The ruddie Simies at Idas feete ;
 And care not thou, swete Kate, how I be clad ;
 Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silke,
 Enchast with pretious jewells fetcht from far,
 By Italian marchants, that with Russian stemes,
 Plous up huge forrowes in the Terren Maine,
 And better farre my lovely Kate shall weare ;
 Then come, sweet love, and let us to the church,
 For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute.

[*Exit.*

Alfon. Come, gentlemen, go along with us,
 For thus, doo what we can, he will be wed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Polidors boy and Sander.

Boy. Come hither, sirha boy.

San. Boy, oh! disgrace to my person, souns, boy, of your face; you have many boies with such pickadeuantes, I am sure; souns, would you not have a bloudie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but jest; where is that same peece of pie that I gave thee to keepe?

San. The pie? I, you have more minde of your bellie then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy. Tush! tis no matter, man; I prethe give it me; I am verie hungry, I promise thee.

San. Why, you may take it, and the devill burst you with it! one cannot save a bit after supper, but you are alwaies readie to munch it up.

Boy. Why, come, man, we shall have good cheere anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to church to be married already, and thears such cheere as passeth.

San. O brave, I would I had eate no meat this week, for I have never a corner left in my bellie to put a venson pastie in; I thinke I shall burst myselve with eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts and the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo, now thy maisters married; thy mistresse is such a devill as sheele make thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for heele make hir tame wel inough ere long, I warent thee; for he's such a churle waxen now of late, that, and he be never so little angry, he thums me out of all crie. But in my minde, sirra, the yongest is a verie prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would not have hir, Ide have a flinge at hir myselve; Ile see soone whether twill be a match or no: and it will not, Ile set the matter hard for myselve, I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes, you slave, will you be a rivall with my maister in his love; speake but such another worde, and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell judgment; nay then, sirra, my tongue shall talke no more to you; marry, my timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister even on the very forehead of thee, thou abusious villaine; therefore, prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither, thou imperfecksious slave! in regard of thy beggery, holde thee, theres two shillings for thee, to pay for the healing of thy left legge, which I meane furiously to invade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foole! well, Ile take your two shillings, but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here, here, take your two shillings again. Ile see thee hanged ere Ile fight with thee. I gat a broken shin the other day; tis not whole yet, and therefore Ile not fight. Come, come, why should we fall out?

Boy. Well, sirrah, your faire words hath somethinge alaied my coller: I am content for this once to put it up, and be frends with thee; but, soft, see where they (*are*, ed. 1607) come all from church; belike they be married allredy.

Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor and Emelia, and Aurelius and Philema.

Feran. Father, farwell, my Kate and I must home;
Sirra, go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alfon. Your horse? What, son, I hope you doo but jest;
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'de to stay,
And not to travell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut, Kate, I tell thee we must needes go home ;
Villaine, hast thou saddled my horse ?

San. Which horse ? your curtall ?

Feran. Sounes, you slave, stand you prating here ?
Saddell the bay gelding for your mistris.

Kate. Not for me : for I will (*Ile*, ed. 1594) not go.

San. The ostler will not let me have him ; you owe tenpence for his meate, and
sixpence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

Feran. Here, villaine, go pay him straight.

San. Shall I give them another pecke of lavender.

Feran. Out, slave, and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfon. Why, son, I hope at least youle dine with us.

San. I pray you, maister, lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes, villaine, art thou here yet ?

[*Ex. Sunder.*]

Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine ;
Ile have my will in this as well as you ;
Though you in madding mood would leave your frends,
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time,
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day
In better sort then now we can provide,
For here I promise thee bfore them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe ;
Come, Kate, stand not on termes, we will awaie ;
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo whatever thou commandes.
Gentlemen, farwell, wele take our leves,
It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*]

Pol. Farwell, Ferando, since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I never see.

Emel. They're even as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her,
For when he has don, she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good, I do beleeve.

Pol. Aurelius, or else I misse my marke,
Her toung will walke if she doth hold her handes ;
I am in dout, ere halfe a month be past,
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still ;
I would be loth that they should disagree,
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this (*these*, ed. 1607) two daies I will ride to him,
And see how lovingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now, Aurelius, what say you to this ?
What, have you sent to Cestus as you said,
To certifie your father of your love,
For I would gladlie he would like of it ;

And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gesse he is a marchant of great wealth.
And I have seene him oft at Athens here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me, whilest Polidor doth live.

Aurel. I find it so, right worthie gentleman,
And of what worth your frendship I esteme,
I leve censure of your severall thoughts;
But for requitall of your favours past,
Rests yet behind, which, when occasion serves,
I vow shalbe remembred to the full;
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough, Aurelius; but we forget
Our marriage dinner, now the bride is gon;
Come let us see what there they left behind.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Sander with two or three serving-men.

San. Come, sirs, provide all thinges as fast as you can, for my masters hard at hand, and my new mistris, and all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home, Sander; sirrha, how lookes our new mistris? they say, she's a plagie shrew.

San. I, and that thou shalt find, I can tell thee, and thou dost not please her well; why, my maister has such a doo with hir, as it passeth; and he's even like a madman.

Will. Why, Sander, what dos he say.

San. Why, Ile tell you what: when they should go to church to be maried, he puts on an olde jerkin and a paire of canvas breeches downe to the small of his legge, and a red cap on his head, and he lookes,—as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing when thou seest him: he's ene as good as a foole, for me: and then, when they should go to dinner, he made me saddle the horse, and away he came, and nere tarried for dinner: and, therefore, you had best get supper reddy against they come, for they be hard at hand, I am sure, by this time.

Tom. Sounes, see where they be all redy.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome, Kate: where's these villains?
Here, what? not supper yet uppon the borde!
Nor table spred, nor nothing don at all?
Wheres that villaine that I sent before?

San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether, you villaine, Ile cut your nose,
You rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes, the villaine
Hurts my foote! pull easely, I say; yet againe.

[*He beates them all.—They cover the bord and fetch in the meate.*
Sounes, burnt and skorcht! who drest this meate?

Will. Forsouth, John Cooke.

[*He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.*

Feran. Go, you villaines, bringe you me such meate?
Out of my sight, I say, and beare it hence;
Come, Kate, wele have other meate provided;
Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

San. I, forsooth.

[*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.—Manent serving-men and eat up all the meate.*

Tom. Soumes, I thinke, of my conscience, my masters mad since he was married.

Will. I laft, what a boxe he gave Sander for pulling of his bootes.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce, man.

Enter Ferando againe.

Feran. Did you so, you damned villaine? [*He beates them all out againe.*
This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe;
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night;
He mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come unto the lure;
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
As hungry hawkes do flie unto there lure. [*Exit.*

Enter Aurelius and Valeria.

Aurel. Valeria, attend: I have a lovely love,
As bright as is the heaven cristalline,
As faire as is the milkewhite way of Jove,
As chaste as Phoebe in her sommer sportes,
As soft and tender as the asure downe,
That circles Cithereas silver doves.
Her do I meane to make my lovely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
That I thou knowst long time have aimed at;
Now, Valeria, it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my love,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will;
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will, as he sayd, go to Alfonsos house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pas over certain deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he his promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not, my lord, He fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command;
But tell me, my lord, is Ferando married then?

Aurel. He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Val. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith, he's gon unto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole; why, is there such a place?

Aurel. I; and Ferando is the maister of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare; but what *decorum* dos he use?

Aurel. Faith, I know not: but by som odde devise
Or other; but come, Valeria, I long to see the man,

By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we have to doo.

Val. Then come, my lord, and I will bring you to him straight.

Aurel. Agreed; then lets go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sander and his Mistress.

San. Come, mistris.

Kate. Sander, I prethe helpe me to some meate;
I am so faint that I can scarcely stande.

San. I, marry, mistris, but you know my maister has given me a charge that you must eate nothing, but that which he himselfe giveth you.

Kate. Why, man, thy maister needs never know it.

San. You say true, indede: why, looke you, mistris, what say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why, I say tis excellent meate; canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could help you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you: but what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing; I care not what it be.

San. I, but the garlike I doubt will make your breath stincke, and then my maister will course me for letting you eate it: but what say you to a fat capon?

Kate. Thats meat for a king; sweet Sander, helpe me to some of it.

San. Nay, ber lady, then tis too deere for us; we must not meddle with the kings meate.

Kate. Out, villaine! dost thou mock me? Take that for thy sawsinesse.

[*She beates him.*]

San. Sounes, are you so light fingerd, with a murrin! Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee, villaine, Ile tear the flesh of thy face, and eate it, and thou prates to me thus!

San. Here comes my maister: now hele course you.

Enter Ferando with a peece of meate upon his daggers point, and Polidor with him.

Feran. Se here, Kate, I have provided meate for thee; Here take it. What, ist not worthie thankes? Goe, sirra? take it awaie againe; you shal be thankfull for the next you have.

Kate. Why, I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay, now tis not worth a pin; go, sirrah, and take it hence, I say.

San. Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence: Maister, let her have none, for she can fight, as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you, sir, let it stand, for Ile eate some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well, sirra, set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay, nay, I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete, for Ile none;
Ile nere be beholding to you for your meate;
I tell thee flatlie here unto thy teethe,
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe unto my fathers house.

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell, but not before.
I know your stomack is not yet come downe;
Therefore, no marvell thou canste not eate;
And I will goe unto your fathers house;
Come, Polidor, let us goe in againe,

And, Kate, come in with us ; I know ere longe
That thou and I shall lovingly agree.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.

Aurel. Now, Senior Phylotus, we will go
Unto Alfonsos house, and be sure you say,
As I did tell you, concerning the man
That dwells in (*at*, ed. 1607) Cestus, whose son I said I was,
For you doo very much resemble him ;
And feare not, you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phylo. I warrant you, sir, take you no care ;
He use myselfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soon injoie your harts delight.

Aurel. Thankes, sweet Phylotus, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him lither straight.
Ho, Senior Alfonso, a word with you.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. Whose there ? What, Aurelius ? what's the matter,
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore ?

Aurel. My father, sir, is newly come to towne,
And I have brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I tolde you of,
And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father ? You are welcome, sir.

Phylo. Thankes, Alfonso, for thats your name, I gesse.
I understand my son hath set his minde,
And bent his liking to your daughters love,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you, sir, I not mislike his choise ;
If you agree to give him your consent,
He shall have living to maintaine his state ;
Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do joyne,
And knit themselves in holy wedlock bande,
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold,
And twice as many bares of silver plate,
I freely give him, and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I have said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me, I must (*much* ?) commend your liberall mind,
And loving care you beare unto your son,
And here I give him freely my consent ;
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake,
And solemnise with joie your nuptiall rites ;
But is this gentleman of Cestus too ?

Aurel. He is the Duke of Cestus thrise renowned son,
Who for the love his honour beares to me,
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You weare to blame you told me not before ;
Pardon me, my lord, for if I had knowne

Your honour had bin here in place with me,
I would have donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes, good Alfonso : but I did come to see
Whenas these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of Cestus frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites,
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you ;
What saies Aurelius father ?

Philo. I humbly thanke your honour, good my lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here,
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inviolat and pure on either part.

Alfon. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with us unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting love.

Val. Come then, Aurelius, I will go with you.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Ferando and Kate, and Sander.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither, sirra : what have you there ?

Haber. A velvet cappe, sir, and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it ? didst thou, Kate ?

Kate. What if I did ? come hither, sirra, give me the cap ; Ile see if it will fit
me. [She sets it on hir head.]

Feran. O monstrous ! why, it becomes thee not ; let me see it, Kate : here,
sirra, take it hence. This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why, true, he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtald cappe.—
Sirra, begon with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the taylor too with my mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it, taylor : what with cuts and jagges,
Sounes, you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither, sirra taylor, reade the note.

Taylor. Item, a faire round compast cape.

San. I, thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeve.

San. Thats a lie, maister. I sayd, two truncke sleeves.

Feran. Well, sir, goe forward.

Taylor. Item, a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister, if ever I sayd loose bodies gowne, sew me in a seame and beate
me to death with a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say, the note lies in his throate, and thou too, and thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot, sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doest thou heare, taylor, thou hast braved many men: brave not me. Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well, sir.

San. Face not me: Ile neither be faste nor braved at thy handes, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough; Heres more a-do then needs; Ile have it, I; And if you do not like it, hide your eies; I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.

Feran. Go, I say, and take it up for your maisters use.

San. Souns, villaine, not for thy life; touch it not; Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maisters use?

Feran. Well, sir, whats your conceit of it.

San. I have a deeper conceite in (*of*, ed. 1607) it then you thinke for; take up my mistris gowne to his maisters use?

Feran. Tailor, come hether; for this time take it Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you, sir.

[*Exit Taylor.*]

Feran. Come, Kate, we now will go see thy fathers house Even in these honest meane abilliments; Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine, To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage, And thats inough, what should we care for more? Thy sisters, Kate, to morrow must be wed, And I have promised them thou shouldst be there: The morning is well up; lets hast away; It will be nine a cloeke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock? why, tis allreadie past two In the after noone, by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say, tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say, tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine, then, ere we go to your fathers; Come backe againe; we will not go to day. Nothing but crossing of me still; Ile have you say as I doo, ere you go.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.

Pol. Faire Emelia, sommers sun-bright queene, Brighter of hew then is the burning clime, Where Phœbus in his bright equator sits, Creating gold and pressious minneralls. What would Emelia doo, if I were forst To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Jove, Mounting the suttile ayrie regions, Or be snacht up as erste was Ganimed, Love should give winges unto my swift desires, And prune my thoughts, that I would follow thee, Or fall and perish, as did Icarus.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved, faire Emelia; But would Philema say as much to me, If I should aske a question now of thee? What if the duke of Cestus only son,

Which came with me unto your fathers house,
Should seek to get Phylemas love from me,
And make thee Duches of that stately towne ?
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love ?

Phyle. Not for great Neptune, no nor Jove himselfe,
Will Phylema leave Aurelius love,
Could he install me empres of the world,
Or make me queene and guidres of the heavens,
Yet would I not exchange thy love for his ;
Thy company is poore Philemas heaven,
And without thee heaven were hell to me.

Eme. And should my love, as erste did Hercules,
Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes,
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim Pluto, and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my love, as earst Leander did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling Helispont
For Heros love, no towers of brasse should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
With lockes dishevered, and my brest all bare ;
With bended knees upon Abidas shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune Neptune and the watry gods
To send a guard of silver scaled dolphyns,
With sounding Tritons to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse upon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Eme. Should Polidor, as great Achilles did,
Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian queene,
Pentheslea, Hector's paramore,
Who foyld the bloudie Pirrus, murderous Greeke,
Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

Phyle. Let Eole storme, be mild and quiet thou ;
Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calme and pleased ;
I care not, I, betide what may betide !
Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,
I recke them not : they not discord with me,
Whilst that my love and I do well agree.

Aurel. Sweet Phylema, bewties mynerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected raies !
And now, my liefest love, the time drawes nie,
That Himen, mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waight upon thy traine,
As Hellens brothers on the horned moone ;

Now Juno to thy number shall I adde,
The fairest bride that ever marchant had.

Pol. Come, faire Eimelia, the preeste is gon,
And at the church your father and the reste
Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
And knit in sight of heaven this Gordian knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist ;
Then come, faire love, and gratulate with me
This daies content and sweet solemnity.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Slie. Sim, must they be married now ?

Lord. I, my Lord.

Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.

Slie. Looke, Sim, the foole is come again now.

Feran. Sirra, go fetch our horsse forth, and bring them to the backe gate
presentlie.

San. I will, sir, I warrant you.

[*Exit Sander.*]

Feran. Come, Kate, the moone shines cleare tonight methinks.

Kate. The moone ? why, husband, you are deceived ; it is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe ; it shall be
The moone, ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why, Ile say as you say, it is the moone.

Feran. Jesus save the glorious moone !

Kate. Jesus save the glorious moone !

Feran. I am glad, Kate, your stomack is come downe ;
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now, as thou hast donne before ;
And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death ;
But soft, whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travells thether ;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens ? [*Ferando speakes to the olde man.*]
Faire lovely maide, yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew, and far more beautifull
Then pretious Sardonix, or purple rockes,
Of Amethysts or glistering Hiasinthe,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring Cepherus in silver boures,
Gaseth upon the giant Andromede,—
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad ; he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire lovely lady, brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the cie-traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,

Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
 And golden sommer sleepes upon thy cheekes ;
 Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
 Inhabitable like the burning zone,
 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Duke. What, is she mad to, or is my shape transformed,
 That both of them perswade me I am a woman ?
 But they are mad sure, and, therefore, Ile be gon,
 And leave their companies for feare of harme,
 And unto Athens haste to seeke my son.

[*Exit Duke.*

Feran. Why so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,
 And kindly too ; why thus must we two live,
 One minde, one heart, and one content for both ;
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is, I am sure, that he is gonne ;
 But come, sweet Kate, for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Alfonso and Philotus and Valeria, Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.

Alfon. Come, lovely sonnes, your marriage rites performed,
 Lets hie us home to see what cheere we have ;
 I wonder that Ferando and his wife
 Come not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No marvell if Ferando be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 For forward wedlocke, as the proverbe sayes,
 Hath brought him to his night-cappe long agoe.

Philo. But, Polidor, let my son and you take heede,
 That Ferando say not ere long as much of you ;
 And now, Alfonso, more to shew my love,
 If unto Cestus you do send your ships,
 Myselfe will fraught them with Arabian silkes,
 Rich Affrick spieces, arras counter-pointes,
 Muske, Cassia, sweet smelling ambergreeee,
 Pearle, eurroll, christall, jett and ivorie,
 To gratulate the favors of my son,
 And friendly love that you have shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him, and his faire bride,

Enter the Duke of Cestus.

Ile yerly send you from my (*your*, ed. 1607) fathers courte,
 Chests of refind suger severally,
 Ten tunne of Tunis wine, sueket, sweet druges,
 To ecelebrate and solemnise this day ;
 And eustome free your marehants shall commerec,
 And interchange the profits of your land,
 Sending you gold for brasse, silver for leade,
 Cases of silke for paekes of woll and cloth,
 To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad, sir, that you would be so franke ;

Are you become the Duke of Cestus son,
And revels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine, that thus dishonorest me?

Val. Sounes, it is the duke! what shall I doo?
Dishonour thee? why, knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine! he will not know me now.
But what say you? have you forgot me too?

Phylo. Why, sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke. With thy son? No, trust me, if he be thine,
I pray you, sir, who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me, father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace, villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

[*Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.—Then Slie speakes.*

Slie. I say, wele have no sending to prison.

Lord. My lord, this is but the play, theyre but in jest.

Slie. I tell thee, Sim, wele have no sending to prison, thats flat: why, Sim, am
not I Don Christo Vary? Therefore, I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not, my lord; they be run away.

Slie. Are they run away, Sim? thats well; then gis some more drinke, and let
them play againe.

Lord. Here, my lord.

[*Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.*

Duke. Ah, treeherous boy, that durst presume
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leave,
I sweare by faire Cyntheas burning rayes,
By Merops head and by seaven-mouthed Nile,
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewe thee smaller then the Libian sandes!
Turne hence thy face, oh! cruell impious boy!
Alfonso, I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house,
And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

Alfon. My lord, by heavens I sweare unto your grace,
I knew none other but Valeria, your man,
Had bin the Duke of Cestus noble son,
Nor did my daughter, I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send for guide unto my son!
Oh! that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaseless turning of celestial orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death, sweet father, end your grieffe,
For I it is that thus have wrought your woes;
Then be revenged on me, for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did;
Oh! had I charge to cut of Hydraes hed,
To make the toplesse Alpes a champaine field,

To kill untamed monsters with my sword,
 To travell dayly in the hottest sun,
 And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
 I would with gladnesse undertake them all,
 And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
 So that my noble father, at my returne,
 Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phile. Let me intreat your grace, upon my knees,
 To pardon him, and let my death discharge
 The heavy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And, good my lord, let us intreat your grace,
 To purge your stomack of this melancholy;
 Taynt not your princely minde with grieffe, my lord,
 But pardon and forgive these lovers faults,
 That kneeling crave your gratious favor here.

Emel. Great prince of Cestus, let a womans wordes
 Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
 Both for your princely son, and us, my lord.

Duke. Aurelius, stand up; I pardon thee;
 I see that vertue will have enemies,
 And fortune will be thwarting honour still;
 And you, faire virgin, too, I am content,
 To accept you for my daughter, since tis don,
 And see you princely usde in Cestus courte.

Phyle. Thankes, good my lord, and I no longer live,
 Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alfon. Let me give thankes unto your royall grace,
 For this great honor don to me and mine;
 And if your grace will walke unto my house,
 I will in humblest maner I can, show
 The eternall service I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks, good Alfonso, but I came alone,
 And not as did beseeme the Cestian duke;
 Nor would I have it knowne within the towne,
 That I was here and thus without my traine,
 But as I came alone so will I go,
 And leave my son to solemnise his feast;
 And ere 't be long, Ile come againe to you,
 And do him honour, as beseemes the son
 Of mightie Jerobell, the Cestian duke;
 Till when Ile leave you; Farwell, Aurelius.

Aurel. Not yet, my lord; Ile bring you to your ship.

[*Exeunt Omnes.—She sleeps.*]

Lord. Whose within there? come hither, sirs; my lords
 Asleepe againe: go, take him easily up,
 And put him in his own apparel againe,
 And lay him in the place where we did find him,
 Just underneath the alehouse side below,
 But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don, my lord; come, helpe to beare him hence.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ferando, Aurelius, and Polidor and his boy, and Valeria, and Sander.

Feran. Come, gentlemen, now that suppers donne,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith, if you will, in triall of our wives,
Who will come soonest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay, then, Ferando, he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you, that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this triall will I not sit out;
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now, Ferando, you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why, true, I dare not lay indeede;
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing?
A hundred pound: why I have layd as much
Upon my dogge, in running at a deere;
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle;
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most loving unto him,
Let him injoye the wager I have laid;
Now what say you? dare you adventure thus?

Pol. I, weare it a thousand pounds, I durst presume
On my wives love: and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. How now, sons! what, in conference so hard?
May I, without offence, know whereabouts?

Aurel. Faith, father, a waighty cause about our wives;
Five hundred markes already we have layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
He must injoie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why, then, Ferando, he is sure to lose;
I promise thee, son, thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush, father, were it ten times more,
I durst adventure on my lovely Kate;
But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Upon mine honour, if I loosc Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I, upon my faith I vow,

Feran. Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.

Alfon. I promise, thee, Ferando, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first; Valeria,
Go bid your mistris come to me.

Val. I will, my lord.

[*Exit Valeria.*]

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her love.

Feran. I pray God, you have not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me, Ferando, I am sure you have,
For you, I dare presume, have lost it all.

Enter Valeria againe.

Now, sirra, what saies your mistris ?

Val. She is something busie, but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God, your wife send you so good an answer.
She may be busie, yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well, well : Polidor, send you for your wife.

Pol. Agreed : Boy, desire your mistris to come hither.

Boy. I will, sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Feran. I, so, so ; he desiens her to come.

Alfon. Polidor, I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come ;
And I do marvell much, Aurelius,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now, wheres your mistris ?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come ;
And you have any businesse, you must come to her.

Feran. Oh ! monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or anything unseasonable ;
She will not come, but he must come to her.

Pol. Well, sir, I pray you lets here what
Answer your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra, command your mistris to come
To me presentlie.

[*Exit Sander.*]

Aurel. I thinke my wife, for all she did not come,
Will prove more kinde, for now I have no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie : then I must lose.

Enter Kate and Sander.

But I have won, for see where Kate doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband, did you send for me ?

Feran. I did, my love, I sent for thee to come ;
Come hither, Kate, whats that upon thy head ?

Kate. Nothing, husband, but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of, and treade it under thy feete ;
Tis foolish ; I will not have thee weare it.

[*She takes of her cap and treads on it.*]

Pol. Oh, wouderfull metamorphosis !

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true love to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see ;
Come hither, Kate, where are thy sisters ?

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither, and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee, Ferando, I would have sworne
Thy wife would nere have donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

*Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes them come
unto their husbands call.*

Kate. See, husband, I have brought them both.

Feran. Tis wel don, Kate.

Eme. I, sure, and like a loving peece, your worthy
To have great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I, for making a foole of herselfe and us.

Aurel. Beshrew thee, Phylema, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

Pol. But thou, Emelia, hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might have kept it better then ;
Who bad you lay ?

Feran. Now, lovely Kate, before these husbands here,
I prethe tell unto these hedstrong women
What dutie wives doo owe unto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that live thus by your pampered wills,
Now list to me and marke what I shall say ;
The 'ternall power that, with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,—
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,—
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world,
The King of Kings, the glorious God of heaven,
Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,
And made all things to stand in perfit course ;
Then to his image he did make a man,
Olde Adam, and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make
The woe of man, so termed by Adam then,
Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
And for her sin was Adam doomed to die,
As Sara to her husband, so should we
Obey them, love them, keepe, and nourish them,
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes under their feete to tread,
If that by that we might procure their ease ;
And for a president Ile first begin,
And lay my hand under my husbands feete.

[*She laies her hand under her husbands feete.*]

Feran. Inough, sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I, Ferando, the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely give thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes, sweet father; gentlemen, good night,
For Kate and I will leave you for to night;
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped,
And so farwell, for we will to our bed. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate, and Sander.*]

Alfon. Now, Aurelius, what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeve me, father, I rejoyce to see
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

[*Exeunt Aurelius and Phylema, and Alfonso and Valeria.*]

Eme. How now, Polidor? in a dump? what sayst thou, man?

Pol. I say, thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well, since tis don, let it go; come, lets in.

[*Exeunt Polidor and Emelia.—Then enter two bearing of Slie in his owne apparrell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out. Then enter the Tapster.*]

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is overpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft, whose this?
What, Slie? oh, wondrous! hath he laine here all night?
Ile wake him; I thinke he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale.
What, how now, Slie, awake for shame!

Slie. Sim, gis some more wine; what, all the plaiers gon? am not I a lord?

Tapster. A lord with a murrin! come, art thou dronken still?

Slie. Whose this? Tapster, oh! Lord, sirra, I have had the bravest dreame to
night, that ever thou hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I, marry, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.

Slie. Will she? I know now how to Tame a Shrew;
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That ever I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently, and tame her too, and if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay, tarry, Slie, for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Nicholas Ling, the publisher of the last edition of the play above reprinted, transferred his interest in it to John Smethwick in the same year, as appears from the following entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated 19 November, 1607, — "John Smythick—Under thandes of the wardens the bookes following which did belong to Nicholas Lynge,—a booke called Hamlett, the Taminge of a Shrewe, Romeo and Julett, Loves Labour

Lost." Smethwicke, as far as is at present known, never republished the older comedy; and it is by no means impossible that in 1607 he had become the proprietor of Shakespeare's comedy, and considered it advisable to purchase Ling's right in the other work, the similarity of title obviously rendering it in some degree a rival publication. In support of this opinion, it is to be remarked that the Taming of the Shrew is not included in the list of "so many of" Shakespeare's plays belonging to Blount and Jaggard in 1623 "as are not entered to other men;" that Smethwicke was one of the proprietors of the first folio; and that he was also the publisher of the quarto edition of Shakespeare's comedy, which appeared in 1631 under the following title,—A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew, as it was acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Blaeke Friers and the Globe—Written by Will. 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. A statement has also lately been made that a quarto edition of the Taming of *the* Shrew, printed before the year 1623, has been discovered; but no particulars whatever have at present been given respecting it, and, as it is asserted to be in the hands of a critic who has been successfully imposed upon by several Shaksperian fabrications, it is earnestly to be hoped that so important a discovery may be submitted to a very careful examination, before it be admitted amongst the critical evidences to be referred to in the preparation of the text of the comedy.

There is reason to believe that Shakespeare was not only well acquainted with the older play as acted at the theatre, but that he may himself have personally engaged in a part in its representation. It appears from Henslowe's Diary that in June, 1594, "my Lord Admeralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men" were acting at the Newington Theatre, and that this very comedy was performed by one of these companies, or by both in conjunction, on the eleventh day of that month,—“11 of June, 1594, received at the Tamynge of a Shrowe, ix. s.” Shakespeare belonged to the Lord Chamberlain's company, and was at least, therefore, cognisant of the dramatic capabilities of this comedy, which was probably successful even in its original form, as it was also acted at the same time by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, an entirely distinct company, as appears from the title-page of the printed copy. For the sake of future enquirers, it may

A
Pleasant Conceited

Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his seruants,



Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.
1594.

**A WITTIE
AND PLEASANT
COMEDIE**

Called

The Taming of the Shrew.

As it was acted by his Maiesties
Seruants at the Blacke Friers
and the Globe.

Written by Will. Shakespeare.



L O N D O N,
Printed by W. S. for John Smeethwicke, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-
yard under the Diall.
1611.

here be as well to state that the document in Lord Ellesmere's possession, a warrant to Daborne, 1609, to which is appended a list of plays noted as *stayed*, the "Taming of S." occurring amongst them, is not to be received as genuine. I have ascertained from personal inspection that the entire paper is unquestionably a modern fabrication.

There is no satisfactory evidence respecting the date of the composition of the Taming of the Shrew in its present form, but the probability is, without relying too much upon the circumstance of its not having been mentioned by Meres in 1598, but merely considering the internal evidence, that it was not produced till after the close of the sixteenth century. It must be confessed, however, that the allusions in the play which have been adduced in support of all opinions on the subject are exceedingly inconclusive. Thus it has been supposed that a line in the fourth act,—“this is a way to kill a wife with kindness,” suggested to Heywood the title of his play, *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, mentioned by Henslowe in 1603, but first published in 1607; but the expression was probably common and proverbial, or Shakespeare might have recollected the name of Heywood's comedy when he penned the line referred to. In *Hamlet*, the name of Baptista is used for that of a woman, but in the Taming of the Shrew it is correctly applied to a man, a fact which has been produced to prove that the tragedy was written previously to the comedy; but the name Baptiste occurs in the earliest *Hamlet*, and, as the date of that play has not been determined, it is impossible to draw any certain conclusion from the presumed error. Malone would assign the date of the comedy to a very early period, classing it with the *Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, and being of opinion that the Taming of a Shrew was published in 1594 on account of the success of Shakespeare's play, the bookseller hoping that the old piece with a similar title might pass on the common reader for the performance of the great dramatist. As a general rule, indeed, plays with inductions belong to the sixteenth century. So, in the *Woman Hater*, 1607,—“Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it in plain prose.” Whatever may be the period ultimately assigned as the date of the composition, it is, I think, certain that the author wrote his Induction with a view to its performance before a Warwickshire audience. It seems diffi-

cult, on any other supposition, to account for the introduction of localities and names referring to the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon. The former, Burton-on-the-Heath and Winecot (or Wilmeecote), will be familiar to those acquainted with the country of Shakespeare's home. Winecot is a small secluded village about three miles from Stratford, and is interesting as having been the place of residence of Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of Shakespeare. Marian Haeket, described as the fat ale-wife of this hamlet, was doubtlessly a real character, as well as Christopher and Stephen Sly, old John Naps, Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell; and Haeket is still a Warwickshire name. The documentary evidence respecting the inferior classes of society, especially at so early a period, is at all times brief and difficult of access; but the opinion here expressed with regard to the truthfulness of the names referred to may be said to be all but confirmed by the discovery of contemporary notices of Stephen Sly, who is described as a "servant to William Combe," and who is several times mentioned in the records of Stratford-on-Avon as having taken an active part in the disputes which arose about

7. January. 1614.
Stephen Sly of Stratford labourer

the enclosures of the common lands, acting of course under the directions of his master. In the annexed facsimile he is des-

cribed as a labourer, but he seems to have been one of a superior class, for his house, "Steeven Slye house," is alluded to in the parish register of Stratford, under the date of 1615, as if it were of some slight extent. The locality of Winecot was long recognised as the scene of Christopher Sly's fondness for potations. When, in 1658, Sir Aston Cockayn addressed some lines to Mr. Clement Fisher of that place, his theme solely refers to the Winecot ale, and its power over the tinker of the Taming of the Shrew.

It is a curious circumstance that Shakespeare, in the revision of the Taming of a Shrew, should have referred to a much earlier production, the Supposes, "a comedie written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, Englished by George Gaseoigne of Greis Inne esquire, and there presented, 1566." In this translation he found the names of Petruchio and Lieio, the latter of which, it will be remembered, is the assumed name of Hortensio;

and he derived some of the incidents that are common both to the *Supposes* and the *Taming of a Shrew* from the former source. Thus, in Gascoigne's play, as in Shakespeare's, the youth who exchanges dresses with his servant is represented as having left home for the purposes of study, but in the other comedy he is said to have deserted his father's court to come to Athens, from the great affection he entertained for his friend Polidor. In the *Taming of a Shrew*, the metamorphosed servant does not, as in the two other plays, solicit the hand of his master's mistress; but Shakespeare's principal obligation to the early translation of Ariosto's comedy consists in his imitation of what refers to the pretended father, the manner in which Tranio induces him to assume the name of Vincentio, (perhaps originally suggested by the disguise of the *Sycophanta* in the *Trinummus* of Plautus), and of what takes place on the meeting of the real and pretended parents. It is just possible that in making use of the expression, "counterfeit supposes," in the fifth act, Shakespeare may have been influenced by the title of the play here referred to. The name of Tranio was probably derived from that of a very pleasant character in the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, and there is, indeed, a coincidence which renders it not improbable that the Latin comedy was one of the works referred to by the great dramatist.

The story upon which the Induction is founded is to be traced to Oriental sources, and thence in an almost infinite variety of form in nearly every European language. The well-known story of the Sleeper Awakened in the *Arabian Nights* will recur to every reader; and another, related by Marco Polo, is clearly derived from the East. The latter is thus noticed by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1652, p. 647:—"A Tartar Prince, saith Marcus Polus, lib. i. cap. 28, called Senex de Montibus, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keep them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, in which he made a delicious park full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace of all worldly contents that could possibly be devised, musick, pictures, variety of meats, &c., and chose out a certain young man whom with a soporiferous potion he so benumbed, that he perceived nothing; and so fast asleep as he was, caused him to be conveyed into this fair garden; where, after he had lived awhile in all such pleasures a sensually man could desire, he cast him into a sleep again, and brought him

forth, that when he awaked, he might tell others he had been in Paradise." The immediate source of the Induction to the Taming of a Shrew was discovered by Warton in a collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwardes, mayster of her maiesties reuels." No copy of this work is now known to exist, but, according to Warton, the circumstances almost exactly tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates, from an Epistle of Ludovicus Vives, to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. It is here given in the words either of Vives, or of that perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580,—“Noete quadam a cæna cum aliquot præcipuis amicorum per urbem deambulans, jacentem conspicatus est medio foro hominem de plebe ebrium, altum stertentem. In eo visum est experiri quale esset vitæ nostræ ludierum, de quo illi interdum essent collocuti. Jussit hominem deferri ad palatium, et lecto ducali collocari, nocturnum ducis pileum capiti ejus imponi, exutaque sordida veste linea, aliam e tenuissimo ei lino indui. De mane ubi evigilavit, præsto fuere pueri nobiles ei cubicularii ducis, qui non aliter quam ex duce ipso quærerent an luberet surgere, et quemadmodum vellet e die vestiri. Prolata sunt ducis vestimenta. Mirari homo ubi se eo loci vidit. Indutus est, prodiit e cubiculo, adfuere proceres qui illum ad sacellum deducerent. Interfuit sacro, datus est illi osculandus liber, et reliqua penitus ut duci. A sacro ad prandium instructissimum. A prandio cubicularius attulit ehartas lusorias, pecuniæ acervum. Lusit cum magnatibus, sub serum deambulavit in hortulis, venatus est in leporario, et cepit aves aliquot aucupio. Cæna peracta est pari celebritate qua prandium. Accensis luminibus inducta sunt musica instrumenta, puellæ atque nobiles adolescentes saltarunt, exhibitæ sunt fabulæ, dehinc comessatio quæ hilaritate atque invitationibus ad potandum producta est in multam noctem. Ille vero largiter se vino obruit præstantissimo; et postquam collapsus in somnum altissimum, jussit eum dux vestimentis prioribus indui, atque in eum locum reportari, quo prius fuerat repertus: ibi transegit noctem totam dormiens. Postridie experrectus cæpit secum de vita illa ducali cogitare, incertum habens fuissetne res vera, an visum quod animo esset per quietem observatum. Tandem collatis conjecturis omnibus atque argumentis, statuit somnium fuisse, et ut tale uxori liberis ac viris narravit. Quid interest inter diem illius et nostros aliquot annos? Nihil penitus, nisi quod hoc est

paulo diuturnius somnium, ac si quis unam duntaxat horam, alter vero decem somniasset," Heuteri Rer. Burgund. lib. iv., ed. 1584, p. 150. According to Heuterus, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the duke's court. It is copied by Goulart, in his *Thrésor d'histoires admirables*, a version which is thus translated in Grimeston's *Admirable and Memorable Histories containing the Wonders of our Time*, 4to. Lond. 1607,—“Philip called the good Duke of Bourgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxells with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make triall of the vanity of our life, wherof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. Hee therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up and carried into his pallace: hee commands him to bee layed in one of the richest beds, a riche night-cap to bee given him, his foule shirt to bee taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland: whenas this dronkard had disgested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed, pages and groomes of the dukes chamber, who draw the curteines, make many courtesies, and being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. They bring him rich apparell. This new Mounsieur, amazed at such curtesie, and doubting whether hee dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where, with great ceremonie, they give him the booke of the Gospell, and the pixe, to kisse, as they did usually unto the duke: from the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace: hee washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a great summe of money. This duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the Court. Then they carrie him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles beeing light, the musitions begin to play, and the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentle-women fell to dancing; then they played a pleasant comedie, after which followed a banket, whereas they had presently store of ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression, so as he was drunke, and fell soundlie

asleepe. Here-upon the duke commanded that hee should bee disrobed of all his riche attire. Hee was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where hee had bene found the night before, where hee spent that night. Being awake in the morning, hee beganne to remember what had happened before ; hee knewe not whether it were true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, hee concluds that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him, and so entertained his wife, his children and his neighbors, without any other apprehension." It will be observed that the representation of a comedy before the deceived drunkard is mentioned in this narrative. Several other versions of the tale may easily be collected, but it is more to our purpose to introduce a story recently discovered in a fragment of an old book printed about the year 1630, which is conjectured, with some probability, to be a portion of the more ancient collection mentioned by Warton. The fragment referred to consists merely of a few leaves, which are unaccompanied with any indications that can lead to a discovery of the volume of which it originally formed a part :—

THE WAKING MANS DREAME.—*The Fifth Event.*—The Greek proverbe saith that a man is but the dreame of a shaddow, or the shaddow of a dreame : is there then anything more vaine then a shadow, which is nothing in itselfe, being but a privation of light framed by the opposition of a thicke body unto a luminous ? is there any thing more frivolous then a dreame, which hath no subsistence but in the hollownesse of a sleeping braine, and which, to speake properly, is nothing but a meere gathering together of chimericall images ? and this is it which makes an ancient say, that we are but dust and shadow : our life is compared unto those, who sleeping dreame that they eate, and waking find themselves empty and hungry ; and who is he that doth not find this experimented in himselfe, as often as he revolves in his memory the time which is past ? who can, in these passages of this world, distinguish the things which have been done from those that have bene dreamed ? vanities, delights, riches, pleasures, and all are past and gone ; are they not dreames ? What hath our pride and pompe availed us ? say those poore miserable soules shut up in the infernall prisons : where is our bravery become, and the glorious show of our magnificence ? all these things are passed like a flying shadow, or as a post who hastens to his journeyes end. This is it which caused the ancient comicke poet to say that the world was nothing but an universall comedy, because all the passages thereof serve but to make the wisest laugh : and, according to the opinion of Democritus, all that is acted on this great theater of the whole world, when it is ended, differs in nothing from what hath bin acted on a players stage : the mirrour which I will heere set before your eyes will so lively expresse all these verities, and so truly shew the vanities of all the greatnesse and opulencies of the earth, that although in these events I gather not either examples not farre distant from our times, or that have bene published by any other writer, yet I beleve that the serious pleasantnesse of this one will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither bee unfruitfull nor unpleasing.

In the time that Phillip Duke of Burgundy, who by the gentleness and courteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of *good*, guided the reins of the country of Flanders, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnesse, rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence. Being in Bruxelles with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this mans drunkenesse in as good manner as I cau to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superior and inferiour Germany, that divers, making glory and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was invironed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous than that which Dionysius the tyrant used towards Democles, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marvellous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuousest parts of his pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilest hee settles his drinke, the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined. In the morning, this drunkard, being awake, drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a paradise, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he beleeves not his eyes, but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame. Assoone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely apparelled, gentlemen of the chamber, gentlemen waiters, and the High Chamberlaine, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a soveraigne prince; they serve him bare headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day. This fellow, affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be enchantment or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him: he is accommodated like a king, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their soveraigne prince; Phillip, with princely delight, beholds this play from a private place; divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which hee grants with such a countenance and gravity, as if he had had a crowne on his head all his life time. Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well. The table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich canopie: he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Dukes meales; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the majesty which he represented made him refraine. All taken away, he was

entertained with new and pleasant things: they led him to walke about the great chambers, galleries, and gardens of the pallace, for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke and the principall of his Court: they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therein, and talked to him thereof as if they had all becne his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoone in all kind of sports; musicke, dancing, and a comedy, spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some State matters, whcreunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right Twelfthide King. Super time approaching, they aske this new created prince if he would please to have the lords and ladies of his Court to sup and feast with him; whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his dignity unto such familiarity: neverlesse, counterfeiting humanity and affability, he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then, towards night, was led with sound of trumpets and hoboyes into a faire hall, where long tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the torches shined in every corner, and made a day in the midst of a night: the gentlemen and gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the prince at the upper end in a higher seat. The service was magnificent; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilest mouthes found their food in the dishes. Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carousses begin after the manner of the country; the prince is assaulted on all sides, as the owle is assaulted by all the birdes, when he begins to soare. Not to seeme uncivill, he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects. They serve him with very strong wine, good hipocras, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yeilded to deaths cousin-german, sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of his reason and all his other sences.

Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his officers to have the pleasure of this mummerie, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardnesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke Philip had thereto appointed, ha! said he, my friends, what have you done? you have rob'd mee of a kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. Then, very well remembering all the particulars of what had passed the day before, he related unto them, from point to point, all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to bee a dreame. Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought: the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those courtiers who had been present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleeeve it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame; but when Duke Philip, who would have the full contentment of this pleasant trick, had shewed him the bed wherein he lay, the cloathes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleeeve what hee saw, imagining that all this was meere enchantment and illusion.

The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family; and, taking an occasion thereon to make an oration unto his courtiers concerning the vanity of this worlds honours, hee told them that all that ambitious

persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake, and a meere dreame, and that they are strucken with that pleasant folly of the Athenian, who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of Athens to be his, and that all the marchants were but his factors. His friends, getting him cured by a skilfull physitian of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving them thanks for this good office, he reviled them, saying that, whereas he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

The old ballad of the Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune, is founded on the same story, but there is small probability of its having been composed as early as the time of Shakespeare. A prose version of this ballad story was popular in a chap-book *History of the Frolicksome Courtier and the Jovial Tinker*, which probably appeared originally at the close of the seventeenth century. It also occurs, with variations, in a dramatic form, in the old Dutch comedy of *Dronkken Hansje*, 1657. To these may also be added the tales grounded upon a similar incident given in *Barekley's Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598; *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1624, p. 232; *Apothegms of King James*, p. 64; and others of more modern date.

No direct original of the story upon which the play itself is founded has yet been discovered. The tale of *Pisardo and Silverio* in *Straparola*, viii. 7, refers to two husbands, the first of which instituted a contest for the possession of "the breeches," and exhibited marks of passion in some degree similar to those assumed by *Petruchio*, while the latter husband imitates his example with neither originality nor success. In this story, the character answering to *Petruchio* kills one of his finest horses, an incident which also occurs in a tale in a Spanish work, *El Conde Lucanor*, 1575, reprinted in 1643, in which a young man tames a fury he had married by desiring each of his animals to bring him water to wash his hands with, and his barbarously killing them when his demand was not satisfied. The wife, alarmed at this extraordinary violence, immediately obeys when the same request is addressed to herself. There are many other old tales involving a similar stratagem employed by the husband to obtain the possession of authority, but, unless the author of the *Taming of a Shrew* invented the greater portion of the plot, it is evident the source of it must be sought for in some tale containing a greater number of incidents analogous to those introduced into that comedy.

A sequel or imitation of the *Taming of the Shrew*, under the title of the *Woman's Prize*, or the *Tamer Tam'd*, in one entry

also called the Tamer Tamd, or the Taminge of the Tamer, was written by Fletcher, and is mentioned by Herbert as “an ould play” as early as 1633. The exact date of its composition is not known. In this play Katherine is supposed to be dead, and Petruchio married to another lady, who, with the assistance of her companions, tames the unruly husband who has cured the shrew in Shakespeare’s comedy. It is almost unnecessary to say that Petruchio’s individuality, as portrayed by Shakespeare, is not preserved by Fletcher; but the Woman’s Prize is, nevertheless, an amusing drama, and when acted before the Court in 1633, it seems to have given greater satisfaction than the other. Herbert’s memoranda are as follows:—“On Tuesday night, at St. James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene the Taminge of the Shrew: *Likt.*—On Thursday night, at St. James, the 28 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, the Tamer Tamd, made by Fletcher: *Very well likt.*” The former play was originally acted at the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, if the title-page of the edition of 1631 may be relied upon. After the Restoration, the course usually adopted with those Shaksperian dramas that were then revived was followed in the case of the present comedy, which was altered by John Lacy, who metamorphosed Grumio, the Sander of the old play, to Sauny, a Scot, a character that uses the dialect of Scotland. Pepys, who saw this play acted on April 9th, 1667, thus speaks of the revival,—“To the King’s house, and there saw the Tameing of a Shrew, which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, Sawny, done by Lacy, and hath not half its life by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me.” Either this, or the earliest play, is again noted by Pepys under the date of November 1st in the same year,—“To the King’s playhouse, and there saw a silly play, *and an old one*, the Taming of a Shrew.” Lacy’s alteration was printed in 1698 under the title of,—Sauny the Scott, or the Taming of the Shrew, a Comedy as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, written by J. Lacey, servant to his Majesty, and never before printed; London, Printed and sold by E. Whitlock near Stationers Hall, 1698. Notwithstanding the palpable inferiority of this work to Shakespeare’s, Gildon speaks somewhat hesitatingly of the value of the original in comparison with it. The comedy of the Taming of the Shrew is, he observes, “so good, that tho’ it has been alter’d by Mr. Laey, yet I do not

think it much improv'd; that comedian committed an odd blunder in laying the scene in England, and adding Sawny the Scot, and yet retaining all the other names that were purely Italian; the additional tryal of skill on their return to her father is well contriv'd," Remarks, p. 329. The story of the Induction, which is omitted in this alteration, forms the chief subject of Johnson's play of the Cobler of Preston, acted at Drury-lane Theatre in 1716, three editions of which were published in 8vo. 1716, reprinted at Dublin, 1725. Another farce under the same title, by Christopher Bullock, was acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1716, and printed in the same year. Worsdale's ballad opera of A Cure for a Scold, 1735, is also founded upon Shakespeare's comedy. The comic portions of the Taming of the Shrew, the first act being omitted, and those scenes being chiefly selected which have reference to the story of Katherine and Petruchio, were adapted by Garriek and produced at Drury-lane in 1754 (published in 8vo. 1756). This substitute for the authentic play continued, till within a very few years, to be the only part of Shakespeare's comedy represented on the stage; but Mr. Planché, in 1844, judiciously restored the whole, an experiment the judgment of which was ratified by the public approbation. It may thus be gathered that, for two centuries, the Taming of the Shrew was known to the public chiefly through the media of a vicious alteration and a mutilated fragment of the comedy, and that it was altogether discarded in its genuine proportions as an acting play. So little, indeed, was it appreciated in the early part of the last century, that Steele, presuming on the ignorance of his readers, introduced into the Tatler (231) some of the most striking incidents of the comedy, as circumstances that had actually occurred in a family with which he himself was particularly intimate. In both the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the title of the play was proverbial, and applied to stories or ballads connected with the violence of shrews, and the methods adopted for their cure; for it must be recollected that the idea of ladies "intolerably curst," by which is meant abandoned to a fury now scarcely understood, was then familiar to all, and is introduced into nearly every old story-book. One of these relics is entitled, "The Taming of a Shrew, or the onely way to make a bad wife good; at least, to keep her quiet, be she bad or good." It has no relation whatever to the following comedy, and, indeed, pieces of this description are merely useful as indicating the popular and wide-

spread notion of female shrewishness which was received by our ancestors.

The dramatic and literary merit of the *Taming of the Shrew* can only be correctly estimated by bearing in mind the manners and tendencies of the age in which it was written. It must be recollected that the power of gentleness, its efficiency greater than force moving to accomplish the same influence, is a truth barely yet recognised in its fulness. Shakespeare was one of the few writers of his time that appreciated this moral law; and even in illustrating the then universally received method of charming a woman's tongue, he has altogether dispensed with any exhibition of personal violence on the shrew, and has encompassed the design of the comedy with sufficient frolic to soften the displeasing purpose of the story. Katherine, however, is not an ordinary type. Vixenish, proud, and dominant, she is subdued by the exhibition rather than by the action of power; by the observation of the continual proofs of Petruchio's indomitable disposition, and the obvious impossibility of attempting to control it. She does not perceive that much of his character is assumed; but he is, in fact, a humorist of great power, and conquers Katherine by a succession of jests and practical jokes of his own invention.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and
other Servants attending on the
Lord. } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO,
HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*

TRANIO,
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO,
CURTIS, } *Servants to Petruchio.*

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the Shrew;*
BIANCA, *her Sister;* } *Daughters to Baptista.*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE,—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

Induction.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I 'll pheese you,¹ in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues.² Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;³ let the world slide:⁴ *Sessa!*⁵

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?⁶

Sly. No, not a denier!⁷ Go by, Saint Jeronimy⁸—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁹

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.¹⁰

[*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law:¹¹ I 'll not budge an inch, boy;¹² let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. *Enter a Lord, returning from hunting, with his Train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman,¹³—the poor cur is emboss'd;¹⁴ And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good¹⁵

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?¹⁶

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He eried upon it at the merest loss,¹⁷

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all;

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will praetise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delieious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless faney.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Proeure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a duleet and a heavenly sound;

And if he eanee to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will eommand?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—will 't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease.
 Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic ;
 And, when he says he is—,¹⁸ say, that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly,¹⁹ gentle sirs :
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :— [*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An 't please your honour,
 Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.²⁰

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :—
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
 I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
 Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.²¹

Lord. 'Tis very true : thou didst it excellent.
 Well, you are come to me in happy time,
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,
 Whercin your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to night ;
 But I am doubtful of your modesties,²²
 Lest, over-cyeing of his odd behaviour,—
 For yet his honour never heard a play,—
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

I Play. Fear not, my lord : we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,²³
 And give them friendly welcome every one :
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, [To a Servant.
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;
 And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue,²⁴ and lowly courtesy ;
 And say,—What is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May show her duty, and make known her love ?
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,—
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who, for this seven years,²⁵ hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,²⁶
 An onion will do well for such a shift ;²⁷
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Exit Servant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.*²⁸

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.²⁹

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs,³⁰ no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.³¹

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath;³² by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,³³ if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score³⁴ for sheer ale,³⁵ score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:³⁶ Here 's——

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
 O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beek.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*

And twenty eaged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord; and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,³⁷

And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !

O, that once more you knew but what you are !

These fifteen years you have been in a dream,

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O ! yes, my lord, but very idle words ;—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house,

And say you would present her at the leet,³⁸

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.³⁹

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.⁴⁰

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,⁴¹

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord : what is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband ?

My men should call me lord : I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam,⁴² or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else : so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.⁴³

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physieians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long ; but I
would be loath to fall into my dreams again : I will therefore
tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctores hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it : Is not a commonty a
Christmas gambol,⁴⁴ or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

Notes to the Induction.

¹ *I'll pheese you, in faith.*

Pheese, beat, chastise. "To fease, *flagello, virgis cedere*," Coles. R. de Brunne uses the word *fesid*, explained by Hearne, whipped or beaten, p. 192. "I felt him in my small guts; I am sure he has feaz'd me," Chances. "Marry, chil veeze him too and again," London Prodigal. "Come, will you quarrell? I will feize you, sirrah," Alchemist, fol. ed., p. 676. The primary sense of the word was, to drive away, from A. S. *fesian*, a meaning of the term long retained in the west country dialect. There are several English provincial uses of the verb, *to pheese*, and, in America, a fit of fretfulness is called a *pheese*, whence the verb would be, to irritate or vex; but it is unsafe to accept interpretations derived from modern dialectical phraseology, when the context can be satisfied with others supported by contemporary authority.

² *The Slys are no rogues.*

Rogues, that is, vagrants, a term placed in contradistinction to *gentlemen*. Mr. Pye altered *Slies*, as usually printed, to *Slys*, Sly being a proper name, and, of course, indeclinable; but the name itself was sometimes written *Slie*. William Sly was one of the players in Shakespeare's company, and the humour would perhaps have been increased had the present character been performed by that actor. This Sly, observes Steevens, is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actors Vindication*, and in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. His name also occurs in the annexed list of the King's Company appended to an order, dated April 9th, 1604, from the Lords of the Council to the Lord Mayor of London, and to the justices of the peace in Middlesex and Surrey, commanding them to permit the King's, Queen's and Prince's companies of players

K2 Thomp
Barbedra
Shaksp^{er}
Hobbes
Hollings
Hondler
Gouminges
Arwin
Slye
Hobbes
Hobbes
Dag

to perform at the Globe, Fortune, and Curtain theatres, unless the weekly mortality from the plague in London exceeded the number of thirty.

³ *Paucas pallabras.*

This is Sly's corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras*, few words, a phrase which was proverbial in England in the time of Shakespeare. In old plays, it is generally spoken by the lower class of characters. It occurs in Hieronimo, the play alluded to by Sly in the next speech,—“What new device have they devised, trow?—*Pocas pallabras*,” &c. “*Pacus palabros*, I will conjure for you,” Roaring Girle, 1611. Other examples are in the Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638, sig. D. 3; Shirley's Wedding, iii. 2. Dogberry uses the phrase blunderingly in Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 5.

With this learned oration the cobbler was tutored: layd his finger on his mouth, and cried, *pocas palabras*: he had sealed her pardon, and therefore bid her not feare.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

⁴ *Let the world slide.*

A common proverbial expression, implying carelessness as to how time passes, or what events may happen; but here Sly, who has been speaking of his family, may also intend a pun on his own name. “To passe over time, to let the world slide, *traducere tempus*,” Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 4. “What would you else with me? will you go drink, and let the world slide,” Wit without Money, v. 2. The phrase occurs in several forms, as,—“let the world slip,” end of the present induction. “Be of good cheere, man, and let the worlde passe,” Roister Doister. “Let us be mery,—With huff a galand, synge tyrrl on the bery,—And *let the wyde worlde wynde*,” Interlude of the Four Elements.

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why, I can owe;
And death makes equall the high and low.—*Old Ballad.*

Now merry Christmas fils the world with cheere,
And chimnies smoake with burning logge on logs.
He that's a mizer all the yeere beside,
Will revell now, and for no cost will spare;
A poxe hang sorrow, *let the world go slide*;
Let's eate and drinke, and cast away all care.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

⁵ *Sessa!*

A cant term, equivalent to, *cease*, probably derived from the French *cessez*. It occurs again in King Lear. In Marston's What You Will, 1607, the word *sest* is found used apparently in the same sense.

⁶ *The glasses you have burst.*

Burst, broken. See the Notes to 2 Henry IV., iii. 2. So, again, in the fourth act of the present comedy,—“how her bridle was burst.” Warton proposed, *brast*.

⁷ *No, not a denier.*

The French denier was not current in England, but the term was used generically for the most trifling imaginable sum. “For still will I cry, good your worship, good sir, bestow one poor denier,” Ballad of the Cunning Northerne Beggar. “The Thames for me, not a denier for you,” Taylor's Workes, 1630.

“The *denier* of France is worth halfe a farthing of England: the double, a farthing: the liard, a farthing and a halfe,” Holyband’s French Littelton, 1609.

The most common money (of France) are *deniers*, soulx, and frankes; twelve deniers make one shilling; twenty soulx make one franke: so that as you see these three kindes are like in the rate to pence, shillings, and pounds with us; but that this is the difference, that their denyer is but the ninth part of our penny, and so their soulx, commonly called souses, go nine to our shilling.—*Recorde’s Grounde of Arts*.

⁸ *Go by, Saint Jeronimy.*

“Go by S. Ieronimie,” ed. 1623. “S. is put for *Saint*, a very common abbreviation: Sly alludes to the notorious and much-ridiculed lines of the Spanish Tragedy, and at the same time confounds *Jeronimo* with *Saint Jerome*,” Rev. A. Dyce. Monck Mason conjectured that the letter (S) was intended for *says*, and Theobald omits it altogether. The comedy of Jeronymo is mentioned in Henslowe’s Diary under the date of 1591; and the Spanish Tragedy, another part of the same play, was printed in 1599, and probably earlier. The words in the latter here ridiculed occur when Jeronimo, or Hieronomo, going to petition the king for justice on the murderers, and he asking, “Who is he that interrupts our business?,” returns this answer,—“Not I; Hieronomo, beware!—go by, go by.” This must have been a “point” in the representation, for the words, “go by, Jeronimo,” are continually alluded to by our early writers, as in the following instances; to which may also be added these references, a list that could be increased with little difficulty:—Decker’s *Satiromastix*, 1602; Westward Hoe, 1607; Shoemaker’s Holiday, 1610; Jonson’s *Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed., p. 16; Jonson’s *New Inn*, p. 292; Middleton’s *Works*, ed. Dyce, i. 285; “Passe by, Jeronimo,” Rawlins’ *Rebellion*, a Tragedy, 4to. 1640. The words, “go by, Jeronimo,” seem often to have lost their original signification, and to have been used merely in contempt of the person to whom they were addressed.

When thou hast money, then friendes thou hast many;

When it is wasted, their friendship is cold:

Goe by, Jeronimo! No man then will thee know,

Knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.

Deloney’s Strange Histories, 1607.

It would well become a devote hermite to begin with Grace and Peace unto you, but that I hold frivolous, since if you want Grace, *go by, Jeronimo*, you are no friends for me.—*King’s Halfe-Pennyworth of Wit*, 1613.

For as a cart-wheele in the way goes round,
The spoake that’s high’st is quickly at the ground,
So envy, or just cause, or misconceit,
In princes courts, continually doe waite,
That he that is this day Magnifico,
To-morrow may *goe by Jeronimo*.

The spoakes that now are highest in the wheeles,
Are in a moment lowest by the heeles.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

Sal can by silence deep profundity,

Force you cry, Fough! *Jeronimo, go by*.—*Wits Recreations*, 1640.

⁹ *Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*

This is a proverbial expression, which again occurs in *King Lear*, and it is assuming somewhat too much of the power of satire in the character now speaking to consider that it alludes to the well-known line in the Spanish Tragedy,—

“What outcry calls me from my naked bed?” This line was, however, much quoted. It is introduced into the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; and Gayton, in his *Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, speaking of a “vision,” says that “the fellow walk’d like old Jeronymo, a distracted Spaniard, and with his lamp in his hand, as if he were speaking his words,—Who calls Jeronymo from his naked bed?” The expression “naked bed” does not imply *cold bed*, and there is no sufficient reason to believe that Sly is intended to continue the allusion to the tragedy.

¹⁰ *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*

The old copies read *headborough*, but the correction, which was made by Theobald, is rendered necessary by Sly’s reply. Lambarde says, “in some shires, where every third borow hath a constable, there the officers of the other two be called *thirdborows*.”

There be other officers of much like authority to our constables, as the borsholders in Kent, *the thirdborow in Warwickshire*, and the tythingman and burrowhead or headborow, or chiefe-pledge in other places. But yet the office of a constable is distinct, and, as it seemeth, is of more and greater authority and respect than these other, as you may see by the statute 49 Eliz. cap. 4, where the tythingman or headborough is to be assisted in the punishment of rogues with the advice of the minister and one other of the parish; whereas the constable alone of himselfe as well as the justice of peace may appoint or cause rogues to be punished. And master Lambert seemeth to hold that these borsholders, thirdboroughs, tythingmen, headboroughs, and other such, being in any towne or parish whereas a constable is, those other cannot meddle, because constables be, in comparison of them, head officers. And that the tythingmen, &c., are but as assistants to the constable in all services of his office, when the constable is present; and in his absence, then these other to attend the service: and that there are many other things which the constables may doe, and wherewith the borsholders and the rest cannot meddle at all. And yet in townes where there be no constables, and that the borsholders, thirdboroughs, tythingmen, headboroughs, or such other, be there the onely officers for the peace; as also in such cases where the power or authority of the borsholder, &c., is declared to be equall with the power of the constable: in all such cases and things, their office and authority bee in a manner all one. See the statute 1 Jac. cap. 7, and Lambt. office d’l Const., 4. 6. 9.—*Dalton’s Countrey Justice*.

¹¹ *I’ll answer him by law.*

Mr. W. Underhill suggests to me that there is here an allusion to the law-suit between Shakespeare’s father and Edmund Lambert of Barton-on-the-Heath, grounding his opinion on the circumstance of Sly being a native of that village; the allusion to Wincot, where the premises which were the subject of the suit were situated; and to Sly’s assertion of the antiquity of his family, corresponding to the statement that Lambert was “allied among gentlemen and freeholders.” These coincidences are curious, but the suggestion is of course merely conjectural, and somewhat of the humour of the scene would be lost, were we to accept it as true.

¹² *I’ll not budge an inch, boy.*

Sly was intoxicated, but Shakespeare was probably thinking of the old play, where a tapster instead of the hostess is introduced, when he made him address her as, *boy*.

¹³ *Brach Merriman.*

A brach was a kind of scenting hound, generally of a small kind. Elyot, ed. 1559, has, “*catellus*, a very littell hounde or *brache*, a whelpe;” and the terms

brach and *ratch* were always applied to the hounds which formed the pack, which of course differed in breed according to time and place. In Reliq. Antiq. i. 151, it seems to be synonymous with *acquill*. See Twici, p. 28; Florio, in v. *Braccáre*; Beaumont and Fletcher, iii. 9; Ford, i. 22, 58; Webster, i. 156; Dodsley, vi. 319; Ben Jonson, iv. 19; Topsell's Foure-footed Beasts, p. 137. The author of the romance of Perceval, using the term *brachet*, explains it, *brachet cest à dire ung petit braque ou chien*. This form of the word occurs in Morte d'Arthur, i. 75, 80; Brit. Bibl. i. 478. The term *brach* was also very commonly used for the female of the hunting hound, but the name Merriman, still one appropriated to a hound, shows that Shakespeare meant to apply the word here to a male. Echo, on the contrary, is generally the designation of one of the other sex.

¹⁴ *The poor cur is emboss'd.*

Embossed, worn out; the term is generally applied to a deer so fatigued that it foams at the mouth, and hence, with some licence, to a dog or other animal. "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is *emboss'd*," Turbervile's Hunting. "*Pet*. There was a boy leasht on the single, because when he was *imbost*, he tooke soyle.—*Li*. What's that?—*Pet*. Why, a boy was beaten on taile with a leathern thong, bicause when he fomde at the mouth with running, he went into the water," Lilly's Midas, 1592. "Now like a roe, before the hounds *imbost*," Drayton's Matilda, 1594. "He saw him take soyle, and he hallowed him,—Affirming him so *emboss'd*," Shocmaker's Holiday, 1600. "Like hinds that have no hearts,—Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly *embost*," Chapman's Homer. "He chaf'd and fom'd, as buck *embost*," Wit and Drollery.

Look how the stricken hart that wounded flies
 O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
 For running streams, the whil'st his weeping eyes
 Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
 At length, *embost*, he droops, drops down, and lies
 Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
 Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
 Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears,
 Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panick fears.

Quarles' Emblems.

¹⁵ *How Silver made it good.*

This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's Polyolbion:—"What's offer'd by the first, the other *good doth make*."—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *In the coldest fault.*

A technical term in hunting for the smallest scent. The expression is again used by Shakespeare in his poem of Venus and Adonis.

¹⁷ *He cried upon it at the merest loss.*

That is, at the smallest loss of scent.

¹⁸ *And when he says he is.*

And when he says he is *so and so*, however, in short, he may describe himself, tell him he dreams. The hiatus is certainly intentional, as it is in the following passage in the Tempest,—“I should know that voice; it should be ——; but he is drowned, and these are devils.” Various alterations have been suggested, e.g.,—“when he says *he's poor*,” Hanmer; “when he says *he's Sly*,” Johnson; “*what he says he is*,” Jackson; “when he says *who he is*,” anonymous; “when he says

what he is," Perkins MS. Were any emendation necessary, Johnson's may be preferred. Steevens asks how should the nobleman know the beggar's name, but it is reasonable to suppose that, living in the same neighbourhood, he recognized the face of the drunkard, and knew something of his history. So, in a subsequent speech, he asserts that Sly had never seen a play, a statement inconsistent with any other supposition.

Persuade him that his former implicit and undisturbed belief, of his being a tinker, was the effect of lunacy; and when he supposes, and says, that the present appearances, of his being a mighty lord, are only the consequence of a disordered brain, tell him that such a supposition is entirely groundless. There is an opposition between *he hath been* and *he is*.—*Anon.*

¹⁹ *This do, and do it kindly.*

Kindly, naturally. This use of the word is very common.

²⁰ *So please your lordship to accept our duty.*

It was in those times, as is observed by Steevens and Malone, the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. In the fifth Earl of Northumberland's very curious and valuable Household Book, the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:—" *Rewards to Playars.*—Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my house after xx.d. every play, by estimacion somme xxxij.s. iiij.d., which ys appoynted to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Christynmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys, xxxij.s. iiij.d."

²¹ *I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.*

Soto, a farmer's son, is one of the characters in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*, but there is no scene in that comedy in which he "woo'd the gentlewoman," in addition to which it is almost certain that the *Taming of the Shrew* was the earlier play. A character of the same name is also introduced in the *Spanish Gipsie*, 1653. In ed. 1623, this line is given to Sinklow, an inferior actor of Shakespeare's time, who, as Malone observes, is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c., in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled the *Seven Deadlie Sinns*. Pope assigns the line to Sim, a character borrowed by him from the older play.

²² *But I am doubtful of your modesties.*

That is, your discreet behaviours, your moderation. So, previously,—“It will be pastime passing excellent, if it be husbanded with modesty.”

²³ *Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.*

When players acted at noblemen's houses, the buttery was their place of entertainment. “Either at booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tiring-houses, noblemen's butteries, puisnés chambers, the best and farthest places where you are admitted to come,” Jonson's *Poetaster*. “He play'd a King once; I ha' heard him speak a play *ex tempore* in the butteries,” Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663.

²⁴ *With soft low tongue.*

— Her voice was ever *soft*,

Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman.—*King Lear*.

Malone, in his Second Appendix, 1783, p. 13, proposed to read *soft-slow*, referring in support of his conjecture to a line in *Lucrece*,—“With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty.”

²⁵ *Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him.*

If it be necessary to suppose that the servants strictly followed their master's tale, the time was fifteen years, as appears from two other passages, and Theobald proposed to read, *twice seven years*; but there is no necessity for any alteration, the expression "this seven years" being proverbial for an indefinite time, a considerable period. "A has been a vile thief this seven years," *Much Ado about Nothing*, ed. 1623. "Mr. Dawborne and I have spent a great deale of time in conference about this plott, which will make as beneficiall a play as hath come these seaven yeares," *Aleyn Papers*.

Him is used instead of *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourselves* in *Macbeth*:—"Acquaint *you* with the perfect spy o' the time," i. e., acquaint *yourselves*. Again, in Ovid's *Banquet of Sence*, by Chapman, 1595:

Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,
The sence wherewith he feeles *him* deified.—*Steevens*.

²⁶ *To rain a shower of commanded tears.*

A similar expression occurs in Gayton's *Notes on Don Quixote*, fol. Lond. 1664, p. 97,—

He was a hireling, and commanded teares,
Not for his grieffe, but pay in 's eyes appears.

Except some widdowes that have buryed their husbands, or sonnes their fathers, who raine whole showers of teares from their clouded eyes, it may be more for joy then sorrow.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

²⁷ *An onion will do well for such a shift.*

"A reed onyon wolde she kepe,—to make her eyes wepe,—in her kerchers, I saye," *Boke of Mayd Emlyn*. Stephens, in his character of *A Plaine Countrey Bride*, p. 358, says: "She takes it by tradition from her fellow-gossips, that she must weepe *shoures* upon her marriage-day; though by the vertue of mustard and *onions*, if she cannot naturally dissemble." So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—"The tears live in an *onion* that should water this sorrow."

Then let no *onyon* in an handchercher
Tempt your sad eyes unto a needlesse feare.

Wit Restor'd, 1658.

And since it is the custom to weep, let me alone, I will have tears in abundance; although I have occasion enough to laugh, I will have *onions always in my handkerchief*, and wipe my eyes with them.—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

²⁸ *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

From the original stage direction in the first folio, it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is, "*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants*," &c. So afterwards, at the end of the next scene,—"*The Presenters above speak*." See Nabbes's *Covent Garden*, 1639:—"Enter Dorothy and Susan in the *balcone*." So, in the *Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger, 1622:—"They whisper *below*. Enter *above* Sapritius—with him Artemisia the princess, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hercius," and these five personages speak from this elevated situation during the whole scene. See also the early quarto editions of our author's *Romeo and Juliet*, where we find—"Enter *Romeo and Juliet aloft*."—*Malone*.

²⁹ *For God's sake, a pot of small ale.*

Sly is represented on the stage as not having recovered from his intoxication, but this must surely be an error. When he wakes, he is no longer tipsy, but only suffering under the effects of the debauch. Small ale was used in the place of the modern soda-water. It was merely single or weak ale. Thus, in Fletcher's *Captain*, iv. 2, ed. Dyce, pp. 290, 291, single beer and small beer are spoken of as synonymous. Double ale was strong ale, and double-double ale was ale of excessive potency. A "stande of small ale" is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company for 1558.

Then thou wert onely drunk last night, and art a little sick this morneing; take small beere, milk, or thyn broth, to settle thy braines.—*MS. Harl. 7367*, a play, MS.

And if he be yong and lustie, let his drinke be water; but if his body be weake, let him drinke wine well lymphate or *small ale*: for truly much nourishment would prejudice the cure, by engendring much bloud in the eye, which is very hurtfull now in the beginning of the healing of it.—*Barrough's Method of Physick*, 1624.

³⁰ *I have no more doublets than backs.*

In briefe, from Venice he to Flussing hobbled,
With no more shirts than backs, shoes seldome eobled.

Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

³¹ *My toes look through the overleather.*

If I may ask you, where have you learnt this eloquence? I do not read that Demosthencs declaim'd with *toes looking through leathern casements*; or that he was sent in an embassy with half a stockin; or such decay'd eaparisons, as I observe in your retinue.—*Mayne's Amorous Warre*.

³² *Old Sly's son of Burton-heath.*

Barton-on-the-Heath is a small village on the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. In Domesday-Book, according to Dugdale, it is written *Bertone*, so that the *Burton* of the text may be correct. It consists of some twenty or thirty cottages, intermixed with a few small farm-houses, making together one short irregular street. The church is small and peeculiar in its architectural arrangements; an old mansion near it of the Elizabethan era is the rectory. The village is situated two miles from Long Compton on the road to Stratford from Oxford, and the approaches on all sides are by lonely lanes, and in its general aspect it is solitary and neglected. Of the heath, however, from which it partly takes its name, no traces remain, the land being wholly enclosed.—*C. Knight*.

³³ *Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.*

Wincot was the usual pronunciation of Wilmeecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, the residence of Shakespeare's maternal grandfather. It is spelt *Wyncote* in the will of William Clapton, May 9th, 1521. There is a very curious allusion to this scene in Sir A. Cockayn's poems, 1659, in an epigram addressed "to Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot:"—

Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
 That fox'd a beggar so, by chance was found
 Sleeping, that there needed not many a word
 To make him to believe he was a lord:
 But you affirm, and in it seem most eager,
 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.

Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
 Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances :
 And let us meet there, for a fit of gladness,
 And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

According to Warton, the "house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill." From careful enquiries made at Stratford-on-Avon, I am induced to believe that Warton was altogether imposed upon by the above information; and, certainly,

nothing of the kind is remaining at Wincot, nor is there any house now standing which could well be considered to have been the residence of Marian Hacket. There is, however, a curious tradition recorded by Capell, on which somewhat more reliance can be placed, — "Wincot is in Stratford's vicinity,



where the memory of the ale-house subsists still: and the tradition goes that 'twas often resorted to by Shakespeare for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belong'd to a neighbouring mill." There are few very old taverns near Stratford-on-Avon, but the accompanying representation of one of some antiquity, and belonging to the Shaksperian locality, may form an appropriate illustration of the present note. Marian Hacket's inn no doubt belonged to the same class, both in respect to extent and character.

³⁴ *If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score.*

The score was made with chalk on a hanging-board appropriated to the purpose, as it is still at the present day in some of the inferior public-houses. "A *score* or tale to marke the debt upon, tessara vel tessella," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 227. "Chauke me on vintners, and for aw thy skore," Brathwait's Strapado for the Divell, 1615. The annexed figure of a tavern-keeper reckoning up the account from the score-board is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a woodcut representing the Festival of the Coblers of Paris, August 1st, 1641. *Score at the bar* was one of the cries of tapsters in taverns; English Rogue, ed. 1719, p. 91.



You that for all your diet with your hoast,
 Do set your hande in chalke unto his poast.

Rowland's Looke to It, for Ile stabbe ye, 1604.

³⁵ *For sheer ale.*

Sheer ale, nothing but ale, ale alone, merely ale. The Counsellor, in Sir W. Scott's Guy Mannering, describing the clerk Driver, says,—“it is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep—sheer ale supports him under every

thing; it is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing." In Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, Works, ed. Dyce, vi. 395, *sheer wine* is used for, wine by itself, wine unmixed with water, pure wine; but *sheer ale* is probably idiomatic in the above senses, referring not to the purity of the liquor, but rather conveying the idea usually suggested by an augmentative adjective. It has been suggested that *sheer ale* may be ale drunk at harvest, from *shearing*, a provincial term for reaping; and the Perkins MS. reads *Warwickshire ale*, but Shakespeare would hardly make Sly speak of Warwickshire ale in reference to that which he imbibed within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon, the distinction of county being superfluous when the place spoken of is in the same locality.

They went into an honest alehouse to drinke, for the weather was yet warme; here they found the clerke of the parish, a Suffolke cheesemonger, and a baker of Chesteron, exceedingly joviall and merry, for they had spent eleven grotes in *sheare ale* onely, beside cheese and bread which the Suffolke man and the baker had of their owne.—*A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639.

³⁶ *I am not bestraught.*

It has been proposed to read *distraught*, but without necessity. "*Resuerie, radotement, a bestraughting* of the mind in the fits of agues by choler or hot fumes reeking up to the braine; doting; raving," Nomenclator, 1585. "Now teares had drowned further speech, till she, as one *bestrought*, did crie," Albions England, 1602. Again, in the old song, beginning: "When griping grief," &c. No. 53, *Paradyse of Dainty Devises*, edit. 1576:—"Be-straighted heads relyef hath founde." Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of Virgil's *Æneid*:—"Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread."—*Steevens*. Minshew has *bestract* in the sense of, mad, distracted.

They say there was an oracle there in old time, whose spirit possessed many inhabitants thereabouts, and *bestraught* them of their wittes.—*North's Plutarch*, 1579.

Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde
By musicke's pleasaunt swete delightes.—*Reliques*, i. 181.

³⁷ *Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed.*

It had been affliction unutterable, to have owned that name, and return'd to himselfe againe. The trance of the cobbler, drunk into the beliefe that he was a lord, was not to be shaken off without the losse of life; once recoblar'd, he was never his owne man againe. To returne to the letherne apron, wax fingers, and whistling to a black-bird, from such a lordly dreame, it put him, when coblars speak Latine, they have some ends, to his—*Pol me occidistis amici*.—

Friends, of the cobbler you have made an end,
Dreaming, a lord; I waking am a fiend;
Oh make me drunke againe, and on my word,
I will continue drunke—as any lord.

Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654.

³⁸ *And say, you would present her at the leet.*

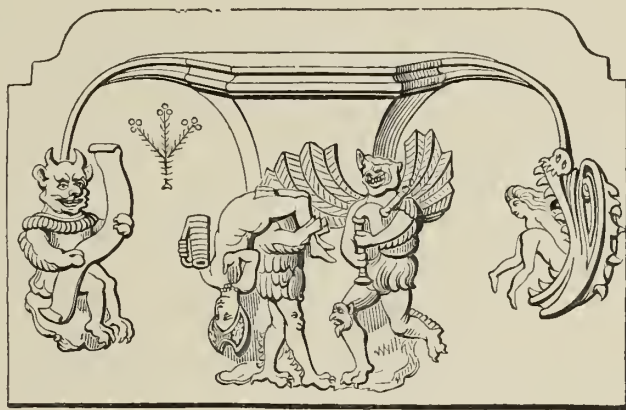
The leet is the Court-leet, or View of frank pledge, held anciently once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the leet. See Kitchen on Courts, edit. 1663: "The residue of the matters of the charge which ensue," says that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21, "are enquirable and *presentable*, and also punishable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-seventh: "Also if tiplers sell by *cups and dishes, or measures sealed, or not sealed, is inquirable*." See also, Characterismi, or Lenton's

Leasures, 12mo. 1631:—"He (an informer) transforms himselfe into several shapes, to avoid suspicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the sight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their sale by *sealed quarts* spoyles his market."—*Malone*.

³⁹ *Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.*

The tendency of all ale-wives to give short measure was a favorite subject for satire long before Shakespeare's time. In a curious carving of the fifteenth century, preserved in the church at Ludlow, observes Mr. Wright,—“the demon is carrying the ale-wife with her false measure and gay head-dress, to thrust her into hell-mouth, the usual

popular representation of which forms the side-ornament to the right; another demon plays her a tune on the bagpipes as she is carried along. It will be observed that the head of the demon who carries the lady is broken off. A third demon, seated in the cusp to the left, reads from a roll of parchment the catalogue of her sins.” The unlawfulness



of retailing beer or ale in unsealed jugs, or jugs duly marked with the proper stamp, may be gathered from various early notices. “Also two such justices may, by examination, or enquire, heare and determine the faults of all buyers and sellers, which do not buy and sell with weights and measures that be lawfull, *sc.* with such as bee marked and *sealed*, or like and equal with the kings standard,” Dalton's Country Justice, 1620. “Item, a sealed quart of wood,” Inventory of Goods, A.D. 1632, MS. Harl. 6693. “One was indicted for selling ale in *black pots*, being not sealed measure,” Kilburn's Presidents.

The following is one of the articles of the Wardmote Inquests, printed in Calthrop's Reports, 1670:—"And also that ye see all tipplers and other cellars of ale or beer, as well as of privy osteries, as brewers and inholders within your ward, not selling by lawful measures sealed and marked with the city arms or dagger, be presented, and their names in your said indentures be expressed with defaults, so that the chamberlain may be lawfully answered of their americiaments." Another article is yet more to the purpose,—“Ye shall diligently make search and inquiry, whether there be any vintner, inholder, alehouse-keeper, or any other person or persons whatsoever within your ward, that do use or keep in his or their house, or houses, any cans, *stone pots*, or other *measures* which be *unsealed*, and by law not allowed to sell beer or ale thereby, and whether they do sell any of their best beer or ale, above a penny the quart, or any small ale or beer above a half-penny the quart, and whether any of them do sell by any measure not sealed. If there be any such, you shall seize them, and send them to the Guild Hall to the Chamberlains Office, and present their names and faults by indenture, so oft as there shall be any occasion so to do.” These articles are also printed in Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1633.

⁴⁰ *Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.*

Douce is of opinion that Shakespeare has here committed an error in making

the servant speak of *Cicely* Hacket, but it must be presumed that a conversation had taken place previously to the opening of the present scene. *Cicely* Hacket was "the woman's maid of the house," and must not be identified with *Marian* Hacket.

⁴¹ *And old John Naps of Greece.*

So the old copies, but perhaps *Greece* is either a form of *Greys*, or is a misprint for *Greete*. There is a village called *Greet* in Shropshire, and a hamlet in Gloucestershire, in the parish of Wincheomb, did, and perhaps still does, bear the same name. Theobald proposed to read *John Naps o' th' Green*, a style common in Shakespeare's time. Thus Peter Bullcalf of the Green is mentioned in Henry IV., and George, the Pinder of Wakefield, is called George a Green, or sometimes George of the Green, as in the London Chanticleers, 1659. Clement Perkes o' the Hill is also mentioned in the former comedy. It may be worthy of notice that *Greece* is misprinted *Greene* in the Comedy of Errors, ed. 1663, p. 86, which serves to show that these words may have been interchangeably printed. It may be that *Naps of Greece* is an error for one surname, or, possibly, two persons may be intended, in which case we might read,—“and old John Naps, and Green.” A Robert Grene of Wilmecote, or Wincot, was buried at Aston Cantlowe in 1587, as appears from the registers of that parish.

⁴² *Alce madam.*

Alce is the provincial abbreviated form of the name of Alice. In the ancient parish register of Noke, co. Oxon., is the following entry: “*Alse* Merten was buried the 25. daye of June, 1586.” So in the old token here engraved of *Alce* Wates, a person who lived in London at the sign of the Three Pigeons. “Memorandum, *Alce* Barrow came to dwell with my father the 3rd December, 1638,” MS. Account-Book in Lincoln Cathedral. “*Alce* Jones the cookemayd came to dwell with my father the 22 January, 1637,” MS. *ibid.* “Alice or Alse, i.e., noble, abridged from *Ade-liz, Ger.*, or a defendress,” Ladies



Dictionary, 1694.

I'm not for Dolphin stamp, nor will I be
Put off with such a four-pence hal'pennie:
No, Debora, thou daughter of old *Al'ce*,
I love not high and low, a wench of Wales.

Stevenson's Norfolk Drollery, 12mo. Lond. 1673.

⁴³ *Above some fifteen year or more.*

Heath, with some plausibility, proposes to alter *above* to *about*, as in ed. 1663.

⁴⁴ *Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol.*

Commonty is Sly's error for *comedy*. In the old play, observes Blackstone, the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. The same jest is found in Heywood's Edward IV., where Hobbs says,—“Ever when they play an enterloute, or a commoditie, at Tamworth, the king alwaies is in a long beard and a red gowne like him.” Sly had, perhaps, heard the old word *commonty*, the commonalty, and confused one for the other, not understanding either. “*Populares*, the commonty,” The Calender of Scripture, 1575.

How now? what's the matter? here's a new face in my family; what, all joy and mirth? what does it mean, or is it a *Christmass gambol*?—*A Comical Transformation*, 1686.

'Twas an ancient custom amongst poor people to go a wesseling at Christmas.

Wessel is an old Saxon word which signifies, Health be to you; so that such poor people went about to get money to drink your health, and for which they carried a box along with them to put their money in, from whence came the word Christmas-box. And to allure you to give them money, they used to sing a merry song, and shew or play certain gambles before you, which were certain tumbling tricks used formerly amongst our ancestors, called on that account Christmas-gambles.—*An Agreeable Companion, being a choice Collection of Curious Remarks*, 1742.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,¹
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious² studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.³
Vincentio's son,⁴ brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,⁵
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply,⁶ that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,

And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves
A shallow plash,⁷ to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate,*⁸ gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stoeks, I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,⁹
As Ovid be an outeast quite abjur'd :
Balk logick with acquaintance that you have,¹⁰
And practise rhetorie in your common talk :
Musie and poesy use to quieken you ;¹¹
The mathematics, and the metaphysies,
Fall to them, as you find your stomaeh serves you :
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness ;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile : What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To eart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To BAPTISTA*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?¹²

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,¹³
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !¹⁴

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ! here 's some good pastime toward :
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ;¹⁵ it is best
Put finger in the eye¹⁶—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :
Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men¹⁷
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts¹⁸ are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love¹⁹ is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails²⁰ together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him²¹ to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,²² it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, —to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gra. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choiee in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!²³ He that runs fastest gets the ring.²⁴ How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely;

But see! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness:²⁵
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl:
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
 Affection is not rated from the heart:²⁶
 If love have touch'd you,²⁷ nought remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*²⁸

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,²⁹
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor³⁰ had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
 Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
 I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
 Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
 That, till the father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home;
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she will not be annoy'd³¹ with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
 But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincenzio's son ?
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ;³² content thee ; for I have it full.³³
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faeces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus ;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,³⁴ and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Unease thee ;³⁵ take my colour'd hat and elock :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient ;—
For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his ;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.³⁶
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me ?

Bion. Aye, sir ;—ne'er a whit³⁷ (*aside*).

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth :
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
 That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :
 When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
 But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thysself execute ;
 To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why,
 Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

(*The Presenters above speak.*)

1 Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely. Comes
 there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work,³⁸ Madam lady ;
 'Would 't were done !³⁹ [*They sit and mark.*⁴⁰

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :
 Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man
 has rebus'd your worship ?⁴¹

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.⁴²

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;⁴³
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help!⁴⁴ my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
*Molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*⁴⁵

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin.⁴⁶—If
this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look
you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir:
Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty,—a pip out?⁴⁷
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
Spake you not these words plain—"Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?"
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,⁴⁸
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance⁴⁹—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,⁵⁰
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me.⁵¹ Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas ;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is.
Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an
aglet-baby ;⁵² or an old trot⁵³ with ne'er a tooth in her head,
though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses :⁵⁴
why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,⁵⁵
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,⁵⁶
And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worsè than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.⁵⁷

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect.—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman :
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased father well ;—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so ; why, that's nothing : an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.⁵⁸ I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand⁵⁹ him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.⁶⁰ You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep⁶¹ my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me, and other more⁶²
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love ;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehcars'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruehio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,⁶³ to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device, at least,

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio: with him Lucentio disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery!⁶⁴ See, to beguile the old folks, how
the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look
about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruccio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;⁶⁵
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to.⁶⁶ What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.]

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love ;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No ? Say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang her. [Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,⁶⁷
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.⁶⁸

Gru. For he fears none. [Aside.]

Gre. Hortensio, hark !
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.⁶⁹

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:⁷⁰—is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.⁷¹

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to woo.⁷²

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.⁷³

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this seek,⁷⁴
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,⁷⁵
And quaff carouses⁷⁶ to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,⁷⁷
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.⁷⁸

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.⁷⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy.*

For, from. So in Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612,—“To put her quite away *for* this her claime,—In law and conscience you can have no reason.” Again, in the Noble Stranger, 1640,—“Are the ambassadours return'd *for* Portingall?” Pisa, where Lucentio came from, is in Tuscany, but, in Shakespeare's time, the Italians comprehended all Tuscany in Lombardy. Theobald alters *for* to *from*, and Heath and Capell think *in* is the right word. If Lombardy also included Padua, *arriv'd for* must be considered to mean, arrived at or in. Prepositions were formerly used with so much license, the old text is probably correct.

² *A course of learning, and ingenious studies.*

I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty.—*Johnson.* In Coles' Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—“*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded.”—Thus, in the Match at Midnight, by Rowley, 1633:—“Methinks he dwells in my opinion, a right *ingenious* spirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildness.” Again, in the Bird in a Cage, 1633: “—deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady.” Again, so late as the time of the Spectator, No. 437, 1st edit., “A parent who forces a child of a liberal and *ingenious* spirit,” &c.—*Reed.*

³ *Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.*

The old editions read *Vincentio's*, which, if correct, will render necessary at the end of the line a comma instead of a full-stop; and Malone thinks it may have been written,—“*Vincentio's son, come of the Bentivolii.*” Mr. Knight thus paraphrases the amended text,—“Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.” Mr. Collier adheres to the old reading, taking it in the sense of, *Vincentio, is come, &c.*

⁴ *Vincentio's son.*

Pope, for the sake of the metre, reads—*Vincentio his son*; and this alteration

was adopted by Steevens. As there are, however, many other lines in this play exposed to the same metrical objection, the text of the original copy has been retained. Capell reads, *Lucentio his son.*—*Boswell.*

⁵ *To serve all hopes conceiv'd.*

That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.—*Malone.*

⁶ *Will I apply.*

The verb *apply*, in the sense of, to study or fix the mind upon, did not formerly require the preposition, so there is no necessity for adopting Hanmer's reading, *to virtue*. It was used exactly as *ply*. "He *applyeth* his crafte from mornyng to nyght," Palsgrave. So, in the *Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560 :

O ye children, let your time be well spent,
Applye your learning, and your elders obey.

Again, in Gaseoigne's *Supposes*, 1566,—“I feare he *applies* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke.”—So, in *Turberville's Tragick Tales* :—“But often come himself to see, How she her wheele *applyde*.”
Malone.

With the nexte fludd, which would be aboute foure of the elock in the mornyng, we entend, God willing, *tapplye* towards Dover.—*State Papers*, i. 816.

Servants of this bright devil and that poor saint,
Apply your task.—*Decker's Old Fortunatus.*

⁷ *A shallow plash.*

A plash, a shallow wet place; generally applied to any wide extent of flooded ground, or very shallow stagnant water, and sometimes to mud. “*Plasch*, or *flasch*, where reyne-watyr stondyth, *torrens*, *lacuna*,” Prompt. Parv. “*Torrens*, a land flood, a rayne flood, a water plash,” Nomenclator, 1585. “A wet or a plashie ground,” *ibid.* “A *plash* or fenne, *palus*, *paludis*, *laeus palustris*,” *Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 32. “It *plashes*, signifies, to be all wet under foot,” *Yorkshire Clavis*, 1697. The term is still in use, according to *Moor's Suffolk Words*, in v. *Splashes*. “*Plashy* waies, wet under foot; to plash in the dirt, all plash'd, made wet and dirty; to plash a traveller, to dash or strike up the dirt upon him, *Kent*,” *Kennett's Glossary*, MS. Lansd. 1033. “*Acherontine* darksome plashie lake,” *Vicars' Virgil*, 1632. *Browne*, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, speaks of “red water plashes,” and, in another place, of “meadowes standing plashes.” The passage in the text seems to be imitated in the comedy of *How a Man may Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*,—

Like one that strives to shun a little *plash*
Of *shallow* water, and, avoiding it,
Plunges into a river past his *depth*.

A few other examples of this common word may be worth giving,—

Thy glorious workes doe in such wonder show thee,
That greatest powers are *plashes* to thy pooles.
Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise, 1592.

As in a *plash*, or ealme transparent brooke,
We see the glistring fishes skoure along.
Peele's Honour of the Garter, 1593.

At length, comming to a broad *plash* of water and mud, which could not be

avoyded, I fetcht a rise, yet fell in over the anckles at the further end.—*Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600.

Aurora's face gan light our lodging darke,
 We arose and mounted with the mounting larke ;
 Through *plashes*, puddles, thicke, thinne, wet and dry,
 I travel'd to the citie Coventry.
 There Master Doctor Holland caus'd me stay
 The day of Saturne, and the Sabbath day.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁸ *Mi perdonate.*

Me perdonato, old copies. The emendation was made by Heath.

⁹ *Or so devote to Aristotle's checks.*

Devote, devoted. "Their service, once *devote* to better things," Arthur, 1587. *Checks*, restrictions ; the harsh rules of Aristotle. They are plainly, as Mr. R. G. White observes, "Aristotle's ethical principles, which check the propensities that Master Tranio's more favoured author, Ovid, stimulate," an interpretation confirmed by a minute examination of the context,—the checks of *moral discipline*. An anonymous writer observes that "the speaker, Tranio, is not talking about different philosophical sects, but putting in contrast, for his master's benefit, that kind of philosophy which he supposes peculiarly to place restraints or *checks* upon desires and passions, otherwise unbridled, with the somewhat freer theories of Master Ovid. And as Ovid certainly was not a philosopher, to me it would seem a comparison, unlike one of Shakespeare's, to contrast a *system* of moral philosophy, under the name of Ethics, with Ovid's Art of Love, or Metamorphoses, or Elegies, which are no systems at all. But to oppose the doctrines, precepts, and restraints, that is, the *checks* of morals, by a suggestion of what may be found in the writings of Ovid, involves no necessary incongruity." It was Blackstone who first proposed to alter *checks* to *ethics*, a reading adopted by several modern editors, although it is clear that no such word can suit the metre. The word in the old play is *walks*, which may possibly be an error for *works*.

Well might these *checks* have fitted former times,
 And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathless rimes.—*Hall's Satires*.

¹⁰ *Balk logic with acquaintance that you have.*

Rowe altered *balk* to *talk*, and Capell suggests *chop*, but, observes Boswell, I am by no means satisfied that the old reading is not the right one, although the word is now lost. It seems used in the same sense as here by Spenser, F. Q. b. iii, c. 2, st. 12 :

But to occasion him to further talk,
 To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
 Her list in *stryfull termes with him to balke*.

Mr. Hunter accepts *balk* in its more ordinary meaning, to give the go-by, to pass by without notice, explaining the speech thus,—“If he study Aristotle, yet not to abandon Ovid : to give the go-by to logic, as satisfied with the acquaintance he has already gained with it : as for rhetoric, not to employ himself in preparing orations, as exercises, according to its rules, but to consider his common conversation as quite sufficient exercise in that art.” So, in Holland's translation of Ammianus Marcellinus, 1609,—“at that very time, Taurus, a quæstor sent into Armenia, confidently passed by and *balked* him, not vouchsafing to salute, or once to see him.” “*Balk* the way,” get out of the way, Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, p. 80.

I doe intreat my friends, as I have some,
 If they to Daventry doe chance to come,
 That they will *balke* that inne; or if by chance,
 Or accident, into that house they glance,
 Kinde gentlemen, as they by you reape profit,
 My hostesse care of me, pray tell her of it.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

¹¹ *Music and poesy use to quicken you.*

Quicken, to animate, to revive. "I quycken, I revyve, as a thyng dothe that fyrst doth begyn to styrre, or that was wyddered, or almoste deed, and retourneth to lyfe againe, *je me vivifie*," Palsgrave, 1530. "*Quicken* a roek, and make you dance canary," All's Well that Ends Well.

¹² *To make a stale of me amongst these mates.*

She means to say, Do you intend to make a strumpet of me amongst these companions?—But the expression seems to have been suggested by the chess-term of *stale mate*, which is used when the game is ended by the king being alone and unchecked, and then forced into a situation from which he is unable to move without going into check. This is a dishonourable termination to the adversary, who thereby loses the game. Thus in Lord Verulam's twelfth Essay, "They stand still like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir."—*Douce*.

A *stale* is an old word for a strumpet, but Katherine can scarcely imply this, unless, which is unlikely, she were alluding to Gremio's opinion of her that she was fit to be carted, the punishment anciently practised on loose women. It seems in this passage to be equivalent to laughing-stock, the subject of laughter. "A subject fit to be the *stale* of laughter," Ford's Love's Sacrifice, ii. 1. Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595,—“He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock.”

— Wilt thou be made a *stale*?

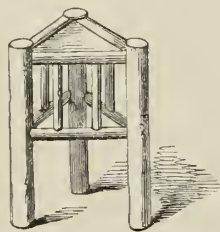
Shall this proud woman and these boyes prevaile?

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

A rich man made such a *stale*, such an asse, and such a mome to undoe himselfe to sell all hee hath and with sorrow to weare himselfe to the bones.—*The Case is Altered*, 1630.

A *stale* may be termed a monstrous mate, mate and no mate, an end of the play, yet no end of the game, because this game should end with a check-mate. The first inventers of this recreation have decreed it losse of game and stake to him that giveth it.—*Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 385.

¹³ *To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool.*



A ludierous but common metaphorical phrase. "Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the weeke kimbe his head with a iij. footed stoole," Skelton's *Merie Tales*. "He hath no wife, that with a three-legd stoole maye combe his head, and keepe continual stryfe," MS. ballad ap. Reg. Stat. Comp., i. 44. "To flie at, like a dog at a beare, or a shrow at the fairest, when she kembeth her head, invelo," Withals' *Dictionarie*, 1608, p. 17. The term *noddle* does not appear to have been in very common use. At least,

when the word occurs in Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, it was thought necessary to gloss it in the margin as "a familiar name for the head." The annexed old

example of a three-legged stool is copied from an engraving in *Johannis de Brunes Emblemata*, ed. 1636.

For she flew in my face and call'd me fool,
And comb'd my head with a three legg'd stool;
Nay, she furnish'd my face with so many scratches,
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

Wit and Drollery, p. 348.

¹⁴ *Good Lord, deliver us!*

Parodies on expressions in the Litany were not of uncommon occurrence, but they appear to have been generally introduced without any profane intention. "There cannot be an uglier thing to see then an ould woman, from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweete beauties," Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604.

¹⁵ *A pretty peat!*

A common phrase of endearment, equivalent to, pretty pet. "Alas! Wilfull Wanton, my pretty peate," Wapull's *Tyde Taryeth no Man*, 1576. "Have you founde your tongue now, pretie peate?," Riche his *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, 1581. "Then must my pretty peat be fan'd and coach'd," Marston's *What You Will*. "The wench, a pretty peat," Donne's *Poems*, p. 90. "You are *pretty peats*, and your great portions add much unto your handsomness," Massinger's *City Madam*. "You are a pretty peat, indifferent fair too," *Maid of Honour*. "'Tis a pretty peat, to do the feat," Nevile's *Poor Scholar*, 1662.

The gordian knot, which Alexander great
Did whilom cut with his all conquering sword,
Was nothing like thy busk-point, *pretty peate*,
Nor could so faire an augury afford.
Which if I chauce to cut, or els untie,
Thy little world Ile conquer presently.—*Lingua*, 1607.

And God send every *pretty peate*,
Heigh hoe, the *pretty peate*,
That feares to die of this conceit,
So kinde a friende to helpe at last.—*England's Helicon*, 1614.

Another groweth carelesse of his health,
Neglects his credit, and consumes his wealth;
Hath found a *pretty peat*, procur'd her favour,
And swears that he, in spight of all, will have her.
Wither's Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622.

¹⁶ *'Tis best put finger in the eye.*

As alterations have been suggested even in the best known proverbial phrases used by Shakespeare, it may be as well to observe that this is a common one for to cry or whine, here used with bitter jeering by Katherine. A very similar mode of teasing is still in vogue amongst school-girls. So, in some verses on women quoted in Thomas's *Historie of Italie*,—

Some be meerie, I wote well why,
And some begile the housbande, with *finger in the eie*.

¹⁷ *To cunning men I will be very kind.*

Cunning had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, clever, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible.—*Johnson*. The word is again used in this play in the same sense.

¹⁸ *Your gifts are so good.*

Gifts, for *endowments*. So, before in this comedy: “—a woman’s *gift*, to rain a shower of commanded tears.”—*Steevens*.

¹⁹ *Their love.*

Their love, eds. 1623, 1632; our love, eds. 1663, 1685; your love, Malone. *Their love*, it appears to us, refers to the affection between Katharine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene. Baptista has resolved that Bianca shall not wed till he has found a husband for his elder daughter. Gremio and Hortensio, who aspire to Bianca, think that there is so little love between the Shrew and her father, that his resolve will change, while they blow their nails together—while they submit to some delay.—*C. Knight*.

Their love is, the love of father and daughter; his in admitting suit to Bianca, and hers in encouraging it; for so much we may gather from words that follow, “our cake’s dough on both sides,” which are applicable no other way.—*Capell*.

²⁰ *But we may blow our nails together.*

A common expression, equivalent to, do nothing, sit idly blowing our nails, like people who have nothing better to do. A variation of the phrase occurs in *Homer à la Mode*, a Mock Poem, 1665,—“Whilst thou art furnish’d with females,—Should I sit downe and *suck my nayles?*” It may be thought unkind, that we should bring you to the cold, frozen, surly winter, and there leave you, *blowing your nails* till another year.—*Poor Robin’s Almanack*, 1731.

²¹ *I will wish him to her father.*

Wish, recommend. “He says he was wished to a very wealthy widow,” *Match at Midnight*. “Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service, if you will deign to accept of him,” *Cynthia’s Revels*. “He is wished to her by Madona Lussuriosa,” *City Night-cap*.

²² *Upon advice.*

That is, says Steevens, on consideration or reflection, but this, I believe, is an inaccurate definition: “advice,” here, as in the quoted passage from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, signifies information, instruction, acquaintance, knowledge, as, indeed, the word commonly implies at this day, as I am at present advised, i.e., according to my present knowledge.—*Seymour*.

²³ *Happy man be his dole!*

That is, happy man be his lot or portion; or, “happy man be his fortune,” as the proverb occurs in *Beaumont and Fletcher’s Cupid’s Revenge*. “Wherein, happy man be his dole, I trust that I shall not speede worst,” 1571. A variation, “happie woman is her dole,” occurs in a MS. ballad quoted in *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, i. 44. “Happy man, happy dole, or happy man by his dole,” *Ray’s English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 150. “Let us that are unhurt and whole—Fall on, and *happy man be’s dole*,” *Hudibras*.

And as thei two awarde upon the whole,
We two to bide, *happie man, happie dole*.

Heywood’s Spider and Flie, 1556.

Then said, sleep’st thou so sound, Atrides?
Thy sire, old Atreus, would have ply’d his
Stumps, had he been as thee; his soule
God rest, and *happy man be’s dole*.

Homer à la Mode, a *Mock Poem*, 1665.

²⁴ *He that runs fastest, gets the ring.*

The phrase of getting the ring, borrowed from the French, *gagner la bague*, signifies nothing more than getting the *prize*, by carrying away the ring with the point of the lance. The French used it generally for gaining the prize at almost any sport, as we still say to *bear the bell*: but as I have not met with it in this sense in any English writer, I think that the *whole* of the sentence in Shakespeare is allusive to the sport of running at the ring; but most certainly the *latter part* has a direct and immediate allusion to it.—*Douce*.

The whole sentence in the text is no doubt proverbial, and perhaps only means, he who runs fastest, gets the prize. It appears that, in the sixteenth century, prizes were given at Chester on Shrove Tuesday “for the best runner that day upon the Rodehee,” MS. Harl. 2150. In the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, one of the prizes offered at the wrestling-match is a ring.

²⁵ *I found the effect of love in idleness.*

—— Love assaults not but the idle heart,

And such as live in pleasure and delight.—*Tancred and Gismunda*.

²⁶ *Affection is not rated from the heart.*

That is, observes Malone, is not driven out by chiding.

²⁷ *If love have touch'd you.*

That is, have in the slightest degree possessed your feelings. “Touch me with noble anger,” Lear. Warburton has a curious theory, observing that “the next line from Terence shows that we should read:—If Love hath *toyl'd* you, i. e., taken you in his toils, his nets, alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author.” These last words are not, however, in the same play of Terence from which Shakespeare’s next line is quoted.

²⁸ *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

This is taken from a passage in the Eunuch of Terence,—“Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas minimo,” act i. sc. 1. “*Redimas te captum quam queas minimo*, redeme or raunsome thyselfe, beyng taken prisoner, as good cheape as thou maist, or, if you be in any daunger, come out agayn as wel as you may,” Udall’s Flowers or Eloquent Phrases of the Latine Speach, 1581. The line, in the form quoted by Shakespeare, is taken, according to Farmer, from Lilly, and not from Terence; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced also in Decker’s Bellman’s Night-Walk, &c.

²⁹ *You look'd so longly on the maid.*

Longly, tediously, intently. “*Longuement*, longly, tediously, at length, long time, lastingly, of much continuance, a great while,” Cotgrave. The word, in the line in the text, is generally explained *longingly*, an interpretation for which no authority has yet been discovered.

³⁰ *Such as the daughter of Agenor had.*

Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. The “daughter of Agenor’s race” (Perkins MS.) for “the daughter of Agenor” is awkward, but there is a far more decisive objection to this alteration. To compare the beauty of Bianca with the beauty of Europa is a legitimate comparison; but to compare the beauty of Bianca with Europa herself, is of course inadmissible. Here is another corruption introduced in order to produce a rhyming couplet.—*Anon*.

³¹ *Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.*

So the old copies, but Rowe altered *will* to *shall*, and Mr. Singer suggests *he* for *she* as a more likely correction. *Will* for *shall* was a common idiom of the time. So, in the Comedy of Errors,—“Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.”

³² *Basta ; content thee.*

Basta, enough. (Ital.) This expression is of occasional occurrence in our old plays. It occurs, says Steevens, in the Mad Lover, and in the Little French Lawyer, of Beaumont and Fletcher. See another instance in the Latin play of Ignoramus, act i. sc. 8.

³³ *For I have it full.*

That is, conceive our stratagem in its full extent. I have already planned the whole of it. So, in Othello :—“I have it, ’tis engender’d—.”—*Steevens*.

³⁴ *Keep house, and port.*

Port, state, show, appearance. “Ne made enquirie of their lives or port,” Thynne’s Debatc. See further in vol. v. p. 313.

In Albanie the quondam king, at eldest daughter’s court,
Was settled scarce, when she repines, and lessens still his *port*.

Warner’s Albions England.

³⁵ *Tranio, at once uncase thee.*

Dot. O, sir, I am that old gentleman, that should have married your daughter, and there’s an Asmodeus, a devill in my habit, that has beguild me of her.—*Crot.* Come, sir, *uncase* your selfe ; tis no glory for you to lurke any longer under the person of such a wretch.—*Carelesse puts off his disguise.*—*Marmyon’s Fine Companion*, 1633.

³⁶ *I kill’d a man, and fear I was descried.*

That is, I fear I was observed in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I *am* descried ; which has been adopted by the modern editors.—*Malone*.

³⁷ *Aye, sir ;—ne’er a whit.*

This is usually printed,—“I, sir ? ne’er a whit,” but the text here adopted, the three last words being supposed to be spoken aside, seems to increase the humour of the dialogue, as well as to agree better with the context.

³⁸ *’Tis a very excellent piece of work.*

The tinker speaks of the comedy as he would of his own work. So Bottom, in A Midsummer Night’s Dream, calls the play of Pyramus and Thisbe, “a very good piece of work, and a merry.”

³⁹ *’Would’t were done.*

Can *done*, in any arrangement, be supposed to rhyme with *begun* ? The end of a comic scene is often distinguished by a hobbling couplet.

⁴⁰ *They sit and mark.*

This is the original stage-direction, but as Sly makes no further observation, he is perhaps presumed to fall asleep soon after this during the rest of the performance. The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakespeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced ; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation.—

Steevens. In the old play, Sly continues his occasional remarks to the end of the performance, and in some of the editions of the last century, they were inserted in Shakespeare's own work; but their inferiority to the earlier scenes in which the tinker is introduced is too obvious to render any explanation necessary for rejecting them. Shakespeare, in dismissing the story of the drunkard so early in the play, was probably desirous of not incurring the risk of impairing the effect of the latter by interruptions that would necessarily remind the audience of another and a distinct narrative.

⁴¹ *Is there any man has rebused your worship?*

Rebused, it is hardly necessary to say, is Grumio's error for *abused*.

⁴² *Knock me here soundly.*

The objective pronoun was frequently used after the verb redundantly. Grumio does not understand the idiom. "*Touch me* his hat, it was given him by Henry the Second of Fraunce, when hee kist the Reintgraves wife at his going into Almaine," Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 4.

Calles me his stripling boye and schooleth him,
Tels him he must goe handsome, fyne, and trimme.

The Newe Metamorphosis, MS. temp. Jac. I.

An unthrifty youth being brought to the last cast, challenged in th' Arches a certaine rich citizen's daughter to wife, affirming that they were at such a time, and in such a place, contracted together. Then the Judge asked him whether the mariage were never since consumated, yea or no? With that *steps me* forth the maides proctor, and said, yes, sir, his living is long agoe.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

⁴³ *An you 'll not knock, I'll wring it.*

Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁴ *Help, masters, help!*

The old copy reads here, and in several other places in this play, *mistress* instead of *masters*. Corrected by Theobald. In the MSS. of our author's age, *M* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See the Merchant of Venice, act v., 1600 and 1623:—"What ho, M. (Master) Lorenzo, and M. (Mistress) Lorenzo."—*Malone*.

⁴⁵ *Mio Petruccio.*

Gascoigne, in his *Supposes*, has spelt this name correctly *Petruccio*, but Shakespeare wrote it as it appears in the text in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Decker, in his *Honest Whore*, has the character of *Infelice*; but not chusing to trust to the performer's understanding Italian, he has spelt it *Infeliche*.—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *What he leges in Latin.*

"I cannot help suspecting," observes Tyrwhitt, "that we should read—Nay, 'tis no matter what *be leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir.—That is, 'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. The original text is, however, unquestionably correct. *Leges*, alledges, produces. Grumio hearing them speak a language he did not understand, supposes it to be Latin, and very naturally concludes that Hortensio having interposed in his behalf, his master justified his anger; and so replies, Nay, 'tis no

matter what he leges in Latin.—*Anon.* It has been objected to this interpretation that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin, but all the Italian characters, except in respect to a few stray words, are Anglicized in the present play. It is well observed by an anonymous critic that it is the general fiction of the drama in all countries that the characters speak the language of the people before whom they act, and this rule is only departed from when the scene is laid in the country itself, and a foreigner appears as an exceptional personage, as in the case of the Frenchmen, who speak broken English, or scraps of French, in English comedies. Thus, the Latin lines in the comedy, although quoted by Italian characters, are to be spoken on the stage as an Englishman would pronounce them.

Wyse flies saie it is sin to lie on the devill ;
Then here the trouth told of this present poore ant :
Who that can cause him, let him *lege* the evill.

Heywood's Spider and Flie, 1556.

Othar dysagrementes thou shalte not read ne se,
Amonge the ancyant writers, than ys *ledged* to the.

MS. Lansd. 208, f. 2.

⁴⁷ *Two and thirty, a pip out.*

A peepe out, ed. 1623, corrected by Pope. To be two and thirty, a pip out, was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated. So Taylor, the Water-Poet,—*Workes*, 1630, enumerating some of the cant terms for drunkenness then in vogue,—

Or some say hee's bewicht, or scratcht, or blinde,
Which are the fittest tearmes that I can finde ;
Or seene the Lyons, or his nose is dirty,
Or hee's pot shaken, or out, two and thirty.
And then strange languages comes in his head,
When he wants English how to goe to bed :
And though 'twere fit the swine should in his sty be,
He spewes out Latine with *pro bibi tibi*.

The phrase was in all probability derived from the old game at cards called one-and-thirty, as appears from the expression "a pip out," the pips being the marks of a suit, which were



nearly the same in Shakespeare's time as in our own. The subjoined representations of two "pips," one of hearts and the other of diamonds, are copied from woodcuts in Rowlands' *Knave of Harts*, 1613, and the same writer's *More Knaves Yet*, n. d. "When

our women fill their imaginations with *pips* and counters, I cannot wonder at a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs," Addison.

⁴⁸ *But, in a few.*

Some of the early editors did not commence a fresh paragraph here, but read, "where small experience grows but in a few," that is, where few people gain much experience; and I am by no means satisfied that this construction is not what the author intended. Warburton strangely alters *few* to *mew*,—"that no improvement is to be expected of those, who never look out of doors." In a few, in few, are common phrases for, in short, in few words. See instances in the *Tempest*, *Henry IV.*, &c.

⁴⁹ *As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance.*

As wealth is the measure or tune in which my wooing speculations are to terminate, and on which they repose.—*Seymour*. Dr. Johnson considers that “the *burthen of my wooing song* had been more proper.”

⁵⁰ *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book De Confessione Amantis. Florent is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her :

Florent his wofull heed up lifte,
 And saw this vecke, where that she sit,
 Which was the lothest wighte
 That ever man caste on his eye :
 Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
 Hir eyes small, and depe sette,
 Her chekes ben with teres wette,
 And rivelyn as an empty skyn,
 Hangyng downe unto the chyn ;
 Her lippes shronken ben for age,
 There was no grace in hir visage.
 Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
 She loketh foorth as doth a more :
 Hir necke is shorte, hir shulders courbe,
 That might a mans luste distourbe :
 Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
 And shortly to describe hir all,
 She hath no lith without a lacke,
 But like unto the woll sacke : &c.—
 Though she be the *foulest* of all, &c.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, ed. Tyrwhitt, iv. 153.—*Steevens*.

⁵¹ *Or not removes, at least, affection's edge in me.*

Warburton strangely alters this to, “affection sieg'd in coin.” Petruchio says, to use the words of Heath, be she never so foul, old, and curst, these objections will not take off the edge of my appetite to her, provided she hath money enough ; but another critic (anonymous) considers that the *affection* here spoken of, is Petruchio's *affection* for the *money*, and not for the *woman* ; for how can a thing be removed from a place where it never can be supposed to have been ? “If she was the devil (says he) she cannot remove my affection for her money.” The second and later folios read, “affection's edge *in time*.”

⁵² *Marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby.*

An aglet was the tag of a lace, or of the points formerly used in dress, and which was often cut into the shape of little images. A little plate of any metal was called an aglet. Cf. *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 241 ; *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 4 ; *Cunningham's Revels Accounts*, p. 42 ; *Baret's Alvearie*, in v. Mr. Way tells us the word properly denotes the tag, but is often used to signify the lace to which it was attached. See *Prompt. Parv.* p. 8. Mr. Hartshorne, *Salop. Antiq.* p. 303,

says, "a spangle, the gold or silver tinsel ornamenting the dress of a showman or rope dancer." Florio translates *tremolante*, "aglets or spangles," ed. 1598.



The tags of points are called by him *long aglets*, in ed. 1611, p. 410. Mr. Fairholt has selected the annexed examples, and favoured me with the following account of them,—“The aglet appended to the ribbon-tie, is copied from a portrait dated 1572, and is one of a series placed along a sleeve, to secure the various openings. Beside it is the metal sheath of another from the original in the Museum of Mr. C. Roach Smith. It is engraved the full size, and is formed from a thin piece of copper; the ornament being struck in relief from a die, and consisting of a series of fleur-de-lys in lozenge-shaped compartments. It seems to

have been cut from a sheet of stamped metal, into the necessary small strips, each being bent round the ends of the ribbon, like the tags are still secured to the modern stay-lace; the present example is most probably unique.” In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, the stars are compared to aglets. Compare, also, *Jeronimo*, 1605:



And all those stars that gaze
upon her face,
Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins
and her train.

An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French historian:—“portant meme sur les *aiguillettes* (points) des petites *tetes* de mort.”—*Malone*.

ornaments worn in the cap, or other part of the dress, merely for adornment. “Item, a Miller Bonnet dressed of *Agletts*,” MS. Accounts, 1530. “An *aglet*, or jewell in one’s cap,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. “The gown was richly set with aglets, pearl, and lace of gold,” Harington’s *Ariosto*. “And what enormous shold it now be thought, and a thing to laugh at, to see a judge or serjeant at the law, in a short coate, garded and pounced after the Galiarde fashion; or an apprentice of the law, or pleader, come to the barre with a Millayne or French bonnet on his head, set full of *aglets*?” Sir Tho. Elyot’s *Governor*, fol. 91. Compare, also, the *Faerie Queene*, II. iii. 26, and VI. ii. 5. An *aglet-baby* would thus mean a minute baby figure cut in a gem. In the above cut, which is copied from an engraving in the *Ortus Sanitatis*, 1491, is the figure of a man



making babies of cornelian. The accompanying very curious representation of a man making a puppet act by placing his hand in its dress, and moving the arms with

his fingers, exactly as is done by the modern exhibitor of Punch, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a print by H. Cock after a design by P. Breughel, dated 1565.

⁵³ *Or an old trot.*

Old trot or *trat*, signifies a decrepit old woman, or an old drab, in which sense it is used by Gawin Douglas, Virgil's *Æneid*, iv. 96, 27,—“Out on the *old trat*, agit wyffe, or dame;” and p. 122, 38, 39,—“Thus said Dido and the t'other with that,—Hyit or furth with slow pase like *ane trat*.”—“The *old trot* syts groning, with alas and alas,” Gamm. Gurton. “Assurance to be wedded to the *old deformed trot*,” Warner, Alb. Engl. “But thou a doting *trot*, whom withred age from truth exiles,” Phaer's Virgil. “This leare I learned of a beldame *trot*,” Affectionate Shepheard, 1594. So, in Wily Beguiled, 1613: “Thou toothless old *trot* thou.” Again, in the Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638:—“What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot*.” *Trot*, however, sometimes signifies a *bawd*. So, in Churchyard's Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593:—“Awaie old *trots*, that sets young flesh to sale.”—Grey, Steevens, §c.

⁵⁴ *As many diseases as two-and-fifty horses.*

This is Grumio's blundering allusion to what seems to have been an old proverb of the fifty diseases of a horse. So, in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: “O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!” According to Steevens, there is an old book entitled the Fifty Diseases of a Horse, by Gervase Markham.

⁵⁵ *And that is faults enough.*

That is, that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is *fault* enough.—Malone.

⁵⁶ *Intolerably curst, and shrewd, and froward.*

Curst was a term in very frequent use in Shakespeare's time, implying, violently ill-tempered, wickedly shrewish. “Curst and shrewd,” a common phrase, conveying an intensative idea of *curst*. “If the horse be very curst and shrewd, then cast him uppon a dunghill,” Topsell's *Historic of Foure-Footed Beastes*, 1607, p. 426. It is just possible that in the following epigram, which occurs in Witts Recreations, 1654, there is an allusion to the character of the shrew in the present comedy,—

Katharine that grew so curst, and fit for no man,
With beating soon became a gentle-woman.

In Warburton's edition, *froward* is incorrectly printed *forward*.

⁵⁷ *I would not wed her for a mine of gold.*

“*Thassus bonorum*, a proverbe applied to theym that promyse greate thynges, as a man woulde saye, a worlde, a countrey of welthe. In Cambridgeshyre, the vulgar woorde is, a myne of golde,” Elyot's *Dictionary*, ed. 1559.

⁵⁸ *He'll rail in his rope-tricks.*

Rope-tricks, roguish tricks. *Ropery*, for *roguery*, that which deserves a rope or halter, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Chances*, act. iii. sc. 1, and in *Romeo and Juliet*, in some editions the latter word being substituted in both instances. The following passage in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, observes Malone, shews that this was the meaning of the term: “Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned

man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my damnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"rope ripe chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." Again, in Bullcin's Dialogue, ed. 1578:—"it is sportation to hear the clowting beetles to rowle in their *rope-ripe* terms." *Rope-ripe*, a knave, a boy fit for hanging, occurs in the Famous Historie of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605. "A rope-ripe, ripe for the rope, or deserving the rope, *grevolable*," Sherwood's Dictionarie, 1632.

—— So young men forsake
The *rope-ripe* tricks that their first age did take
Chiefe pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them,
But being men, they thinke 'twill not beseem them.
Wither's Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622.

The term may, however, in this place, be merely Grumio's blunder for *rhetoricks*. A curious parallel passage occurs in Bernard's translation of Terence, 4to. 1614,—“Did not I tell you that you should finde in this man the most pure eloquence that is, such as is usde in Athens, *that hee can roll in his rhetorique*.” This supposition also agrees with what Grumio says afterwards,—“he will throw a figure in her face.” *Trope-tricks* has also been suggested.

And toong-ripe in her rhetorick doth run,
And to Musæus thus her tale begun.
Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, 1599.

⁵⁹ *An she stand him but a little.*

Stand, withstand, resist. “I stande at my defence, as one doth that other fyght with, *je me tiens a deffence*,” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁶⁰ *No more eyes to see withal than a cat.*

“Nothing,” observes Boswell, “is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended. When Johnson said of himself, that at one time he read like a Turk, he certainly did not mean to be understood that the Turks were a remarkably studious people.” In the *Castell of Laboure*, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, observes Steevens, is the following line: “That was as *blereyed* as a cat.” There are two proverbs which may by possibility apply to this allusion of Grumio:—“Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out.—Though the cat winks a while, yet sure she is not blind,” Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 109. “A muffled cat was never a good hunter,” Kelly's Proverbs.

⁶¹ *For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.*

Keep, care. So, in *Silk Wormes and their Flies*:

Yet fear thou not, it is but nature's feat,
Who nathless hath of peerless spinsters *keeps*.—*Malone*.

⁶² *And other more.*

The conjunction, which is not in ed. 1623, was added by Theobald.

⁶³ *Well seen in music.*

Well seen, well skilled. “A chronicler should *well* in divers tongues be *seene*,” *Mirror for Magistrates*. “I am a scholar, and well seen in philosophy,” Alexander

and Campaspe. "She hath read these and these books, and is well seene in all languages," Nash's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596. "Well seene in every science that mote bee," Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "Well seen, and deeply read, and throughly grounded in th' hidden knowledge of all sallets," *Woman Hater*. "It is very important and necessary that he be very wel seene and skilfull in the geography thereof," Barret's *Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres*, 1598, p. 149. The term *seen*, in the sense of skilled or learned, is exceedingly common. A few references may, however, be worth giving,—The *Institucion of a Gentleman*, 1568; Wager's *Longer Thou Livest the More Fool thou Art*; Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, 1580, p. 23; Cawdray's *Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600; Chapman's version of the nineteenth *Iliad*; Heywood's *Woman Kill'd with Kindness*; Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608; Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614; Overbury's *New and Choise Characters*, 1615; Harington's *Elegant and Wittie Epigrams*, 1633.

⁶⁴ *Here's no knavery!*

A common ironical mode of speaking, the meaning of course being directly opposed to the words. So, in the old play of the *Taming of a Shrew*,—"here's no villain." Again, in the *Puritaine*, 1607, "here's no notable gullery!" and in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,—"here was no subtile device to get a wench!"

⁶⁵ *See that at any hand.*

At any hand, at any rate, on any account. "Thou must noe secrets blabbe at any hande," *Newe Metamorphosis*, 1600. The expression again occurs in the same scene. "I like not a female poetresse at any hand," Powell's *Art of Thriving*, 1635.

Yet *at any hand* they wil not, or cannot, indure to labour, for there is not a greater plague-sore to Ireland then the ydlenesse thereof.—*Rich's New Description of Ireland*, 1610.

⁶⁶ *To whom they go to.*

The repetition of the preposition at the end of a sentence was very common in works of this date, is characteristic of the style and manner of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and had not become entirely obsolete even after the Restoration. See examples in vol. i. p. 279.

⁶⁷ *That gives not half so great a blow to hear.*

To *hear*, old copies, altered by Hanmer to, *to th' ear*. So, in *King John*:—"Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his—But *buffets* better than a fist of France."—*Steevens*.

⁶⁸ *Fear boys with bugs.*

That is, frighten boys with bugbears. "*Absterreo*, to prohibite, to lette or put fro, to *feare* away, or drive away wyth feare," Eliotes *Dictionarie*, 1559. One of the chapters in the *History of Howleglas* is entitled,—"*How Howleglas feared his host with a dead woulfe*." In Matthews's *Bible*, 1537, the fifth verse of the ninety-first Psalm is thus rendered: "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any *bugs* by night;" literally in the Hebrew, *terror of the night*. "My lord, there be shrewd *bugs* in the borders for the Earle of Kildare to feare," *Holinshed, Chron. Ireland*, p. 85. See other examples in *Beaumont and Fletcher*, i. 217; *Douce's Illustrations*, i. 328; *Malone's Shakespeare*, xviii. 519; *Holinshed, Chron. Ireland*, p. 85; *More Knaves Yet*, 1612.

Though Jack-a-dandy, when he houles,
 Frights children from the dugges :
 Will men give bribes to keepe their soules
 From Purgatories' *bugges*?—*The Golden Fleece*, 1626.

⁶⁹ *For his own good, and yours.*

I read, *ours*. "If it be so, sir, that you are the man must steed *us all*," &c.
 —*Theobald's Letters to Warburton*.

⁷⁰ *He that has the two fair daughters.*

It is evident, from what immediately precedes, that Tranio's enquiry was addressed to the gentlemen he met, not to his own servant, nor are the questions asked in reply suitable in the servant's mouth. It is plain therefore that Biondello's speech must be given either to Hortensio or to Gremio.—*Heath*.

⁷¹ *Even he, Biondello.*

It follows, from what is said in the preceding note, either that the word *Biondello* must be struck out, or that Tranio must be supposed to call his servant for some purpose, which he is prevented from expressing by the interruption of Gremio.—*Heath*.

Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus:—"Even he. Biondello!" But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech, is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses Tranio: "—is't he you mean?"—*Malone*.

⁷² *You mean not her to woo.*

I believe an abrupt sentence was intended; or perhaps Shakespeare might have written—her to *woo*. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline, therefore, to my first supposition.—*Malone*. Tyrwhitt proposes to read,—“Hark you, sir; you mean not her *too* ;” and Mr. Singer suggests, *to woo*, which, he observes, is required by the following speech as well as by the metre. The word *woo* is not in the old copies.

⁷³ *I know, he'll prove a jade.*

Spurre such a one in ought but in his trade,
 And you shall soone perceive *hele prove a jade*.

The Mous-trap, 4to. Lond. 1606.

⁷⁴ *And do this seek.*

Rowe substituted *feat* for *seek*, but unnecessarily. Tranio refers to Petruccio's enterprise to *seek* and “achieve the elder.” All the modern editors have here abandoned the ancient authorities. “And do this seek,” is equivalent to, “and do this *one seek*.”—*Collier*.

⁷⁵ *Please ye we may contrive this afternoon.*

To *contrive*, to wear out, to pass away; from *contrivi*, the præt. of *contero*; a disused Latinism. Terence has, *contrivi diem*. Thence, says Upton, it is made English, and so used by Spenser in his *Faerie Queen*, II. ix. 48.—“Nor that sage Pylion sire, which did survive—Three ages, such as mortal men *contrive*.”

In travelyng countreyes, we three have contrived
 Full many a yeare.—*Damon and Pithias*, 1571.

“After much counsayle, and great tyme *contrived* in their several examinations,” Palace of Pleasure; “Juliet, knowing the fury of her father, &c., retired for the day into her chamber, and *contrived* that whole night more in weeping than sleeping,” *ibid.* Theobald unnecessarily reads *convive*. After all, the text may simply mean, to contrive or manage our affairs for this afternoon, so that we may quaff carouses, &c.

⁷⁶ *And quaff carouses.*

“To drinke up all, to *carouse*, to see the bottome of the pot, *epoto*,” Withals’ Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 291.

Mad is the man, and starke out of his wit,
Who drinks carrouse, and laugheth not a whit.

Eliot’s Fruits for the French, 1593, p. 45.

⁷⁷ *And do as adversaries do in law.*

The term *adversaries* refers to counsel, not to the clients. The fierceness of counsel towards each other in court, and their cordiality afterwards, has been often satirized.

⁷⁸ *O excellent motion! Fellows, let’s be gone.*

Fellows means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio.—*Malone*. Ritson is of opinion that the prefix *Gru* (Grumio) is here, perhaps by a misprint, put for *Gre* (Gremio).

⁷⁹ *I shall be your ben venuto.*

Signior Antonio, pray how did you like the maske wee had here to-night for my lord Lucilio’s *ben venuto*?—*Adrasta or the Womans Spleene*, 1635.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA, and BIANCA with her hands bound.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself¹
To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me :
That I disdain ; but for these other gawds,²
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O ! then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.³

Bian. Is it for him you do me envy so ?
Nay then, you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me?⁴ Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot⁵ on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.⁶
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*;
PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician*; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you,
gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entranee to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You 're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake :
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare !⁷ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.⁸

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ;⁹ but you will curse your wooing !—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To
express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly
beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young
scholar,¹⁰ [*presenting* LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying
at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as
the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray,
accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome, good
Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks you walk like
a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister :
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name?¹¹ of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vineentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well:¹² you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to HORTENSIO*] the lute, and you [*to LUCENTIO*] the
set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holloa, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah,

Lead these gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.¹³
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than deereas'd:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,¹⁴—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou can'st not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory¹⁵ looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And, twangling Jack;¹⁶ with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us:

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:¹⁷

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week :
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
 But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :¹⁸
 They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates :¹⁹ and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither,
 Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.²⁰

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you,²¹ if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee :
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buz.²²

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.²³

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.²⁴

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales;²⁵ and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him.]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?²⁶

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.²⁷

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,²⁸

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.²⁹

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.³⁰

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me ;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate³¹
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio : How speed you with my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,³²
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus,—yourself, and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :
If she be curst, it is for policy :

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;³³
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself ;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
 'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
 How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !
 She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast,³⁴ protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink³⁵ she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices ! 't is a world to see,³⁶
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch³⁷ can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say : but give me your hands ;
 God send you joy, Petruchio ! 't is a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace :
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
 And kiss me, Kate ; “ We will be married o' Sunday ! ”³⁸

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA, severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?³⁹

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you ;
 'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;

Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that loves Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.⁴⁰

Skipper, stand back ; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this strife :
'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,⁴¹
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,⁴²
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me :
I am my father's heir, and only son ;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What ! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :⁴³

That she shall have ; besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marcellus' road.⁴⁴

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,⁴⁵
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have :—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.⁴⁶

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,⁴⁷
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That 's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not :
Sirrah, young gamester,⁴⁸ your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.⁴⁹
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.⁵⁰

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Nor wrong yourself.*

Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Master Ford, this *wrongs* you.”—*Malone*.

² *But for these other gawds.*

Goods, old eds. *Gards*, Perkins MS.—This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, i. e. toys, trifling ornaments, a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of.—*Theobald*.

³ *You will have Gremio to keep you fair.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to read *fine* instead of *fair*. The original text seems to be correct,—you will have a wealthy husband to preserve your beauty. If any alteration were requisite, we might perhaps read, *your fair*, your beauty.

⁴ *Will you not suffer me?*

The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c. The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Pope.—*Malone*.

⁵ *I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day.*

Dancing was considered so essential at weddings, according to Grose, that if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding *without shoes*. This seems to be what is here alluded to. The custom of dancing at weddings is frequently mentioned by our early writers. “After the banquet and feast, there beginneth a vaine, mad, and unmannerly fashion; for the bride must be brought into an open dauncing place. Then is there such a running, leaping, and flinging among them, that a man might think all these dauncers had cast all shame behinde them, and were become starke mad and out of their wits, and that they were sworne to the devil’s daunce. Then must the poore bride keepe foote with all the dauncers, and refuse none, how scabbed, foule, drunken, rude, and shameles soever he be! Then must she oft tymes heare and see much wickednes, and many an uncomly word. And that noyse and romblyng endureth even tyll supper. As for supper, looke how

much shameles and dronken the evening is more than the morning, so much the more vice, exces, and misnurture is used at the supper. After supper must they begin *to pipe and daunce again* of anew," Christen State of Matrimony. The celebrated cushion-dance seems to have sometimes been chosen on these occasions. Thus, in the account of a wedding entertainment in the Apothegms of King James,—“when the masque was ended, and time had brought in the supper, the cushion led the dance out of the parlour into the hall.” This dance, as appears from the annexed engraving in Johannis de Bruncs Emblemata, 1636, appears to



have commenced with the cushion being laid before the feet of one of the ladies with certain formalities. It was a noisy, rough dance, accompanied with kissing, and is minutely described in the *Dancing Master*, 1686. Selden, in the *Table Talk*, says,—“So in our court in Queen Elizabeth’s time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James’s time things were pretty well. But in King Charles’s time there has been nothing but Trenchmore and the Cushion dance,” &c.

It is also to be observed that to “dance barefoot” was an old proverbial phrase for remaining unmarried, an expression perhaps derived from the custom above mentioned. “And make our elder girls ne’er care for’t,—Though ’twere their fortune *to dance bare-foot*,” that is, live without husbands, Rochester’s *Poems*, ed. 1739, ii. 185. This or something similar may also be alluded to in Quarles’ *Virgin Widow*, 1649,—“O that this were my marriage day! on that condition I went bare-foot to bed;” and again in Wilson’s comedy of the *Cheats*, 1664, p. 24,—“*M. D.* But pray, major, is this gentleman marry’d?—*Bil.* Hang him, rogue;—every man’s boots serve his turn.—*T. T.* And better so, than going bare-foot:—I am not marry’d, sweet lady, but a lover still.” According to Capell, p. 31, the phrase, to dance barefoot, “is apply’d at this day to elder sisters who see their younger first marry’d.” In a MS. of the fifteenth century, the expression, “I goo barfot to my bed,” implies apparently, I go to it in sorrow and misery.

⁶ *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*

It was an old saying, and possibly originally a superstition, the origin of which is obscure, that persons dying old maids were destined to the task of leading apes in hell, and that old bachelors were doomed to be bear-leaders in the same place. There are numerous allusions to this punishment for old maids in old English

books, a few references to which are here given,—Lilly's Euphues and his England; Patient Grissel, 1603; London Prodigal, 1605; Pasquils Night-Cap, 1612; Englishmen for my Money, 1616; Adrasta, 1635; Braithwait's English Gentleman, 1641; Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1646; Shirley's Love Tricks, iii. 5; Stapylton's Stepmother, 1664, p. 38; Flecknoc's Epigrams, 1670; Playford's Musical Companion, p. 177; Love's a Lottery and a Woman the Prize, 1699, p. 9; The Newest and Compleat Academy of Complements, 1714; Bessy Bell, ad fin. Barnaby's Journal, ed. 1716. A late instance of the phrase occurs in Poor Robin's Almanack for 1779. "*Mámmola*, an old maide or sillie virgin that will lead apes in hell," Florio, ed. 1611. "Old maids lead apes in hell," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 60. On the contrary, when ladies lost the right to the title of old maids, they were said to *leave* their apes in hell. Cartwright, in his Siedge or Loves Convert, 1651, thus varies the phrase,—“One that I could see through. I think I shall be sav'd by my virginity, whether I will or no, and lead an *ape in heav'n*.” The annexed early representation of an ape-leader is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the Dialogues de St. Gregoire, a manuscript of the twelfth century preserved at Brussels, Bibl. Reg. 9917.



A catterwawling once a weeke,
 In breath to kepe them well,
 Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
 When they lead apes in hell.—*Churchyardes Chippes*, 1578.

These have eies of basiliskes, that are prejudiciall to every object, and hearts of adamant not any way to be pierced; and yet, I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading apes in hell.—*Greene's Never too Late*, 1590.

This younger, fayrer, better nurtured, and comelier than her sister, because my hope of such preferment and honour as my first had, fayled me, I thought to have cloystred up in some solitarynes, which shée perceiving, with haste putting on her best ornaments, and, following the guise of her countriewomen, presuming very much upon the love and favour of her parentes, hath voluntarily made her choyce, plainly telling me that she *will not leade apes in hell*, and matched with such a one as she best liketh, and hopeth will both dearely love her, and make her such a joynter as shal be to the comfort of her parents, and joy of her match.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

I marriage would forswear, but that I heare men tell,
 That she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.

Davison's Poems, or a Poeticall Rapsodie, 1621.

Rig. I think I must take thee oute of pittie, for feare thou lead'st apes in hell.—*Clar.* No, Ile rather goe thether with my monkees, with a hope to meete you there with your bears.—*The Frolick, a Comedy*, 1671, MS.

⁷ *Baccare!*

Baccare, a cant word, meaning, *go back*, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow;" probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it, and who produced his latinized English words on the most trivial occasions. "The masculine gender is

more worthy than the feminine; therefore, Licio, *backare*," Lyly's *Mydas*. It is often used by Heywood the Epigrammatist, as,

Shall I consume myself, to restore him now;
 Nay, *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow. . .
Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow,
 Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you? . . .
Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,
 Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he.

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages*; and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. "Ah, sir, *backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sowe," Ralph Roister Doister, ed. Cooper, p. 8. Again, in the ancient Entlude of the Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567:—"Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you must stand apart:—You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary." This word was unpropitious to the conjecturing critics, who would have changed it to *Baccalare*, an Italian term of reproach.—*Nares, Farmer, and Steevens*.

Yet wrested he so his effeminate bande to the siege of backward affection, that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their larum but *baccare*, *baccare*.—*Grange's Golden Aphroditis*, 1577.

Baccare, quoth Mortimer unto his sowe;
 But where's a Mortimer to say so now?
Davies's Scourge of Folly, p. 141.

⁸ *I would fain be doing.*

It has been suggested that *doing* is here used in a bad sense, but surely Petruchio means nothing more than that he wishes to be actively at work in the business which he has commenced. It is merely one of the many marks of his impetuosity.

⁹ *I doubt it not, sir.*

The old copy gives the passage as follows:—"I doubt it not sir. But you will curse—Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift—." This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus:—"I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c., addressing himself to Baptista.—*Warburton*.

¹⁰ *I freely give unto you this young scholar.*

The words *I* and *you* are omitted in eds. 1623, 1631, 1632; "free leave give unto this young scholar," eds. 1663, 1685. The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and seems confirmed by the following passage,—“And, for an entrance to my entertainment,—*I do present you* with a man of mine,—Cunning in music,” &c.

¹¹ *Lucentio is your name.*

How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Capell imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books.—*Malone*. Tranio had perhaps the following line at the end of his speech,—“Lucentio is my name.”

¹² *I know him well.*

It appears in a subsequent part of this play, that Baptista was not personally

acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the nonce; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, must mean,—I know well who he is. Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his sake:"—where they must have the same meaning, viz., *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of this play. Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus:—"A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well." But it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio. Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "*We know him* for no less, though we are but strangers to him."—*Malone*.

Capell suggests to read, *knew*, observing,—“These are the proofs:—first, the disjunction, which has authority; for “*I know him well*” follows not reasonably a knowing him *by report*: next, we find in following pages that this was no present knowledge, but a knowledge long past; as where the Pedant who personates Vincentio has put into his mouth a fine tale by Tranio, of which this distant knowledge is burthen; which tale takes readily with Baptista; and when his *well-known* Vincentio indeed appears to him, he is in danger of a commitment to prison as a cheat and impostor. Add to this, that Baptista's recognition of the two fathers, Petruchio and Lucentio's, is by this amendment diversify'd; that of Petruchio's running in a term of the present time, for that his death was not known to him.” In another passage in this act, *knew* in ed. 1623 is altered to *know* in ed. 1632, so that these words were sometimes interchanged by the compositors.

¹³ *And every day I cannot come to woo.*

This is a very old and favorite burden to several early English songs. The earliest yet discovered is in a MS. of the time of Henry VIII. in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, which is no doubt the original of a song with the same burden in *Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ed. 1707, i. 135,—

Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be?
Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
My corne and eke my calfe and rents,
My lands and all my tenements?
Saie, Joan, quoth John, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every daie to woo.

So, as Steevens observes, it appears also from a quotation in *Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled the *Woer*:

Iche praye you, good mother, tell our young dame
Whence I am come, and what is my name;
I cannot come a woing every day.

these lines being spoken by a country clown who “came and wooed a young maide of the citie, and being agreed to come so oft, and not to have his answer, said to the old nurse very impatiently.” The burden again occurs in a song in *Ravenscroft's Melismata*, 1611,—“Two-pence halfe-peny is my rent,—I cannot come every day to woo,” the Chorus being,—“Two-pence halfe-peny is his rent,—And he cannot come every day to woo.” It is also the burden,—“And I cannot come every day to woee,” to an indelicate old ballad entitled,—“The Ingenious

Braggadocia, who thinks to oblige by boasting of his large possessions, yet was very unwilling to lose much time in wooing; but, being married, was in a weeks time acquainted with an aching forehead; to the tune of Cock Laurel;" and it is met with again in an early broadside now before me,—A new made Medley compos'd out of sundry Songs, for Sport and Pastime for the most ingenious Lovers of Wit and Mirth. There are also several Scottish ballads that have the same burden.

¹⁴ *I'll assure her of her widowhood.*

Hammer alters *of to for*, and Steevens proposes to read, *on*. The text, as it stands in the original, is in accordance with the phraseology of the time.

Widowhood must here mean, not the condition of a widow, but the property to which the widow would be entitled. Petruchio would assure Katharine of a widow's full provision in all his "lands and leases." He would not "bar dower" by fine and recovery.—*C. Knight*.

¹⁵ *As on a pillory, looking through the lute.*

The ancient pillory was constructed in a great variety of forms, and, in the sixteenth century, was found in nearly every town in England. Hortensio, with his head through the centre of the lute, transfixed with astonishment, would not



have appeared very unlike a person standing in a pillory of the simple form of that instrument of punishment; see vol. ii. p. 153. The punishment by pillory was one of the manorial rights of feudal times, and it appears with the stocks, says Mr. Wright, "to have been one of the instruments for tyrannising over the peasantry or servial class of the population." Thus, under the authority of an ancient statute,—this punishment was inflicted on dishonest tradesmen breaking the

assize of provisions; a baker, if his bread were found to be deficient in weight to the value of a farthing in 2s. 6d., was to be fined, but if it exceeded that amount, without pecuniary redemption, he was to suffer the punishment of the pillory, termed in the original *collistrigium*, literally, stretch-neck. Again:—If a butcher sold unwholesome flesh, or bought flesh of Jews and afterwards sold it to Christians, for the first conviction he was to be heavily fined, for the second to suffer the judgment of the pillory, and for the third offence to be imprisoned. Stow, in his Survey of London, speaks of the pillory on Cornhill, erected "for the punishment of bakers offending in the assize of bread, for millers stealing of corn at the mill, for bawds, scolds, and other offenders." The conduct of Katharine, as delineated in this scene, seems unnatural if not incredible; but it must be recollected, in judging of the action of the present comedy, that the extreme violence of shrewish women was one of the most popular notions of the age, and is constantly found de-

scribed or satirized in the ballads, plays, and poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The above woodcut copied from an early black-letter ballad offers one of the numerous illustrations that might be collected in confirmation of this. The poor husband, whose horns distinguish him as a "meacock wretch," to use the words of Petruchio, is suing on his knee for pardon to his shrewish wife, who is belabouring him heartily for having been too extravagant in spending the results of his earnings.

In vol. iv. p. 119, is engraved a specimen of a lute of very elaborate workmanship, of the Elizabethan period. The example here given is of a much ruder character, but it belongs to the same era, and is copied from a tomb in a church in Sussex. Hortensio's head was perhaps supposed to be broken through the lower end of the instrument, which was frequently very large in proportion to the other, as in the specimen previously given. The distinctive character of the form of the ancient lute is, however, to be traced in the accompanying engraving.



The distinctive character of the form of the ancient lute is, however, to be traced in the accompanying engraving.

¹⁶ *Twangling Jack.*

Twangling, that is, jingling. "A thousand twangling instruments will hum about mine ears," *Tempest*. "Jack" was a very common term of contempt. Thus "jangling Jack," a prating fellow, a phrase which occurs in Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, and in Drant's translation of Horace, 1567,— "If he be wise, shun *jangling jacks*,—After his youthful dayes."

¹⁷ *As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.*

So, Milton in his *L'Allegro*:—"There on beds of violets blue,—And fresh-blown roses *wash'd in dew*." So, in Barnaby Riche's *Farewell to Militarie Profession*:—"—lamenting with *teares* that trickled down her cheekes, like *droppes of dew* upon roses in a *Maie morning*." So also, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, "As glorious as the morning *wash't with dew*."—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *But something hard of hearing.*

A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *For dainties are all cates.*

A pun on the words *Kate*, and *cates*, provisions. The term *cates* was usually applied to everything eatable excepting bread. "His dainty cates, a fat kid's trembling flesh," *Du Bartas*.

Whose mouth is daylie used to the sweetest delicates, and whose tongue is of sufficient judgement to make a difference betwixt the sower taste of unpleasant *cates*, and the sweete relish and savor of well-seasoned meates.—*Fennes Frutes*, 1590.

²⁰ *A joint-stool.*

Katherine seems to allude to the old proverbial expression of taking a person

for a joint-stool, which again occurs in King Lear. "Thinkest thou she will continue firme?—Firme, sir, yes, unles you take her for a joyne stoole," History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609.

²¹ *No such jade as you, if me you mean.*

So in eds. 1623, 1631, the editor of the second folio inserting the word *sir* after *jade*, for the sake of the metre. The meaning is,—women were made to bear no such jade as you, if you, by women, refer to me. Various alterations have been suggested,—“No such jade as you,—*bear!* if me you mean,” Jackson; “No such jade *to bear* you, if me you mean,” Perkins Manuscript; “No such *load* as you, sir, if me you mean,” S. W. Singer.

Perhaps we should read,—no such *jack*. However, there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in Soliman and Perseda, Piston says of Basilisco, “He just like a *knight!* He’ll just like a *jade.*”—*Farmer*. So, before, “I know *he’ll* prove a *jade.*”—*Malone*.

²² *Should be? should buz.*

Perhaps the quibble, which is not of the best, would be more apparent, if it were printed,—should *bee*. Mr. Knight places a note of interrogation after the second *should*, regarding *buz* as an interjection of ridicule. That Petruchio, however, intended a quibble is apparent from Katherine’s reply,—*well ta’en*, and then she perpetrates another.

²³ *Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to alter *as* to *and*, but the original text seems correct. Katherine plays upon the word *take*, and says,—ay, a buzzard shall take me for a turtle-dove, in the same way as he takes thee for a buzzard. “Hast no more skill, than take a faulcon for a buzzard?,” Three Lordes of London, 1590. “Between hawk and *buzzard*,” means, says Nares, between a good thing and a bad of the same kind: the *hawk* being the true sporting bird, the *buzzard* a heavy lazy fowl of the same species, “*buteo ignavus*, the sluggish *buzzard*,” Comenii Janua Linguarum, 1662, p. 32. The turtle must, therefore, be very “slow-wing’d,” to allow the *buzzard* to take her. The term was frequently applied in a very contemptuous manner, which explains Katherine’s introduction of it. “Well ta’en, and like a buzzard,” that is, ironically, a clever retort, like that of a buzzard or fool. “An old wise mans shaddow, is better then a young *buzzards* sword,” Outlandish Proverbs.

A *buzzard* is the Mayor o’ th’ town,
And gulls are Brethren of the Gown.—*Shirley*.

A raker loading a dung-cart, by chance a kyte flew over him, and a tayler in the next shop seeing it, said: Oh! see there, sirrha, your fellow scavenger. No, answered the raker, Prick-louse, it is a *bussard* like you.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

If his wickednesse thrives well, hee proves a terrible asse in a lion’s skin: but whilst he out-dares any man, and forgets himselfe to be a *buzzard*, his confidence deceives him.—*Stephens’ Essayes*, 1615.

²⁴ *If I be waspish, best beware my sting.*

Jam. Shall we dance, gentlemen? Musicknesse, and let activenesse freeze! Shall I use you, sweet mistris?—*Wife*. Kindly, sir, or I am waspish. A waspe, you know, hath a sting.—*Jam*. Please that grosse gentleman?—*Nubbes’ Tottenham Court*, 1638.

²⁵ *Yours, if you talk of tales.*

Tales, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *tailes*, ed. 1631. The reading here adopted seems to be that best adapted for showing the quibble intended by the speaker.

With reference to the expression, "put me in thy books," which occurs shortly afterwards, it has been supposed that Petruccio makes an allusion to the phrase of being in a person's books, or good graces, as well as to the books of a herald. Observations on this phrase have already been given in vol. iv. pp. 30, 31, but since that volume was printed, Mr. Fairholt has discovered a very singular illustration of it in one of the curious series of paintings, executed in the fifteenth century, representing events in the legendary histories of Saint Anthony, Saint Cuthbert, and Saint Augustine, which are preserved in Carlisle Cathedral. The figure here engraved occurs in one compartment of the legend of St. Augustine, and represents the saint confronting the father of evil after divine service. Satan appears bearing a book by a chain cast over his shoulder, and the scene is thus explained by the following couplet,—



When he complyn had sayd, and come to Luke,
He was full cleynt out of this knafys buke.

²⁶ *What is your crest? a coxcomb?*

Alluding to the decoration of a fool's hood, which was sometimes distinguished by asses ears, as in the annexed engraving, copied from an old painting, a cock's comb being the "crest" in the centre. Hence the term *coxcomb*. "A cocks-combe, or coxcombe, because it groweth jagged like the teeth of a combe, B. Haene kam, T. Haan-kamm, id est, galli crista, G. Crête de coq., I. Cresta di gallo, H. Cresta de gállo, L. Crista galli, q., crinis stans. Englishmen use to call vaine and proud braggers, and men of meane discretion and judgement, coxcombes, Gal. Coquepluméts, because naturall idiots and fooles have, and still doe accustome themselves to weare in their cappes, cockes feathers or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith," Minsheu. "To have a cox-combe with egregious hornes," Malcontent, 1604.



²⁷ *Well aim'd of such a young one.*

Aim'd, guessed. Palsgrave, in his Table of Verbes, f. 156, has, "*I awme*, I gesse by juste measure to hytte or touche a thyng, *je esme*;" and again, "*I ayme*, I mente or gesse to hyt a thyng." The meaning is also ascertained from Prompt. Parv., p. 190, "gessyne, or amyne, *estimo, arbitror, opinor*."

²⁸ *Thou canst not look askance.*

A sconce, eds. 1623, 1631. "At this question Rosader, turning his head *ascance*, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replic," Euphuus Golden Legacie.

I know a cave, wherein the bright dayes eyes
Look't never but *a-skance* through a small creeke,
Or little cranny of the fretted scarre.

The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631.

'Tmay be you did, and looke *a-scance* like a pothecaries wife pounding colli-
quintida; have my braines sweat for this?—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

In her hand she brandisht a sable torch, and looking *ascanse* with hollow
envious eyes, came downe into the roome.—*Salmacida Spolia*, 1639.

²⁹ *A witty mother! witless else her son.*

"As Kate is so addicted to scurrility, I suspect,—witelesse *elfe* her son,"
Theobald's Letters. Capell considers the satire would be improved by reading
witnesse. The original text is no doubt correct.

A grave discreet gentleman having a comely wife, whose beauty and free
behaviour did draw her honesty into suspition, by whom hee had a sonne almost at
mans estate, of very dissolute and wanton carriage: I muse, said one, that a man
of such stayd and moderate gravity should have a sonne of such a contrary and
froward disposition. Sir, reply'd another, the reason is that his pate is stuffed
with his mothers wit, that there is no roome for any of his fathers wisdom: besides,
the lightnesse of her heeles is gotten into her sonnes braines.—*Taylor's
Wit and Mirth*.

³⁰ *Keep you warm.*

That is, take care of yourself. This proverbial phrase is not uncommon. See
King Lear, the play of Wit and Science, p. 30, and the note in vol. iv. p. 29.

³¹ *And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate.*

Wild Kate, eds. 1623, 1631; *wild Kat*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. Some editors
read, *wild cat*, and Theobald suggested *household cats* in the next line. A quibble
on the words *Kate* and *cat* is probably intended. Gremio, in act i. sc. 2, speaks of
her as a "wild cat."

To chamber is she gonne with sorowfull fate,
And as it is hard to *keepe close catte or Kate*,
Even no more power had she to keepe herself close,
But her faire fenestrall did shee straighte unlose,
And as Sir John Standley chaused to passe by,
Modestly said,—Yee be welcome hartily.

Poem on the Stanley Family, Bodleian MS.

³² *A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack.*

Such masters are not sowne everie where, neither were they swaggering
drunkards or *swearing Jackes*, which have thus flourishingly sprouted up by
service, but men of good demeanor, and well qualified: for the wise looke not only
on the outsides, they prie into behaviour, integritie, and uprightnesse.—*The Man
in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

³³ *For patience she will prove a second Grissel.*

The story of Patient Grissel, how a noble lord married a maiden of low degree,

and tried her patience in an unprecedented manner, has been related in prose and verse, in many languages. The earliest version yet discovered appears in the Decameron of Boccaccio, the incidents having been communicated to him by Petrarch. To the English reader it was familiar not only from Chaucer's Clerkes Tale, but from numerous ballads on the subject which were singularly popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whence the incredible resignation of the heroine became proverbial. A comedy on the subject was produced on the English stage in 1600, and printed in 1603, under the title of,—The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill, as it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord High Admirall) his servants. This was entered on the Stationers' Registers early in 1600 as "the Plaie of Patient Grissel."

I will become as mild and dutiful
As ever *Grissel* was unto her lord,
And for my constancy as *Lucrece* was.

The Fair Maid of Bristow, 1604, ap. Steevens.

³⁴ *And kiss on kiss she vied so fast.*

In other words, she kissed as if she were vying, or kissing for a wager. "My love and I for kisses played." To *vie*, observes Gifford, was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon a hand of cards; to *revie*, was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in his turn, with a proportionate increase of stake. This vying and revying upon each other continued till one of the party lost courage and gave up the whole; or obtained, for a stipulated sum, a discovery of his antagonist's cards; when the best hand swept the table. "*Augere sponsionem*, to vye," Nomenclator, 1585. "*Cedere*, to yeeld the game lost, not to vye," *ibid.* "They draw a card, and the barnacle vies upon him," Art of Coneycatching, 1592. It appears from a passage in Greene's Tu Quoque, observes Steevens, that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the game of *Gleek*—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it;"—"nor I." In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says: "We must not permit *vying* and *revying* upon one another." Again, in Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620:—"Again for me too: I will *vye* it.—I'll see you, and *revy* it again." The passage in the old play is,—"*Redoubling kiss on kiss* upon thy cheeks." It has been unnecessarily proposed to alter *vied* to *ply'd*.

Then will they vaunt and graunt, and for affinitie
At cardes they will *vye and revye* each their virginie.

Grange's Garden, 4to. 1577.

S. Let us play at Primero then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, sir, I hould it, and *revye* it.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

These words, before he had made an end of his speech, being heard with joyfull assent, everie souldior according to his place hastening and striving *a vie*, with glad heart one to out-goe another, as if they had beene partakers of commoditie and joy, declared Gratian Augustus, intermingling with a most lowd sound of trumpets, the gentle noyse and clattering of their armour.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, translated by *Holland*, 1609.

All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,
For every silver hair upon my head,
A piece of gold.—*Randolph's Jealous Lovers*, 1632.

Ther is a true saying that the spectator oft times sees more than the gamester;

I find that you have a very hazardous game in hand; therefore give it up, and do not *vie* a farthing upon 't.—*Howell's Letters*, 1650.

³⁵ *That in a twink.*

Twink, twinkling, the wink of an eye. "Of him, a pereless prince,—Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,—Even with a *twinke*, a senselesse stocke I saw," Ferrex and Porrex. It occurs as a verb in the old ballad of Lightie Love,—“you wincke, and you twinke.”

³⁶ *'Tis a world to see.*

That is, it is worth a world to see, it is very well worth the seeing. This phrase is exceedingly common, but the following references to examples of it may be worth giving,—Skelton's *Bowge of Courte*, Works, i. 47, ed. Dyce; Ridley's *Brief Declaration of the Lordes Supper*, 1555; Sir Thomas More's *Workes*, 1557, p. 1099; *Mariage of Witt and Wisdome*, p. 49; Gascoigne's *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*, p. 200; Northbrooke's *Treatise against Dicing*, 1577, two examples; *Interlude of the Disobedient Child*, reprint, p. 27; Lupton's *All for Money*, 1578; Holinshed, *Description of Scotland*, p. 22; Lilly's *Euphues*; Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, ed. Dyce, p. 14; *True Chronicle History of King Leir*, 1605; Folkingham's *Surveying*, 1610, *Epistle to the Reader*; Drayton's *Muses Elizium*, 1630; *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633. In Barclay's *Myrrour of Good Manners*, ed. Pynson, the line, "*Est operæ pretium doctos spectare colonos*," is rendered, "*A world it is to se wyse tyllers of the grounde*." So Palsgrave, in v. *Lowte*,—"it is a worlde to se him lowte and knele." There is also the kindred expression, it is a world to hear. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains, "It is a world to heare," by, "*it is a thing worthie the hearing; audire est operæ pretium*," *Horat.* "*Audire operæ pretium est*, its worth the hearing, its *a world to heare*," Bernard's *Terence*, 1614. Other examples of this form of the phrase occur in Northbrooke's *Treatise against Dicing*, 1577; Nash's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596; Letter dated 1609 in Lodge's *Illustrations*, iii. 380. To these may be added the phrase, "it is a world to consider," which occurs in Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583; Strype's *Annals*, ii. 209.

O God! what a world ys this now to se,
Ther is no man content with his degre.

MS. Ashmole 48, xvj. Cent.

It is a worlde to see eache feate displaying wise,
Of Venus nimphes, of curtizans, whom folly doth disguise.

Grange's Garden, 1577.

Yt is a worlde to see—How vertue can repaire
And decke ssuch honestee,—In her that is so faire.

MS. Harl. 1703, xvj. Cent.

But, Lord, it is a world to see, how foolish fickle youth
Accompts the schoole a purgatorie, a place of paine and ruth.

The Chariot of Chastitie, by James Yates, 1582.

It is a worlde to see what a wit wickednesse hath; a strange devise to drawe on a strong delusion.—*Racster's Booke of the Seven Planets*, 1598.

³⁷ *A meacock wretch.*

"*Nimo*, a foole, a gull, a ninnie, a meacocke," Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. "She found fault with him, because he was a meacocke and milksoppe," Tarlton's *Newes Out of Purgatorie*, 1590. "As stout as a stock-fish, as meek as a meacock,"

Appius and Virginia, 1576. "Scorne, frump the meacock verse, that dares not sing," Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1604:—"A woman's well holp up with such a *meacock*." Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:—"They are like my husband; meere *meacocks* verily," sig. D. "A certain meacock . . . never yet had shewn his valour," *Comical History of Francion*, 1655. The term was especially applied to a very cowardly husband.

Interlacing with such discretion his learning and studies, with exercises of activitie, as he shoulde not be after accounted of the learned for an ignorant idiot, nor taken of active gentlemen for a deade and dumpish *meacocke*.—*Holinshed*, 1577.

And shall I then being fed with this hope prove such a *mecocke*, or a milkesop, as to be feared with the tempestuous seas of adversitie.—*Greene's Gwydonius*, 1593.

The Laconian women brought foorth a propagation of men of haughty courage, able both in bodie and minde to serve their countrey, to defend and fight for their liberties; but our women in these times, they bring a generation of *meacocks* that doe bend their whole endeavours to effeminate nicitie, to pride, and vanitie.—*Rich's Honestie of this Age*.

³⁸ *We will be married o' Sunday.*

Petruchio is here probably quoting from some old ballad. The earliest song with a similar burden is one in Ralph Roister Doister, 1566, which commences,

I mun be maried a Sunday;
I mun be maried a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be maried a Sunday.

There is a ballad of the last century, which may be a modernized version of an earlier one, commencing,—

As I walk'd forth one May morning,
I heard a fair maid sweetly sing,
As she sat under her cow milking,
We will be married o' Sunday.

another stanza of which may be quoted, as illustrative of the belief that Petruchio's speech refers to a ballad,—

Then on my finger I'll have a ring,
Not one of rush, but a golden thing;
And I shall be glad as a bird in spring,
Because I am married o' Sunday.

The present ballad is either copied, or is connected in some way, with "a country song" which is introduced into Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the *Platonic Lady*, 1707, which commences as follows,—

As I walk'd forth one May morning,
I heard a pretty maid sweetly sing
As she sat under the cow a milking,
Sing I shall be marry'd a Tuesday;
I mun look smug upon Tuesday.

³⁹ *Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?*

What damnable bargaines of unmercifull brokery, and of unmeasurable usury are there *clapt up*?—*Decker's Dead Tearme*, 1608.

⁴⁰ *But thine doth fry.*

“But in the moment that I feared his falsehood, and fried myself most in mine affections,” Lilly’s *Endymion*. So also, in *A Wonder, a Woman Never Vex’d*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632 :—“My old dry wood shall make a lusty bon-fire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner.” The thought, however, might originate from Sydney’s *Arcadia*, book ii. :

Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
O heavenly soule in humane shape contain’d!
Old wood inflam’d doth yeeld the bravest fire,
When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.—*Steevens*.

⁴¹ *In cypress chests my arras counterpoints.*

That is, counterpanes made of arras tapestry. “Two counterpointes of tapestrie; fourteen other counterpointes of tapestrie; six counterpointes of imagerie tapestry, of different lengths and breadths,” are mentioned in the inventory of the goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588. Some of these counterpoints were very costly. “In Wat Tyler’s rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. So, in the old play where rich gifts are enumerated, we find :—Arabian silkes, Rich Affrick spices, *arras counterpoints*,” &c., Malone. “Item, hangings in the said chamber,—Item, one table with tresles, and the carpette, and one counterpoynte;” early MS. accounts. So, in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, 1594 :—“Then I will have rich *counterpoints* and musk.”

A certaine craftie cousener being invited to a sumptuous feast, whereof there be many in these countries, seeing a paire of fine linnen *counter-points*, with two buttons so exceeding large, as that by the skill of the servitors they might meet and close together.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, tr. Holland, 1609.

⁴² *Tents, and canopies.*

These words can scarcely here be used in their present acceptation, but refer probably to costly beds or bed furniture. In the inventory of the goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588, mention is made of “a canapie bedsted of wainscott, the canapie of green sarsenett, buttoned, tasselled, and fringed with green silke.” Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, has,—“A canapy properly that hangeth about beddes, to keepe away gnattes; sometime a tent or pavilion; some have used it for a testorne to hang over a bed.” A tent may have been what is otherwise called a field-bed. A “fielde-bed of walnut-tree” is mentioned in the same inventory. According to Mr. Singer, “*tents* were hangings, *tentes*, French, probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung; *tenture de tapisserie* signified a *suit of hangings*.”

⁴³ *My land amounts not to so much in all.*

Not to, old copies; *but to*, Warburton. According to that critic, Gremio says, his whole estate in land cannot match Tranio’s proposed settlement, yet he’ll settle so much a year upon her; whereas Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosie over and above; which argosie must be understood to be of very great value, from what he says in the last line of the present speech.—*Heath*.

⁴⁴ *That now is lying in Marcellus’ road.*

Marcellus, eds. 1623, 1631. In editing Shakespeare, in such a case as this, I should not hesitate to print the proper names as they were printed in his own time, and so as to suggest the pronunciation which beyond question he intended should be given to them.—*Hunter*.

⁴⁵ *Besides two galliasses.*

Galliass, a large galley; a vessel of the same construction as a galley, but larger and heavier. *Galeazza*, Italian; *galleasse*, French. According to the explanation given in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, the masts of a galleasse were three, which could not be lowered like those in a galley; and the number of seats for rowers was thirty-two. He cites Addison's Travels:—"The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred galleys, and ten galleasses."—*Nares*. So, in the Noble Soldier, 1634:—"to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build *galliasses*."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁶ *Gremio is out-vied.*

Literally, out-wagered, out-bid. See note on *vied* at p. 389. To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu à la partie contraire."—*Malone*. Again, in the Jealous Lovers, by Randolph, 1632:—"Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it;—They will *out-vie* thy pleasures."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁷ *Let your father make her the assurance.*

And whereas, I, the said Edward Alleyn, and one Matthias Allen, he being a person by me put in trust, for and in performance and assurance of one thousand and five hundred pounds, to and for my dear and loving wife Constance Alleyn, after my decease have by two several deeds of demise, grant, and assignment, bearing date the nine and twentieth day of June, last past, before the date of these presents, granted, assigned, and set over, unto Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, and Sir Thomas Grymes, of Peckham, in the county of Surrey, knights, their executors and assigns, one capital messuage and tenement, or inn, called the Unicorn, in Saint Saviours parish, in the borough of Southwark, in the county of Surrey, and all other messuages and tenements there.—*Alleyn's Will*, 1626.

⁴⁸ *Sirrah, young gamester.*

Gamester, a wag, a frolicsome character. Literally, one who plays at a game. So, amongst offices which were to have been filled up in the year 1639, by King Charles, there is one, "For surveying of gamesters using the exercise of wrestling, in any place or places within the compass or distance of three miles of the city of London."

A course or so; go too, lead on the bucks that have employment for these does; are not these giddy gamsters? Ile be the forester, and looke too 't.—*History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

Which still I will keep from such *gamsters* as he,

By such I will ne're be betray'd;

My portion shall be my virginity;

'Tis dowry enough for a maid, brave boyes.

Cupid's Trappan, or Up the Green Forest.

⁴⁹ *Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.*

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to,—I have faced it out with a high card, or with a high hand, by impudence and bold assertion. It occurs in Skelton's Bowge of Courte,—

Fyrste pycke a quarell, and fall oute with hym then,

And soo outface hym with a carde of ten.

Again, in Law-Tricks, &c., 1608:—"I may be out-fac'd with a *card of ten*."

Ben Jonson, in the *New Inn*, speaks of, “cards o’ ten to face it out, i’ the game which all the world is.” The expression a card of ten means, a tenth card. A “card of five” is mentioned in the *Chances*, 1647. The former phrase is used in a different manner in Lilly’s *Euphues and his England*, 1623,—“The sicke patient must keepe a straight diet, the silly sheep a narrow fold, poore Philautus must beleeve Euphues, and all lovers, he only excepted, *are cooled with a card of ten*, or rather fooled with a vaine toy.”

⁵⁰ *If I fail not of my cunning.*

As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet designed a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakespeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—“a child shall get a sire.”—*Steevens*. Capell (var. lect. p. 14) attempts a far-fetched rhyme by suggesting to alter *woeing*, in the previous line, to *winning*.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Room in BAPTISTA's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is¹
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;²
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
 His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[*To* BIANCA.—*HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,³—*Simois*, I am Luentio, —*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Luentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.⁴

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear ;—

[*HORTENSIO plays.*

O fye ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it :⁵ *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc.

All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule,⁶ I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.⁷

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æaeides*⁸

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Lieio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To* LUCENTIO,] and give me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,

And watch withal: for, but I be deceiv'd,⁹
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] "Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,¹⁰

To change true rules for old inventions.¹¹

*Enter a Servant.*¹²

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA and Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,¹³
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO,] this is the pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
 What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be fore'd
 To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;¹⁴
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns ;¹⁵
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say,—Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though !

[*Exit KATHARINE weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,¹⁶
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news,¹⁷ and such news as
 you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what :—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,¹⁸ one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:¹⁹ His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle,²⁰ the stirrups of no kindred:²¹ besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine;²² troubled with the lampass,²³ infected with the fashions,²⁴ full of windgalls,²⁵ sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,²⁶ past cure of the fives,²⁷ stark spoiled with the staggers,²⁸ begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back,²⁹ and shoulder-shotten;³⁰ ne'er-legged before,³¹ and with a half-cheek'd bit,³² and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,³³ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose³⁴ on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the Humour of Forty Fancies pricked in 't for a feather:³⁵ a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy,³⁶
I hold you a penny,³⁷
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown :
And wherefore gaze this goodly company ;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day :
First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress ;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her ;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore have done with words ;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.

Tra. But, sir, love concerneth us³⁸ to add
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage :
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio ;
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And are the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom say you ? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom,³⁹ and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
“Ay, by gogs-wouns,” quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
“Now take them up,” quoth he, “if any list.”

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again ?⁴⁰

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine:—"A health," quoth he; as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,⁴¹
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;⁴²
 Having no other reason,—
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck;
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,⁴³
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
 Such a mad marriage never was before;
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
 HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
 I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.⁴⁴

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horse.⁴⁵

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O, Kate, content thee ;⁴⁶ pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?—
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,⁴⁷
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves :
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big,⁴⁸ nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My houshold-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;⁴⁹
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he⁵⁰
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.⁵¹

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?⁵²

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom
want

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there want no junkets at the feast;⁵³—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *But, wrangling pedant, this is.*

Theobald inserts the words, *She is a shrew*, at the commencement of this line, an innovation supported by Capell chiefly on the ground that the conjunction *but* seems to require some such addition. Hanmer reads,—“*know this lady is.*”

² *I am no breeching scholar in the schools.*

The term *breeching* is here used in a somewhat licentious manner for, liable to be breeched or flogged; but the phrase, *breeching boy*, seems to have been in common use in a similar sense. “*Avoir la salle*, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of colledges,” Cotgrave. “I view the prince with Aristarchus’ eyes,—Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy,” Marlowe’s *Edward II.* Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1, says *preeches* in error for *breeched*, flogged. “Had not a courteous serving-man convey’d me away, whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience he would have *breech’d* me,” Hog Hath Lost his Pearl. “If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech’d* him,” *Amends for Ladies*, 1618. “Tales out of school! take heed, you will *be breech’d* else,” Massinger’s *Unnatural Combat*. “Kneeling and whining like a boy *new-breech’d*,” *Little French Lawyer*. “You will *be breech’d*, boy, for your physical maxims,” *Bashful Lover*. “How he looks! like a school-boy that had play’d the truant, and went *to be breech’d*,” *Guardian*, i. 1.

“The idea of intimidating a lordly pupil by the vicarious punishment of his schoolfellows, appears to have been regarded, during a considerable period of time, as a well-devised policie; Shakespeare alludes to the distinction made between aristocratic and inferior scholars, both in the matter of punishment and in confinement to their tasks,” J. G. Nichols. Bianca seems rather to make a general allusion to a school-boy,—I am not a school-boy, either liable to be whipped, or restricted to certain hours; but I learn my lessons as I please. The idea of any particular reference beyond this appears to be unnecessary, especially when it

is considered that a lady is the speaker. The accompanying interesting example of a "breeching scholar in the school" of the sixteenth century is a representation of the seal of Louth Grammar-School, founded by Edward VI. in 1552, thus



described by Mr. Pettigrew in Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc., 1856, p. 154,—
 "The school bears the name of the royal founder as expressed around its seal: SIGILL. COM. LIBERE. SCOLE. GRAMATIC. REG. EDWARDI. 6TI. IN. VILLA. DE. LOWTH. The seal itself is a practical illustration of the precept partly engraved upon it:—*Qui parcit virge odit filium.*"

³ *Hac ibat, as I told you before.*

This species of humour, in which Latin is translated into English of a perfectly different meaning, is not uncommon among our old writers. We meet with instances in Middleton's *Witch*, and the same author's

Chaste Maid of Cheapside. So, in Nash's *Four Letters Confuted*, 1593, "*Cura leves loquuntur*, he hath but a little care to look to; *majores stupent*, more living would make him study more."—*Malone*.

⁴ *That we might beguile the old pantaloon.*

"Enter Gremio, a Pantelowne," subsequent stage-direction in ed. 1623. The term was frequently used in contempt, sometimes applied to a cuckold. "Thou *Pantalone*, be silent," *The Ball*, 1639, where it apparently means, *dotard*.

⁵ *Now let me see if I can conster it.*

Examines their eye-browe, *consters* their beard,
 Singles their nose out, still he rests afeard.

Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603.

But then of these if you can rightly *conster*,
 A headlesse woman is a greater monster.

Harington's Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

When Lilly's rules, being pars'd or *conster'd* ill,
 The weeping lads mount wooden Pegasus.

Verses pref. to Strong's Joanereidos, 1645.

⁶ *Pedascule.*

He should have said *Didascale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*.—*Warburton*. I believe it is no coinage of Shakespeare's; it is more probable that it lay in his way, and he found it.—*Steevens*.

⁷ *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*

This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character.—*Theobald*.

⁸ *For, sure. Æacides.*

This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen. The

The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies: Truly set forth, according to their first
ORIGINALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.



*William Shakespeare.
Sease for making:
Richard Burbadge.
By report*

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips.

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

*William Slye.
at the end.*

Richard Cowly.

*John Lowine.
By eye-wittnesse.*

Samuell Crosse.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

*William Ostler.
hearing*

*Nathan Field.
hears so to.*

*John Underwood.
so to charge.*

*Nicholas Tooley.
so to prove.*

*William Ecclestone.
so to a little.*

Joseph Taylor.

*Robert Benfield.
know*

Robert Goughe.

Richard Robinson.

John Shancke.

John Rice.

pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, book xiii. :

— The highest Jove of all
Acknowledgeth this *Æacus*, and dooth his sonne him call.
Thus am I *Ajax*, third from Jove.—*Steevens*.

⁹ *But I be deceiv'd.*

Here, as in other instances, *but* has the signification of *unless*. The same words, "but I be deceived," occur in the same sense in Act iv. sc. 4.

¹⁰ *I am not so nice.*

The word *nice* appears in this, and in a few other instances, to be nearly synonymous with *fashionable*. The older meaning was, foolish, trifling.

¹¹ *To change true rules for old inventions.*

Charge, eds. 1623, 1631; *change*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685; "to change *old* rules for *new* inventions," MS. Dent; "to change *new* rules for old inventions," Malone. Theobald alters *old* to *odd*; and the former word is printed for the latter in most of the early editions of Richard III., in the line,—“eighty *old* years of sorrow have I seen.” The verb *change* is used in the sense of *exchange*. She will not give up “old inventions” in exchange for “true rules,” exact regulations. The inversion of the sentence could be readily supported by numerous examples. In *As You Like It*, i. 3, *change* in ed. 1623 is printed *charge* in ed. 1632; and in the same play, act iii., *charg'd* in ed. 1623 is misprinted *chang'd* in ed. 1632, p. 195.

¹² *Enter a Servant.*

“Enter a Messenger,” ed. 1623, in which edition *Nicke* is the prefix to the next speech, showing that the part (possibly from a double one undertaken by him) was performed by Nicholas Tooley, the only known contemporary Shaksperian actor with that Christian name. See the list of “the Principall Actors in all these Playes” appended to the folio edition of 1623.

¹³ *To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale.*

Stale appears to be employed in this place as a generic term of contempt. Its usual application was to a woman of bad character.

¹⁴ *Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen.*

Rudesby, a rude rough fellow. Several compounds of this kind are used in contemporary works. *Hornesbie* for *cuckoldy* occurs in Churchyardes Chippes, 1578. Full of spleen, that is, says Johnson, full of *humour*, *caprice*, and *inconstancy*. So, in the First Part of King Henry IV. :—“A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen*.”

¹⁵ *Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns.*

Them is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion—“Make friends, invite, *yes*, and proclaim, &c.”—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *For such an injury would vex a very saint.*

The word *very*, in eds. 1623, 1631, is omitted in the later editions, but lines of twelve syllables are too common to render the omission necessary. The old proverb, however, supports the more recent lection. “O villenous cooke, able to anger a saint,” Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591.

O, 'twould ha' *vext a saint*; my blood would burne,
To be so neere, and misse so good a turne.—*Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

¹⁷ *News, old news, and such news as you never heard of!*

The words, *old news*, omitted in the original, were supplied by Capell, an arrangement superior to that of Rowe, who merely has *old news*, without the first word as here printed. One of the tracts of Taylor, the Water-Poet, is entitled,—Newes, True Newes, Laudable Newes, City Newes, Court Newes, Country Newes; the World is Mad, or it is a Mad World, my Masters, especially when in the Antipodes these things are come to pass, 1642.

As this speaker's reply could not have run in such terms as we see it does, unless *old* had stood somewhere, moderns all consent in inserting it; but the place chosen by them is after *Master*. This editor has looked on *old* and *news* too, as words omitted by accident; judging, that Biondello should first come out with, *news!*, and branch it afterwards, such branching being more in the order of nature's working, and the period is made fuller and rounder by it.—*Capell*.

¹⁸ *A pair of boots that have been candle-cases.*

That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other place, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, the Case is Alter'd, How?—"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor *candle-cases*." And again, in How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:—"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*."—*Steevens*.

At which the King of China was amaz'd,
And with nine graines of rewbarbe stellified,
As low as to the altitude of shame,
He thrust foure onions in a *candle-case*,
And spoild the meaning of the worlds misdoubt.

Taylor's Workes, 1630.

¹⁹ *With two broken points.*

This refers to the points of his hose. So, in King Henry IV.,—"Falstaff. Their *points* being broken.—*P. Henry*. Down fell their hose." Again, in Twelfth Night,—"*Clown*. I am resolved on two *points*.—*Maria*. That if one *break*, the other will hold; or if both *break*, your gaskins fall." Dr. Johnson proposed to transfer the words in the text, and read,—“one buckled, another laced with two broken points.”

²⁰ *His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle.*

By the expression *hipped* is probably meant, hurt in the hips, not placed on the hips. According to Markham's Master-Peece, p. 380, "a horse is said to bee hipped when either by straine, blow, or other accident, the hippe-bone is removed out of his right place. It is a sorrhance as hard to bee cured as any whatsoever: for if it bee not taken even at the first instant, there will grow within the pot of the huckle bone, such a thick hard substance, that it will leave no place for the bone, and then it is utterly uncurable. The signes to know the sorrhance are, the horse will halt much, and goe sidelong, and will traile his legge a little after him; the sore hippe also will bee lower then the other, and the flesh will wast away on the side of his buttocke." So, in Holland's translation of the 28th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. iv. p. 300: "—for let them be swaied in the backe, or hipped by some stripe," &c.

²¹ *The stirrups of no kindred.*

So, in Sydney's Arcadia, lib. iii.: "To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him have reynes, pettrel, with the rest of the furniture, and very brave bases; but all comming from divers horses, neither in colour nor fashion showing *any kindred* one with the other."—*Steevens*.

²² *And like to mose in the chine.*

This seems to refer to what was called the mourning of the chine. "The cause heereof is greate heate, and thereupon taking colde, and then first it beginneth with rewme, then the glaunders, and after to this, mourning of the chine, as it is usually tearmed, but more truely and essentiallye it beginneth with the rewme," Morgan's Perfection of Horsemanship, 1609. Compare Markham's Way to Get Wealth, ed. 1657, p. 50.

²³ *Troubled with the lampass.*

The lampasse is a thick spungy flesh growing over a horses upper teeth, hindering the conjunction of his chaps, in such sort that hee can hardly eat: the cure is as followeth:—cut all that naughty flesh away with a hot yron, and then rub the sore well with salt, which the most ignorant smith can do sufficiently.—*Topsell's Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes*, 1607.

²⁴ *Infected with the fashions.*

The *fashions* was the vulgar name for the *farcy*, "of our ignorant smiths called the fashions," as Markham says in his *Maister-Peece*, ed. 1643, p. 457. "On S. Steevens Day it is the custome all horses to be let bloud and drench'd: A gentleman being that morning demanded whether it pleased him to have his horse let bloud and drencht according to the fashion? He answered,—No, sirra, my horse is not diseas'd of the *fashions*,"—Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, p. 22. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"Shad. What shall we learn by travel?—*Andel*. Fashions.—*Shad*. That's a *beastly disease*." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "*Fashions* then was counted a disease, and *horses* died of it." "My old beast is infected with the fashions, fashion-sick," Brome's *Damoiselle*, 1653. "Another had the glanders, some the *fashions*," Mill's *Night's Search*, 1640.

²⁵ *Full of wind-galls.*

The wind-gal is a little blebbe or bladder ful of corrupt jelly, and like the white of an egge, growing on each side of the master sinew of the leg, hard above the pastorne. Now of them some will be big and some will be little, and there will be sometimes more then one or two of a cluster, and they are so painefull, especially in the summer season, when the weather is hot, and the waies hard, that the horse is not able to travell, but halteth downe right: they proceed commonly from extreame labour in the sommer time upon hard waies, whereby the humours being dissolved, do flow and resort into the hollow places about the neather joynts, which are most beaten and feebled with travell, and there are congealed and covered with a thin skin like a bladder: they are most apparant to be seene and felt.—*Markham's Master-Peece*.

²⁶ *Rayed with the yellows.*

See a chapter on this disease in Blundevile's *Order of Curing Horses Diseases*, 1580, fol. 39, in which he says that, when afflicted with it, "the horse's eies will looke yellowe, and his nostrils will open wide, his eares and his flankes will sweate, and his stale will be yellowe and cholerike, and he will grone when he lieth

downe." *Rayed*, defiled. "To raie, or defile," Minsheu. "And from his face the filth that did it ray," Spenser.

²⁷ *Past cure of the fives.*

The *fives*, says Markham, in his *Maister-Peece*, ed. 1643, p. 280, "are certaine great kirkels which grow from the roote of the horses care, down to the lower part of his neather jaw."

²⁸ *Stark spoiled with the staggers.*

The *staggers* is a dizzy madnesse of the braine, proceeding from corrupt blood, or grosse, tough, and heavy humours which oppresse and make sicke the braine, and from whence proceedeth a vaporous spirit, dissolved by a weake heate which troubleth all the whole head: it is almost of all diseases the most common, yet very mortall and dangerous: it commeth many times from surfeit of meat, surfeit of travell, or from corruption of blood. The signes to know it, is dimnesse of sight, swolne and watrish eyes, a moyst mouth, staggering and reeling of the horse, and beating of his head against the walls, or thrusting it into his litter.—*Markham's Maister-Peece*.

²⁹ *Swayed in the back.*

Waid, old editions; corrected by Hanmer. "Of the swayinge of the backe.—This is called of the Italians, *mal feruto*, and according to Russius and Martins opinions, commeth either by some great straine, or else by heavie burthens: you shall perceive it by the reeling and rolling of the horses hinder parts in his going, which will faulter many times, and sway, sometime backward and sometime sideling, and bee ready to fall even to the ground, and the horse being laid, is scant able to get uppe. The cure, according to Martin, is thus: Cover his backe with a sheepes skinne, comming hote from the sheepes backe, laying the fleshie side next unto his backe, and lay a warme howsing cloth upon the same, to keep his back as warme as may be, and so let it continue, untill it begin to smell: then take the olde skinne away, and lay a new unto it, continuing so to doe the space of three weekes. And if he amend not with this, then draw his backe with a hot iron right out on both sides of the ridge of his backe, from the pitche of the buttockes unto a handfull within the saddle, and then againe overthwart, in this sort. And let everie line be an inch distant one from another, but let not such strokes be very deepe, and so burned as everie one may looke yellow; then lay upon the burning this charge heere following. Take of pitche one pound, of rosen halfe a pound, of bole-armony halfe a pound made in powder, and halfe a pint of tarre, and boyle all these together in a pot, stirring it untill everie thing be molten and throughly mingled together: then being lukewarme, dawbe all the burning therwith very thick, and thereupon clappe as many flockes of the horses colour as you can make to bide on, and remooove it not before it fall away of itselfe: and if it be in summer, you may turn him to grasse.—*Blundevile's Order of Curing Horses Diseases*, 1609.



³⁰ *Shoulder-shotten.*

The splaiting of the shoulder is when, by some dangerous slippe or slide, either upon the side of some banke, or upon the plaunchers, the horse hath his shoulder parted from his breast, and so leaves an open clift, not in the skin, but in the flesh and film next the skin, whereby the horse halteth and is not able to goe; it is to be seene by the trailing of his leg after him in going.—*Markham*.

³¹ *Ne'er-legged before.*

That is, founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrained to keep him from *stumbling*," seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse.—*Malone*.

³² *With a half-cheek'd bit.*

With a halfe-cheekt Bitte, ed. 1623. The adjective is generally now printed, *half-checked*, as in eds. 1663, 1685; but Biondello probably means that the bit was accompanied with one cheek only instead of two. The cheeks of the bit are described in Blundevile's Art of Riding, 1580, fol. 52,—“the cheeke is onelie that part which extendeth from the nethermost eie, susteining the reine downwards.” It may be worth notice that the word *cheek*, in the third act of *As You Like It*, is misprinted *check* in ed. 1685.

³³ *And a woman's crupper of velure.*

Velure, velvet; *velours*, Fr. “What breeches wore I o' Saturday? Let me see: o' Tuesday, my calamanco; o' Wednesday, my peach-colour sattin; o' Thursday, my *velure*; o' Friday, my calamanco again,” London Prodigal. It is, however, to be remarked that *velvet* is mentioned in the speech just quoted, so that there may have been a distinction between the two. Perhaps *velure* was velvet of an inferior quality. So again in Marston's Antonio and Mellida,—“If you see one in a yellow taffeta doublet cut upon carnation *velure*, a green hat, a blue pair of *velvet* hose,” &c.

When you came first, did you not walk the town,
In a long cloak half compass? an old hat
Lin'd with *vellure*?—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentleman*.

Come, my well-lined soldier, with valour,
Not *velure*, keep me warm.—*World Tossed at Tennis*.

³⁴ *And a kersey boot-hose on the other.*

“*Triquehouse*, a boot-hose, or a thicke hose worne instead of a boot,” Cotgrave. The boot-hose were, however, stockings suited to wear with boots. “Here are two payre of bootes, one of spanish, the other of neates lether, one payre of spurres, three payre of *boote-hose*, one payre of pumps and pantofles, and a payre of night slippers,” Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. “Pull off first my bootes; make them cleane; and then put my *boot-hosen* and my spurres therein: give me my slippers,” Holyband's French Littelton, 1609.

³⁵ *The Humour of Forty Fancies pricked in 't for a feather.*

This is obscure, but, unless there be some particular allusion, I believe the meaning is that the hat was adorned with a parcel of forty ribbons tied together, and attached to it to serve instead of a feather. That ribbons were termed *fancies* clearly appears from some lines in the Prologue to Brome's *Mad Couple well Matched*, 1653,—

I'm sent a woing to you, but how to do 't,
I han't the skill; tis true I've a new suite,
And *ribbons fashionable, yclipt fancies*,
But for the complements, the trips, and dances,
Our poet can't abide um, and he sweares,
They're all but cheats; and sugred words but jeeres.

and again, in Lovelace's *Lucasta*, 1649,—“Knights their chased armes hang by—Maids diamond-ruby fancies tye.” This seems to be also the meaning of the term in Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, where the author, describing “an indigent and discontented soldat,” says “he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake.” A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598, observes Malone, may also add support to this interpretation:

Nor for thy love will I once gnash a bricke,
Or some *pied colours* in my bonnet *sticke*.

The term is used in another sense in Holme's *Academy of Armory*, 1688, in an account of a fan, which he describes as “adorned with variety of fancies, stories, or landskips.” *Prickt up in 't*, ed. 1663.

According to Warburton, the *humour of forty fancies* “was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruccio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather;” and Steevens thinks “that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of King Henry IV.: “—sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights.” Nor is the *Humour of Forty Fancies* a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known *Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie*.—*A Paradise of Daintie Devises*.—*The Arbor of Amorous Conceits*.—*The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*.—*The Forest of Histories*.—*The Ordinary of Humors, &c.* Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant.” Malone adds that,—“If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them.” The term to *prick in* is used by Bacon in the same sense as it is in this passage:—“Let it appear that he doth not change his country manners, for those of foreign parts; but only *prick in* some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country,” *Essaies or Counsels*, 4to. 1625, p. 104.

Resembling lovely lawn or cambrick stuffe,
Pind up and *prickt* upon her yealow head.

Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, 1599.

It is difficult to offer any comment on the new reading of the Perkins MS., which alters the phrase in the text to “the *Amours or Forty Fancies*,” a title that is conjectured by Mr. Collier to refer to Drayton's *Ideas Mirrour, Amours in Quatorzains*, 1594, a collection of fifty short love-poems. The alterations of the manuscript alluded to are of such doubtful antiquity, no credence can be given to this reading until a contemporary production bearing a greater similarity of title has been discovered.

³⁶ *Nay, by Saint Jany.*

As this asseveration was unusual, it may be well to give a contemporary example of it. “Save Sir William some, sayes one; save my lady some, sayes another. *By James*, not a bit, sayes Jack; and eate up all, to the wonder of the beholders, who never knew him eate so much before, but drink ten times more,” *Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

³⁷ *I hold you a penny.*

Mr. Collier's method is here followed in printing these lines. Mr. Knight,

however, doubts the propriety of this arrangement; but I think the jingle was intentional, although the words are not necessarily derived from "an old ballad." *Hold* is equivalent to, *bet*. So, in the *Disobedient Child*, about 1560,—“Nay, by the masse, I holde ye a grote—Those cruell tyrauntes cut not my throte.” “I holde the a penny I hytte yonder whyte, *je gaige a toy ung denier que je toucheray ce blanc la*,” Palsgrave, 1530. “*S.* Since I am a looser, let me wreake my anger.—*A.* Wreake it, and vent it as much as you will.—*S.* I holde a shilling, that I winne this game.—*A.* I holde an even hand what you dare,” Florio’s *Second Frutes*, 1591. “I’ll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,” *Robin Hood’s Progress to Nottingham*.

³⁸ *Love concerneth us to add her father’s liking.*

There is a seeming obscurity here, as in many other instances where a conversation opens abruptly in reply to an unrecorded speech. Tranio is now replying, and says—Love, or the necessity induced by love, requires us to add her father’s liking to the daughter’s will. Theobald reads, *our love*; Ritson, *her love*; Malone, *to her love*; Knight, *to love*; MS. Perkins, *to our love*; Capell, *but to her love, sir*. There is not, I think, an absolute necessity for deviating from the old copies.

³⁹ *A grumbling groom.*

“The wise wittely namde him Sotto, as one besotted, a *grumbling sir*,” Armin’s *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608. The word *groom* was not necessarily used, in Shakespeare’s time, in its modern sense, but was applied generally to a man, especially to a young bachelor. Old Engl. *grome*, a man; “an horribull foull grome,” Chron. Vilodun., p. 111.

⁴⁰ *What said the wench, when he rose again?*

Rose up, ed. 1632; *arose*, modern eds. Either the line is an imperfect one, or Tranio does not necessarily speak in verse.

⁴¹ *Quaff’d off the muscadel.*

Muscadel was a rich sweet smelling wine. It was also termed *muscadine*. “Besides, the drink was as different, the one being beer or mead, the others, alligant, sacke, and muskadell,” Sir T. Smith’s *Voiage in Russia*, 1605. *Vin de muscat*, or *muscadel*, French. “*Vinum muscatum, quod moschi odorem referat; for the sweetness and smell it resembles muske*,” Minsheu. Muscadel was a favorite wine at weddings. Thus, in the following description of a marriage in Decker’s *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603,—“To discredit which opinion of his, behold, the sunne had made hast and wakened the bridale morning. Now does he call his heart traitour, that did so falsly conspire against him: lively bloud leapeth into his cheeks: hees got up, and gaily attirde to play the bridegroom: shee likewise does as cunningly turne her selfe into a bride: kindred and friends are mette together, *soppes and muscadine* run sweating up and downe, till they drop againe, to comfort their hearts; and because so many coffins pestred London churches, that there was no roome left for weddings, coaches are provided, and away rides all the traine into the countrey.” It appears from the *History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin’s play begins thus:—“*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.—Maid.* Strew, strew.—*Man.* The muskadine staves for the bride at Church; the priest and himen’s cerimonies tend to make them man and wife.” According to Pasquill’s *Palinodia*, muscadine was usually drank “in a morne” and “with a tost.”

'Tis sweeter farre then suger fine,
 And pleasanter than muskedine,
 And if you please, faire mayd, to stay
 A little while with me to play.

A Ditty Delightfull of Mother Watkin's Ale.

What sortes of wine have they (in England)?—They have claret wine, red wine, sacke, museadel, and malmesey.—Is it deare or cheape?—Claret wine, red and white, is sold for five pence the quart, and sacke for sixe pence; muscadell and malmesey for eight.—*Florio's Firste Fruites*, 1578.

Galen, speaking of the falernum or *muscadell*, saith, it is commonly drunke from ten yeeres old to fifteene, and so to twenty: before ten, it is neither wholesome nor tastefull, and after twenty, offensive to the head and stomacke: there bee two sorts thereof, white and yellow.—*Heywood's Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 38.

The fourth sort is the small muskadell, which is a very fine pleasant grape both to eat, and to make wine. In Italy it usually groweth against their houses walls, and of this they make a small pleasant wine a month or two before the ordinary vintage.—*Hartlib's Legacy of Husbandry*, 1655.

⁴² *And threw the sops all in the sexton's face.*

It was formerly the custom to drink wine in the church after the marriage ceremony was completed. The Sarum Missal directs that the wine, and the sops immersed in it, should be blessed by the priest; the sops being pieces of cake or wafers. The custom is thus alluded to in the Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household: Article—"For the Marriage of a Princess.—Then pottes of *Ipoerice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke," &c. We find it, says Warton, practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554: "The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both," Leland's Collect., Append., iv. 400, edit. 1770. Again, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:—"— and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes." In Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady, the wine drank on this occasion is called a "*knitting cup*." Again, in No Wit like a Woman's, by Middleton:—"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*." So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to music by Morley, 1606:—"Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a dealing."—*Farmer*. The principal customs observed at weddings, are curiously collected in an interesting passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, where the heroine declares her determination not to marry a boaster:—"and all the hippocras and cakes eat and drunk off."

⁴³ *And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack.*

The nuptial kiss in the church, observes Brand, is thus enjoined by the York Missal,—"*Accipiat sponsus pacem (the pax) a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eam, et neminem alium, nec ipse nec ipsa.*" Again, in the Manuale Sarum,—"*Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eam, et neminem alium, nec ipse nec ipsa.*" Compare Marston's Insatiate Countess,—"*The kisse thou gav'st me in the church, here take.*"

⁴⁴ *Grumio, my horse.*

In this and the following speech, the reading of the old copy, *horse*, has been unnecessarily changed to *horses*. *Horse*, in our author's time, was used as a plural.

So, in the old Taming of a Shrew:—“*Feran*. Sirra, go and make readie my *horse* presently. . . . *San*. Shall I give *them* another peck of provender.—*Feran*. Out, slave, and bring *them* presently to the door.” So, in a Commemoration of Sir Philip Sydney, by B. W.:—“Some markt his stately *horse* how *they* hung down their head.” We still say, a *troop of horse*.—*Malone*.

⁴⁵ *The oats have eaten the horse.*

This kind of blunder was a favorite one with the early English dramatists. In the very rare comedy of the Two Italian Gentlemen, Captain Crackstone misquotes perpetually. Thus he says,—“two bones are at strife for a dog,” “nobody tarries for the tide,” &c. Dr. Grey proposed to alter *oats* to *bots*, upon which a contemporary writer remarks,—“But why may it not be transposed, and read, with more propriety, ‘The horses have eaten the oats;’ or if Grumio pretended to be witty, and to play the wag with his master, as he often does, by the *oats eating the horses*, he might mean that the expence of keeping had run so high, that the horses heads were become too big for the stable door,” a ludicrous expression used when horses have staycd so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth; or he may mean, as Heath observes, that the horses were so poor that the oats were the more substantial creature of the two. This opinion is in some degree confirmed by the following passage in the Taming of a Shrew,—“*Feran*. Souns, you slave, stand you prating here? Saddle the bay gelding for your mistris.—*Kate*. Not for me, for I wil not go.—*San*. The ostler will not let me have him: you owe tenpence for his meate, and six pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.” *Horses*, ed. 1631.

⁴⁶ *O, Kate, content thee.*

This speech is given in the old editions to Petruchio, but the reply seems to require that it should be considered as spoken by Baptista.

⁴⁷ *Go to the feast, revel and domineer.*

Domineer, to rejoice riotously, to hector, to bluster noisily at merry meetings, to swagger with drink. This use of the word is certainly distinguished from the more ordinary one, to exult over, to rule with insolence. “Tarlton having been domineering very late one night with two of his friends,” Tarlton’s Jests. “It is not profound quaffing or *domineering* will doe you any good; roysting and ryoting wil never raise you, unlesse up to the gallowes,” Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes, 1609.

One man’s addicted to blaspheme and sweare,
A second to carowse, and *domineere*.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

And if she be halfe mad, and curse and sweare,
And fight, and bite, and scratch, and *domineere*.—*Ibid*.

But that he daily would be drunke and sweare,
And like a demy-devill *domineere*,
Though to good course he never meant to bend him,
A prison at the last will mend or end him.—*Ibid*.

Lac. Yes I will dissolve it into *aurum potabile*, and drinke nothing but healths with it.—*Fond*. Then you are right.—*Lac*. Nay I will *domineer*, and have my humors about me too.—*Fond*. Doe any thing, for the improvement of your discipline.—*Marmyon’s Fine Companion*, 1633.

Valiant in wine these bragadosio’s are,
Can *domineer*, talk high, swagger, and swear.—*Poor Robin*, 1699.

Tom and some others of his fellow-prisoners, having a cup of good liquor in their heads, began to roar, sing, and *domineer*.—*The History of Tom Tram*.

⁴⁸ *Nay, look not big.*

Affreux, gastly, horride, fearefull, terrible in looke; grim, sterne, fell, sower, frowning, lowring, *looking big on*, of a spightfull, churlish, and unpleasant countenance.—*Cotgrave*.

⁴⁹ *My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.*

“*Doll*. By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.—*Sir John*. Canst thou blame me, *Doll*? thou art my lands, my goods, my jewels, my wealth, my purse,” *Sir John Oldcastle*. In the anonymous play of *A Knacke to Knowe a Knave*, 1594, observes *Douce*, one of the old men says, “My house? why, ’tis my goods, my wyfe, my land, my horse, my ass, or any thing that is his.” The conclusion of the passage in the text seems to indicate that the poet was thinking of the tenth Commandment. *Taylor*, the *Water-Poet*, uses the last word in a similar manner,—

Signeur Inamorato’s muse doth sing
In honour of his mistris glove or ring;
Her maske, her fanne, her pantofle, her glasse,
Her *anything*, can turne him to an asse.

⁵⁰ *I’ll bring my action on the proudest he.*

But we must not say they be all such, neither many such, I hope; for I do know many others, brave and honest men, that live contented with their lot, though in meane estate, not begging nor craving with bolde and shamelesse faces, for the more honest mind, the lesse apt to beg and crave, but applying themselves to some honest course and trade, to maintaine their poore living; well knowing that the warres once ended, the princes purse not able, neither necessarie to maintaine all idle: neverthesse, the warres againe revived, as readie to serve, as the proudest he.—*Barret’s Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres*, 1598.

⁵¹ *I’ll buckler thee against a million.*

Buckler, to defend. The use of this verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. “Yet if these weake habillements of warre can but *buckler* it from part of the rude buffets of our adversaries,” *Heywood’s Apology for Actors*, 4to. A. 4. “’Tis not the king can *buckler* Gaveston,” *Edw. II.* “King Edward is not here to *buckler* thee,” *ibid.*—*Nares*.

⁵² *Mistress, what’s your opinion of your sister?*

Capell makes this line part of *Tranio’s* speech, observing that it cannot belong to *Lucentio* “upon any supposition: as direct, it betrays him to three of the bystanders; as an aside, which they may have thought it, to one; for that one hears the answer is made to it, and observes on’t in rime: *Tranio’s* double character running in the thought of a copyer, was cause of the wrong assignment.”

⁵³ *You know, there want no junkets at the feast.*

“*Friandise, friand lopinet, morseau friand*, delicates, *junkets*, lickerish meates, wantons fare,” *Nomenclator*, 1585. “*Dragée, junkets, comfites*,” *Hollyband’s French Dictionarie*, 1593. The term *junkets* was, in Shakespeare’s time, applied generally to delicacies; but it had also a more restricted sense, and was especially used for preparations of milk and cream; sometimes for the banquet itself. “Tarts

and custards, cream and cakes,—Are the *junkets* still at wakes,” Witts Recreations, 1654. In the Accomplish’d Female Instructor, 1719, is given a receipt to make “junkets or sweetmeats of apples, pears, quinces,” &c.

The straunge confects of daintie cates,
The choyse of pleasant wine :
The curious course of costly knacks,
With *junkets* passing fine.
Achelley’s Lamentable Historie of Violenta and Didaco, 1576.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?¹ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,² my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho; Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.³

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported:

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast;⁴ for it hath

tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.⁵

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool!⁶ I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot;⁷ and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.⁸

Curt. Come, you are so full of conyatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,⁹ the carpets laid,¹⁰ and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale,¹¹ not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?¹²

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me,

thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place ; how she was bemoiled ;¹³ how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed¹⁴—that never prayed before ! how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory ; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.¹⁵

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest ; let their heads be slickly combed,¹⁶ their blue coats brushed,¹⁷ and their garters of an indifferent knit :¹⁸ let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear ? ho ! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ; what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things is ready :¹⁹ How near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence !—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,²⁰
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!²¹
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,²²
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

“Where is the life that late I led”²³—

[*Sings.*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!²⁴

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when? I say?²⁵—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—

[*Sings.*

Out, out, you rogue!²⁶ you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.— [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—

[*Enter Servant, with a bason of water.*

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:²⁷— [*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash,²⁸ and welcome heartily :—

[*Servant holds the ewer very awkwardly.*

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ? [Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, bectleheaded,²⁹ flap-ear'd knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?—
What 's this ? mutton ?³⁰

I Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it ?

Peter.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :

What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*

You heedless joltheads,³¹ and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :

And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away ! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politiciely begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;³²
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.³³
 Another way I have to man my haggard,³⁴
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,³⁵
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,³⁶
 That all is done in reverent care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour :—
 He that knows better how to tame a shrow,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's House.*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.³⁷

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry!³⁸ Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Eye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest ; But have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,³⁹—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary ;⁴⁰ but at last I spied
An ancient angel⁴¹ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante,⁴² or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.⁴³

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.⁴⁴

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :
But then up further ; and as far as Rome ;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke,—
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,—
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster,⁴⁵ and all one.

[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay,
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
 In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you :
 Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat :⁴⁶

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.⁴⁷

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.⁴⁸

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery !
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat ; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort ?⁴⁹

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;
And all my pains are sorted to no proof :⁵⁰——
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye ! you are to blame !
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— [Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house ;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs,⁵¹ and farthingales,⁵² and things ;⁵³
With scarfs, and fans,⁵⁴ and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd ?—The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.⁵⁵

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish ;⁵⁶—fye, fye ! 'tis lewd and filthy :

Why, 'tis a coekle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's eap ;

Away with it ! Come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such eaps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;

And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry eap,

A custard-coffin,⁵⁷ a bauble, a silken pie :

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the eap ;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us see't.

O merey, God ! what masking stuff is here ?

What's this ? a sleeve ?—'tis like a demi-cannon :

What ! up and down, earv'd like an apple tart ?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,⁵⁸

Like to a censer⁵⁹ in a barber's shop :—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither eap nor gown. [*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my eustom, sir :

I'll none of it ;—hencee, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arroganee ! Thou liest,
 Thou thread, thou thimble,⁶⁰
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter ericket thou :⁶¹—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deeeiv'd ; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction :
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.⁶²

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved many men ;⁶³ brave not
 me ; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I
 bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it
 to picees : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,⁶⁴ sew me in
 the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown
 thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;*⁶⁵

Gru. I confess the eape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;*——

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*⁶⁶

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill. I commanded
 the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll
 prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where,
 thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,⁶⁷ give me thy mete-yard,⁶⁸ and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [Aside.
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.⁶⁹
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?⁷⁰
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,⁷¹—
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kat. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone :
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VICENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
 When we were lodgers at the Pegasus.⁷²

Tra. 'T is well ; and hold your own, in any case,
 With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;
 'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
 Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
 Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
 Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [*To the Pedant,*]

This is the gentleman I told you of ;
 I pray you, stand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself :
 And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's eare,
 To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
 Me shall you find ready and willing⁷³
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
 For eurious I cannot be with you,⁷⁴
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lueentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,⁷⁵
 The match is made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
 We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lueentio ; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears,⁷⁶ and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.⁷⁷

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
 There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well :
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittanee.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—
 Lueentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lueentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.⁷⁸
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
 Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied⁷⁹ about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:⁸⁰ to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.⁸¹

[*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
 She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
 It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name ; once more toward our father's.
Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright !

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,⁸²
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.⁸³

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward ; thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft ; company is coming here.⁸⁴

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[*To* VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?⁸⁵
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !⁸⁶

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad :
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,⁸⁷
That every thing I look on seemeth green :⁸⁸
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
My name is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met : the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.⁸⁹

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Was ever man so rayed?*

Rayed, that is, bewrayed, made dirty. So, Spenser, speaking of a fountain:—“Which she increased with her bleeding heart,—And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*.” Again, in b. iii. c. viii. st. 32:—“Who whiles the piticous lady up did rise,—Ruffled and foully *ray’d* with filthy soil.”—*Tollet*. “With botes on his legges all durtie and *rayed*, as though he were newlye lighted from his horse,” Palace of Pleasure. So, in Summer’s Last Will and Testament, 1600: “Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes.”—*Steevens*.

And as for this face, is abhominable,
As black as the devyll! God, for his passion!
Where have I bene *rayde* affter this fassyon?

The Play of Wit and Science, p. 42.

² *Were not I a little pot, and soon hot.*

A common old proverbial expression. “A little pot, soone hot,” Camden’s Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 260. “A little pott’s soone hote:—Never when it warmeth not,” Scourge of Folly, p. 172. “*Vio*. And so did mine too I warrant you; nay, though I bee but a little pot, I shall be as soone hot as another.—*Hip*. You should not be my sister else.—*Vio*. Nor my mothers daughter neither,” Day’s Ile of Gulls, 1633. In the Dutch edition of the Emblems of Cats, printed at Dort in 1635, is one entitled, “A little pot is soen hot,” where it is represented literally by a little pot boiling over. “If you needs must marry, lett her rather be little then bigg, for of two evils the least is to be chosen; yet there is another hazard in that also, for *a little pott is soon hott*, and so she will be little and lowd,” Howell, 1659. “Little pot, soon hot; soon hot, soon cold,” Fellow Traveller through City and Countrey, 1658. “A little pot’s soon hot; little persons are commonly cholericke,” Ray’s Collection of English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 169.

³ *Fire, fire; cast on no water.*

There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words :

Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;
Cast on some more water.—*Blackstone.*

⁴ *Winter tames man, woman, and beast.*

“Wedding an(d) ill-wintering tame both man and beast,” Proverbial Observations referring to Love, in Ray’s Collection of English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 56.

⁵ *My new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.*

“*Winter*,” says Grumio, “tames *man, woman, and beast*; for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself, fellow Curtis.*”——“Away, you three-inch fool,” replies *Curtis*, “*I am no beast.*” Why, asks Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis, fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis* a *beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word: “let this *fellow* be look’d to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*” In Ben Jonson’s Case is Altered: “What says my *Fellow Onion?*” quoth Christophero,—“All of a house,” replies Onion, “but not *fellows.*”——*Farmer.*

⁶ *Away, you three-inch fool!*

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio’s diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself: “Now, were not I a *little pot*—.” His answer likewise: “—and so *long* am I, at the least,”—shows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio’s *skull*.—*Malone.*

⁷ *Why, thy horn is a foot.*

Though all the copies agree in this reading, Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn *Curtis* had; therefore he alters it to *my* horn. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made *Curtis* a cuckold.—*Warburton.*

⁸ *Jack boy, ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.*

An old song, called, “*Jak boy, is thy bowe i-broke?*,” is mentioned in the early interlude of the Nature of the Four Elementes, but Grumio here alludes to an old round in three parts, the music and words to which are given in Ravenscroft’s Pammelia, 1609,—

Jacke boy, ho boy, Newes :
The cat is in the well ;
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell !

There is a MS. copy of it in MS. Addit. 5337, in the British Museum.

⁹ *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without.*

That is, are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dressed? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:—“Are the *Jacks* fair *without*, and the *Jills* fair *within?*”——*Warburton.*

Hanmer’s meaning seems to be this: “Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dressed; and the maids, who are waiting within, dressed too?” I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*,

which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather. The quibble on the former of these words I find in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Tourneur, 1611: "— have you drunk yourselves mad?— 1 *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.—*D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee." Again, in the *Puritan*, 1607: "I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident.—*Steevens*.

¹⁰ *The carpets laid.*

Ornamental tapestry used for table-covers, called carpets, are frequently alluded to. "Item, the bedde, the bedsted, tow hillinges, a bolster, a pillow, a pair of blankets, a pair of sheetes, *a carpet for a table*," Inventory, 1590, Stratford-on-Avon MSS. "Before a square *table*, covered with a greene *carpet*, on which lay a huge booke in folio, wide open, full of strange characters, such as the *Ægyptians* and *Chaldæans* were never guiltie of," Melton's *Astrologaster*, 1620. Carpets were sometimes made of velvet and silk, richly embroidered, and were also used for window-seats, and for other purposes, as well as for table-covers. They were very seldom placed upon the floor, except to kneel upon, or for special purposes. "In the fray, one of their spurs engaged into a *carpet* upon which stood a very fair looking-glass, and two noble pieces of porcelain, drew all *to the ground*, broke the glass," &c., *Character of England*, Harleian Miscel., x. 189.

¹¹ *This 'tis to feel a tale.*

This is, Pope. There is here a play upon words, to *feel* signifying, to comprehend. "You feele me," Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, sig. E.

¹² *Both of one horse?*

So the old copies, but, in modern editions, *of* is unnecessarily altered to *on*. "I put distaste into my cariage *of* purpose," Sir Gyles Goosecappe, 1606. So, again, in the next act of the present comedy,— "I'll venture so much *of* my hawk or hound." Compare, also, a passage in the *Litany*,—"neither take thou vengeance *of* our sins."

¹³ *How she was bemoiled.*

That is, bemired. "*Bemoyled*, dirty," Kennett's *Glossary*, MS. Lansd. 1033.

¹⁴ *How he swore; how she prayed, &c.*

These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *King Leir*, published before that of Shakespeare.—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *He is more shrew than she.*

The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 66:

Lest that lurdeynes come skulkyng oute,
For ever they have bene *shrewes*, &c.—*Steevens*.

"Come on, fellow; it is told me thou art a *shrew*," *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. "Schrewe, an yvell man, *maulvais*; schrewe, an yvell woman, *maulvaise*," *Palsgrave*, 1530.

¹⁶ *Let their heads be slickly combed.*

Slickly, the reading of the old edition, is generally altered to, *sleekly*. The first form of the word is still used in the provinces.

The mole's a creature very smooth and *slick*,
She digs i' th' dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.

A Book for Boys and Girls, 1686, p. 26.

¹⁷ *Their blue coats brushed.*

Blue was the dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, "— the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellows." Again, in the *Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2: "Not a *serving man* dare appear in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy."—*Reed*.

The saddlers, being an ancient, a worthy, and a usefull company, they have almost overthrowne the whole trade, to the undoing of many honest families; for whereas within our memories, our nobility and gentry would ride well mounted, and sometimes walke on foote, gallantly attended with three or fourescore brave fellows in *blue coates*, which was a glory to our nation; and gave more content to the beholders then forty of your leather tumbrels: Then men preserv'd their bodies strong and able by walking, riding, and other manly exercises.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

¹⁸ *And their garters of an indifferent knit.*

This has been variously explained, but *knit* refers probably not to the texture of the garters, but the mode in which they were tied. Garters of an indifferent knit, that is, garters of the ordinary tie, not looped too conspicuously, as is the



case in the annexed example of a gartered leg in the woodcut on the title-page of *Ward's Woe to Drunkards*, 1627, expressing the degeneracy of the age by a comparison of the follies of that age with the masculine virtues of a former period, which are typified by the booted leg in the stirrup, &c. The specimen of the garter in the lower leg offers an exceedingly good example of the mode in which that part of the dress was worn early in the seventeenth century. It may be worth mention, that garters were sometimes inscribed with mottoes. "Our garters, bel-lows, and warming-pans, wore Godly mottoes," *Welsh Levite*, 1691.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent knit*," the author meant *parti-coloured* garters; garters of a *different knit*. In Shakespeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. Thus Speed, *Hist. of Gr. Brit.*, p. 770, describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says, "— the face of these hoasts were diverse and *indifferent*." That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn appears from the *Marriage of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where

the following stage-direction occurs: "Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red silk stockings, and *parti-coloured garters*."—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *All things is ready.*

Are ready, ed. 1632. Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper, because the language suits the character.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *What, no man at door.*

It has been unnecessarily proposed to read, *at the*. "What, no man at door?" is the common language of Yorkshire; *Gent. Mag.*, May, 1808.

²¹ *You whoreson malt-horse drudge!*

The term *malt-horse* has previously occurred as one of contempt, applied to a slow and dull person. See vol. iii. p. 380. Lilly, in one of his plays, speaks of a *malt-mare*. "He would simper and mump, as though hee had gone a wooing to a *malt-mare* at Rochester," ed. 1632.

²² *There was no link to colour Peter's hat.*

A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke*."—*Steevens*.

²³ *Where is the life that late I led?*

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation; for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. In an old collection of sonnets, entitled *A Handful of Pleasant Delites*, containing sundrie new Sonets, &c., by Clement Robinson, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the love late at libertie, and now complaineth himselfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led* :

"The life that erst thou led'st, my friend,
Was pleasant to thine eyes," &c.—*Malone*.

See further in the Notes to 2 Henry IV., act v.

O what a life was that sometime I led,
When Love with passions did my peace incumber;
While like a man neither alive nor dead,
I was rapt from myselfe, as one in slumber,
Whose idle senses, charm'd with fond illusion,
Did nourish that which bred their owne confusion.
Alcilia, Philoparthen's Loving Folly, 1619.

²⁴ *Soud, soud, soud, soud!*

Petruchio is humming the single bar of the burthen of some song, which may possibly be connected with one quoted in the Duke of Newcastle's comedy of the *Varietie*, 1649,—

The Beare, the Boare, and Talbot with his tuskish white,
Oh so sore that he would bite!
The Talbot with his tuskish white,
Soudledum, Soudledum;
The Talbot with his tuskish white, *Soudledum bell.*
The Talbot with his tuskish white,
Oh so sore that he would bite,
Orebecke soudledum, sing orum bell.

This burthen of *soudledum* is also alluded to in Wager's comedy of the Longer thou Livest, written about the year 1560, but is there spelt *sodledum*.

²⁵ *Why, when?, I say.*

When, an exclamation of great impatience. See Julius Cæsar.

²⁶ *Out, out, you rogue!*

The second word was inserted by Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the same line, the compositor very frequently omits one of them.—*Malone*.

²⁷ *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.*

This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus.—*Steevens*.

²⁸ *Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.*

It was the custom in our author's time, and long before, to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's Select Papers, p. 139: "And after that the Queen (Elizabeth, the wife of King Henry VII.) was returned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591: "S. The meate is coming in, let us sit downe.—C. I would wash first.—S. What ho, bring some water to wash our hands. Give me a faire, cleane and white towell." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then, as at present, peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland: "Bring some water, says one of the company, when dinner is ended, to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash." That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in the Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous Adventures, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our *supper* brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my handes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report."—*Malone*.

²⁹ *Beetleheaded.*

That is, stupid, excessively dull. "Thou hast a beetle head," Lilly's Midas. "I know you to be a sort of witles *beetle-heads* that can understand nothing but what is knockt into your scalpes," Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, 1600. "Ordinary accidents, and naturall causes, the reason whereof is hidden from their dull and grosse *beetle-heads*," Comical History of Francion, 1655. "Betle-headed fellowe, *tuditanus*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552.

³⁰ *What's this? mutton?*

A "shoulder of mutton for a property" is mentioned in the original play. A property of this kind was either of pasteboard or wood. "Our pastbord march-paines, and our wooden pies," are mentioned in an enumeration of theatrical properties in Brome's Antipodes, 1640.

³¹ *You heedless joltheads.*

"And that other *jolt-head*, who writing to one in Padua, at the signe of the Moone in the Wine-market, hee made this superscription, *nella Città Antenorea in su'l foro di baccho all' aromataria della deatrilforme*," Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612. "And your red saucy cap, that seemes (to mee)—Nay!d to your *jolt-head*, with those two Cecchines," Ben Jonson's Foxe.

But hearken, *joltheads*, you viedazes, or dickens take ye, remember to drink a health to me for the like favour again, and I will pledge you instantly.—*The First Book of Rabelais*, 1653.

At home is left none in the land,
But *joult-head* monks, and bursten friars.

The Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 10.

³² *My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty.*

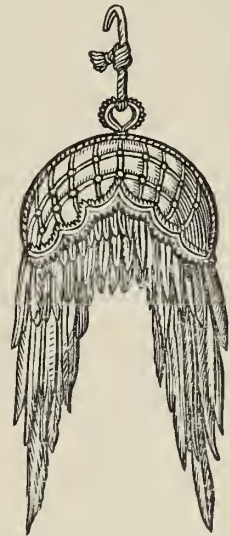
“Even as an *empty eagle*, sharp by fast,”—Venus and Adonis.

³³ *For then she never looks upon her lure.*

“Lure for hawks, a certain leathern device, whereby, with a little piece of flesh, they call a hawk from a good distance off,” Phillip’s *New World of Words*, 1658. “I will not stand aloof from off the lure,” Locrine. The specimen of the lure here engraved is taken from Princellicke *Deviisen van Claude Paradin*, Leyden, 1615; and the same device occurs in Whitney’s *Emblems*, 1586, accompanied with the following lines,—

The eager haulke, with sodaine sighte of lure,
Doth stoope in hope to have her wished praye.

Turbervile, in the *Booke of Falconrie*, p. 106, gives the following minute account of the method of luring hawks;—“Before you shew the lewre to a falcon newly reclaymed, you must consider three things: first, that she be well assured and boldened in companye, well acquainted also with dogges and with horses. Secondly, that she bee sharpe set and eager, having regarde to the houre of the morning or evening when you will lewre hir. And the third consideration is, that she bee cleane within, the lewre must bee well garnished with meat on both sides, and you must be apart in some secrete place when you would give hir the length of the lease. You must first unhood hir, giving hir a bit or twayne uppon the lewre, as she sitteth on youre fiste; afterwarde take the lewre from hir, and hide it that she see it not, and when she is unseazed, cast the lewre so neare hir that she may catche it within the length of hir lease, and if she do seaze upon it, then shall you use the voyce and accustomed speache of a falconer unto his hawke, and feede hir upon the lewre on the ground, gyving hir therupon the warme thigh of an henne or pullet, and the hart also. When you have so lewred hir at evening, give hir but a little meate, and let her be lewred so timely, that when she is therewith accustomed, you maye give hir plumage and a juk of a joynt. Afterwarde, and in the morning betimes, take hir on your fiste, and when shee hathe cast and gleamed, give hir a little beaching of good warme meate. Afterwarde, when the daye is further forwardes, and that it is tyme to feede hir, take a criance and tie it to hir lease, and goe into some fayre pleasaunt meadowe, and give hir a bitte or two uppon the lewre, as before said; then unseaze hir, and if you perceyve that she be sharpe set, and have seazed uppon the lewre eagrely, then gyve hir to holde unto some man whiche may let hir off to the lewre, then shall you unwind the criance, and drawe it after you a good way, and hee whiche holdeth the hawke must holde his right hande on the tassell of the hawkes hood in a readinesse, that



hee maye unhood hir as soone as you begin to lewre, and if she come well to the lewre, and stoupe uppon it roundly, and seaze it eagerly, let hir feede two or three bittes uppon it, and then unseaze hir, and take hir from off the lewre, and hood hir, and then deliver hir agayne to hym whyche helde hir, and goc further off and lewre hir, feeding hir alwayes upon the lewre on the grounde: and using the familiar voyce of falconers as they crie when they lewre. And thus you shall lewre hir every day further and further off, untill shee bee well taught to come to the lewre, and to take it eagrely. Afterwardes let hir bee lewred in companye, having regarde that neyther dogges nor other thyng come in suddaynly to fray hir; and when you take hir up from the grounde, hood hir uppon the lewre, and when you have well and often lewred hir on foote, then use to lewre hir on horsebacke: the whiche you shall the easlyer winne hir too, if when you lewre hir on foote,



you cause some on horsebacke to come neare you, that she may see them, and cause them to come neare hir when shee feedeth uppon the lewre, causing them also to turne and tosse theyr horses aboute hir, but let their horses be ruly, least they shoulde uppon the suddayne affright hir." The

annexed very interesting example of a falconer luring a hawk, is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination in *Le Livre du Roy Modus*, Nat. Lib. Paris.

³⁴ *Another way I have to man my haggard.*

In other words, to tame my wild hawk. "Whence doth it com, or by what reason is 't,—That unmann'd *haggards* to mine empty fist—Com without call?," Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, speaks of the "silver doves that wanton Venus mann'th upon her fist."

³⁵ *To watch her, as we watch these kites.*

Thus, in the old book of Haukyng, commonly called the Book of St. Albans: "And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day." Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildness."—*Steevens*.

³⁶ *And amid this hurly, I intend.*

Intend, pretend. Shakespeare again uses the verb in this sense in *Richard III.*, and in the *Rape of Lucrece*. Pope reads,—*I'll pretend*.

³⁷ *She bears me fair in hand.*

That is, she flatters me with promises, keeps me in expectation. "My Lord, I might *bear you in hand*, a Western frase, signifying to delay, or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or, at least, hopes, that I should cure you in some competent time," Pope's *Life of Bishop Ward*, 1697. "You may remember," says archbishop King to Swift, "how we were *borne in hand* in my lord Pembroke's time, that the Queen had passed the grant, &c." The phrase occurs perpetually

in our old poets. Thus in *Ram Alley*, act ii.—“Yet I will bear some dozen more in hand,—And make them all my gulls.”—*Gifford*.

³⁸ *Quick proceeders, marry!*

Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, &c., is the academical term.—*Malone*.

³⁹ *That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long.*

We have here a very uncommon and perhaps unique expression; but it seems to mean no more than that the tricks were of an extraordinary kind. *Eleven and twenty* is the same as *eleven score*, which signified a great length or number as applied to the exertions of a few or even of a single person. Thus in the old ballad of the Low Country Soldier,—“Myself and seven more—We fought *eleven score*.”—*Douce*.

The allusion may possibly be to the game of one-and-thirty. Tricks eleven and twenty long would thus be, just the game, exactly to the purpose.

⁴⁰ *I'm dog-weary.*

That is, very weary. *Dog-cheap* is a similar compound. “To take up commodities at a high rate, and sell them againe dog cheape,” Cotgrave in v. *Prendre*. The expression, *dog-mad*, occurs in Howell's Letters, 1650; and *dog-sick*, or as sick as a dog, in Buttes' Dyets Dry Dinner, 1599.

⁴¹ *An ancient angel coming down the hill.*

Angel can have no sense here, for, if a *messenger* be meant by it, as the critics say, this ancient personage could never be mistaken for one, by anybody. Theobald and Warburton read *engle*, meaning, perhaps, a native of the north of Europe; Steevens writes about it, and about it, and says nothing; and Malone leaves the passage in obscurity. Hanmer, however, reads *enghle*, and this, I have no doubt, was the very word which Shakespeare, amidst all the uncertainty of his orthography, meant to use. What Tranio wanted was a simpleton, a man fit to be imposed upon by a feigned tale; and such a one, Biondello, after a tedious search, presumes that he has discovered. But why does he form this conclusion? This is not even guessed at by the critics. It is pretty clearly hinted at, however, in the old comedy of the *Supposes*, from which Shakespeare took this part of his plot. There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakespeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances* that he has found him, and is not deceived: “At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and, as *methought*, by his habits and his looks, he should be none of the wisest.” Again, “this gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, a man of small sapientia.” And Dulippo, the Lucentio of Shakespeare, as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, “Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him *might be sure to catch a codshead*.” These are the passages which our great poet had in view; and these, I trust, are more than sufficient to explain why Biondello concludes at first sight that this “ancient piece of formality” *will serve his turn*. From his being constantly termed a *pedant*, it is probable that he was dressed in a long stuff gown, which is the invariable *costume* of a schoolmaster; the object of incessant ridicule in the old Italian comedy, from whom we borrowed him. “I was often,” says Montaigne, “when a boy, wonderfully concerned to see, in the Italian farce, a *pedant* always brought in as the *fool of the play*.”—*Gifford*.

Ambler, MS. Perkins; *gentleman*, Mitford. After all, is *angel* the right reading (though not in the sense of *messenger*, which is quite unsuited to the passage),—“an ancient angel” being equivalent to *an ancient worthy*, or simply to *an old fellow*? I must not be understood as answering this query in the

affirmative when I cite from Cotgrave's Dict., "*Angelot à la grosse escaille,—an old angell*; and by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp."—*Rev. A. Dyce.*

⁴² *A mercatante.*

The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. So, Spenser, in the third Book of his *Faerie Queene*:—"Sleeves dependant Albanesè wise;" and our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*.—*Farmer.* "*Mercatante*, a marchant, a marter, a trader," Florio, ed. 1611.

⁴³ *In gait and countenance surely like a father.*

The editor of the second folio reads, *surly*, which Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the Pedant, in support of the emendation:—" 'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,—With such *austerity* as 'longeth to a father."—*Malone.* The words *surely* and *surly* were interchangeably printed in early English books.

⁴⁴ *Take in your love, and then let me alone.*

In eds. 1623, 1631, this line is printed,—"*Par.* Take *me* your love, &c." The prefix *Par* is omitted in eds. 1632, 1663, and 1685. Perhaps the printer read it,—*Partake me.*

⁴⁵ *As much as an apple doth an oyster.*

Then calling them to him, he kisseth them, and setteth them by him: and jesting with others of the company, saith he, compare them with the father, they are as like him, as an apple is like an oyster.—*Healey's translation of the Characters of Theophrastus.*

⁴⁶ *I fear, it is too choleric a meat.*

So, before:—"And I expressly am forbid to touch it;—For it engenders *choler*." The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads, too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.—*Malone.*

Grumio's subsequent recommendation of beef, as not having this quality, is supported by the following passage in the *Castell of Health*, 1595,—"*Wherefore of men which use much labour or exercise, also of them which have very cholericke stomackes here in England, grosse meates may be eaten in a great quantitie: and in a cholericke stomacke, beefe is better digested then a chickens legge, for as much as in a hot stomacke fine meates bee shortly adust and corrupted. Contrariwise, in a cold or fleumatike stomacke grosse meate abideth long undigested, and maketh putrifid matter: light meates therefore to such a stomacke be more apt and convenient.*"

⁴⁷ *Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*

This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In the *Glass of Humours*, p. 60, it is said, "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c. So *Petruchio* before objects to the over-roasted mutton.—*Reed.* See also the curious lines on the subject of trencher-law in *Hall's Satires*, iv. 4.

⁴⁸ *Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.*

This part of the dialogue, observes Douce, was in all probability suggested by the following whimsical story in Wits, Fittes and Fancies, 1595, 4to. :—"A clowne having surfeited of beefe, and being therewith extreame sicke, vow'd never whiles he liv'd to eat beefe more, if it pleas'd God he might escape for that once: Shortlie after having his perfect health again, he would needs have eaten beefe, and his sister putting him in mind of his vow, hee answered: True, sister, not without mustard (good L.) not without mustard." This is repeated in the same words in ed. 1614. Cervantes has a scene somewhat similar to the present one in his Don Quixote, where Sancho Panza is prevented from feasting by the exceptions taken to the several dishes by the physician.

⁴⁹ *What, sweeting, all amort?*

All amort, dejected, without spirit, Fr. It is properly written *alamort*, as in Fanshaw's translation of the Lusiad,—“To heal the sick, to cheer the *alamort*.” The corrupted form, however, is much more common. Howell, in his Lexicon, translates *all-amort* by *triste, pensatif*; and it is explained by *mortuus* in Rider's Dictionarie, 1640. See examples of the phrase in Euphues Golden Legacie, 1592; Peele's Edward I., 1593; Greene's Friar Bacon, 1594; Warner's Albions England, xiv. 80; Wily Beguilde, 1606; Ram Alley or Merry Tricks, 1611; Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619; Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623, ii. 42; the Ballad of Poor Robin's Dream; Epilogue to the Loyal General, 1680; The Factious Citizen, 1685, p. 9; Cleaveland's Poems, ed. 1687, p. 57. The expression occurs more than once in Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614, and, in one instance, it seems to be equivalent to *dead*,—"A cowardly gallant went foorth with his company to combate the Moores, and the Moores wonne the field. Home then returned the runaway survivors, and brought their Generall word of all *a la mort*. Amongst whom this gallant was missing, and not being heard of, was thought to have beene slaine. Nay, I warrant you, said an olde woman there present, he is living, for well I wot, Moores eate no hare's flesh."

Now, maisters, what say you to a merrie knave, that for this two years day hath not beene talkt of. Wil you give him leave, if he can, to make ye laugh? What, *all a mort*? no merry countenance? Nay, then, I see hypocrisie hath the upper hand, and her spirit raignes in this profitable generation.—*Chettle's Kind-Harts Dreame*, 1592.

Where hath Sir John so long beene resident,
Leaving his pensive lady *all amort*?—*The Mous-trap*, 4to. Lond. 1606.

Who, left forlorne, returned *all amort*
Unto his country home from Princes court.—*Niccols Beggars Ape*, c. 1607.

But he that long time there liv'd *all amort*,
His taile being cut for comming to the court.—*Ibid.*

What, *all a mort*? Why art thou so sad? no, quoth shee, I am not sad, but I am studying which of our neighbours it is that is not a cuckold.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Who, when your supposed father had businesse at the Lord-President's Court in Yorke, stood for his attorney at home, and so it seems you were got by deputy; what, *all a-mort*? If you will have but a little patience, stay and you shall see mine too.—*Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

What ailes my pretty maid to look so sad?
What, *all amort*? fie, this is too-too bad.

Mill's Night's Search, 1640.

⁵⁰ *And all my pains are sorted to no proof.*

Is sorted, old eds. “Are sorted to no proof,” that is, have resulted in no approval or approval. “All which for all that *sorted* unto nothing, but vanished into smoake,” Knolles’ History of the Turks, 1603. “All which for all that, God so appointing, *sorted* to farre lesse harme than was of most men feared,” *ibid.* “When things are sorted to so good an end,” Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631.

And since that there are no other fruits of all this but reproach and scorn, and that those good offices which he us’d towards the emperor on the behalf of his son-in-law, which he was so much encouraged by letters from hence should take effect, have not *sorted* to any other issue, than to a plain affront and a high injuring of both their Majesties, though in a different degree.—*Howell’s Letters*, 1650.

⁵¹ *With ruffs, and cuffs.*

As for the *cuffe*, ’tis pretily encreast,
 Since it began, two handfuls at the least :
 At first ’twas but a girdle for the wrist,
 Or a small circle to enclose the fist,
 Which hath by little and by little crept ;
 And from the wrist unto the elboe leap’t,
 Which doth resemble sawey persons well,
 For give a knave an inch, hee’l take an ell.
 Ruffes are to cuffes, as ’twere the breeding mothers,
 And cuffes are twins in pride, or two proud brothers.
 So to conclude, Pride weares them for abuse,
 Humilitie, for ornament and use.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.
 Silke-weavers, of the wick abundance are,
 Wer’t not for pride, would live, and dye most bare :
 Sempsters with *ruffs and cuffs*, and quoifes, and caules,
 And falles, wert’t not for pride, would soone have falles.—*Ibid.*

⁵² *Farthingales.*



The “ruff, and cuff, and farthingale,” are seen in the annexed woodcut of Queen Elizabeth, which forms the frontispiece of an old black-letter tract with which it has no connexion whatever. This specimen of the farthingale is of a subdued character, when viewed in comparison with the monstrous wheel farthingales that were so fashionable at a somewhat later period, clothed in which the lady appeared as if rising from the centre of a round table ; as in the example, given at p. 452, of a French lady dressed in this fashion, taken from a copper-plate by Peter de Iode, which is also otherwise illustrative of the present speech, as exhibiting some of the other “braveries” enunciated by Petruccio. The farthingale is alluded to as a French fashion in the following verses prefixed to *Coryat’s Crudities*, ed. 1611,—

On th’ other side the round stands one as tall too,
 Drest like a French fem in a *farthingall* too,

Upholding, as the other did, the rundle ;
 Whose clothes about the bumme, tuckt like a bundle,
 Doe make her stand for France, and so shee may well,
 For shee hath stuffe to make her doo and say well.

The *vardingale*, observes Strutt, afforded the ladies a great opportunity of displaying their jewels, and the other ornamental parts of their dress, to the utmost advantage, and, for that reason, I presume, obtained the superiority over the close habits and the more simple imitations of nature. It is thus mentioned in the following very curious lines in Warner's *Albions England*, lib. ix. c. 47,—

And how since three-score yeeres a-goe, they aged foure-score now,
 Men, women, and the world, wear chaung'd in all, they know not how.
 When we were maids, qd. th'one of them, was no such new-found pride :
 Yeat serv'd I gentels, seeing store of daintie girles beside.
 Then wore they shooes of ease, now of an inch-broad, corked hye :
 Blacke karsie stockings, worsted now, yea silke of youthful'st dye :
 Garters of lystes, but now of silke, some edged deepe with gold :
 With costlier toyes, for courser turns, than us'd, perhaps, of old.
 Fring'd and ymbroidred petticoats now begge. But heard you nam'd,
 Till now of late, busks, perrewigs, maskes, plumes of fethers fram'd,
 Supporters, pooters, *fardingales* above the loynes to waire,
 That be she near so bombe-thin, yet she cross-like seems foure-squaire ?
 Some wives, grayheaded, shame not locks of youthfull borrowed haire :
 Some, tying arte, attyer their heads with onely tresses baire :
 Some, grosser pride than which, thinke I, no passed age might shame,
 By arte, abusing Nature, heads of antick't hayre doe frame.

Now, as scholars do daily seek out new phrases and metaphors, and *tailors* do oft invent new *fardingales* and breeches, so I see no reason but magistrates may, as well now as heretofore, devise new orders for cleanliness and wholesomeness.—*The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596.

La. Faith, Captaine, I know not where I shoulde hide you.—*Cap.* Why, any where, sweete lady, and it be under your *farthingale*.—Cupid's Whirligig.

“One thing I had almost forgotten, that all this time there was a course taken, and so notified, that no lady or gentleman should be admitted to any of these sights with a *vardingale*, which was to gain the more room, and I hope may serve to make them quite left off in time. And yet there were more scaffolds, and more provision made for room than ever I saw, both in the hall and banqueting room, besides a new room built to dine and dance in,” Letter dated 1613. “My Lady Bennet would not vouchsafe, all the while she was in Holland, nor yet on going or coming to Amsterdam, to visit the Hague; but she had seen enough of that good town, though she was in a nest of hornets, as she told her friends and kindred, by reason of the boys and wenches, who much wondered at her huge *farthingales* and fine gowns, and saluted her at every turn of the street with their usual caresses of Hoore! hoore! And she was more exposed to view, because when she would go closely in a covered waggon about the town, she could not because there was no possible means to hide half her *farthingale*,” Letter dated 1617.

I praye thee, sonne Robert, tell me no such tale,
 For I will goe frocked and in a French hood :
 I will have my fine cassockes and my round verdingale,
 Like one that came of a noble borne blood.

The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience.

Hee hath the witte yet to enter sideling, like a gentlewoman with an huge *farthingall*: how he puffeth and bloweth like a short-winded haekney.—*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609.

Imagine one of our forefathers were alive again, and should see one of those his gay daughters walk in Cheapside before him, what do you think he would think it were? Here is nothing to be seen but a *vardingale*, a yellow ruff, and a perriwig, with perhaps some feathers waving in the top; three things for which he could not tell how to find a name.—*England's Vanity*, 1683, p. 136. . . . Fashion brought in deep ruffs, and shallow ruffs, thiek ruffs, and thin ruffs, double ruffs, and no ruffs; fashion brought in the *vardingale*, and carried out the *vardingale*, and hath again revived the *vardingale* from death, and placed it behind, like a rudder or stern to the body, in some so big that the vessel is scarce able to bear it.—*Ibid.* 1683, p. 138. This passage is repeated in Dunton's *Ladies Dictionary*, 1694.



See other notices of this article of dress in Lomatius on Painting, by Haydock, 1598; Hector of Germanie, 1615; Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1646; Carrell's *Passionate Lovers*, 1655; Wit Restor'd, 1658; Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 226; Behn's *Younger Brother*, 1696; Poor Robin's *Almanack* for 1699 and 1736; *Old Mode and the New*, 1709, p. 7. So numerous, indeed, are the allusions to the *farthingale* in English works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it would be by no means difficult to occupy several pages merely with references to books in which it is mentioned. "Send *verdingales* to Broad-gates in Oxford, for they were so great that the wearers could not enter, except going sidelong, at any ordinary door," Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 332.



Dress'd up in good old English stuff,
Set off with *fardingale* and ruff,
Such as good hussifs, to their praise,
Put on in old Queen Bess's days.

Hudibras Redivivus, 1707.

Bishop Latimer, in one of his Sermons, says,—“I doubt not if *verdingales* had bin used at that time, S. Paul would have spoken against them too, like as he spake against other things which

women used at that time to shew their wantonnes and foolishnes;” and, in another place, he observes, with much quaintness,—“I trow Mary had never a *verdingale*.” According to the old ballad of the Lamentable Fall of Queene Eleanor, the *farthingale* was introduced from Spain, but no composition of the kind can be

regarded as of much authority. "Placing both hands upon her whalebone hips, —Puft up with a round circling farthingale," Micro-cynicon, Sixe Snarling Satyres, 1599.

The *taylor* is a gentleman transform'd
For his inventing fashions new deform'd,
And those that make the *verdingales* and bodies,
Get most they have from idle witlesse nodies.

The Workes of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630.

He pranckt it up, with farthingales and busks,
Powderings, perfumes, with paintings, and with musks,
With shaprons, rebatoes, and with wires,
With Dutch, Italian, Spanish, French attires.

Academy of Compliments, 1654.

The third example of a farthingale is copied from a wood-cut attached to a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century.

⁵³ *And things.*

Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the word *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.—*Johnson*.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, when the rhyme did not force it upon him:—"We will have *rings* and *things*, and fine array." Again, in the Tragedy of Hoffman, 1632:

'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
And golden rings, &c.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁴ *With scarfs, and fans, with amber bracelets, beads, &c.*

"Item, a bracelett of beads of silver gilt with gould, a *bracelett of amber*, six bloud stones or buttons and some other small instruments of silver and rare woods. Item, a rocke of white corrall, two fans, a boxe of small instruments, a little hand candlesticke of silver, and a smalle bracelett of silke and silver," MS. Inventory of a lady's goods, 1634. The accompanying example of a fan is copied from the portrait of a lady, temp. Elizabeth.



⁵⁵ *To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.*

This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope changed to *rustling*, I think without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play—"Prouder than *rustling*, in unpaid for silk;" but *ruffling* is sometimes used in nearly the same sense. Thus, in King Lear:—"—the bleak winds do sorely *ruffle*." There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler*, in our author's time, signified a *noisy* and turbulent swaggerer; and the word *ruffling* is here applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in King Henry VI. P. II. :—"And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,—That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,—As strangers in the court take her for queen." Again, more appositely, in Camden's Remaines, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited and riotously given, that having

lately solde a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new sute*, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe." Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk; and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited*; in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. "His crising and frizzling irons must be used; his bald head with a *ruffling* periwig furnished," The Two Lancashire Lovers, 1640, p. 263. Petruccio has just before told Katharine that she "should revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of plaited, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, I have adhered to the reading of the old copy. So, in Lilly's Euphues and his England, 1580: "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with roabes?" Again, in Drayton's Battaile of Agincourt, 1627:—"With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the sky."—*Maloue*.

"She walks along, and with the *ruffling* of her clothes, makes men looke at her," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Our English merchants here beat a considerable trade, and their factors live in better equippage, and in a more splendid manner, as in all Italy besides, then their masters and principalls in London; they *ruffle* in silks and sattins, and wear good Spanish leather-shooes.—*Howell's Letters*, 1650.

⁵⁶ *A velvet dish.*

The same expression, applied to the cap of a lawyer, is used in the Returne from Pernassus, 1606,—“great reason indeed that a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt palfrey, with a round *velvet dish* on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte.” So also in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611, mention is made of a gallant's “dish-crown'd hat.” The fashion of ladies wearing very small caps is thus alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour,—“Our great heads, within the citie, never were in safetie, since our wives wore *these little caps*: Ile change 'hem, Ile change 'hem, streight, in mine.” Among the presents sent by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England, in April, 1606, was a *velvet cap* with gold buttons.

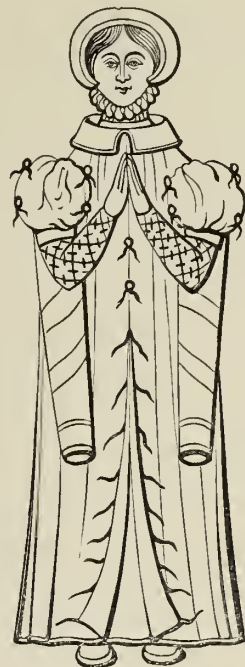
⁵⁷ *A custard-coffin.*

Coffin, the raised crust of a pie or custard, a standing crust without a lid. See Titus Andronicus, act v. sc. 2. Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, as Steevens observes, has a similar term for a woman's cap: “—for all her velvet *custurd* on her head.”

⁵⁸ *Here's snip, and wip, and cut, and slish, and slash.*

The fashionable slashed sleeves, with the loose-bodied gown, are curiously shown in the incised slab to the memory of Agnes Woolley, 1572, preserved at Matlock Church, co. Derby. The suggestion of part of this scene appears to have been derived from a quaint story of Sir Philip Calthrop, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's Accidence of Armorie, in Camden's Remaines, and in the Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions, 1616. “As for men that they should not weare rings or tissues, but when they went a whooring, yet for a close, I will tell you here how Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes the shoemaker of Norwich in the time of King Henry the Eight, of the proud humour which our people have to bee of the gentlemens cut: This Knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gowne, and sent it to the taylors to bee made. John Drakes, a shooe-maker of that towne, comming to the sayd taylours, and seeing

the Knights gowne-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price, to the same intent; and further, bade him to make it of the same fashion that the Knight would have his made of. Not long after, the Knight comming to the taylours, to take measure of his gowne, perceiving the like gowne-cloth lying there, asked the taylor whose it was: Quoth the taylor, it is John Drakes, who will have it made of the selfe same fashion that yours is made of; well, said the Knight, in good time be it. I will, sayd hee, have mine made as full of cuts as thy sheeres can make it: It shall be done, sayd the taylor: whereupon, because the time drew neere, he made hast of both their garments. John Drakes, when he had no time to go to the tailors till Christmas day, for serving of customers, when hee had hoped to have worne his gowne, perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear with the taylor for the making of his gowne after that sort. I have done nothing, quoth the taylor, but that you bade mee do, for as Sir Philip Calthrops is, even so have I made yours. By my latchet, quoth John Drake, I will never weare gentleman's fashion againe," Camden's Remaines. Grumio says afterwards,—“I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces.”



Againe, is there not now more spent upon a ladies feather, then would pay a meane mans tythes? Is there not more spent upon *one pair of sleeves* then would cloath sixe bodies? and more spent at a Whitsun-ale, then would keepe the poore of the parish for a yeare?—*Rowland's Heavens Glory*, 1628.

Let them be lac'd and fac'd, or *cut*, or plaine,
 Or any way to please the wearers braine,
 And then let him or her that is so clad,
 Consider but from whence these stufes were had,
 How mercers, drapers, silkmen were the jaylers,
 And how the executioners were taylers,
 That did both draw and quarter, *slash and cut*,
 And into shape, mishapen remns-ants put.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

So rare a dresse is this of the gown, with the guards of black velvet *ful of gashes and cuts*, that certainly the Don, or whosoever saw her, must needs take her for a distressed lady, and oppressed too, if it were no more, then with that gowne upon her back in the middle of August. But it seems the gowne was of great antiquitie, and being made in King Bamba's dayes, a prince that delighted in no fashions, was extreamply ridiculous in King Cambises time, who was the most glorious courtly Prince, and most observer of modes in Arabia.—*Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654.

⁵⁹ *Like to a censer in a barber's shop.*

A part of the luxury of Shakespeare's time was to fumigate rooms with



perfumes in a censer; which was also an appendage of that curiously furnished place, a barber's shop. These censers of course were made with many perforations in the top, an allusion to which is seen in the above passage. The use of a censer is exemplified in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, and in *Lingua*.—*Nares*. These censers, observes Steevens, not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. The upper part of the annexed example of one of them is copied from an engraving in *Cats' Spiegel van den Ouden ende Nieuwen Tiit*, ed. 1635. The stand is taken by Mr. Fairholt from a similar censer formerly preserved at the old moat-house, Ightham, co. Kent.

⁶⁰ *Thou thread, thou thimble.*

Ritson proposes to omit the first two words, on account of the recurrence of the term *thread*, but the repetition really improves the force of the speech. Ben Jonson, observes Dr. Grey, has an image like this in *Cynthia's Revels*,—Mercury to the tailor,—“Is it so, sir, you impudent poultron?—You slave, you list, you shred you.”

⁶¹ *Thou winter cricket, thou.*

“Thou house-dove, thou *cricket*, that never crept further then the chimney corner,” Deloney's *Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

⁶² *Thou hast faced many things.—Face not me.*

A play upon words, to face being, to oppose with impudence, and meaning also, to put an ornamental cover or border on a dress. So, in *King Henry IV.*:—“To *face* the garment of rebellion with some fine colour.” Compare, also, the following lines in Taylor's *Workes*, 1630, which may be quoted in illustration of the tailor's bill in the present scene,—

Of all strange weapons, I have least of skill
To mannage or to wield a taylor's bill.
I cannot item it for silke and *facing*,
For cutting, edging, stiffning, and for lacing:
For bumbast, stitching, binding, and for buckram,
For cotton, bayes, for canvas, and for lockram.

⁶³ *Thou hast braved many men, brave not me.*

Another quibble. “Thou hast braved many men,” that is, made many men fine or brave, fashionable in dress.

Thou glasse wherein my dame hath such delight,
And when she braves, then most on thee to gaze.—*Watson's Sonnets*.

⁶⁴ *Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown.*

Harlots were distinguished by loose-bodied gowns, and, in the old play, there is a more obvious joke on the term.

Christian shall get her a *loosebodide* gowne,
In tri'mge, how a gentleman differs from a clowne.—*Ben Jonson*.

“Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go,” Michaelmas Term, 1607. “Keep thy body loose, and thou shalt want no gown, I warrant thee,” *Maid's Revenge*.

“I was never in this pickle before; and yet, if I go among citizen’s wives, they jeer at me; *if I go among the loose-bodied gowns,*” they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their hands,” Honest Whore. “The man in the moon, Signior Pynto, for the raising of his fortune a planet higher, is by this time married to a kinde of loose-bodied widow, called a surname a bawde,” Gough’s *Queen, or the Excellency of her Sex*, 1653. Loose-bodied gowns were not necessarily worn by bad women. In a lady’s MS. account, temp. Elizabeth, is an entry of fourteen shillings paid “for a loose-bodied gowne of satten, xj. yardes.”

Briscus will turne good husband; marry, fye!
 What wench is’t? tush, *loose bodied* Margery!
 Good husband now, that nere was good in’s life!
 The better husband, sir, the worsen wife.

More Fooles Yet, by Roger Sharpe, 1610.

To conclude, a coach may be fitly compared to a whore, for a coach is painted, so is a whore: a coach is common, so is a whore: a coach is costly, so is a whore; a coach is drawne with beasts, a whore is drawne away with beastly knaves. A coach hath loose curtaines, a whore hath a *loose gowne*.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

And be sure to match your eldest sonne, when your credit is cryed up to the highest, while your heire is yet in your power to dispose, and will bend to your will, before his bloud begin to feele the heate of any affections kindling about him, or before he can tell what difference is betwixt a blacke wrought wastcoate with a white apron, and a loose-bodied gowne without an apron.—*Powell’s Art of Thriving*, 1635.

⁶⁵ *With a small compassed cape.*

That is, a round cape, a cape falling with the edge forming a circle. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, a circular bow window is called a *compassed* window. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, “Some have *capen* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about very bravely.”—*Steevens*. So, in the Register of Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, “3 of June, 1594,—Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvj. s.”—*Malone*.

Wear thy shooes close and fit, and not too wide;
 Cut thy hair *compass* even on either side.

Ovid de Arte Amandi, 1677, p. 23.

⁶⁶ *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Curiously, fashionably. “Curious courtiers gorgeously array’d,” Brathwait’s *Strappado for the Divell*, 1615. “Our fashion is not curious,” Antonio and Mellida. “*Contigia*, the lying-in of a woman in childbed, when she is finely drest and trimmed up in her bed *curiously*, expecting her friends to come to visite and gossip with her,” Florio, ed. 1611.

⁶⁷ *Take thou the bill.*

The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*.—*Steevens*.

⁶⁸ *Give me thy mete-yard.*

Mete-yard, measuring yard. Holinshed speaks of “the metrod of amitie,” *Chron.* ii. 779. “A true touch stone, a sure *mete-wand* lies before their eyes,” Ascham’s *Schoolmaster*. See also *Levit.* xix. 35; *Becon’s Works*, p. 5; *Davies’*

Rites, ed. 1672, p. 159. To mete is, to measure. "I mete clothe or sylke by the yerde," Palsgrave, 1530. So, in the Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage, 1607:—"Be not a bar between us, or my sword shall *mete* thy grave out." The verb *be-mete* has been used previously in the present scene.

⁶⁹ *So honour peereth in the meanest habit.*

Bec not amased at the matter: I have related a truth, and will confirme it on my honour; only sit downe till the dinner is done, and bid the company welcome in this poore attire, for the sun will break through slender clouds, and vertue shine in base array.—*History of Patient Grissel*, 1619.

⁷⁰ *Because his painted skin contents the eye.*

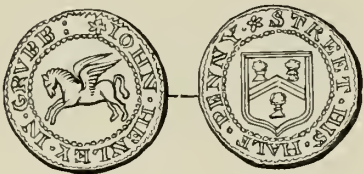
Shakespeare seems here to mean what is commonly called the snake. Hence it is probable, what Johnson observes, that *adder* signifies "a poisonous reptile; perhaps of any species." In common language, however, he observes, *adders* and snakes are not the same. To which we may add that Milton gives Satan the three different appellations of *serpent*, *adder*, and *snake*,—Par. Lost, B. ix. v. 625, 643, 647.—*Anon.*

⁷¹ *And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.*

As Shakespeare shortly afterwards alludes to a London sign, he might possibly have derived this name from that of a street in London, near Smithfield. It formerly and indeed now abounded in shops where second-hand apparel might be procured, and is frequently alluded to by early writers.

⁷² *When we were lodgers at the Pegasus.*

Where we, old eds. This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know anything of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying.—*Theobald.*



Shakespeare has taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Genoa. "Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus*

in Cheapside," Return from Parnassus, 1606. Again, in the Jealous Lovers, by Randolph, 1632:—"A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,—Bravely carous'd, is more restorative." The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumstance, became a popular sign.—*Steevens.*

The one here engraved is on the halfpenny token of one John Henley, in Grub Street, Cripplegate, having on one side a pegasus, and on the reverse the Innholders' arms.

⁷³ *Me shall you find ready and willing.*

So in eds. 1623, 1631. In ed. 1632, and in the two later folios, it is printed, "most ready and most willing," to complete the measure.

⁷⁴ *For curious I cannot be with you.*

Curious is *scrupulous*. So, in Holinshed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to

performe so good an office." Again, p. 890: "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table."—*Stevens*.

⁷⁵ *And pass my daughter a sufficient dower.*

To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c., "and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee.—*Ritson*. So, previously,—“To pass assurance of a dower in marriage.”

⁷⁶ *Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.*

“Pitchers have eares, and maids have wide mouthes,” Decker’s Shoo-Makers Holyday. See another notice of the proverb in Richard III.

⁷⁷ *And, happily, we might be interrupted.*

And happily, eds. 1623, 1631; *ann haply*, ed. 1632; *and haply*, eds. 1663, 1685; *haply then*, Pope. In ed. 1631, *might* is altered to *may*. In Shakespeare’s time, *happily* signified *accidentally*, *perchance*, *perhaps*, as well as *fortunately*, and was written interchangeably with *haply*.

One dispraisd dice, and said that dicers are worse then usurers: for that they with a hundred get but ten: but dicers, with ten, *happily* get a hundred.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

⁷⁸ *Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.*

Here the old copy adds—*Enter Peter*. Peter was the name of one of the servants, and occurs as a prefix in the first scene.

It seems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private.—*Tyrwhitt*.

⁷⁹ *I cannot tell; except they are busied, &c.*

I cannot tell,—I know not what to make of it. “As for my own part I was dangerously hurt but three days before: else, perhaps, we had been two to two; *I cannot tell*; some thought we had,” Beaumont and Fletcher’s King and no King. *Except* is the reading of ed. 1632, the eds. 1623 and 1631 reading, *expect*, a lection adopted by Malone, with the explanation,—wait the event. “I expecte, I tarye or abyde for a thyng,” Palsgrave, 1530.

⁸⁰ *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

It is scarce necessary to observe that these are the words which commonly were put on books, where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them.—*Reed*.

⁸¹ *Against you come with your appendix.*

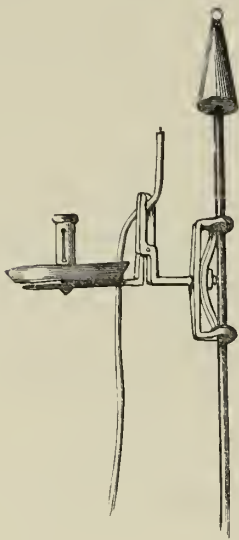
Appendix, in the sense of *appendage*, is now obsolete. “Now this request may seeme harsh and not well to bee digested by the players and their *apendixes*. But the reasons that mov’d us unto it, being charitably considered, makes the suite not only seeme reasonable, but past seeming most necessary to be sued for, and tollerable to bee granted,” Taylor’s *Workes*, 1630.

In which brook, after one night’s lodging, with my *apendixes*, having taken each of us a Burford bait, we passed many strange lets and hindrances into the river of Isis or Thames.—*Taylor’s Last Voyage and Adventure*, 1641.

⁸² *And if you please to call it a rush-candle.*

The rush-candle of Shakespeare’s time was a more primitive article than that now known as a rushlight, being literally a long rush surrounded with a slight

coating of grease. In some verses written in imitation of the West-country dialect, prefixed to Strong's *Joanereidos*, 1645, a countryman speaks of a half-penny candle as, "my greazed bulrush." In White's *Selborne*, ed. 1836, p. 183, is an interesting account of the mode of making these cheap lights. The rush, observes Mr. De Wilde, "is the *juncus conglomeratus*, or common-soft rush, which is the



foundation of the ordinary rushlight. It differs, however, in the mode of preparation. The rushlight has a couple of ribs of the outer rind left in order to check the progress of the flame. The rush-candle has but one by way of support to the pith. Neither is the rush-candle coated like the rushlight in tallow. It is simply saturated with the grease which the housewife saves during her culinary operations. A pound of dry rushes will include something like fifteen hundred individuals, and six pounds of grease are sufficient for the preparation of the whole. A rush is about two feet long, and will burn nearly an hour, giving a clear steady light. The rush is held between the nippers of the rush-stick, and the progress of its burning, and the consequent degree of light, may be regulated by elevating or depressing at pleasure the burning extremity." A contrivance of this kind for holding the rush-candle as still in use is here represented. It is adapted for suspension to a chimney-piece, and has also a socket for an ordinary candle.

Rush-candlesticks, formed with nippers to hold the rush at an angle of forty-five degrees, are still in common use in some parts of Wales. "As there bee divers sorts of candles, some of rushes, which give a small light, and are soone foorth; some of weeke, but will not burne, unlesse they bee often snuffed; but the best sort are of cotten, and burneth clearest," Cawdray's *Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600.

⁸³ *I know it is the moon.*

The humour of this scene bears a very striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Persian Proverb: "If the King saith at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the stars," *History of the Mogul Empire*, iv. 45.—*Douce*.

⁸⁴ *But soft; company is coming here!*

"*What* company is coming here?" Malone and Steevens. The pronoun *what*, which is wanting in the old copy, I have inserted by the advice of Ritson, whose punctuation and supplement are countenanced by the corresponding passage in the elder play:—"But soft; who's this that's coming here?"—*Steevens*.

⁸⁵ *Or where is thy abode?*

Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio.—*Malone*.

⁸⁶ *Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.*

This is borrowed from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, book iv. edit. 1587, p. 56:

—— right happie folke are they

By whome thou eamst into this world; right happie is (I say)

Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be :) good hap
 That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
 But far above all other far, more blist than these is shee
 Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bed-fellow for to bee.

I should add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the sixth book of the *Odyssey*, 154, &c.—*Steevens*.

⁸⁷ *That have been so bedazzled with the sun.*

Is it probable that there may here be intended a trifling by-play on the word *sun*, Katherine alluding to the sun, but pointing to Petruchio, who was in one sense Vincentio's *son*, and speaking the word in opposition to *father* in the previous line? Such a conjecture will only be deemed possible by a reader who chances to have seen this comedy represented on the stage, where, however, Katherine is made to hesitate as if she were in doubt whether to say *sun* or *moon*. The latter is by far the more likely to be what was intended by the author, if, indeed, any by-play whatever were meant.

⁸⁸ *That every thing I look on seemeth green.*

Shakespeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics.—*Blackstone*.

⁸⁹ *Our first merriment hath made thee jealous.*

Jealous, that is, suspicious, fearful. So, in a letter of Queen Elizabeth, written in 1599,—“onely this we are sure of, for we see it in effect, that you have prospered so ill for us by your warfare as we cannot but be very *jealous* least you shoulde be as well overtaken by the treatie, for either they did not ill that had the like meetinges before you, or you have don ill to keepe them companie in their errors, for no actions can more resemble others that have been before condemned, then these proceadinges of yours at this time with the rebels.”

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA ;
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home ; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.¹

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.
My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go ;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks.

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Mantua,² and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father.

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCENTIO*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.³ [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose!⁴ a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!⁵—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you,⁶ if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.⁷

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vineentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I echarge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer:*] carry this mad knave to the goal:—Father Baptista,⁸ I echarge you see, that he be fortheoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched⁹ in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vineentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Luecentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:¹⁰
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out quickly.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.]

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.¹¹

Gre. Here's packing,¹² with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to
the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [To LUCENTIO.] Have you
married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you; go to: But I
will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [Exit.]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Gre. My cake is dough:¹³ But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate ;
Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

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

A Banquet set out ; Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :
And time it is, when raging war is done,¹⁴
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,¹⁵
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.¹⁶

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.¹⁷

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.¹⁸

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift¹⁹ simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,²⁰ good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness,²¹ son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content :—What is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !

Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith.

[*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. O, ho ! entreat her ?

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;

She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd !

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit GRUMIO*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremaey;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me five hundred crowns²² since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say: and first begin with her.

Let me bear with me the knowledge
of my fault: If with my self I hold
intelligences, or have acquaintance with
my own desires; If that I do not
dream, or be not frank (as I do
trust I am not) then doard I not,
never so much as in a thought unborn,
did I offend your Highness. As you like it.

I will weep for nothing, like Diana
in the Fountain, and I will do that,
when you are disposed to be merry: I
will laugh like a Hyla, and that when
you are outlin'd to sleep. As you like it.

Is humour some: What he is, indeed
more suites you to receive, than me
to speak of. As you like it.

Will through and through, spruce
the foule body of the infected world
if they will patiently receive my no-
disease. Ed.

If ever you master in some flesh
the power of fury, then shall
you know the invisible wounds that
Love's bone arrows make.

I beseech you punish me not with
your hard thoughts, when I must con-
fess my self much guilty

What Stars do sparkle-heaven with
such beauty, as these two eyes become
that heavenly face? Taming of the Shrew.

The common Executioner, whose
heart, the accustomed sight of
death makes hard; falls not the
Clow upon the humbled neck, but
first begs pardon: will you be
sterner than he that lives and
dies by bloody drops? As you like it.

In my youth, I never did apply hot
and rebellious liquors to my blood; nor
did not with unbashful forwardness, nor
the means of weakness and debility, there:
For my age is as a lusty winter, frosty
but kindly. As you like it.

If you do keep your promises in Love, as
justly as you have exceeded all promises;
your Mistress shall be happy. As you like it.

In my youth I never did apply hot
and rebellious liquors to my blood, nor
did not with unbashful forwardness, nor
the means of weakness and debility. As
you like it.

Thou, Sir, unbait that threatening un-
kind brow, and dart not scornful
glances from those eyes, to wound thy
Lord, thy Governour, thy King: it blots
thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meadows.
Taming of the Shrew

If you know my business, you would
outwait me rather to goe than stay.
Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;²³
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions,²⁴ and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs,²⁵ for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing,²⁶ when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed ;——

We three are married, but you two are sped.²⁷

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;²⁸

[*To* LUCENTIO.]

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.²⁹

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *Come back to my master as soon as I can.*

The editions all agree in reading *mistress*; but what mistress was Biondello to come back to? he must certainly mean—Nay, faith, sir, I must see you in the church; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my *master*.—*Theobald*. Probably an M only was written in the MS. The same mistake has happened again in this scene: “Didst thou never see thy *mistress*' father, Vincentio?” The present emendation was made by Theobald, who observes rightly, that by “*master*,” Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio.—*Malone*.

Master's, Capell.—The present amending word had been fitter on the score as well of sound as propriety: *mistris*, as the amender observes, there was none to come back to; but there was a *master's* house, and that master was Tranio.—*Capell*.

² *His father is come from Pisa.*

The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made *to Padua*; but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*.—*Malone*.

³ *Come hither, crack-hemp.*

Crack-hemk, a rascal. This cant term occurs under various forms, crack-halter, crack-rope, &c. It literally means, a fellow likely to be hung. So Middleton,—“If I a gipsie be,—A *crack-rope* I am for thee,” Spanish Gipsie. Chapman uses the term *hempstring* in a similar sense in his *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606. “Why, Robin Goodfellow is this same cogging, petifogging, *crackropes*,

calves'-skins' companion," Wily Beguiled. "My boy, an arrant crack-rope," Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil, 1691, p. 47.

⁴ *A velvet hose.*

In a sumptuary decree which appeared in 1597, it was ordered that no one under the degree of a knight wear velvet in "gownes, clokes, coates, or any uppermost garments," Egerton Papers, p. 250; and no one under the degree of a knight's eldest son was to wear "velvet in jerkyns, hose, doblets," *ibid.*

Things which are common, common men do use,
The better sort do common things refuse:
Yet countries cloth-breech, and court velvet-hose,
Puffe both alike tobacco through the nose.—*Wits Recreations*, 1640.

⁵ *And a copatain hat.*

A copatain hat was a hat with a high crown, either cylindrical, and rounded at the top, or cylindrical and flat at the top. They were sometimes of great height. "Upon their heads they ware felt hats, *copple-tanked*, a quarter of an ell high, or more," Comines, by Danett, 1596. Stubbes, speaking of the hats worn by the gentlemen of his time, says, "sometymes thei use them sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standyng a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the chantasies of their inconstant mindes. Othersome be flat and broad on the croune, like the battlementes of a house. An other sorte have round crounes



sometymes with one kinde of bande, sometymes with an other, now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellowe, now this, now that, never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an ende." The exact nature of the copatain hat is thus described in Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688,— "He beareth argent, a *capped tanke*, *stringed*, Gules. This is a certain cover for the head, which ancient servile Romans used: it is in coats of arms (I find) born several ways, as *fretted* all over, or *circled* about, either in the whole, or in part, as the

precedent and subsequent examples shews you. The strings are to tie it under the chin (see engraving) that it be not apt to fall of the head, as otherwise it would be. Out of a coronet O. a tank pally A. and G. is born by the name of Van Still. The difference between an insula and a tank is this: the first riseth to a kind of a point in the top; the latter is directly round there: the one wide at the bottom and narrow upward, but the other is of one widness all along from the bottom to the top." In another notice of the copatain hat, it is delineated as in shape very similar to the same article of dress as worn at the present day (see the second example),—"He beareth Or, a *copped tanke* parted per pale Gules and Azure; turned up Argent, adorned with two pheasant feathers each side one, bendways. Others thus, a *copped tanke* between two streight feathers expenced bendways, from the turning up, Or thus, a *tanke* between two feathers set at the middle of the turning up, bendwise.



This is the crest of Van Winaberg." According to another authority, the copatain hat was sometimes of a conical form. "*Apex*, a suger-loafe hat, a *coppid-tanke* hat," Nomenclator, 1585. "*Cilo*, one that hath a heade with a sharpe crowne, or fashioned like a sugerlofe; a *copid tanke*," *ibid.* "With ther coppentante, they loke adutante," Image of Ipocrysy.

Do on your deck-slut, if you purpose to come oft,
I meane your copin-tanke, and if it will do no good
To keepe you from the raine, ye shall have a fooles hood.

Barclay's Ship of Fooles, quoted by Bulwer.

Than cam the skippyng sort,—In daunce disguised shakyng shanks ;
The Salii praunsing priests,—With mitred crownes and *coppid tancks*.

Virgil, translated by Phaer, 4to., 1573.

But immediatly we doo not onelye reteyne them, but we do so farre exceede them, that of a Spanish codpeece we make an English footeball: of an Itallyan wast, an English petycoate: of a French ruffe, an English chytterling; of a Polonian hose, an English bowgette; of a Dutch jerken, an olde English habergeone, and of a Turkie bonnet a *copentank* for Caiphas.—*Gascoigne's Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkardes*, 1576.

Come home disguise, and clad in queint aray,

As with a pike-tooth byting on your lippe,

Your brave mustachios turnde the Turkie way,

A *coptankt hat* made on a Flemish block.—*Gascoigne's Workes*, 1587.

There came the Kettrinks wilde, of cold Hircania,

Joynd with the men of great and lesse Armania,

With *coppintanks*; and there the Parthian tall

Assaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.—*Sylvester's Dubartas*.

“Then should come in the doctours of Loven, with their great *coppin-tankes*, and doctours hattes,” Bee-hive of the Romish Church. The term is evidently derived from *cop*, the head or top; *copped*, topped. “With high-*copt* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt,” Gascoigne, Hearbes, p. 216. “Twenty-four cappes rede wole, *copped*, at xij.d,” MS. Accounts of Frobisher, 1577. “His clothes to fethers waxt, his crowne a copped crest,” A Herrings Tayle, 1598. “I armed my self from toe to top with belly furniture, of the soles of good venison-pasties, to go see how my grape-gatherers and vintagers had pinked and cut full of small holes their high coped-caps,” Second Book of Rabelais, 1653. Randolph, in his *Amyntas*, 1640, twice speaks of *copple crowns*, in the sense of high-topped crowns. Kennett says that, in his time, a hat with a high crown was called a *copped-crown* hat. “From a *coppid crown* tenent prick'd up by a brother,” Cleveland's Works, 1687, p. 203.

⁶ *What concerns it you.*

Mr. Knight follows the first folio, which reads *cerns*, which may, by bare possibility, be a contracted form of *concerns*. It is probably, however, a misprint, and it is corrected in the second folio.

⁷ *He is a sail-maker in Bergamo.*

Ben Jonson has a parallel passage in his *Alchemist*:—“—— you do resemble one of the Austriack princes.—*Face*. Very like:—Her father was an Irish costar-monger.” Again, Chapman, in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612: “— he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta.”—*Stevens*.

⁸ *Father Baptista.*

In the register of the proceedings of the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon in the Council Chamber, 30 June, 34 Eliz., 1592, Mr. Tayler is called *old* John Tayler; and in the account of Henry Wilson, Chamberlain, made 24 January, 34 Eliz. (1593-4), he is denominated Father Tayler: “Received of Father Tayler for

Michael Shakleton, ijs. iiij*d.*” This was then, as now, in the country, a common appellation for old men. So, in another account made by George Badger for the year 1596: “Item, Receaved of Father Degge for his entrance into the Alms-house, vi.s. viii*d.*” So also in the register of the parish of Stratford, I find among the burials in 1587, March 23, “Jone, wife to Father Bell of Bishopton.”—*Malone*.

⁹ *Lest you be coney-catched in this business.*

Coney-catched, deceived, cheated. “A *conie-catcher*, a name given to deceivers by a metaphor or borrowed speech, taken from those that use to rob warrens and conie grounds, using all meanes, sleights, and cunning to deceive them,” Minsheu. So, in Decker’s *Satiromastix*: “Thou shalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds.” In the fourth act, Curtis uses the word *coney-catching* in the subdued sense of, joking, playing knavishly with words.

¹⁰ *Thus strangers may be haled and abus’d.*

“I hale, I pull or plucke, *je tire*,” Palsgrave, 1530. See the *Assemblé of Foules*, 151; *Spanish Tragedy*, ap. Hawkins, ii. 122; Harrison, p. 202; Marlowe, i. 156, ii. 14; *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 2; *Brit. Bibl.* iv. 93; Stanihurst, p. 11. In early English the word is applied in various ways, but generally implying rapid movement.

The MS. corrector proposes *handled*, and Mr. Collier says that *haled* is a misprint, and the line “hardly a verse.” It is a very good verse; and *haled* is the very, indeed the only, word proper to the place. On turning, however, to Mr. Collier’s appendix, we find that he says, “It may be doubted whether *haled* is not to be taken as *hauled*; but still the true word may have been handled.” This is not to be doubted; *haled* is *certainly* to be taken for *hauled*, and *handled* cannot have been the right word.—*Blackwood’s Magazine*.

Abused, deceived. “I believed myself *abused*, and nothing could put it out of my thoughts night or day,” *History of Colonel Jack*, 1723.

¹¹ *While counterfeit supposes blear’d thine eyne.*

Supposes, suppositions, the word being altered to *supposers* by some of the editors. *Eyne*, the old plural of *eye*. The phrase was proverbial, and means this,—“While counterfeit suppositions deceived thee.” To *blear*, to darken. To “blere his eye,” to impose upon him, a very common phrase. See *Reliq. Antiq.* ii. 211; *Wright’s Seven Sages*, pp. 48, 77, 100; *Tyrwhitt’s Chaucer*, iv. 202; *Skelton*, ii. 98; *Richard Coer de Lion*, 3708; *Ipomydon*, 1420; *Rom. of the Rose*, 3912; *Urry’s Chaucer*, p. 534.

Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear’d:

O, ’twas the enemy my eyes so blear’d!—*The Yorkshire Tragedy*.

Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,

If I chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,

Blere mine ey, and pyke out a mote.—*The Coventry Mysteries*.

¹² *Here’s packing.*

Packing, insidious plotting, collusion, false contrivance. So *Skelton*,—“But ther was fals *packing*, or els I am begylde,” Upon the dethe of the Erle of Northumberlande, *Works*, i. 9, ed. Dyce. “Item, whosoever shall use any shifting or cosenage, or *packing*, or any maner of false play, or any maner of false dice, whereby any may be defrauded,” *Barret’s Moderne Warres*, 1598.

¹³ *My cake is dough.*

Literally, my cake is spoiled, of no worth. The proverb, which has already

occurred in this comedy, is applied to any kind of disappointed expectation, or loss of hope, or when the promise of good was turned into disappointment. Tipple, an ale-wife introduced into the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, says, "Alas, poor Tom, his cake is dow," ed. 1661. "*Ped.* Master!—*Fed.* What sayst thou? *Ped.* Your cake is dowh," *Comedie of the Two Italian Gentlemen*. Again, in the *Case is Alter'd*, 1609:—"Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as minc." In Bretnor's *Prognostication for the year 1615*, the evil days of March, 3, 4, and 5, are distinguished by the motto,—"*his cake is dow.*" See other instances in *Howell's Letters*, 1650, two examples; *Rabelais*, by Ozell, iv. 105; *The Amorous Old Woman*, 1674, p. 66; *The Triumphant Widow*, 1677, p. 26. In the Bodleian Library is preserved a curious tract entitled,—*The Nut-cracker crackt by the Nutt*, and the backers cake starke dow, 1644.

As it was with the tribe of Ephraim, which was as a cake upon the harth not turned, bakte on the one side, and raw on the other side: or as the Laodiceans, who were neither hote nor cold: so is it with all time-servers and newtens, their *cake is dough*, as we say, and they hold of both sides.—*Cawdray's Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600.

But this base Jew is taken in the trap,
The queene preserv'd, the Spaniard's *cake is dough*,
The doctor wrong'd his breeches by mishap,
And hanging his reward was good enough.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

I am afraid that our cake is but dough-bak'd, though our zeale was warme enough to heate the oven as hot as a furnace.—*Taylor's Full and Compleat Answer*, 1642.

I know the crafty rogue said true, and did believe that it would be to no purpose to importune him, for I found it would be labour lost, and that my cake was dough.—*Kirkman's Unlucky Citizen*, 1673.

¹⁴ *When raging war is done.*

This is Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—"when raging war is *come*," which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm*, formerly spelt *calme*. So, in *Othello*:—"If after every tempest come such *calms*—." The word overblown, in the next line, adds some little support to this conjecture.—*Malone*. Rowe's conjecture is justified by a passage in *Othello*: "News, lords! our *wars are done*."—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *My banquet is to close our stomachs up.*

A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books,) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit.—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *Hortensio fears his widow.*

Fear was used in two senses, to dread, and to frighten. The widow understands it in the sense not intended by Petruchio.

¹⁷ *That's my office.*

This passage will be best explained by another in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Lady, you have put him down.—So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools."—*Steevens*.

¹⁸ *Have at you for a better jest or two.*

Theobald, Heath, and Capell, proposed to alter *better* to *bitter*. So, before, in the present play:—"Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour." Again, in

Love's Labour's Lost:—"Too *bitter* is thy *jest*." Again, in Bastard's Epigrams, 1598:—"He shut up the matter with this *bitter jest*."—*Malone*.

I have received this emendation; and yet "a *better jest*" may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakespeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* degree. So, in King Lear: "— her smiles and tears were like a *better day*." Again, in Macbeth: "— go not my horse the *better*—" i. e. if he does not go *well*.—*Steevens*.

The original text seems correct. Petruccio is ridiculing Bianca's joke about the butt and horn, and asks for something better.

¹⁹ *A good swift simile.*

Swift, besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in As You Like It, the Duke says of the Clown: "He is very *swift* and *sententious*." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that "he had known Laud for a *nimble* disputant."—*Johnson*.

²⁰ *I thank thee for that gird.*

Gird, a jest or sarcasm. So Falstaff says, "every man has a *gird* at me." Again, in Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "Cureulio may chatte till his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*," and again, in the Gulls Hornbook, 1609,— "till your pipe-offices smoke with your pitifully-stinking girds shot out against me."

Then shee in moody melancholy sittes,
And sighing, vents her grieffe by *girds* and fittes:
Her liquid linnen piteous pickl'd lyes,
For which shee lowres and powts as doth the skies.

Taylor's Workes, 1630.

²¹ *In good sadness.*

That is, in good seriousness, quite seriously. "But I pray thee tell me, thou Mahometan, dost thou, in *sadnes*, call mee Giaur? That I doe, quoth he. Then, quoth I, in very sober *sadnes* I retort that shamefull word in thy throate, and tell thee plainly that I am a Musulman, and thou art a Giaur," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

²² *Five hundred crowns.*

Pope reads, *an hundred*, an emendation usually adopted, but Lucentio bets his hundred crowns with more than one person, certainly with Hortensio and Petruccio, and, it appears from this line, also with Baptista, Vincentio, and Gremio. Mr. Singer reads,— "hath cost one hundred crowns since supper time," and the Perkins MS. omits *hath*, but retains *me*. Both these alterations arise from a misapprehension of the necessities of the metre.

²³ *It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads.*

In the second folio, the word *do* is omitted, leaving the line more smooth perhaps to the modern reader, but the omission is clearly unnecessary, and it is unsafe to adopt any alteration from ed. 1632, and the later folios, unless the sense absolutely requires it. In regard to metre, the readings of the later editions are unquestionably modernizations, made without authority, and without any acquaintance with the metrical systems of the Shaksperian period.

²⁴ *But that our soft conditions.*

Conditions, qualities. "A condition, honest behaviour or demeanour in living," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

What sonnes he had? My wife, saith he, hath eight.
 Now fie, said she, 'tis an ill use as may be;
 I would you men would leave these fond *conditions*,
 T'enure on vertuous wives such wrong suspitions.

Harington's Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

²⁵ *Then vail your stomachs.*

That is, abate your pride, your spirit. So, in 1 King Henry IV.—“’Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame—Of those that turn’d their backs.”—*Steevens.*

²⁶ *'Tis a good hearing.*

Gods blessing on his heart, quoth her gossip, it is a *good hearing*; but I pray you tell me, I heard say your husband is chosen for our burges in the Parliament house, is it true? Yes, verily, quod his wife.—*The Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury.*

²⁷ *You two are sped.*

That is, the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.—*Steevens.*

²⁸ *Though you hit the white.*

The “white” was the small circle surrounding the mark or pin in the butts. It required the efforts of a good archer to lodge his shaft in this inner circle, which was painted white, and to hit the white was of course only one degree inferior in skill to “cleaving the pin.” The “white” is clearly seen in the butts delineated on the left side in the annexed engraving of a scene in an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter of the fourteenth century. On the other side, the archer has succeeded in cleaving the pin. In a very rare work, the *Forrest of Fancy*, 4to. Lond. 1579, are some verses entitled, “A pretty fancy of the finding of a whyte, wherein is collourably included the course of a captive lover in purchasing his desyred purpose,” which commence as follows:—



Not long agoe, with bow in hande, and arrowes by my syde,
 An archer like I went abrode, my cunning to have tride;
 And being entred in the field, I cast mine eye ascaunce,
 And loe! a goodly glistering whyte before my face did glaunce,
 Which pleasaunt sight did please me so, as to survay the same,
 Methought it did my hart much good, and was my greatest game.
 Narcissus fond did never gaze upon his shadow more,
 Nor by the image which he made Pigmallyon set such store,
 As I did by that prety whyte, which so revivde my hart,
 As whilst it was within my sight, I felt no paine nor smart.

The phrase, to hit the white, either used literally, or in the obvious metaphorical sense of, to be right, to hit the mark, is of common occurrence. See instances in Gascoigne's *Workes, Devises of Sundrie Gentlemen*, p. 397; *Nomenclator*, 1585, in v. *Collimare*; Lilly's *Euphues*; Florio's *Montaigne*, ed. 1603, p. 502; Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612; Drayton's *Mooncalf*; Feltham's *Answer to Ben Jonson's*

Ode at the end of his *New Inn*; Sylvester's *Dubartas*, the *Vocation*, p. 389; Taylor's *Workes*, 1630; Day's *Ile of Gulls*, 1633; Mynshull's *Essayes*, 1638, p. 27; Johnson's *Academy of Love*, 1641, p. 85; *Bloudy Tenent of Persecution*, 1644; Howell's *Letters*, 1650; Cokain's *Poems*, 1658; "You have hit the white, collimasti," Walker's *Idiomatologia Anglo-Latina*, 1670; Verses pref. to Cocker's *English Dictionary*. The allusion, in the passage in the text, is to the name of *Bianca*, the wife of Lucentio, the Italian for *white*.

Theis longbow men thai use a praty feate,
 In myddes the butte thei set an oyster shelle;
 The care not whethre the *white* be litle or gret;
 The cause whereof for soth I shal you telle.
 Lyke as the fisser wolle take on hym to selle
 An ele in Themmys by porrynge with his spere,
 So sure be they the prik for to come nere.—*MS. Arund.* 359.

The *white* that rebukers ought to levil at is the recoverie of him that hath trodde awrie.—*Gosson's Playes Confuted in five Actions*, n. d.

Here lyeth a Buttes of noble fame,
 And in this Buttes was such a *white*,
 Whereat who shootes, and hittes the same,
 May well be calde a worthie Knight.

A Booke of Epitaphes on Sir W. Buttes, 1583.

Lo! thus it was, at least as he did write,
 That seemde he winckt not when he *hit the white*.

Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise, 1592.

When the string is broken, it is hard to hit the *white*; when a mans credite is called in question, it is hard to perswade one.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

But they were *whites* beyond his ayne; confusion was only within the reach of his arrow, and that he hit.—*Hollands Leaguer*, 1632.

Womens beauties are fair marks for wandring eyes to shoot at, but as every archer *hits not the white*, so every wooer wins not his mistris favour.—*The Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury*.

²⁹ *Thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.*

I retain the old reading, *shrow*, and in two other places, on account of the rhyme. The pronunciation was certainly intended to be *shroe*, as in Love's *Labour's Lost*, where it is made to rhyme with *O*.

What, is this true? can such a wife doe so?
 Then how must he be tam'd which hath a *shroe*?

Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598.

An empty vessel gives a mighty sound,
 When least or nothing can therein be found.
 Many can tell the way to tame a *shrow*,
 But they which have the woman doe not know.

Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612.

