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T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

T H E  
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND,

CONTAINING,

MEASURE for MEASURE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

L O N D O N :

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M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.

VOL. II.

B

Persons

## Persons Represented.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

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

Eſcalus, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

*Two other like Gentlemen.*

\* Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*

Peter, }

*A Justice.*

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

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

Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Franciſca, *a Nun.*

*Miſtreſs Over-done, a Bawd.*

*Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, Vienna.

\* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

M E A.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.<sup>1</sup>

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Duke's Palace.*<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.*

D U K E.

E S C A L U S,——  
*Escal.* My Lord.

*Duke.* Of government the properties to  
unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;

<sup>1</sup> There is perhaps not one of Shakespeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1598. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure* ; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> The story is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5.  
POPE.

4 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Since I am <sup>3</sup> put to know, that your own science,  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice <sup>4</sup>  
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,<sup>5</sup>  
But

<sup>3</sup> *Since I am not to know,—*] Old copy,

—————put to know,—————

Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

*I am put to know, may mean, I am obliged to acknowledge.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————*lists—*] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————*Then no more remains, &c.*] This is a passage which has exercised the sagacity of the editors, and is now to employ mine.

—————*Then no more remains,*

*Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.*

I doubt not, but this passage, either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, has come maimed to us. In the first place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious verse have we here; and then, how lame is the sense! What was Escalus to put to his *sufficiency*? Why, his *science*. But his science and his sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative *them* depend? The old editions read thus,

—————*Then no more remains,*

*But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.*

Here, again, the sense is manifestly lame and defective, and as the versification is so too, they concur to make me think, a line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something like this might supply our author's meaning.

—————*Then no more remains,*

*But that to your sufficiency you add  
Due diligence, as your worth is able;  
And let them work.*

By some such supplement both the sense and measure would be cured. But as the conjecture is unsupported by any authorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the text; but submit it to judgment. They, who are acquainted with books, know, that, where two words of a similar length and termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for transcribers to glance their eye at once from the *first* to the *undermost* word, and so leave out the intermediate part of the sentence.

THEOBALD.

*Since*

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
 And let them work. The nature of our people,  
 Our

*Since I am not to know, that your own science  
 Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
 My strength can give you : then no more remains :  
 Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
 And let them work.*

To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and says, *What was Escalus to put to his sufficiency? why his science : But his science and sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative them depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to restore by *due diligence. Nodum in scirpo quærit.* And all for want of knowing, that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the duke to Escalus. The plain meaning of the word being this : *Put your skill in governing (says the duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer, having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was lost, endeavours to supply it thus.

—————*Then no more remains,  
 But that to your sufficiency you join  
 A will to serve us, as your worth is able.*

He has by this bold conjecture undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps not, even in his own opinion; the meaning of Shakespeare.

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

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

*Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together.* It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unusual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uses it in the same sense, or



6 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Our city's institutions, and the terms  
 For common justice, you are as pregnant in,<sup>6</sup>  
 As art and practice hath enriched any  
 That we remember. There is our commission,  
 From which we would not have you warp. Call  
                   hither,  
 I say, bid come before us Angelo.—  
 What figure of us, think you, he will bear?

nearly the same, with the Duke. As for *sufficiencies*, D. Hamilton, in his dying speech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the virtues and sufficiencies of his father.* JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obscurity, of this verse may be considered as some evidence of its corruption. Take away the *three first words*, and the sense joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (says the duke) *no more remains to say:*

“*Your sufficiency as your worth is able,  
 And let them work.*”

i. e. *Your skill in government is in ability to serve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future ministry.*

The versification requires that either something should be added, or something retrenched. The latter is the easier, as well as the safer task. I join in the belief, however, that a line is lost; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition) will find this opinion justified.

STEEVENS.

The deficiency may be thus supplied.

—————*then no more remains,*  
*But that to your sufficiency you put*  
*A zeal as willing as your worth is able,*  
*And let them work.*————— T. T.

<sup>6</sup> —————*the terms*  
*For common justice, you are as pregnant in,]*

The later editions all give it, without authority,

—————*the terms*  
*Of justice,*—————

and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* signify *bounds* or *limits*. I rather think the Duke meant to say, that Escalus was *pregnant*, that is, *ready* and knowing in all the forms of law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times set apart* for its administration.

JOHNSON.

For

For you must know, we have with special soul<sup>7</sup>  
 Elected him our absence to supply ;  
 Lent him our terror, drest him with our love ;  
 And given his deputation all the organs  
 Of our own power : say, what think you of it ?

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

*Enter Angelo.*

*Duke.* Look, where he comes.

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

<sup>7</sup> For you must know, we have with special soul  
 Elected him our absence to supply ;]

This nonsense must be corrected thus,

————— *with special roll*

i. e. with a special commission. For it appears, from this scene, that Escalus had one commission, and Angelo another. The Duke had before delivered Escalus his commission. He now declares that designed for Angelo ; and he says, afterwards, to both,

*To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
 Of your commissions.*

Why Angelo's was called the *special roll* was, because he was in authority superior to Escalus.

————— *old Escalus,*

*Th.' first in question, is thy secondary.* WARBURTON.

This editor is, I think, right in supposing a corruption, but less happy in his emendation. I read,

————— *we have with special seal  
 Elected him our absence to supply.*

A *special seal* is a very natural metonymy for a *special commission*.

JOHNSON.

By the words *with special soul elected him*, I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart*.

A similar expression occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*,

————— “ *with private soul*

“ Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.”

Again, more appositely, in the *Tempest*,

————— “ *for several virtues*

“ Have I lik'd several women, never any

“ With so full soul, but some defect,” &c. STEEVENS.

8 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*Duke. Angelo,*

There is a kind of character in thy life,<sup>8</sup>  
 That to the observer doth thy history  
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
 Thyself upon thy virtues; them on thee.  
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;  
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues<sup>9</sup>  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
     touch'd,  
 But to fine issues:<sup>1</sup> nor Nature never lends  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,

<sup>8</sup> *There is a kind of character in thy life,  
 That to the observer, &c.]*

Either this introduction has more solemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot discover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the observer of his *history*? Might it be supposed that Shakespeare wrote this?

*There is a kind of character in thy look.*

*History* may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare must, I believe, be answerable for the unnecessary solemnity of this introduction. He has the same thought in *Henry IV.* p. 2. which is the best comment on this passage.

“ There is a history in all mens' lives,  
 “ Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:  
 “ The which observ'd, a man may prophecy  
 “ With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 “ As yet not come to life, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *for if our virtues, &c.]*

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae*

*Celata virtus*——— Hor. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *to fine issues: ———]* To great consequences. For high purposes. JOHNSON.

Both



Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
 To one that can my part in him advertise;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hold therefore, Angelo:<sup>3</sup>  
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself:  
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
 Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,  
 Though first in question,<sup>4</sup> is thy secondary.  
 —Take thy commission.

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

*Duke.* Come, no more evasion:  
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice<sup>5</sup>

Pro-

<sup>2</sup> ————— *I do bend my speech,  
 To one that can my part in him advertise;*]

This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the Oxford editor seems sworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakespeare's characteristic marks; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to,

*To one that can, in my part, me advertise.*

A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakespeare's.  
 WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read,

*One that can my part to him advertise,*

One that can *inform himself* of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Hold therefore, Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *bold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*first in question,* —] That is, first called for; first appointed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd* has no sense in this place: we should read,

————— *levell'd choice.*

The

Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.  
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
 As time and our concernings shall importune,  
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know  
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.  
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
 Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,

That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it ;

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,<sup>6</sup>

So to enforce, or qualify the laws,

As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;

I'll privily away. I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes :

Though it do well, I do not relish well

Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement ;

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

That does affect it. One more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes !

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

*Duke.* I thank you : Fare you well. [Exit.

The allusion is to archery, when a man has fixed upon his object, after taking good aim. WARBURTON.

No emendation is necessary. *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakespeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment : a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate, not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it suits better with *prepared* than *levell'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — — *your scope is as mine own.*] That is, Your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

*Escal.*

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

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw to-  
 gether,  
 And we may soon our satisfaction have  
 Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E · II.

T H E S T R E E T.

*Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.*

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

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

*2 Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pi-  
 rate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments,  
 but scrap'd one out of the table.

*2 Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?—

*Lucio.* Ay, that he raz'd,

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

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

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

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

*1 Gent.*

1 *Gent.* What? <sup>7</sup> in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, <sup>8</sup> or in any language.

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

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy <sup>9</sup>: As for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.<sup>1</sup>

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

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as

<sup>7</sup> ———— *in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakespeare's time. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *In any proportion, &c.*] The Oxford editor gives us a dialogue of his own instead of this: and all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which signifies *measure*: and refers to the question, *What? in metre?* WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *despite of all controversy:*] Satirically insinuating that the *controversies* about *grace* were so intricate and endless, that the disputants unsettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in spite of controversy, still remained certain.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakespeare's thoughts reached so far into ecclesiastical disputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profession. The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. *Lucio* enlarges it to *grace in any form or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or *in any religion*, which *Lucio* allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagonist is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *there went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same piece. JOHNSON.

So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.——  
“There went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between them.”

STEEVENS.

thou

thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.<sup>2</sup> Do I speak feelingly now?

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

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

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

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

*2 Gent.* To what, I pray?

*1 Gent.* Judge.

*2 Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.<sup>3</sup>

*1 Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.<sup>4</sup>

*1 Gent.*

<sup>2</sup> *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topick of our authour's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feebly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of Shakespeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious.

JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII.*

“*Pill'd* priest thou liest.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dehours*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is filed *corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our author likewise makes Quince allude in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

*Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*

For



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

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

*Enter Bawd.*

*I Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

*Bawd.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

*I Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

*I Gent.* Claudio to prison ? 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 'tis so. I saw him arrested ; saw him carry'd away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chop'd off.

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

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it : and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

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

*I Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

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

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet Bawd.*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the

For where these eruptions are, the skull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

sweat,

sweat,<sup>5</sup> what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom shrunk. How now, what's the news with you?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clown.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clown.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Bawd.* What? is there a maid with child by him?

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

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clown.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

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

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

*Clown.* To the ground, mistrefs.

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

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

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

<sup>5</sup> *what with the sweat,*] This may allude to the *favating sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakespeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

*Clown.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

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

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authority,<sup>6</sup>  
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.—

<sup>6</sup> *Thus can the demi-god, Authority,  
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.—  
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.]*

The wrong pointing of the second line hath made the passage unintelligible. There ought to be a full stop at *weight*. And the sense of the whole is this: *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus,—I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will; and yet who can say, what dost thou?—Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight, is a fine expression, to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by weight, which is always exact; not so by tale, on account of the practice of diminishing the species.* WARBURTON.

I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the sword of heaven.*

*Thus can the demi-god, Authority,  
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight—  
The sword of heaven:—on whom, &c.*

*Authority* is then poetically called *the sword of heaven*, which will spare or punish as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Eton. STEEVENS.

The



The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

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

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

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

*Claud.* What, but to speak of, would offend again.

*Lucio.* What is it, murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Letchery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir; you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

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

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me: Upon a true contract,

<sup>7</sup> I got possession of Julietta's bed;  
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation lack

<sup>7</sup> *I got possession of Julietta's bed, &c.*] This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for she appears to be brought in with the rest, tho' she has nothing to say. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady, &c.* one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene. STEEVENS.

Of outward order. This we came not to,  
 Only for propagation of a dower  
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;  
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,  
 Till time had made them for us. But it chances,  
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,  
 With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps ?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,  
 (Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Or whether that the body public be  
 A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
 He can command, let's it straight feel the spur ;  
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
 I stagger in :)—But this new governor  
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the  
 wall,  
 So long that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,<sup>9</sup>  
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,  
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
 Freshly on me :—'Tis, surely, for a name.

<sup>8</sup> —the fault and glimpse of newness ;] *Fault* and *glimpse* have so little relation to each other, that both can scarcely be right : we may read *flash* for *fault* : or, perhaps we may read,

*Whether it be the fault or glimpse—*

That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the same sense follows in the next lines. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *So long that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,*] The duke in the scene immediately following says,

*Which for these fourteen years we have let slip.*

The author could not so disagree with himself. 'Tis necessary to make the two accounts correspond. THEOBALD.

*Lucio,*

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is: And thy head stands so tickle<sup>1</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sifter should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *so tickle*] i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently used by our old dramatic authors. So in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla*, 1594,

“ ————lords of Asia  
“ Have stood on *tickle* terms.”

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612,

“ ————upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1610,

“ Now stands our fortune on a *tickle* point.”

Again, *Byron's Tragedy*,

“ ————all his sways  
“ And *tickle* aptness to exceed his bounds.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ————*prone and speechless dialect*,] I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The authour may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone*. Either of these interpretations are sufficiently strained; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our authour. For the sake of an easier sense, we may read,

—————*In her youth*  
*There is a pow'r, and speechless dialect,*  
*Such as moves men.*

Or thus,

*There is a prompt and speechless dialect.* JOHNSON.

*Prone*, perhaps, may stand for *humble*, as a *prone posture* is a posture of supplication. STEEVENS.

Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition ;<sup>3</sup> as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

*Lucio.* Within two hours,——

*Claud.* Come, officer, away. [Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

## A M O N A S T E R Y.

*Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.*

*Duke.* No ; holy father,——Throw away that thought ;——

Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love  
<sup>4</sup> Can pierce a compleat bosom : why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your grace speak of it ?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you,  
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.  
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

<sup>3</sup> *under grievous imposition :*] I once thought it should be *inquisition*, but the present reading is probably right. — *The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a compleat bosom :——]*

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



(A man of stricture and firm abstinence<sup>5</sup>)  
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna;  
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
 And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,  
 You will demand of me, why I do this?

*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;<sup>7</sup>  
 Even

<sup>5</sup> *A man of stricture and firm abstinence,*] *Stricture* makes no sense in this place. We should read,

*A man of strict ure and firm abstinence,*

i. e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the subdual of his passions. *Ure* an old word for use, practice: so *enur'd*, habituated to. WARBURTON.

*Stricture* may easily be used for *strictness*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to persons.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds;*] In the copies,

*The needful bits and curbs for head-strong weeds.*

There is no matter of analogy or consonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think, the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare persons of *unbridled licentiousness* to head-strong *steeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the passions* has been a phrase adopted by our best poets. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;*] In former editions,

*Which for these fourteen years we have let slip.*

For *fourteen* I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. I have altered the odd phrase of *letting the laws slip*: for how does it sort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But *letting the laws sleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords exactly too with the simile. It is the metaphor too, that our author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other passages of this play.

*The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept;*

~~—————~~ *'Tis now awake.*

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,  
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers  
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,  
 Only to flick it in their children's sight,  
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod  
 Becomes more mock'd,<sup>8</sup> than fear'd: so our decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
 And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose;  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
 Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your grace  
 To unloose this ty'd up justice, when you pleas'd:  
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,  
 Than in lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful.  
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,  
 For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my  
 father,  
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office:  
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
 And yet, my nature never in the fight  
 To do it slander.<sup>9</sup> And to behold his sway,

I will

And so, again,

————— *but this new governor*  
 Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties;  
 ————— *and for a name,*  
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
 Freshly on me. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: ————— ] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To do it slander.* ————— ] The text stood,  
 So do in slander. —————

Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus,  
 To do it slander. —————

Yet

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, pr'ythee,  
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
 How I may formally in person bear,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
 Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;  
 Stands at a guard<sup>2</sup> with envy ; scarce confesses  
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,  
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

S C E N E V.

A N U N N E R Y.

*Enter Isabella and Francisca.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges ?

*Nun.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;  
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

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

*Isab.* Who's that, which calls ?

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading,

*And yet my nature never, in the sight,  
 So doing slandered.*—————

And yet my nature never suffer slander by doing any open acts of  
 severity. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —————in person bear,] Mr. Pope reads,  
 —————my person bear.

Perhaps a word was dropped at the end of the line, which origi-  
 nally stood thus,

*How I may formally in person bear me,  
 Like a true friar.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Stands at a guard*—————] Stands on terms of defiance.

JOHNSON.  
*Nun.*

*Nun.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
 You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:  
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,  
 But in the presence of the prioress:  
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;  
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.  
 He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*  
*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

*Enter Lucio.*

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

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

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets  
 you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! For what?

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

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.<sup>3</sup>

*Lucio.* 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my fami-  
 liar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, <sup>4</sup> and to jest;  
Tongue

<sup>3</sup> ————*make me not your story.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a subject for a tale. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————'tis my familiar sin  
 With maids to seem the lapwing, ————]

The Oxford editor's note on this passage is in these words. *The lap-*



Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.  
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted;  
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;  
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint.

*Ifab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,

*lapwings fly, with seeming fright and anxiety, far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.* And do not all other birds do the same? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing, that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying so low and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falshood: and it seems to be a very old one: for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, says,

—*And lapwings that well conith lie.* WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,

—————*and to jest.*

(See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far from heart.*" i. e. most furthest from the nest, i. e. She is, as Shakespeare has it here,

*Tongue far from heart.*

"The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue." SMITH.

Shakespeare has an expression of the like kind, *Com. of Errors*, act. iv. sc. 3.

"*Adr.* Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,

"My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse."

We meet with the same thought in John Lilly's comedy, intituled *Campaspe* (first published in 1591) act ii. sc. 2. from whence Shakespeare might borrow it.

"*Alex.* Not with Timoleon you mean, wherein you resemble

"the *lapwing*, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so,

"to lead me from espying your love for *Campaspe*, you cry

"*Timoclea.*" Dr. GRAY.

As

As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time <sup>5</sup>  
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
 To teeming foison, so her plenteous womb  
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

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

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin ?

*Isab.* Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their  
 names,

By vain, tho' apt, affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her !

*Lucio.* This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;  
 Bore many gentlemen,<sup>6</sup> myself being one,  
 In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn  
 By those that know the very nerves of state,  
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance  
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
 And with full line<sup>7</sup> of his authority,

<sup>5</sup> ——— as blossoming time

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
 To teeming foison ; so ——— ]

As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I  
 read,

At blossoming time, &c.

That is, *As they that feed grow full, so her womb now at blossoming time, at that time through which the seed time proceeds to the harvest, her womb shows what has been doing.* Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*, the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Instead of *that*, we may read—*doth* ; and, instead of *brings*,  
*bring*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Bore many gentlemen————

In hand and hope of action ;———— ]

*To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*, but we should read,

—— with hope of action. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —with full line— ] With full extent, with the whole length.

JOHNSON.

Go-

Governs lord Angelo ; A man whose blood  
 Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels  
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;  
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
 He (to give fear to <sup>8</sup> use and liberty,  
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
 As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,  
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
 Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;  
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
 Unless you have the grace <sup>9</sup> by your fair prayer  
 To soften Angelo : and that's my <sup>1</sup> pith  
 Of business betwixt you and your poor brother.

*Ifab.* Doth he so  
 Seek for his life ?

*Lucio.* Has <sup>2</sup> censur'd him already ;  
 And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant  
 For his execution.

*Ifab.* Alas ! what poor ability's in me  
 To do him good ?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Ifab.* My power ! Alas ! I doubt—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors ;  
 And made us lose the good, we oft might win,  
 By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,

<sup>8</sup> — — *give fear to use*—] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Unless you have the grace* ———] That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So when she makes her suit, the provost says,

*Heaven give thee moving graces.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *pith*

*Of business* ———]

The inmost part, the main of my message. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — censur'd *him*,—] i. e. sentenced him. STEEVENS.

And

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as truly theirs,  
As they themselves would owe them.<sup>3</sup>

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But, speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it strait;  
No longer staying, but to give the mother<sup>4</sup>  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good fir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### ANGELO'S HOUSE.

*Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law;  
Setting it up to fear<sup>5</sup> the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,

<sup>3</sup> —*would owe them.*] To *owe* signifies in this place, as in many others, to possess, to have. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*to fear the birds of prey,*] To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*. So in *The Merchant of Venice*,

“—this aspect of mine

“Hath fear'd the valiant.” STEEVENS.



Than fall, and bruise to death.<sup>6</sup> Alas! this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;  
Let but your honour know,<sup>7</sup> (whom I believe  
To be most strait in virtue)  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose;  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to  
justice,  
That justice seizes on. What know the laws,  
That thieves do pass on thieves? <sup>8</sup>'Tis very pregnant,

<sup>6</sup> *Than fall, and bruise to death.*—] I should rather read, *fell*, i. e. strike down. So in *Timon of Athens*,

*All, save thee, I fell with curses.*      WARBURTON.

*Fall* is the old reading, and the true one. Shakespeare has used the same expression in the *Comedy of Errors*,

“—as easy may'ft thou *fall*

“A drop of water.—

i. e. let fall. So in *As you like it*,

“—the executioner

“*Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Let but your honour know,*—] To know is here to examine, to take cognisance. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

*Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;*

*Know of your truth, examine well your blood.*      JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —'tis very pregnant, [ 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note.

JOHNSON.

The

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Enter Provost.*

*Escal.* Be it, as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See, that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.—[*Exit Prov.*]

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us  
 all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some

For I have had——] That is, *because, by reason that I*  
 have had faults. JOHNSON.

Some rise, &c.] This line is in the first folio printed in Italics  
 as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line,

*Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none.*

JOHNSON.

The old reading is perhaps the true one, and may mean, *some run*  
*away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst*  
*others are condemned only on account of a single frailty.*

If this be the true reading, it should be printed,

*Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] of ice, &c.*

Since I wrote this, I have found reason to change my opinion. A  
*brake* anciently meant not only a *sharp bit*, a *snaffle*, but also the  
 inclosure into which farriers put such unruly horses as will not per-  
 mit themselves to be shod without confinement. This, in some  
 places, is called a smith's *brake*. In this last sense, Ben Jonson  
 uses the word in his *Underwoods*.

“ And not think he had eat a stake,

“ Or were set up in a *brake*.”

And,

Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none ;  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Escal.* <sup>9</sup> This comes off well ; here's a wise officer.

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

*Clown.* He cannot, sir ; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir ?

And, for the former sense, see the *Silent Woman*, act iv. Again, for the latter sense, *Buffy d'Ambois*, by Chapman.

“ Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my face

“ In an eternal *brake*.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640.

“ He is fallen into some *brake*, some wench has tied him by  
“ the legs.”

I offer these quotations, which may prove of use to some more fortunate conjecturer ; but am able myself to derive very little from them to suit the passage before us. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This comes off well ;*] This is nimbly spoken ; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

*Elb.*

*Elb.* He, fir? a tapster, fir; parcel-bawd<sup>1</sup>; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, fir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house<sup>2</sup>; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elbow.* My wife, fir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour, —

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

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

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

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

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, fir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means:<sup>3</sup> but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *A tapster, fir; parcel bawd;*] This we should now express by saying, *he is half-tapster, half-bawd.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *she professes a hot-house;*] *A hot-house* is an English name for a bagnio.

*Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,*

*A purging-bill now fix'd upon the door,*

*Tells you it is a hot-house, so it may,*

*And still be a whore-house.* Ben. Jonson. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, fir, by mistress Over-done's means:]* Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNSON.

*Escal.*



*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*

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

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

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

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clown.* Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clown.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clown.* Why, very well then.

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

*Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet,

*Escal.* No, fir, nor I mean it not.

*Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, fir; a man of fourscore pound a year;

whose father dy'd at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth ?

*Froth.* All-holland eve.

*Clown.* Why, very well ; I hope here be truths : He, fir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, fir ; 'twas in the *Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not ?

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

*Clown.* Why, very well then.—I hope here be truths.

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

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, fir, come on : What was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

*Clown.* Once, fir ? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, fir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clown.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, fir ; what did this gentleman to her ?

*Clown.* I beseech you, fir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face ?

*Escal.* Ay, fir, very well.

*Clown.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clown.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clown.* I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do  
the

the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

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

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

*Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? <sup>4</sup>—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer: Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal,<sup>5</sup> or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

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

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

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

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it: thou seest,

<sup>4</sup> *Justice or Iniquity?*] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words therefore, at that time, produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Hannibal,*] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend ? [*To Froth.*

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year ?

*Froth.* Yes, and't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir ?

[*To the Clown.*

*Clown.* A tapster ; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name ?

*Clown.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband ?

*Clown.* Nine, sir : Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine ! Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you,<sup>6</sup> master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

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

*Escal.* Well ; no more of it, master Froth ; farewell. Come you hither to me, master tapster ; what's your name, master tapster ?

*Clown.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else ?

*Clown.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you ; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd ; Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster ;

<sup>6</sup> *they will draw you,*] *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty* ; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a burdle*. In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*.



Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

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

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

*Clown.* If the law will allow it, sir.

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

*Clown.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

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

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

*Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay<sup>7</sup>: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and in requital

<sup>7</sup> *I'll rent the fairest house in it, for three pence a bay:*] Mr. Theobald found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He supposes *bay* to be that projection called a bay-window; as if the way of rating houses was by the number of their bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and signifies the squared frame of a timber house; each of which divisions or squares is called a *bay*. Hence a building of so many bays.

WARBURTON.

A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

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

*Clown.* I thank your worship for your good counsel. [*Aside.*] But I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

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

*Elb.* Seven years and a half, sir.

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

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

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

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

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

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow,*]  
What's a clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you, home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

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

*Just.*

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful :

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :

But yet,—poor Claudio !—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

ANGELO'S HOUSE.

*Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause ; he will come  
straight :

I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. I'll know

His pleasure ; may be, he will relent. Alas !

He hath but as offended in a dream.

All sects, all ages smack of this vice ; and he

To die for it !—

*Enter Angelo.*

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

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

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

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to ; let that be mine :—

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon. —

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her

To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

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

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

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

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

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

*Prov.* 'Save your honour!

*Ang.* Stay yet a while.<sup>8</sup>—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome; what's your will?

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

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;  
For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
For which I must not plead but that I am<sup>9</sup>  
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

<sup>8</sup> *Stay yet a while.*—] It is not clear why the provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.*]

This is obscure; perhaps it may be mended by reading,

*For which I must now plead; but yet I am  
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.*

*Yet* and *yt* are almost undistinguishable in a manuscript. Yet no alteration is necessary, since the speech is not unintelligible as it now stands. JOHNSON.

I do



I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

*Prov.* Heaven give thee moving graces!

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

*Isab.* O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

*Lucio.* [To *Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again;  
intreat him;

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

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think, that you might pardon  
him,

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

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

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no  
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

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

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones' longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does. If he had been as you,

And

And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Ifab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?  
No, I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him : there's the vein.

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

*Ifab.* Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;<sup>1</sup>  
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the Top of judgment, should  
But judge you, as you are ? Oh, think on that :  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made<sup>2</sup>.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid.

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

*Ifab.* To-morrow ? Oh ! that's sudden. Spare him,  
Spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl, of season ; shall we serve heaven

<sup>1</sup> — all the souls that were, — ] This is false divinity. We should read, *are.* WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> And mercy then will breath within your lips,  
Like man new made.]

This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is, that mercy will add such a grace to your person, that you will appear as amiable as a man came fresh out of the hands of his Creator.

WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, You would then change the severity of your present character. In familiar speech, You would be quite another man. JOHNSON.

With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink  
you:

Who is it, that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* Ay, well said.

[*Aside.*

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath  
slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first man, that did the edict infringe,<sup>3</sup>  
Had answer'd for his deed: Now, 'tis awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,<sup>4</sup>  
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,  
(Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But ere they live to end.<sup>5</sup>

*Isab.* Yet shew some pity.<sup>6</sup>

*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

<sup>3</sup> *If the first man, &c.*] The word *man* has been supplied by the modern editors. I would rather read,

*If he, the first, &c.* T. T.

<sup>4</sup> ————*like a prophet,*  
*Looks in a glass*—————]

This alludes to the fopperies of the *berril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *But ere they live to end*] This is very sagaciously substituted by sir Thomas Hanmer, for,

*But here they live*————— JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read,

*But where they live, to end.* T. T.

<sup>6</sup> ————*shew some pity.*

*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;  
*For when I pity those I do not know,]*

This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myself sway'd to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the country.* JOHNSON.

For

For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;  
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first, that gives this sentence ;

And he, that suffers. Oh, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous,  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* That's well said. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;  
For every pelting, petty, officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but  
thunder.—

Merciful heaven !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt  
Split't the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,<sup>7</sup>  
Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence ; like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep ;<sup>8</sup> who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.<sup>9</sup>

*Lucio.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— gnarled oak,] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a knot in wood. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *As makes the angels weep ;* ———] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical — *Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.*—Grotius ad *Lucam.* WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *who, with our spleens,*  
*Would all themselves laugh mortal.]*

Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were endow- ed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* Which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakespeare meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind,



*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Oh, to him, to him, wench: he will  
relent;

He's coming; I perceiv't.

*Prov.* [*To Lucio.*] Pray heaven, she win him!

*Ifab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:<sup>2</sup>  
Great men may jest with faints: 'tis wit in them;  
But, in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o'  
that.

*Ifab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,  
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Ifab.* Because authority, tho' it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;  
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, says Shakespear, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:]* In former editions,

*We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.*

Why not? Tho' this should be the reading of all the copies, 'tis as plain as light, it is not the author's meaning. Isabella would say, there is so great a disproportion in quality betwixt lord Angelo and her brother, that their actions can bear no comparison, or equality, together: but her brother's crimes would be aggravated, Angelo's frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees and state of life. WARBURTON.

The old reading is right. *We* mortals proud and foolish cannot prevail on our passions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different names and different judgments for the same faults committed by persons of different condition. JOHNSON.

Let

Let it not found a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.<sup>3</sup> [*To Isab.*]

Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle, my lord, turn back.

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

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

*Ang.* How! bribe me?

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

*Lucio.* You had marr'd all else. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,<sup>4</sup>  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,  
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,  
Ere sun rise; prayers from preserved souls,<sup>5</sup>  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang.* Amen:

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

<sup>3</sup> *That my sense breeds with it.*——] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My sense breeds with her sense*, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind. new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————*tested gold,*] i. e. attested, or marked with the standard stamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————*preserved souls,*] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.



Where prayers cross.<sup>6</sup>

*Ifab.* At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Ifab.* Save your honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*]

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!—

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

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

Not she.—Nor doth she tempt:—But it is I,<sup>7</sup>

That lying, by the violet, in the sun,

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

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightness? having waste ground  
enough,

<sup>6</sup> *I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.]*

Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

*I am that way going to temptation,  
Which your prayers cross.*

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uses the same mode language a few lines lower. Isabella, parting, says,

*Save your honour!*

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

*From thee; even from thy virtue!—* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *——— it is I,  
That lying, by the violet, in the sun, &c.]*

I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which encrease the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

Shall

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
 And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!  
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?  
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things  
 That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?  
 Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint,  
 With faints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.<sup>3</sup>  
 [Exit,

## S C E N E III.

## A P R I S O N.

*Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> — *I smil'd, and wonder'd how.*] As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

*Prov.*

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

*Enter Juliet.*

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,<sup>1</sup>  
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;  
And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man  
More fit to do another such offence,  
Than die for this.

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*  
And you shall be conducted.

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

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

*Duke.* I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your  
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

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

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

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

*Juliet.* Mutually.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report: ————— ]*

Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires we  
should read,

—flames of her own youth?      *WARBURTON.*

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of  
correction?      *JOHNSON.*

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter : But lest you do  
repent,<sup>2</sup>

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—  
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not  
heaven ;

Shewing, we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear,——

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

Duke. There rest.<sup>3</sup>

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow ! Oh, injurious love,<sup>4</sup>  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

## ANGELLO'S HOUSE.

*Enter Angelo.*

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and  
pray  
To several subjects : heaven hath my empty words,

<sup>2</sup> —— *But lest you do repent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Mr. Pope, read,

*But repent you not.*

*But lest you do repent* is only a kind of negative comparative—*Ne te pœniteat*,—and means, repent not on this account.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *Oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love : therefore she calls it *injurious* ; not that it brought her to shame, but that it hindered her freeing herself from it. Is not this all very natural ? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law*. JOHNSON.

Whilst



Whilſt my intention,<sup>5</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
 Anchors on Iſabel. Heaven is in my mouth,  
 As if I did but only chew its name ;  
 And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil  
 Of my conception. The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,  
 Is like a good thing, being often read,  
 Grown fear'd and tedious ;<sup>6</sup> yea, my gravity,  
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,  
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume  
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place ! oh form !  
 How often doſt thou with thy <sup>7</sup> caſe, thy habit,  
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls<sup>8</sup>  
 To thy falſe ſeeming ? Blood, thou art but blood :  
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;<sup>9</sup>  
 'Tis not the devil's creſt.

*Enter*

<sup>5</sup> *Whilſt my intention, —*] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expreſſion. But the old blundering folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to ſenſe. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Grown fear'd and tedious ; —*] We ſhould read *fear'd* : i. e. old. So Shakeſpeare uſes *in the fear*, to ſignify old age.

WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may ſtand. What we go to with reluctance may be ſaid to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—caſe, —*] For outside ; garb ; external ſhew. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls  
 To thy falſe ſeeming ? —*]

Here Shakeſpeare judiciously diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frightened, and wiſe men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendour ; thoſe who conſider men as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;  
 'Tis not the devil's creſt.]*

i. e. Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceding words,

*—oh form !*

*How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,*

*Enter Servant.*

How now, who's there?

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making both it unable for itself, And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness? So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons; Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive; and even so

*Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming?—*

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude just counter to his own premises; by altering it to,

*Is't not the devil's crest?*

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus.—False seeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wife. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn*, (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's crest?* (i. e. he shall be esteemed a devil.)

WARBURTON.

I am still inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his seeming character, and his real disposition, observes, that he *could change his gravity for a plume*. He then digresses into an apostrophe, *O dignity, how dost thou impose upon the world!* then returning to himself, *Blood*, says he, *thou art but blood*, however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is still corrupt, however dignified.

*Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;*

*Is't not?—or rather—'Tis yet the devil's crest.*

It may however be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how dost thou impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be *the devil's crest*. In this sense,

*Blood, thou art but blood!*

is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.

The



The general subject to a well-wish'd king<sup>1</sup>  
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
 Must needs appear offence.

<sup>1</sup> *The gen'ral subjects to a well-wish'd king*] So the later editions :  
 but the old copies read,

*The general subject to a well-wish'd king.*

The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general subjects*  
 has no sense at all; and *general* was, in our authour's time, a word  
 for *people*, so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *subject* to a  
 king. So in *Hamlet*: *The play pleased not the million; 'twas ca-*  
*viare to the general.* JOHNSON.

The poet might have written,

*The gentle subjects*——

These words have more than once been printed for each other.  
*Gentle* would bear, in this place, its common signification.

STEEVENS.

So the Duke had before [act i. scene 2.] expressed his dislike of  
 popular applause.

“ I'll privily away. I love the people,  
 “ But do not like to stage me to their eyes.  
 “ Though it do well, I do not relish well  
 “ Their loud applause and *are's* vehement;  
 “ Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
 “ That does affect it.——

I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare, in these two passages  
 intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the first, which  
 made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him,  
 especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians  
 say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes,  
 in his *Memoirs of his own Life*\*, has a remarkable passage with  
 regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the  
 king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, “ spake  
 “ lovingly to the people, and said God bless ye, God bless ye;”  
 he adds these words, “ contrary to his former hasty and passionate  
 “ custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox  
 “ or a plague on such as flocked to see him.”

Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

\* A manuscript in the British Museum.

*Enter Isabella.*

How now, fair maid ?

*Ifab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

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

*Ifab.* Even so ?——Heaven keep your honour !

[*Going.*

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

*Ifab.* Under your sentence ?

*Ang.* Yea.

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

*Ang.* Ha ! fie, these filthy vices ! It were as good  
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy,<sup>2</sup>  
Falsely to take away a life true made,<sup>3</sup>  
As to put metal in restrained means,<sup>4</sup>

To

<sup>2</sup> ——'tis all as easy,] *Easy* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, says he, as light or trifling a crime to do so, as so, &c. Which the Oxford editor not apprehending, has altered it to *just* ; for 'tis much easier to conceive what Shakespeare should say, than what he does say. So just before, the poet said, with his usual licence, their *sawcy sweetness*, for *sawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forsooth, must be changed to *sawcy lewdness*, though the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> Falsely to take away a life true made,] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly*, *illegally* : so *false*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——in restrained means] In forbidden moulds. I suspect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another.

JOHNSON.

I should

To make a false one.

*Ifab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.<sup>5</sup>

*Ang.* And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,  
As she, that he hath stain'd?

*Ifab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

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

*Ifab.* How say you?

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

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

I should suspect that the author wrote,

—————*in restrained mints,*

as the allusion is to *coining*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis so set down in heaven, but not in earth.] I would have it considered, whether the train of the discourse does not rather require Isabel to say,

*'Tis so set down in earth, but not in heaven.*

When she has said this, *Then*, says Angelo, *I shall poze you quickly*. Would you, who, for the present purpose, declare your brother's crime to be less in the sight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to save your brother's life? To this she answers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appositely to that which I propose:

*I had rather give my body, than my soul.* JOHNSON.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,<sup>6</sup>  
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven, let me bear it! you, granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.<sup>7</sup>

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

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

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks  
<sup>8</sup> Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder,  
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.<sup>9</sup>

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,

<sup>6</sup> *Pleas'd you to do't on peril, &c.*] The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there might not be a charity in sin to save this brother. Isabella answers, that if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin. Angelo replies, that if Isabella would save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And nothing of your answer.*] I think it should be read,

*And nothing of yours answer.*

You, and whatever is yours, be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.

*And nothing of your answer,* means, and make no part of those which you shall be called to answer for. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Proclaim an enshield beauty*—] An *enshield beauty* means, a beauty covered as with a shield. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*] Pain is here for penalty, punishment. JOHNSON.

(As



(As I subscribe not that,<sup>1</sup> nor any other,  
 But in the loss of question,)<sup>2</sup> that you, his sister,  
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
 Of the<sup>3</sup> all-binding law; and that there were  
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
 You must lay down the treasures of your body  
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer;  
 What would you do?

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

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Ifab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
 Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> (*As I subscribe not that,—*] To *subscribe* means, to *agree to*. Milton uses the word in the same sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> (*But in the loss of question,)*—] The *loss* of question I do not well understand, and should rather read,

*But in the loss of question.*

In the *agitation*, in the *discussion* of the question. To *loss* an argument is a common phrase. JOHNSON.

*But by loss of question.* This expression I believe means, *but in idle supposition*, or *conversation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd *the loss of question*. *Question*, in Shakespeare, often bears this meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Of the all-binding law;—*—] The old editions read,  
 —all-binding law,—

from which the editors have made *all-binding*; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————*a brother died at once,*] Perhaps we should read,

*Better it were, a brother died for once,  
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
 Should die for ever.* JOHNSON.



Than that a sifter, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

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

*Ifab.* Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy, sure,  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

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

*Ifab.* O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we  
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Ifab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Owe, and succeed by weakness.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Ifab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view them-  
selves;

<sup>5</sup> *If not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassallage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, "who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecillity*, and who "succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I "would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare has the same allusion in *Cymbeline*.

"———senseless bauble,

"Art thou a *feodarie* for this act?" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Owe, and succeed——] To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have possession. JOHNSON.

Which

Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.<sup>7</sup>

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar,  
<sup>8</sup> In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
 For we are as soft as our complexions are,  
 And credulous to false prints.<sup>9</sup>

*Ang.* I think it well:

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

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,  
 Let me intreat you, speak the former language.<sup>1</sup>

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet;  
 And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

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

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a licence in't,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ————*glasses*———

*Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.]*

Would it not be better to read,

—————take forms. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *In profiting by them.* ————] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And credulous to false prints.]* i. e. take any impression.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ————*speak the former language.]* We should read *formal*, which he here uses for plain, direct. WARBURTON.

Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I know your virtue hath a licence in't,]* Alluding to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

Which

Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

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

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-  
ing! ———<sup>3</sup>

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world  
Aloud, what man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
<sup>4</sup> My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation over-weigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein,  
Fit thy content to my sharp appetite,  
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,<sup>5</sup>  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

<sup>3</sup> ————*Seeming, seeming!*—] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *My vouch against you,* ————] The calling his denial of her charge *his vouch*, has something fine. *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he insinuates his authority was so great, that his *denial* would have the same credit that a *vouch* or testimony has in ordinary cases. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch against* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————*die the death,*] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

*Prepare to die the death.* JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

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

[Exit.

*Ifab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
 Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,  
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
 Either of condemnation or approval!  
 Bidding the law make courtesy to their will ;  
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
 To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother.  
 Tho' he hath fallen by prompture<sup>6</sup> of the blood,  
 Yet hath he in him<sup>7</sup> such a mind of honour,  
 That had he twenty heads to tender down  
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 To such abhorrid pollution.  
 Then, Isabel, live chaste; and, brother, die;  
 More than our brother is our chastity.  
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request;  
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *prompture* ——— ] Suggestion, temptation, instigation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *such a mind of honour,*] This, in Shakespeare's language may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses elsewhere *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. STEEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

## THE PRISON.

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?  
*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,  
 But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; <sup>8</sup> either death, or life,  
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with  
 life;——

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,  
 That none but fools would keep:<sup>9</sup> a breath thou art,

<sup>8</sup> *Be absolute for death;——*] Be determined to die, without  
 any hope of life. *Horace,——*

*——The hour, which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *That none but fools would keep:——*] But this reading is  
 not only contrary to all sense and reason; but to the drift of this  
 moral discourse. The duke, in his assumed character of a friar,  
 is endeavouring to insfil into the condemned prisoner a resignation  
 of mind to his sentence; but the sense of the lines in this reading,  
 is a direct persuasive to *suicide*: I make no doubt, but the poet  
 wrote,

*That none but fools would reck:——*

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So in the tra-  
 gedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, act iv. sc. 3.

*——Not that she recks this life——*

And Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

*Recking as little what betideth me——* WARBURTON.

The meaning seems plainly this, that *none but fools would wish to  
 keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep it*, if choice were allowed.  
 A sense, which whether true or not, is certainly innocent.

JOHNSON.

Ser-



Servile to all the skiey influences  
 That do this habitation,<sup>1</sup> where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict : merely thou art death's fool ;<sup>2</sup>  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not  
 noble ;  
 For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,  
 Are nurs'd by baseness<sup>3</sup> : Thou art by no means va-  
 liant ;  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

<sup>1</sup> *That do this habitation,*—] This reading is substituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for

*That dost*———— JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *merely thou art death's fool ;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runn'st toward him still.*—]

In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him ; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise*. WARBURTON.

Such another expression, as *death's fool*, occurs in *The honest Lawyer*, a comedy, by S. S. 1616.

“ Wilt thou be a *fool of fate* ? who can  
 “ Prevent the destiny decreed for man ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As nurs'd by baseness* :—] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love* : here assigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakspeare only meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornaments dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine. JOHNSON.

Of a poor worm.<sup>4</sup> Thy best of rest is sleep,<sup>5</sup>  
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death which is no more. <sup>6</sup> Thou art not thyself,  
 For thou exist'st on many thousand grains,  
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;  
 And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,<sup>7</sup>  
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the soft and tender fork*  
*Of a poor worm. ———]*

*Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction, a serpent's tongue is *soft* but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In *Midsummer-Night's Dream* he has the same notion.

————— *With doubler tongue*  
*Than thine, O serpent, never adder stung.* JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Thy best of rest is sleep,*  
*And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st*  
*Thy death which is no more ———]*

Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: *Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.* But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakespeare saying, that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Thou art not thyself;]* Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance, thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *strange effects,]* For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections, passions* of mind, or disorders of body variously *affected*. So in *Othello*, *The young affects.* JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;  
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,  
 nor age ;<sup>9</sup>

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth<sup>1</sup>  
 Becomes

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both :—*

This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us ; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances ; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, &c.]*

The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—*We have neither youth nor age*. But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all sense of pleasure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uses these words,

——— *for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld ; ———*

Out of which, he that can deduce the conclusion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I suppose the poet wrote,

——— *For pall'd, thy blazed youth  
 Becomes assuaged ; and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld ; ———*

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once assuaged, and thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old age ; as particularly

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty<sup>2</sup>  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lye hid more thousand deaths:<sup>3</sup> yet death we fear,  
That

cularly the palsy and other nervous disorders, consequent on the inordinate use of sensual pleasures. This is to the purpose; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by shewing the short duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally mistaken. Shakspeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happiest* time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; *must beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice: and being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment,

—has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make his riches pleasant.—

I have explained this passage according to the present reading, which may stand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to persuade my reader, because I have almost persuaded myself, that our author wrote,

—for all thy blasted youth  
 Becomes as aged— JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —heat, affection, limb, nor beauty] But how does beauty make *riches pleasant*? We should read *bounty*, which compleats the sense, and is this; thou hast neither the pleasure of enjoying riches thyself, for thou wantest vigour; nor of seeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wantest *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely satyrical, tho' not altogether just. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not such as that an opportunity of inserting it should be purchased by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confessing insensibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —more thousand deaths:—] For this sir T. Hanmer reads,

—a thou-



That makes these odds all even,

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;

And, seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* What, ho ! Peace here, grace and good company !

*Prov.* Who's there ? Come in : the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two, with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are ; most good in Deed :<sup>5</sup>

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador ;

Where

—————*a thousand deaths :—*

The meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Bring them to speak where I may be concealed,  
Yet hear them.]*

Thus the modern editions. The old copy, published by the players, gives the passage thus,

*Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————*as all comforts are ; most good in deed :*] If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than words of comfort, she brings an assurance of deeds. This is harsh and



Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.<sup>6</sup>  
Therefore your best appointment<sup>7</sup> make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Ifab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Ifab.* Yes, brother, you may live:  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'il implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Ifab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,  
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.<sup>8</sup>

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Ifab.* In such a one, as you, consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Ifab.* Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,

and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

————— in speed. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ————— an everlasting leiger,

Therefore your best appointment ——— ]

*Leiger* is the same with resident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — your best appointment — ] The word *appointment*, on this occasion comprehends confession, communion, and absolution. The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *disappointed*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a restraint ———

To a determin'd scope.]

A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

JOHNSON.

Left

Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
 And six or seven winters, more respect  
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
 The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
 And the poor beetle,<sup>9</sup> that we tread upon,  
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great,  
 As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
 Think you I can a resolution fetch  
 From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,  
 I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,  
 And hug it in mine arms.

*Iſab.* There ſpake my brother; there my father's  
 grave  
 Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:  
 Thou art too noble to conſerve a life  
 In baſe appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,  
 Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word  
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup> As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil;  
 His filth within being caſt,<sup>3</sup> he would appear  
 A pond as deep as hell.

<sup>9</sup> *The poor beetle, &c.]* The reasoning is, that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man; or perhaps, that we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—follies doth emmew,]* Forces follies to lie in cover without daring to ſhow themſelves. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As faulcon doth the fowl;—]* In whoſe preſence the follies of youth are afraid to ſhew themſelves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His filth within being caſt,—]* To caſt a pond is to empty it of mud.

Mr. Upton reads,

*His pond within being caſt, he would appear  
 A filth as deep as hell.* JOHNSON.

*Claud.* <sup>4</sup> The princely Angelo?

*Isab.* Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed?

*Claud.* Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee <sup>5</sup> for this rank of-  
fence,  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

<sup>4</sup> *The princely Angelo?*——  
—*princely guards!*—]

The stupid editors, mistaking *guards* for satellites, (whereas it here signifies *lace*) altered *priestly*, in both places, to *princely*. Whereas Shakespeare wrote it *priestly*, as appears from the words themselves,

——'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
With priestly guards.——

In the first place we see that *guards* here signifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no sense in the signification of *satellites*. Now *priestly guards* means *sanctity*, which is the sense required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a sense the passage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of,

*This outward-sainted deputy,*

demand the reading I have here restored. WARBURTON.

The first folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

*Princely guards* mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the duke. The stupidity of the first editors is sometimes not more injurious to Shakespeare, than the ingenuity of those who succeeded them. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——for *this rank offence,*] *For*, Hanmer. In other editions, *from*. JOHNSON.

*Claud.*

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Ifab.* Oh, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dearest Isabel.

*Ifab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?  
When he would force it,<sup>6</sup> sure it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Ifab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable,<sup>7</sup> he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd?—Oh Isabel!

*Ifab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Ifab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit<sup>8</sup>

To

<sup>6</sup> *When he would force it, —] Put it in force.* WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *If it were damnable, &c.]* Shakspeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,

*Thou shalt not do't.*

But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup>—*delighted spirit*] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was *crowded together* likewise; and so by death not only set free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps stand, but many attempts have been



To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
 That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 ! To what we fear of death,

*Isab.*

made to correct it. The most plausible is that which substitutes,

———*the benighted spirit,*

alluding to the darkness always supposed in the place of future punishment.

Perhaps we may read,

———*the delinquent spirit,*

a word easily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unskilful reader. *Delinquent* is proposed by Thirlby in his manuscript.

JOHNSON.

° ———*lawless and uncertain thoughts.*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all possibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *To what we fear of death.*] Most certainly the idea of the “spirit bathing in fiery floods,” or of residing “in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,” is not original to our poet; which is the whole that is wanted for the argument: but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell, “the fyrre is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte,” says an old homily:—“The seconde is passyng colde, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torne to yce.” One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakespeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice, which was brought to cure a *brenning beate* in his foot: take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us,

“Si quis dixerit episcopum *podagrâ* laborare, anathema sit.”

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its  
 enof-



*Ifab.* Alas! alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live :

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Ifab* Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest,<sup>2</sup> to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I  
think?

Heaven grant, my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>3</sup>

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:

Die; perish! Might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;

No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Ifab.* Oh, fie, fie, fie!

enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will soon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Mr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher.

FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> *Is't not a kind of incest, —*] In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *— a warped slip of wilderness*] *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, tho' employed by Milton.

"The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands

"Will keep from *wilderness* with ease." STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade :<sup>4</sup>  
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :  
 'Tis best, that thou dy'ft quickly.

*Claud.* Oh hear me, Isabella.

*To them, enter Duke and Provost.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sifter, but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will ?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* [*To Claudio aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sifter. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible :<sup>5</sup> to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.*

<sup>4</sup> —*but a trade :*] A custom ; a practice ; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a trade of it.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible :*] A condemned man, whom his confessor had brought to bear death with decency and resolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occasioned the advice in the words above. But how did these hopes *satisfie* his resolution ? or what harm was there, if they did ? We must certainly read, *Do not falsifie your resolution with hopes that are fallible.* And then it becomes a reasonable ad-

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*]

*Duke.* Hold you there: <sup>6</sup> Farewel. Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit Prov.*]

*Duke.* The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo? if ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the

admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *resolution* which was raised only on motives of religion. And this his confessor had reason to warn him of. The term *falsifie* is taken from fencing, and signifies the pretending to aim a stroke in order to draw the adversary off his guard. So Fairfax,

*Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth.* WARBURTON.

The sense is this. Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hold you there :*] Continue in that resolution. JOHNSON.

matter

matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation.—He made tryal of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard I speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo?

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death, to take this  
poor



poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Shew me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage:<sup>1</sup> first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.<sup>2</sup> The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness

<sup>1</sup> *only refer yourself to this advantage:]* This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, *only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *the corrupt deputy scaled.]* To scale the deputy may be, to reach him, notwithstanding the elevation of his place; or it may be, to strip him and discover his nakedness, though armed and concealed by the investments of authority. JOHNSON.

To scale, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. i. may mean, to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight. An army routed is called by Holinshed, an army scaled. The word sometimes signifies to diffuse or disperse; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to put into confusion. STEEVENS.



of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

*Ifab.* The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's, there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana : at that place call upon me ; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Ifab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E II.

## T H E S T R E E T.

*Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.<sup>3</sup>

*Duke.* Oh, heavens ! what stuff is here ?

*Clown.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries,<sup>4</sup> the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd

<sup>3</sup> *bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *bastardo*. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen. IV.* p. I. act ii. sc. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *since of two usuries, &c.*] Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover, a comparison between the two usurers ; as, before, between the two usuries. So that, for the future, the passage should be read with asterisks thus—*by order of law, \* \* \* a furr'd gown, &c.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then *since of two usurers the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown, &c.* His punctuation is right, but

allow'd by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, fir.—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother<sup>s</sup> father: What offence hath this man made you, fir?

*Elb.* Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, firrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou caus'est to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think, What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.<sup>6</sup> Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Mend, go mend.

but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Usury* may be used by an easy licence for the *professors of usury*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *father* :] This word should be expunged. JOHNSON.  
If *father* be retained, we may read thus,

*Duke.* And you, good brother.

*Elb.* Father——

*Duke.* What offence, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.* ] The old editions have,  
*I drink, I eat away myself, and live.*

This is one very excellent instance of the sagacity of our editors, and it were to be wished heartily, that they would have obliged us with their physical solution, how a man can *eat away* himself, and *live*. Mr. Bishop gave me that most certain emendation, which I have substituted in the room of the former foolish reading; by the help whereof, we have this easy sense; that the clown fed himself, and put cloaths on his back, by exercising the vile trade of a bawd. THEOBALD.

*Clown.* Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would ſeem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free! <sup>7</sup>

*7 That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,  
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!*

i. e. as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or ſeeming. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the deputy's ſanctified hypocriſy; the ſecond to the clown's beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhyme. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

*Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free.*

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the ſenſe is trifling, and the expreſſion harſh. To wiſh *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comelineſs* [inſtead of *void of comelineſs*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it ſhould be read,

*O that all were, as all would ſeem to be,  
Free from all faults, or from falſe ſeeming free.*

So in this play,

*O place, O power—how doſt thou  
Wrench ſове from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls  
To thy falſe ſeeming.*

But now I believe that a leſs alteration will ſerve the turn.

*Free from all faults, or faults from ſeeming free;*

*that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocriſy.* So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocriſy, *ſeeming, ſeeming.* JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Lucio.*

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, <sup>8</sup> a cord, fir.—

*Clown.* I spy comfort : I cry, bail : here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey ? what, at the heels of Cæsar ? art thou led in triumph ? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,<sup>9</sup> to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd ? what reply ? ha ?<sup>1</sup> what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method ?

<sup>8</sup> *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir.*—] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan,

*Fac gemant suis,  
Variata terga funibus.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,*] i. e. come out cured from a salivation. WARBURTON.

Surely this expression is such as may authorise a more delicate explanation. By *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe, Shakespeare meant no more than—*Are there no virgins yet untouch'd to be had ?* This passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Images, and certain Images*. I have never seen the book, but it is mentioned by Ames, page 568. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —*what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method ? Is't not drown'd in the last rain ?*] This nonsense should be thus corrected, *It's not down i' the last reign, i. e. these are severities unknown to the old duke's time. And this is to the purpose.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is ingenious, but I know not whether the sense may not be restored with less change. Let us consider it. Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which, when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, *What reply ? ha ? what say'st thou to this ? tune, matter, and method,—is't not ? drown'd i' th' last rain ? ha ? what say'st thou, trot ? &c.* It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. Lucio, therefore, asks him, whether he was *drown'd in the last rain*, and therefore cannot speak. JOHNSON.



Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? <sup>2</sup> what say'st thou, trot? <sup>2</sup> is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? <sup>3</sup> is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus and thus! still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

*Clown.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub <sup>4</sup>

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Clown.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how? <sup>5</sup>

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment

<sup>2</sup> *what say'st thou, trot?*] It should be read, I think, *what say'st thou to't?* the word *trot* being seldom, if ever, used to a man.

Old *trot*, or *trat*, signifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab*. In this sense it is used by Gawin Douglass, *Virg. Æn.* b. iv.

“Out on the old *trat*, aged dame or wyffe.” Dr. GRAY.

*Trot*, or as it is now often pronounced, honest *trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Which is the way?*] *What is the mode now?* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *go; say, I sent thee, thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?*] It should be pointed thus, *Go, say I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*—i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humourously replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any necessity for the alteration. Lucio first offers him the use of his name to hide the ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.



be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Clown.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir, come.

*Clown.* You will not bail me then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey? nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir, come.

*Lucio.* Go—to kennel, Pompey—go:<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none: Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

<sup>6</sup> *Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go.*] It should be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a *kennel*. JOHNSON.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice,<sup>7</sup> and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation : Is it true, think you ?

*Duke.* How should he be made then ?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him :— Some, that he was got between two stock-fishes :— But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice ; that I know to be true : and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.<sup>8</sup>

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir ; and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man ? Would the duke, that is absent, have

<sup>7</sup> *It is too general a vice*] The occasion of the observation was Lucio's saying, that it ought to be treated *with a little more lenity* ; and his answer to it is, — *The vice is of great kindred*. Nothing can be more absurd than all this. From the occasion, and the answer, therefore, it appears, that Shakespeare wrote, *It is too gentle a vice*, which signifying both *indulgent* and *well bred*, Lucio humourously takes it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

*It is too general a vice.* Yes, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred*, — *it is well ally'd*, &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general ; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke personally with it. EDWARDS.

<sup>8</sup> *and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.*] In the former editions : — *and he is a motion generative ; that's infallible.* This may be sense ; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that tho' Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote, — *and he is a motion ungenerative*, because Lucio again in this very scene says, — *this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency.* THEOBALD.

done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

*Lucio.* Oh, sir, you are deceiv'd,

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducket in her <sup>9</sup>clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, pr'ythee, might be the cause?

<sup>9</sup> *clack-dish.*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to shew that their vessel was empty. This appears in a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Gray.

Dr. Gray's assertion may be supported by the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love*, 1608:

“Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-dish*?”

“By a bell and a *clack-dish*? how's that?”

“Why, by begging, sir, &c.”

Again, in Henderfon's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressid*:

“Thus shalt thou go begging from hous to hous,

“With *cuppe and clappir*, like a Lazarous.”

And by a stage direction in the 2d Part of *K. Edw. IV.* 1619:

“Enter Mrs. Blague very poorly, begging with her basket

“and a *clap-dish*.”

There is likewise an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the same custom:

“He *claps his dish* at a wrong man's door.”

STEEVENS.

*Lucio.* No——pardon :——'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand.—The greater file of the subject<sup>1</sup> held the duke to be wife.

*Duke.* Wife? why no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the<sup>3</sup> business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear; to the envious, a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* Oh, you hope; the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But,

<sup>1</sup> *The greater file of the subject*] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *the business he hath helmed,*] *The difficulties he hath steer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.



indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no ?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir ?

*Lucio.* Why ? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again : this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are letcherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd ; he would never bring them to light : Would he were return'd ! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.<sup>4</sup> He's now past it ; yet<sup>5</sup> (and I say't to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick : say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape : back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?  
But who comes here ?

*Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

*Escal.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still for-

<sup>4</sup> *eat mutton on Fridays.]* A wench was called a *laced mutton*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *He is now past it,]* Sir Thomas Hanmer, *He is not past it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but seems not necessary. It were to be wished, that we all explained more, and amended less. JOHNSON.



feit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear,<sup>6</sup> and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Blis and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, tho' my chance is now To use it for my time. I am a brother Of gracious order, lately come from the see<sup>7</sup> In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on

<sup>6</sup> *mercy swear,*] We should read *swerve*, i. e. deviate from [her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

There is surely no need of emendation. We say at present, Such a thing *is enough to make a parson swear*, i. e. deviate from a proper respect to decency, and the sanctity of his character.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————*from the see*] The folio reads,

—————*from the sea.* JOHNSON.

goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

[Exit.  
*Duke.*

Duke. Peace be with you !  
 He, who the sword of heaven will bear,  
 Should be as holy as severe :  
 Pattern in himself to know,<sup>9</sup>  
 Grace to stand, and virtue go ;  
 More nor less to others paying,  
 Than by self-offences weighing.  
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
 Kills for faults of his own liking !  
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
 To weed my vice, and let his grow !  
 Oh, what may man within him hide,  
 Tho' angel on the outward side !  
 How may that likeness, made in crimes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Making practice on the times,

Draw

<sup>9</sup> *Pattern in himself to know,  
 Grace to stand, and virtue go ;*]

These lines I cannot understand, but believe that they should be read thus :

*Patterning himself to know,  
 In grace to stand, in virtue go ;*

'To pattern is to work after a pattern, and, perhaps, in Shakespeare's licentious diction, simply to work. The sense is, *he that bears the sword of heaven should be holy as well as severe ; one that after good examples labours to know himself, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe : should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *How may likenesses made in crimes,  
 Making practice on the times,  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things !]*

Thus all the editions read corruptly : and so have made an obscure passage in itself, quite unintelligible. Shakespeare wrote it thus,

*How may that likeness, made in crimes,  
 Making practice on the times,  
 Draw————*

The

Draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things !  
 Craft against vice I must apply.  
 With Angelo to-night shall lye  
 His old betrothed, but despis'd ;  
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd<sup>2</sup>  
 Pay with falshood false exacting,  
 And perform an old contracting.

[Exit

The sense is this, How much wickedness may a man hide *within*, tho' he appear an angel *without*. How may *that likeness made in crimes*, i. e. by hypocrisy ; [a pretty paradoxical expression, *an angel made in crimes*] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble pretences [finely called *spiders' strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c. WARBURTON.

The *Revisal* reads thus,

*How may such likeness trade in crimes,  
 Making practice on the times,  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things ;*

meaning by *pond'rous and substantial things*, pleasure and wealth.

STEEVENS.

*How may that likeness made in crimes,  
 Making practice of the times,  
 Draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things ?*

i. e. How may the making it a practice of letting great rogues break through the laws with impunity, and hanging up little ones for the same crimes ; draw away in time with idle spiders' strings, (For no better do the cords of the law become, according to the old saying. *Leges similes araneorum telis*, to which the allusion is) justice and equity, the most ponderous and substantial bases, and pillars of government. When justice on offenders is not done, law, government, and commerce are overthrown. SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> *So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,*] So disguise shall by means of a person *disguis'd*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit person*. JOHNSON.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

## A GRANGE.

*Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.*

## SONG.

**T**AKE, *ob, take those lips away,<sup>3</sup>  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mis-lead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain,*

*Enter Duke.*

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :

<sup>3</sup> *Take, ob, take, &c.]* This is part of a little song of Shakespeare's own writing, consisting of two stanzas, and so extremely sweet, that the reader won't be displeas'd to have the other.

*Hide, ob, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops, the pinks that grow,  
Are of those that April wears.  
But my poor heart first set free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

WARBURTON.

This song is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakespeare's poems. The latter stanza is omitted by Mariana, as not suiting a female character. THEOBALD.

Tho' Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakespeare's poems, they have done the same to so many other pieces, of which the real authors are since known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of his sonnets, which was printed during his life-time. STEEVENS.

Here



Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—  
 I cry you mercy, fir; and well could wish,  
 You had not found me here so musical:  
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.<sup>4</sup>

*Duke.* 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a  
 charm

To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.  
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me  
 here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd  
 her to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been enquir'd after: I have  
 sat here all day.

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>5</sup> believe you:

*Enter Isabel.*

the time is come, even now. I shall crave your for-  
 bearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon  
 for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [Exit.

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,<sup>6</sup>  
 Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
 And to that vineyard is a planced gate,†  
 That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
 This other doth command a little door,

<sup>4</sup> *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the  
 musick soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light  
 merriment. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—constantly—*] Certainly; without fluctuation of  
 mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—circummur'd with brick,*] *Circummured*, walled round.  
*He caus'd the doors to be mured and cas'd up.*

Painter's Palace of Pleasure.

JOHNSON.

† *—a planced gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

Which

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;  
There have I made my promise to call on him  
Upon the heavy middle of the night.<sup>6</sup>

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't.  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept,<sup>7</sup> he did shew me  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

*Isab.* No, none ; but only a repair i' the dark ;  
And that I have possess'd him,<sup>8</sup> my most stay  
Can be but brief : for I have made him know,  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well born up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho ! within ! come forth !

*Re-enter Mariana.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

<sup>6</sup> *There have I, &c.]* In the old copy the lines stand thus,

*There have I made my promise, upon the  
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *In action all of precept, —]* i. e. shewing the several turnings  
of the way with his hand ; which action contained so many pre-  
cepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we should read,

*In precept all of action, ———*

that is, in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *I have possess'd him, —]* I have made him clearly and strongly  
comprehend. JOHNSON.

*Mari.*

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do; and I have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you to walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

*Duke.* O place and greatness,<sup>9</sup> millions of false<sup>1</sup>  
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests<sup>2</sup>  
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,  
And rack thee in their fancies!

<sup>9</sup> *O place and greatness,*————] It plainly appears, that *this* fine speech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding scene, between the Duke and Lucio. For they are absolutely foreign to the subject of this, and are the natural reflections arising from that. Besides, the very words,

*Run with these false and most contrarious quests,*

evidently refer to Lucio's scandals just preceding: which the Oxford editor, in his usual way, has emended, by altering *these* to *their*.——But that some time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I suppose, took part of the speech, beginning at *No might nor greatness*, &c. and put it here, without troubling themselves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places. WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that these lines are placed here by the players. The sentiments are common, and such as a prince, given to reflection, must have often present. There was a necessity to fill up the time in which the ladies converse apart, and they must have quick tongues and ready apprehensions, if they understood each other while this speech was uttered. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——*false eyes*] That is, Eyes insidious and traitorous.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——*contrarious quests*] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Mariana and Isabel.*

Welcome : how agreed ?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* 'Tis not my consent,  
But my intreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
“Remember now my brother.”

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :  
He is your husband on a pre-contract :  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit.<sup>3</sup> Come, let us go ;  
Our corn's to reap ; for yet our tithe's to sow.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Prison.*

*Enter Provost and Clown.*

*Prov.* Come hither, firrah : Can you cut off a man's  
head ?

<sup>3</sup> *Doth flourish the deceit.*———] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ———*for yet our tythe's to sow.*] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *priestly* Angelo, so here they have made a *priest* of the *prince*. We should read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harvest is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty sophism. We should read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is to make. But in the text it is *to sow* ; and who has ever said that his tillage was to sow ? I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tithe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*. JOHNSON.

*Clown.*



*Clown.* If the man be a batchelor, fir, I can : but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clown.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson ? where's Abhorson, there ?

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abbor.* Do you call, fir ?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

*Abbor.* A bawd, fir ? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.<sup>4</sup>

*Prov.* Go to, fir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

*Clown.* Pray, fir, by your good favour (for, surely,

<sup>4</sup> *discredit our mystery.*] I think it just worth while to observe, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*, because it comes not from the Greek, *μυστήρια*, but from the French, *mestier*.



fir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, fir, your occupation a mistry?

*Abhor.* Ay, fir; a mistry.

*Clown.* Painting, fir, I have heard say, is a mistry; and your whores, fir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mistry: but what mistry there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.<sup>5</sup>

*Abhor.*

<sup>5</sup> *what mistry there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mistry.

*Clown.* *Proof.*—

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Clown.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.] Thus it stood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be understood. The plain and humourous sense of the speech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Because, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see, that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough* and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.—

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Clown.* If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reason.—*I am satisfied the poet intended a regular syllogism; and I submit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not restored that wit and humour, which was quite lost in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, tho' Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mistry: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel, &c.* but this proves the *thief's* trade a mistry, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears, that the speech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a mistry, is lost. The very words

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clown.* Proof—

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very same the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mystery; namely, *that all sorts of clothes fitted the hangman*. The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose, to this effect: *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mystery*. The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little, &c.* The jocular conclusion from the whole, being an insinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel, &c.* was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true. WARBURTON.

*Clown.* *Sir, it is a mystery, &c.*] If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, "that part of the dialogue had been lost" or dropped."

The argument of the Hangman is exactly similar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or taylors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the last speech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by mistake, as the reader's own sagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I suppose, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

"*Abhor.* *Sir, it is a mystery.*

"*Clown.* *Proof.*—

"*Abhor.* *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too*

"*little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be*

"*too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every*

"*true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I must do Dr. Warburton the justice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument. REVISAL.

*Clown.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clown.* Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax, to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

*Clown.* I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare<sup>6</sup>: for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine, and Claudio: One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murtherer, tho' he were my brother.

*Enter Claudio.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death; 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly<sup>7</sup> in the traveller's bones.  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [Exit *Claud.*] But, hark, what noise? [Knock within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by;—

<sup>6</sup> —yare:] i. e. handy. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“His ships are yare, yours heavy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —starkly—] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

I hope

I hope it is some pardon, or reprove,  
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Invellop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung?

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke<sup>1</sup> and line of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
<sup>2</sup> To qualify in others. Were he meal'd<sup>3</sup>  
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[*Knock. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when  
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.—  
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with  
haste,<sup>4</sup>

That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.

*Pro-*

<sup>1</sup> *Even with the stroke*——] *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *To qualify*——] To temper, to moderate, as we say wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——*Were he meal'd*] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our authour uses in *Macbeth*,

*The blood-bolter'd Banquo.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——*that spirit's possess'd with haste,*  
*That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.*]

The line is irregular, and the *unresisting postern* so strange an expression,



*Provost returns.*

*Prov.* There he must stay, until the officer  
Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up,

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow ?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily,  
You something know ; yet, I believe, there comes  
No countermand ; no such example have we :  
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,<sup>s</sup>  
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

pression, that want of measure, and want of sense, might justly raise  
suspicion of an error, yet none of the later editors seem to have  
supposed the place faulty, except sir Tho. Hanmer, who reads,

——*the unresisting postern.*

The three folio's have it,

—————*unfitting postern,*

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unresisting*, and the rest followed him.  
Sir Thomas Hanmer seems to have supposed *unresisting* the word  
in the copies, from which he plausibly enough extracted *unresisting*,  
but he grounded his emendation on the very syllable that wants  
authority. What can be made of *unfitting* I know not ; the best  
that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. JOHNSON.

—————*unresisting postern*——]

I should think we might safely read,

—————*unlift'ning postern.*

The measure requires it, and the sense remains uninjured.

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —————*siege of justice,*] i. e. *seat of justice.* *Siege, Fr. So*  
*Otbello,*

“ —————I fetch my birth

“ From men of royal *siege.*”

STEEVENS.

*Enter*



*Enter a Messenger.*<sup>6</sup>

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mess.* My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,  
[*Aside.*

For which the pardoner himself is in :  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority :  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.  
Now, sir, what news?

<sup>6</sup> *Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* *This is his lordship's man.*

*Prov.* *And here comes Claudio's pardon.* ]

The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say,

*This is his lordship's man,*

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

*And here comes Claudio's pardon.*

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter :

*This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin, —*

Observ. and Conject. &c. printed at Oxf. 1766.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost sees the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have *known something*, and changes his mind. Either reading may serve equally well. JOHNSON.

*Prov.* I told you : lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Provost reads the letter.*

*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at you peril.*

What say you to this, sir ?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born ; but here nurs'd up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him : And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* Is it now apparent ?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he born himself penitent in prison ? how seems he to be touch'd ?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.<sup>7</sup>

*Duke.*

<sup>7</sup> *desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate.* *Mortally* is in low conversation used

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* Oh, death's a great disguiser: and you may

used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance.

JOHNSON.

add

add to it. Shave the head,<sup>3</sup> and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

<sup>3</sup> *and tie the beard,*] The *Revisal* recommends Mr. Simpson's emendation, *DIE the beard*, but the present reading may stand. I believe it was usual to *tie* up the beard before decollation, that it might escape the blow. Sir T. More is said to have been very careful about this ornament of his face. It should however be remembered, that it was the custom *to die beards*. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says,

“ I will discharge it either in your straw-colour'd beard,  
“ your orange tawny beard, your purple in grain, &c.”

Again in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611.

“ What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window ?

“ A black man's, I think.

“ I think, a *red*; for that is most in fashion.”

STEEVENS.

A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid.

JOHNSON.



*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke,* The contents of this is the return of the duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which Angelo knows not : for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the duke's death ; perchance, of his entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.<sup>9</sup> Look, <sup>1</sup> the unfolding star calls up the shepherd : Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash ;<sup>2</sup> he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old gin-

<sup>9</sup> *nothing of what is writ.*] We should read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *the unfolding star calls up the shepherd :*]

“ The star, that bids the shepherd fold,

“ Now to the top of heav'n doth hold.” *Milton's Comus.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *First, here's young master Rash, &c.*] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON,



ger,<sup>3</sup> ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd fatten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lucky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthlight<sup>4</sup> the tilter,<sup>5</sup> and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter Abborson.*

*Abbor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

<sup>3</sup> *a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown pepper*. The following passage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will justify the original reading.

“I know some gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *master Fortblight*] Should not *Fortblight* be *Fortbright*, alluding to the line in which the thrust is made? JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *and brave master Shooty the great traveller,*] As most of these are compound names, I suspect that this was originally written, *master Shoe-tye*. As he was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be solicitous about the minutiae of dress, and the epithet *brave* seems to countenance the supposition. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *in for the Lord's sake.*] i. e. to beg for the rest of their lives.

WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression intended to ridicule the puritans, whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison, and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men imprisoned for other crimes, might represent themselves to casual enquirers, as suffering for puritanism, and that this might be the common cant of the prisons. In Donne's time, every prisoner was brought to jail by suretiship.

JOHNSON.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

*Abbor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clown.* Your friend, fir, the hangman: you must be so good, fir, to rise, and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

*Abbor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Clown.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abbor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clown.* He is coming, fir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

*Abbor.* Is the ax upon the block, firrah?

*Clown.* Very ready, fir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abborson? what's the news with you?

*Abbor.* Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

*Clown.* Oh, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abbor.* Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me,

or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* Oh, fir, you must : and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,——

*Barnar.* Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart!—

*Prov.* After him, fellows : bring him to the block.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*

Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner ?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;  
And, to transport him<sup>8</sup> in the mind he is,  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard, and head,  
Just of his colour : What if we do omit  
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd ;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident, that heaven provides !  
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,

<sup>7</sup> *After him, fellows :——* ] Here was a line given to the Duke, which belongs to the Provost. The Provost, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out,

*After him, fellows, &c.*

and, when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.  
I have given it to the Provost. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *——— to transport him——* ] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.  
And

And sent according to command ; while I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon :  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come,  
If he were known alive ?

*Duke.* Let this be done ;—Put them  
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio :  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To the under generation,<sup>9</sup> you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependent.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to An-  
gelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
(The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents  
Shall witness to him, I am near at home ;  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound  
To enter publickly : him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things,  
That want no ears but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

<sup>9</sup> *To the under generation, —* ] So sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgment. It was in all the former editions,

*To yonder————*

*ye under and yonder* were confounded. JOHNSON.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know,  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When least it is expected.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Isabel.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave.—

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious  
daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;  
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other:

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience:

*Isab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!  
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark, what I say; which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your  
eyes;—

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gave me this instance: already he hath carry'd

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your  
wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go;

<sup>1</sup> *When it is least expected.*] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keeness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

And



And you shall have your bosom<sup>2</sup> on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours  
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,  
I am combined<sup>3</sup> by a sacred vow,  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:  
Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even;—  
Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,  
to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am  
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not  
for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would  
set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-  
morrow. By my troth, isabel, I lov'd thy brother:  
if the old<sup>4</sup> fantastical duke of dark corners had been  
at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— your bosom ——— ] Your wish; your heart's desire.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I am combined by a sacred vow.*] I once thought this should  
be *confined*, but Shakespeare uses *combine* for to *bind by a pact or*  
*agreement*, so he calls Angelo the *combine* husband of Mariana.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *If the old, &c.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *the odd fantastical*  
*duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous lan-  
guage, as, *there was old revelling.* JOHNSON.

114 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman,<sup>s</sup> than thou tak'st him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Angelo and Escalus.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

<sup>s</sup> woodman,] That is, *huntsman*, here taken for a *hunter of girls*.  
JOHNSON.

*Escal.*

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit,<sup>6</sup> As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!  
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd  
The law against it!—But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her  
No;<sup>7</sup>

For

<sup>6</sup> ——— *sort and suit,*] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Yet reason dares her:*] The old folio impressions read,  
————— *Yet reason dares her No.*

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads,

————— *Yet reason dares her note.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer,

————— *Yet reason dares her: No.*

Mr. Upton,

————— *Yet reason dares her—No,*

which he explains thus: *Yet,* says Angelo, *reason will give her courage—No,* that is, *it will not.* I am afraid *dare* has no such signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion.

JOHNSON.

For my authority bears a credent bulk ;<sup>8</sup>  
 That no particular scandal once can touch,  
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,  
 For so receiving a dishonour'd life,  
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had  
 liv'd !

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
 Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not.<sup>9</sup>  
 [Exit.

To *dare* has two significations ; to *terrify*, as in *The Maid's Tragedy*,

“ ————those mad mischiefs  
 “ Would *dare* a woman ”

and to *challenge*, as in *K. Henry IV. Part. I.*

“ Unless a brother should a brother *dare*  
 “ To gentle exercise, &c.”

It is possible, that *dare* may signify to *call forth* or *incite*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ————*my authority bears a credent bulk ;*  
*Which no particular slander, &c.]*

*Credent* is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, *not questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakespeare, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* from *inexpressible*.

*Particular* is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————*we would, and we would not.]* Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet ; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

SCENE



## SCENE V.

*Changes to the Fields without the Town.*

*Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.*

*Duke.* These <sup>1</sup> letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift;  
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,  
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice  
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Peter.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

*Enter Varrius.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

*Ifab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loth:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it,

<sup>1</sup> *These letters* ———] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

He says, to vail full purpose.<sup>2</sup>

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—

*Isab.* Oh, peace; the friar is come.

*Enter Peter.*<sup>3</sup>

*Peter.* Come, I have found you out a stand most  
fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets  
founded:

<sup>2</sup> *He says, to vail full purpose.*] Thus the old copies. I don't know, what idea our editors formed to themselves of *vailing full purpose*; but, I'm persuaded, the poet meant, as I have restored, viz. to a purpose that will stand us in stead, that will profit us.

THEOBALD.

*He says, to vail full purpose.*] Mr. Theobald alters it to,

*He says, t' availful purpose;*

because he has no idea of the common reading. A good reason! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is used for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He says, it is to bide a beneficial purpose, that must not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

*To vail full purpose,* may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to bide the whole extent of our design,* and therefore the reading may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with such laxity, as to make *full* the same with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all necessity of emendation, for any word may then stand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Peter.*] This play has two Friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.

The

The generous and graveſt citizens  
 Have hent the gates,<sup>4</sup> and very near upon  
 The duke is entering; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A publick Place near the City.*

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and  
 Citizens, at ſeveral doors.*

D U K E.

**M**Y very worthy couſin, fairly met :—  
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee  
 you.

*Ang. and Eſcal.* Happy return be to your royal  
 grace!

*Duke.* Many and hearty thanks be to you both.  
 We have made enquiry of you; and we hear  
 ſuch goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul  
 cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,  
 fore-running more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds ſtill greater.

*Duke.* Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould  
 wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,  
 when it deſerves with characters of braſs  
 a fortified reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time  
 and razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
 and let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know

<sup>4</sup> *Have hent the gates, —*] Have taken poſſeſſion of the gates.

JOHNSON.

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus ;  
 You must walk by us on our other hand :—  
 And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

*Enter Peter and Isabella.*

*Peter.* Now is your time : speak loud, and kneel  
 before him.

*Ifab.* Justice, O royal Duke ! <sup>s</sup> vail your regard  
 Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !  
 Oh, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
 By throwing it on any other object,  
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs : In what, by whom ?  
 be brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;  
 Reveal yourself to him.

*Ifab.* Oh, worthy duke,  
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil :  
 Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak  
 Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
 Or wring redress from you : hear me, oh, hear me,  
 here.

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :  
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
 Cut off by course of justice.

<sup>s</sup> —vail your regard] That is, withdraw your thoughts from  
 higher things, let your notice descend upon a wronged woman.  
 To vail, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expressions which might have been bor-  
 rowed from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1598,

“ ———vail thou thine ears.”

So in Stanyhurst's translation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*,  
 ———Phrygio liceat seruire marito.

“ Let Dido vail her heart to bed-fellow Trojan.”

STEEVENS.

*Ifab.*



*Isab.* By course of justice!

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.  
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin violater;

Is it not strange, and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth<sup>6</sup>

To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her: Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impos-  
sible

That, which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem<sup>7</sup> as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

<sup>8</sup> In all his dressings, characts,<sup>9</sup> titles, forms,

<sup>6</sup> ————*truth is truth*

*To the end of reckoning.*]

That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of encrease can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing *more strange*, but if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————*as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,*] *As shy*; as reserved, as abstracted: *as just*; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *In all his dressings, &c.*] In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————*characts,*———] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81.—“That he use nē hide, no charme, ne carecte.”

T. T.

Be

Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, (as I believe no other)  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* Gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason<sup>1</sup>  
For inequality: but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;  
Not hide the false, seems true.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you  
say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother. One Lucio  
Was then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he, indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak. [To Lucio.]

*Lucio.* No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my  
peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

<sup>1</sup> —————do not banish reason

For inequality:—————]

Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> And *bide the false, seems true.*] We should read,

Not *bide*————— WARBURTON.

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then  
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

*Isab.* I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

*Isab.* In brief;—to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,  
How he refus'd me,<sup>3</sup> and how I reply'd;  
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible\* intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes my honour,  
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

<sup>3</sup> *How he refus'd me,*——] To *refel* is to refute.

*Refellere et coarguere mendacium.* Cicero pro Ligario.

Ben Jonson uses the word:

“ Friends, not to *refel* you,

“ Or any way quell you.”

The modern editors changed the word to *refel*. Again, in *The second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

“ Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *refell*

“ The allegation.” STEEVENS.

\* *To his concupiscible, &c.*] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively substitute *concupiscent*. STEEVENS.

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!<sup>4</sup>

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not  
what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practice.\* First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish:—Next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemence he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;  
Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Ifab.* And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
<sup>5</sup> In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from  
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer—  
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

<sup>4</sup> *Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!*] *Like* is not here used for *probable*, but for *seemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another sense; of which there are a great many examples in Shakespeare, and the writers of that time. WARBURTON.

I do not see why *like* may not stand here for *probable*, or why the lady should not wish, that since her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we should read,

*O! that it were as likely, as 'tis true!*

*Like* I have never found for *seemly*. JOHNSON.

\* *In hateful practice.*—] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem. So again,

*This must needs be practice;*

and again,

*Let me have way to find this practice out.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *In countenance!*—] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.



On him so near us? This must needs be a practice.  
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike:—who knows that  
Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;  
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me? this' a good friar be-  
like!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that  
friar.—

I saw them at the prison:—a sawcy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Peter.* Blessed be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

*Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> —nor a temporary medler,] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary medler*. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here. It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs*. It may mean *temporising*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you*. Or we may read,

*Not scurvy, nor a tamperer and medler:*

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a false evidence against your deputy. JOHNSON.

As

As he's reported by this gentleman ;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

*Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;  
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath  
By all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whenever he's convented.<sup>7</sup> First, for this woman ;  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>8</sup> and personally accus'd,  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.  
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo ?—  
O heaven ! the vanity of wretched fools !—  
Give us some feats.—Come, cousin Angelo,<sup>1</sup>

In

<sup>7</sup> *Whenever he's conven'd.*—] The first folio reads, *convented*, and this is right : for to *convene* signifies to assemble ; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet, because *convented* hurts the measure, the Oxford editor sticks to *conven'd*, tho' it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the editor, quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure ; which Shakespeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *So vulgarly*—] Meaning either so *grossly*, with such *indecenty* of invective, or by so *mean* and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Come, cousin Angelo,*  
*In this I will be partial ; &c.*

In former editions,

—*Come*

In this I will be partial : be you judge  
 Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar ?  
*[Isabella is carried off, guarded.]*

*Enter Mariana veil'd.*

First let her shew her face ; and, after, speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord ; I will not shew my face,  
 Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you marry'd ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then ?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, are you nothing then ?  
 Neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk : for many of  
 them

Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow : I would, he had some  
 cause

To prattle for himself,

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd ;  
 And, I confess, besides, I am no maid ;

—— *Come, cousin Angelo,*  
*In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge*  
*Of your own cause.——*

Surely this Duke had odd notions of impartiality ; to commit the  
 decision of a cause to the person accused. He talks much more  
 rationally in the character of the Friar.

—— *The duke's unjust,*  
*Thus to retort your manifest appeal ;*  
*And put your trial in the villain's mouth,*  
*Whom here you come t' accuse.——*

I think, there needs no stronger authority to convince, that the  
 poet must have wrote, as I have corrected,

*In this I will be partial ; ——* THEOBALD.

I have

I have known my husband ; yet my husband knows  
not,

That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord ; it can be no  
better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou wert  
so too.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord :  
She, that accuses him of fornication,  
In self same manner doth accuse my husband ;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,  
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No ? you say your husband. [*To Mariana.*]

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo ;  
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body ;  
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.<sup>2</sup>—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on ;  
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee, at thy garden-house,  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman ?

<sup>2</sup> *This is a strange abuse*———] *Abuse* stands in this place for  
deception, or puzzle. So in *Macbeth*,

*This strange and self abuse,*

means, *this strange deception of himself.* JOHNSON.

*Lucio.*



*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;  
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions<sup>3</sup>  
Came short of composition; but, in chief,  
For that her reputation was disvalu'd  
In levity: since which time, of five years,  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;  
Or else for ever be confix'd here,  
A marble monument!

*Ang.* I did but smile 'till now.  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;  
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,  
\* These poor informal women are no more

But

<sup>3</sup> ——— her promised proportions  
Came short of composition; ——— ]

Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *These poor informal women* ——— ] i. e. women who have ill concerted their story. *Formal* signifies frequently, in our authour, a thing put into form or method: so *informal*, out of method, ill concerted. How easy is it to say, that Shakespeare might better have wrote *informing*, i. e. *accusing*. But he who (as the Oxford

But instruments of some more mightier member,  
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;  
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy  
oaths,  
Tho' they would swear down each particular faint,  
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,  
That's seal'd in approbation? <sup>5</sup> You, lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
There is another friar, that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

editor) thinks he did write so, knows nothing of the character of his stile. WARBURTON.

I once believed *informal* had no other or deeper signification than *informing, accusing*. The *scope* of justice, is the full extent; but think, upon farther enquiry, that *informal* signifies *incompetent, not qualified to give testimony*. Of this use there are precedents to be found, though I cannot now recover them. JOHNSON.

*Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with these lines:

“ —— I will not let him stir,  
“ Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
“ With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
“ To make of him a *formal* man again.”

*Formal*, in this passage, evidently signifies *in his senses*. The lines are spoken of Antipholis of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*,

“ Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
“ Not like a *formal* man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That's seal'd in approbation?* —] When any thing subject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or seal is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question. JOHNSON.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint.  
Your provost knows the place where he abides;  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly;  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;<sup>6</sup>  
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,  
In any chastisement: I for a while  
Will leave you; stir not you, till you have well  
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior  
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodo-  
wick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in no-  
thing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke  
most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall intreat you to abide here till he  
come, and enforce them against him: We shall find  
this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again; I  
would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me  
leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-  
vately, she should sooner confess; perchance, pub-  
lickly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. Isabella  
is brought in.*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

<sup>6</sup> — to hear this matter forth,] To hear it to the end; to search  
it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.—

*Escal.* Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place!—and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress: is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal;<sup>4</sup>

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

<sup>4</sup> ———To retort your manifest appeal;] To refer back to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke.



To call him villain ?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,  
To tax him with injustice ?—Take him hence ;  
To the rack with him :—We'll touze you joint by  
joint,

But we will know your purpose :—What ? unjust ?

*Duke.* Be not so hot ; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own : his subject I am not,

Nor here provincial : <sup>5</sup> My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna ;

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

'Till it o'er-run the stew : laws, for all faults ;

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, <sup>6</sup>

As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state ! Away with him to  
prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior  
Lucio ?

<sup>5</sup> *Nor here provincial.*] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Stands like the forfeits in a barber's shop.*] Barber's shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people.

*Tonstrina erat quædam : hic solebamus ferè  
Plerumque eam opperiri*—————

Which Donatus calls *apta sedes otiosis*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed ; who then practised the under parts of surgery : so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use ; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind ; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;

Do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the found of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notedly, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward,<sup>7</sup> as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke,*

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay a while.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir: fol, sir;

<sup>7</sup> ———— and a coward.] So again afterwards,

*You, firrab, that know me for a fool, a coward,  
One of all luxury* ————

But Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

Why,

Why, you bald-pated lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—  
Sneak not away, sir; [to Lucio] for the friar and you  
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you  
down.— [To Escalus,

We'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave:  
[To Angelo,

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,  
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernable,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my tryal be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

<sup>8</sup> Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: wilt not off?] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase on such occasions is simply; show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged. The words an hour have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom. I suppose it was written thus, show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged—an' how? wilt not off? In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim an' how?

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar : which consummate,  
Return him here again :—go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :

Your friar is now your prince : As I was then  
Advertising, and holy<sup>9</sup> to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.<sup>1</sup>  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart :  
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,  
Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose :<sup>2</sup> but, peace be with him !

<sup>9</sup> *Advertising and holy.*] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ————*be you as free to us.*] Be as generous to us, pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *That brain'd my purpose :—*] We now use in conversation a like phrase. *This it was that knocked my design on the head.* Dr. Warburton reads,

—————*baned my purpose.*

JOHNSON.



That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort ;  
So, happy is your brother.

*Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

*Ifab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him  
For Mariana's sake : But as he adjudg'd your brother,  
(Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and in promise-breach,  
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life)  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,<sup>3</sup>  
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;  
Like doth quit like, and *Measure still for Measure.*  
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;  
Which tho' thou would'st deny, deny thee 'vantage :<sup>4</sup>  
We do condemn thee to the very block,  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death ; and with like haste—  
Away with him.

*Mari.* Oh, my most gracious lord,  
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband !

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,

<sup>3</sup> ———— *even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's own tongue. So above.

*In the witness of his proper ear  
To call him villain.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *deny thee vantage :*] Take from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
 And choak your good to come. For his possessions,  
 Altho' by confiscation they are ours,  
 We do enstate and widow you withal,  
 To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* Oh, my dear lord,  
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle, my liege— [Kneeling.]

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour;—  
 Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you.

[To Lucio.]

*Mari.* Oh, my good lord!—sweet Isabel, take my  
 part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
 I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:<sup>5</sup>  
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,  
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
 And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel,  
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
 Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all—  
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
 And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad, so may my husband.  
 —Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]  
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
 As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,  
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

<sup>5</sup> *Against all sense you do importune her.*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection; Shakespeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

'Till he did look on me; <sup>6</sup> since it is so,  
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
 In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.  
 For Angelo,  
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;  
 And must be bury'd but as an intent,  
 That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
 Intents, but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say—  
 I have bethought me of another fault.—  
 Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded  
 At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private mes-  
 sage.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:  
 Give up your keys.

<sup>6</sup> 'Till he did look on me.] The duke has justly observed that Isabel is *importuned against all sense* to solicit for Angelo, yet here *against all sense* she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
 'Till he did look on me; since it is so,  
 Let him not die.*

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour. *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

*Prov.*

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord :  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice :  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have dy'd,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he ?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—  
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry one so learned and so wise  
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure :  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine ?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man :—  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according : Thou'rt condemn'd ;  
But, for those earthly faults,<sup>7</sup> I quit them all ;  
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him ;  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's  
that ?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,

<sup>7</sup> —[*for those earthly faults,*] Thy faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are cognisable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

Who



Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, for his sake

[*To Isab.*

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.  
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;<sup>8</sup>  
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye:—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:<sup>9</sup>  
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth  
yours.<sup>1</sup>—

I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.<sup>2</sup>  
You, firrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[*To Lucio.*

One of all luxury, an afs, a mad-man;  
Wherein have I deserved so of you,  
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to  
the trick:<sup>3</sup> if you will hang me for it, you may; but

<sup>8</sup> ————*perceives he's safe;*] It is somewhat strange, that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder or joy at the sight of her brother. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————*your evil quits you well.*] *Quits you*, recompenses, requites you. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ————*her worth, worth yours.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,  
*Her worth works yours.*

This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reason? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth?* it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle, but the sense is plain. *Her worth, worth yours;* that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*here's one in place I cannot pardon.*] After the pardon of two murderers, Lucio might be treated by the good duke with less harshness; but perhaps the poet intended to show, what is too often seen, *that men easily forgive wrongs which are not committed against themselves.* JOHNSON.

I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

*Duke.* Whipt first, fir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one  
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,  
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me  
to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made  
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me,  
in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits:<sup>4</sup>—Take him to prison:  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to  
death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana:—love her, Angelo;  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ———according to the trick.] To my custom, my habitual  
practice. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —thy other forfeits.] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.] I have  
always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding  
speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious,  
I should regulate it thus,

*Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.*

*Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;*

*We shall employ thee in a worthier place.*

*Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home*

*The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.*

*Ang. Th' offence pardons itself.*

*Duke. There's more behind*

*That is more grate. Dear Isabel,*

*I have a motion, &c.*

JOHNSON.

There's

There's more behind, that is more gratefull.—  
 Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;  
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—  
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;  
 The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
 I have a motion much imports your good,  
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:  
 So bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakespeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governour sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage. A circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperour, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our authour's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our authour was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra. Printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphry Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakespeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakespeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakespeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the authour whom Shakespeare immediately followed. The emperour in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakespeare's enumeration of the persons

of

of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

T H E



THE  
C O M E D Y  
O F  
E R R O R S.

Vol. II.

L

Persons

## Persons Represented.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*  
Antipholis of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but*  
                                          } *unknown to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*  
Dromio of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Dr. Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjuror.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

*Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, Ephesus.

THE

THE  
COMEDY of ERRORS.<sup>1</sup>

---

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

*The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and  
other Attendants.*

Æ G E O N.

**P**ROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall ;  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.  
*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws :  
The enmity, and discord, which of late

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. in 1595. The translator's argument is this.

- “ Two twinne-born sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
- “ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other ;
- “ The first his father lost a little lad,
- “ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother :
- “ This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
- “ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- “ Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- “ That citizens there take him for the same :
- “ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- “ Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.”

Perhaps, the last of these lines suggested to Shakespeare the title for his piece. STEEVENS.

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke,  
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,  
 (Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)  
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
 Both by the Syracufans and ourselves,  
 To admit no traffick to our adverse towns :  
 Nay, more, If any born at Ephesus  
 Be seen at Syracufan marts and fairs,  
 Again, if any, Syracufan born,  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied  
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Ægeon.* Yet this my comfort, when your words are  
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracufan, say, in brief, the cause,  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Ægeon.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature, <sup>2</sup> not by vile offence,

I'll

<sup>2</sup> *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged : but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of Heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker



I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracusa was I born ; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;  
 And the great care of goods at random left,  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.  
 There she had not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
 A poor mean woman was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male-twins, both alike :  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return :  
 Unwilling, I agreed ; alas, too soon.  
 We came aboard :  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :  
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,

was proper. By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate,  
 the world may understand, that my present death is according to  
 the ordinary course of Providence, [*wrought by nature*] and not the  
 effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by*  
*vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
 Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come ;  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :  
 And this it was ; for other means were none.—  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
 My wife, more careful for the elder-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
 But ere they came——oh, let me say no more !  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;  
 For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

*Ægeon.* Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encountred by a mighty rock ;  
 Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst :

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our fight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st  
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Ægeon.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,  
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap;  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
(Which princes, would they, may not disannul;)—  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,  
And pass'd sentence may not be recall'd,  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
To seek thy life by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—  
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt Duke and train.*]

*Jail.* I will, my lord.

*Ægeon.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,  
But to procrastinate his liveless end,

[*Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.*]

## SCENE II.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.*

*Mer.* Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money, that I had to keep.

*Ant.*



*Ant.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host;  
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
 'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
 Get thee away.

*Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
 And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

*Ant.* A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,  
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
 What, will you walk with me about the town,  
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit:  
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time:  
 My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
 And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant:*]

*Ant.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
 I to the world am like a drop of water,  
 That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*E. Dro.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.  
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast:  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant.* Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;  
Where you have left the mony that I gave you?

*E. Dro.* Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

To pay the fadler for my mistress' crupper;—  
The fadler had it, sir; I kept it not.

*Ant.* I am not in a sportive humour now;  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the mony?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*E. Dro.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:  
I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your  
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of  
season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*E. Dro.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolish-  
ness;

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*E. Dro.*

*E. Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you from the  
mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, fir, to dinner ;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have dispos'd my mony ;  
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :  
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me ?

*E. Dro.* I have some marks of yours upon my  
pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both. —  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant.* Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,  
hast thou ?

*E. Dro.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phœnix ;  
She, that doth fast, till you come home to dinner ;  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid ? There, take you that, fir knave.

*E. Dro.* What mean you, fir ? for God's sake, hold  
your hands ;  
Nay, an you will not fir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*

*Ant.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is <sup>3</sup> o'er-raught of all my mony.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage ; <sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —o'er-raught—] That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *They say, this town is full of cozenage ;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence *ἔφεσια ἀλεξίφραγμα* was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and *ἔφεσια γυμνάματα*, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,<sup>s</sup>  
 Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;  
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

<sup>s</sup> *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye ;  
 Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind :  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;*]

Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing witches*, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working forcerers*, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristick. We should read,

*Drug-working forcerers, that change the mind ;*

and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus,

*Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind ;  
 Dark-working witches that deform the body.*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or forcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage. STEEVENS.

And



And many such like liberties of sin :<sup>6</sup>  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;  
 I greatly fear my mony is not safe.

[Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

ADRIANA.

**N**EITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master !  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :  
 A man is master of his liberty ;  
 Time is their master ; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go or come : If so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.<sup>7</sup>

*Luc.* Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's

<sup>6</sup> —*liberties of sin* :] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Adr.* *There is none but asses will be bridled so.*

*Luc.* *Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.*]

Should it not rather be *lash'd*, i. e. coupled like a head-strong hound ?

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,  
 But hath it's bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
 Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls :  
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
 Lord of the wide world, and wild watry seas,  
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,  
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
 Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
 sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where? <sup>s</sup>

*Luc.* Till he came home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.*

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense with *leash*. *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform the same act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ————start some other where?] I cannot but think, that our authour wrote,

—————start some other here?

So in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be a good *barefunder*. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So in *Lear*,

“Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly out in pursuit of some other woman?* The expression is used again, scene 3.

“—his

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd,—no marvel tho' she  
pause ;<sup>9</sup>

They can be meek, that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me :  
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left <sup>1</sup>

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

*E. Dro.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that  
my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou  
his mind ?

*E. Dro.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel  
His meaning ?

*E. Dro.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well

“ ——— his eye doth homage *other where.*”

And in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. yet more appositely,

“ This is not Romeo, he's some *other where.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *tho' she pause ;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*,  
that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next  
relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*,  
and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

feel

feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.<sup>2</sup>

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*E. Dro.* Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*E. Dro.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

*Will you come?* quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?*

*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd*: *My gold*, quoth he.

*My mistress, sir*, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;

*I know not thy mistress*; *out on thy mistress!*

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*E. Dro.* Quoth my master:

*I know*, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*E. Dro.* Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*E. Dro.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

<sup>2</sup> that I could scarce understand them.] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakespeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

“——my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.



*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

*E. Dro.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,<sup>3</sup>  
That like a foot ball you do spurn me thus?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it more, than marble hard.  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That's not my fault: he's master of my state.  
What ruins are in me, that can be found  
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground  
Of my defeatures. <sup>4</sup> My decayed fair  
A sunny look of his would soon repair.  
But, too unruly <sup>5</sup> deer, he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>6</sup>

*Luc.*

<sup>3</sup> *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *My decayed fair*] Shakespeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and very probably *fair* for *fairness*. Το με καλον, is a similar expression. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quarto's read,

“Demetrius loves your *fair*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *too unruly deer*, —] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girde*.

“This was my heav'n's extremest sphere,

“The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *poor I am but his stale*.] The word *stale*, in our authour, used as a substantive, means, not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiating* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fy, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.  
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;  
Or else, what lets it, but he would be here?  
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;  
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,  
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!—  
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,<sup>7</sup>  
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,  
That others touch; yet often touching will  
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Stale* means, I believe, in this place, the same as the French word *chaperon*. Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, and often touching will:  
Where gold and no man, that hath a name,  
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.]*

In this miserable condition is this passage given us. It should be read thus,

*I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,  
That others touch; yet often touching will  
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.*

The sense is this, “Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, tho' as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption. WARBUR.

The *Revisal* reads thus,

—————yet the gold 'bides still,  
*That others touch, tho' often touching will  
Wear gold, and so a man that hath a name,  
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.*

I would read,

—————and though gold 'bides still, &c.

and the rest, with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Street.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Ant.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*S. Dro.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a  
word?

*Ant.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*S. Dro.* I did not see you since you sent me hence  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*S. Dro.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me?

*Ant.* Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and  
that.

[Beats Dro.]

*S. Dro.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest  
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Aut.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,  
<sup>1</sup> And make a common of my serious hours.  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanor to my looks;  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*S. Dro.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave  
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use  
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,  
and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my  
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant.* Dost thou not know?

*S. Dro.* Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant.* Shall I tell you why?

*S. Dro.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,  
every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant.* Why, first, for flouting me; and then, where-  
fore,  
For urging it the second time to me.

*S. Dro.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out  
of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither  
rhime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*S. Dro.* Marry, sir, for this something that you  
gave me for nothing.

*Ant.* I'll make you amends next, to give you no-  
thing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

<sup>1</sup> *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on  
them when you please. The allusion is to these tracts of ground  
destined to the general use, which are thence called *commons*.



*S. Dro.* No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant.* In good time, fir, what's that?

*S. Dro.* Basting.

*Ant.* Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

*S. Dro.* If it be, fir, pray you eat none of it.

*Ant.* Your reason?

*S. Dro.* Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

*Ant.* Well, fir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

*S. Dro.* I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

*Ant.* By what rule, fir?

*S. Dro.* Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant.* Let's hear it.

*S. Dro.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*S. Dro.* Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

<sup>2</sup> *Ant.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*S. Dro.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

<sup>2</sup> *Ant.* *Why is time, &c.*] In former editions:

*Ant.* *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?*

*S. Dro.* *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken vice versa for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

*Ant.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*S. Dro.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*S. Dro.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant.* For what reason?

*S. Dro.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant.* Nay, not found, I pray you.

*S. Dro.* Sure ones then.

*Ant.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing,

*S. Dro.* Certain ones then.

*Ant.* Name them.

*S. Dro.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant.* You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

*S. Dro.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*S. Dro.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

<sup>3</sup> Not a man of these, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst  
vow,

That never words were musick to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to  
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me;

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: <sup>4</sup>

For,

<sup>4</sup> *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;*

*My blood is mingled with the CRIME of lust: ]*

Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read,

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed,  
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:  
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town as to your talk:  
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
 Wants wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fy, brother! how the world is chang'd with  
 you;

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant.* By Dromio?

*S. Dro.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee; and thus thou didst return from  
 him,—

That he did buffet thee; and, in his blows  
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?  
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

*S. Dro.* I, sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

*Ant.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

—————*with the GRIME of lust:*

i. e. the stain, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over  
 shoes in the GRIME of it.*      WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.*] To *distaine* (from the  
 French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain, defile, pollute*. But the  
 context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *un-  
 stain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a  
*privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd,  
 undefiled*.      THEOBALD.

I would read,

*I live distained, thou dishonoured.*

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also  
 live distained.      REVISAL.

Didst



Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*S. Dro.* I never spoke with her in all my life.

*Ant.* How can she thus then call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration ?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>6</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;  
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss ;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant.* To me she speaks ; she moves me for her  
theme.

What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.<sup>7</sup>

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*S. Dro.* Oh, for my beads ! I cross me for a finner.

<sup>6</sup> ———you are from me exempt.] *Exempt*, separated, parted.  
The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet  
injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ———the favour'd fallacy.

Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads,

————the free'd fallacy.

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for  
*the offer'd fallacy.*

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent.

STEEVENS.

This is the fairy land : oh, spight of spights !—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights ;<sup>8</sup>  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'ft thou to thyself, and answer'ft  
 not?<sup>9</sup>

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

*S. Dro.* I am transformed, master, am I not ?

*Ant.* I think, thou art in mind, and so am I.

<sup>8</sup> *We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights ;]* Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonsense*, the first time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters owls to *ouphs*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scretch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega*, from *strix*, the scretch-owl. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid,

*Sunt avidæ volucres ; non quæ Phinæia mensis  
 Guttura fraudabant : sed genus inde trahunt.  
 Grande caput : stantes oculi : rostra apta rapinæ :  
 Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.  
 Noctæ volant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT nutricis egentes ;  
 Et vitiant CUNIS corpora rapta suis.  
 Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris ;  
 Et plenum potio sanguine guttur habent.  
 Est illis strigibus nomen : —————*

Lib. 6. Fast.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Why prat'ft thou to thyself?*

*Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot !]*

In the first of these lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have both, for what reason I cannot tell, curtailed the measure, and dismounted the doggrell rhyme, which I have replaced from the first folio. The second verse is there likewise read ;

*Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.*

The verse is thus half a foot too long ; my correction cures that fault : besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

*S. Dro.*

*S. Dro.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant.* Thou hast thine own form.

*S. Dro.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

*S. Dro.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.

'Tis fo, I am an afs; else it could never be,  
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, fir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And thrive you<sup>1</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:—  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:  
Come, sifter; Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?  
I'll say as they say, and persever so;  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*S. Dro.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *And thrive you——*] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The street before Antipholis's house.*

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Ballibazar.*

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us ;  
 My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :  
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop  
 To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>2</sup>  
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;  
 And that I did deny my wife and house :—  
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

*E. Dro.* Say what you will, fir, but I know what I  
 know ;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*E. Ant.* I think, thou art an afs.

<sup>2</sup> *Carkanet*] seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem,

*The empress spreads her carcanets.* JOHNSON.

*Quarquon, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoifelles.*

*Le grand Dict. de Nicod.*

STEEVENS.

*E. Dro.*



*E. Dro.* Marry, so it doth appear <sup>3</sup>  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear ;  
 I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,  
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

*E. Ant.* Y'are sad, signior Balthazar. Pray God,  
 our cheer  
 May answer my good-will, and your good welcome  
 here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*E. Ant.* Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

*E. Ant.* And welcome more common ; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*E. Ant.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest :

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part ;  
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart,  
 But, soft ; my door is lock'd : Go bid them let us in.

*E. Dro.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
 Ginn !

<sup>3</sup> *Marry, so it doth appear*

*By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear ;]*

Thus all the printed copies ; but certainly, This is cross-purposes in reasoning. It appears, Dromio is an afs by his making no resistance ; because an afs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine.

THEOBALD.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *afs* ; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *afs*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

*S. Dro.*

*S. Dro.* (*within*) Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-comb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

*E. Dro.* What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

*S. Dro.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*E. Ant.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*S. Dro.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

*E. Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

*S. Dro.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

*E. Ant.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

*S. Dro.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*E. Dro.* O villain, thou hast stoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* (*within*) What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

*E. Dro.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

*E. Dro.* O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's, When?  
can you tell?

*S. Dro.* If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

*E. Ant.* Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us  
in, I trow?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*S. Dro.* And you said, no.

*E. Dro.* So, come, help; well struck; there was  
blow for blow.

*E. Ant.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*E. Dro.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock, 'till it ake.

*E. Ant.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the  
door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in  
the town?

*Adr.* (*within*) Who is that at the door, that keeps  
all this noise?

*S. Dro.* By my troth, your town is troubled with  
unruly boys.

*E. Ant.* Are you there, wife? you might have  
come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the  
door.

*E. Dro.* If you went in pain, master, this *knave*  
would go fore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we  
would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall have  
part with neither. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —we shall have part with neither.] The reading was thus.

————we shall part with neither.

Common sense requires us to read,

————we shall HAVE part with neither.

WARB.

*E. Dro.*

*E. Dro.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*E. Ant.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*E. Dro.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

*E. Ant.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*S. Dro.* Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*E. Dro.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*S. Dro.* It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

*E. Dro.* Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

*S. Dro.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*E. Ant.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

*E. Dro.* A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>5</sup>

*E. Ant.*

<sup>5</sup> —[*we'll pluck a crow together, &c.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of quality among the Geeeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement.

This



*E. Ant.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, fir: oh, let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this;—Your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse,  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>6</sup>  
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
And that supposed by the common rout,<sup>7</sup>  
Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

This custom Tyndarus in the Captives mentions, and says, that for his part he had

—————*tantum upupam.*

*Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock* or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —————*the doors are made against you* ] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read,

———*the doors are barr'd against you.*

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Supposed by the common rout* ] For *suppose* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

For slander lives upon succession;<sup>8</sup>  
 For ever hous'd, where't gets possession.

*E. Ant.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth,<sup>9</sup> mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
 Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;  
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert),  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  
 Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste:  
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir,  
 hence.

*E. Ant.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some ex-  
 pence. [Exeunt.]

<sup>8</sup> *For slander lives upon succession.*] The line apparently wants two syllables: what they were, cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:

*For lasting slander lives upon succession.* JOHNSON.

On consulting the folio, I found the second line had been lengthened out by the modern editors, who read;

*For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.*

I have therefore restored it to its former measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And, in despite of mirth,—*] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most displeasing to me. WARBURTON.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

*Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot?  
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty:  
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

\* —*that you have quite forgot.*] In former copies,

*And may it be, that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? Sha'l Antipholis,  
 Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?*

This passage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption: What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it; this scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhimes, and this measure is never broken, but in the *second*, and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse; and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Be secret false ; What need she be acquainted ?

What simple thief brags of his own attain ?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board :

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;

Ill deeds are double with an evil word.

Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,

<sup>2</sup> Being compact of credit, that you love us ;

Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :

'Tis holy sport to be a little <sup>3</sup> vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*S. Ant.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine :) )

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth, divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a God ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then, well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine ;

<sup>2</sup> *Alas, poor women! make us not believe, &c.*] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not,*) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossest'd one another in many other passages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *Being compact of credit,*] means, *bring made altogether of credit.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *—vain,*] is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON.



Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;

Sing, firen, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, ° and there lie ;

And in that glorious supposition think,

He gains by death, that hath such means to die :

Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink. ¹

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

*S. Ant.* Not mad, but mated ;\* how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*S. Ant.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear  
your sight.

*S. Ant.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on  
night.

*Luc.* Why call you me, love ? call my sister so.

*S. Ant.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister,

*S. Ant.* No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim. ²

° —as a bed I'll take thee.] The old copy reads, —as a bud.  
STEEVENS.

¹ —if she sink,] I know not to whom the pronoun *she* can be  
referred. I have made no scruple to remove a letter from it.

STEEVENS.

\* *Not mad, but mated,*] i. e. confounded. So in *Macbeth* :

*My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.* STEEVENS.

² *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he  
calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common  
cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot  
understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

JOHNSON.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*S. Ant.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:<sup>3</sup>  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:  
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* Oh, soft, fir, hold you still;  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Ex. Luc.*]

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*S. Ant.* Why, how now, Dromio, where run'st thou  
so fast?

*S. Dro.* Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio? am  
I your man? am I myself?

*S. Ant.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou  
art thyself.

*S. Dro.* I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and be-  
sides myself.

*S. Ant.* What woman's man? and how besides  
thyself.

*S. Dro.* Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to a  
woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,  
one that will have me.

*S. Ant.* What claim lays she to thee?

*S. Dro.* Marry, fir, such a claim as you would lay  
to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:  
not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but  
that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to  
me.

*S. Ant.* What is she?

<sup>3</sup> —for I mean thee.] Thus the modern editors. The folio  
reads,

— for I am thee.

Perhaps we should read,

— for I aim thee.

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's aim*.

STEEVENS.

*S. Dro.*

*S. Dro.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

*S. Ant.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*S. Dro.* Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*S. Ant.* What complexion is she of?

*S. Dro.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*S. Ant.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*S. Dro.* No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*S. Ant.* <sup>4</sup> What's her name?

*S. Dro.* Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will not measure her from hip to hip.

*S. Ant.* Then she bears some breadth?

*S. Dro.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*S. Ant.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

<sup>4</sup> *S. Ant.* *What's her name?*

*S. Dro.* *Nell, fir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.]* This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? There are enough besides in our author, and Ben Jonson, to countenance that current vice of the times when this play appear'd. Nor is Mr. Pope, in the *chastity* of his taste, to bristle up at me for the revival of this witticism, since I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

*S. Dro.* Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*S. Ant.* Where Scotland?

*S. Dro.* I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

*S. Ant.* <sup>s</sup> Where France?

*S. Dro.*

<sup>s</sup> *S. Ant.* Where France?

*S. Dro.* In her forehead, arm'd and revert'd, making war against her hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized; but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen-wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her hair. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir.*——And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivocus*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making war against her hair. Now as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre; it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that hair, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and sir T. Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *revert'd*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *hair*? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise



*S. Dro.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

*S. Ant.* Where England?

*S. Dro.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*S. Ant.* Where Spain?

*S. Dro.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*S. Ant.* Where America, the Indies?

*S. Dro.* Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires: declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted at her nose.

*S. Ant.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*S. Dro.* Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: <sup>6</sup> And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

*S. Ant.* Go, hie thee presently; post to the road: And if the wind blow any way from shore,

arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending our conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.*] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however the Oxford editor thinks *a breast made of flint*, better security, and has therefore put it in.

WARBURTON.

I will

I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
 If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
 Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me.  
 If every one know us, and we know none,  
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*S. Dro.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
 So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

*S. Ant.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
 She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
 Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter Angelo, with a chain.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholis——

*S. Ant.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;<sup>7</sup>  
 The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

*S. Ant.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for  
 you.

*S. Ant.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you  
 have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
 And then receive my money for the chain.

<sup>7</sup> —— at the Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that all over the ancient editions of Shakespeare's plays, (both in the folio and quartos) the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so written at that time. STEEVENS.

*S. Ant.* I pray you, fir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, fir : fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*S. Ant.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell :  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;  
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*

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

### T H E S T R E E T.

*Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

#### M E R C H A N T.

**Y**OU know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you ;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :  
Therefore make present satisfaction ;  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me by Antipholis :  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same :  
Please you but walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter*

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.*

*Off.* That labour you may save: see where he comes:

*E. Ant.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's-end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But, sot, I see the goldsmith: get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*E. Dro.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!  
[*Exit Dromio.*]

*E. Ant.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you:  
I promised your presence, and the chain;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
Belike, you thought, our love would last too long  
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd;  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*E. Ant.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town:  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*E. Ant.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.*



*Ang.* Well, fir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*E. Ant.* An if I have not, fir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, fir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*E. Ant.* Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it;  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, fir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

*E. Ant.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now.

Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

*E. Ant.* Fy, now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good fir, say, whether you'll answer me, or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*E. Ant.* I answer you! why should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*E. Ant.* I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*E. Ant.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, fir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Offi.* I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.  
 Either consent to pay the sum for me,  
 Or I attach you by this officer.

*E. Ant.* Consent to pay for that I never had!  
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;  
 I would not spare my brother in this case,  
 If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*E. Ant.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
 But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
 As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
 To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.*

*S. Dro.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
 That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
 Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,  
 I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
 The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
 The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
 Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*E. Ant.* How now! a madman! why, thou peevish  
 sheep,  
 What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*S. Dro.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*E. Ant.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
 And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*S. Dro.* You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:  
 You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*E. Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
 And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
 To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait,  
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;  
 Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
 And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone:  
 On, officer, to prison 'till it come. [Exeunt.

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
 Where Dowfabel did claim me for her husband:  
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
 Thither I must, altho' against my will,  
 For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Changes to the house of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
 Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?  
 Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?  
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?\*

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my  
 spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
 were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

\* —meteors tilting in his face?] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place.

*Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,*

*All of one nature, of one substance bred,*

*Did lately meet in the intestine shock*

*And furious close of civil butchery.*

WARBURTON.

Luc.

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then my speech,

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair ?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and <sup>9</sup> sere,

Ill-fac'd, whose-body'd, shapeless every where ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

<sup>1</sup> Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse :

<sup>2</sup> For from her nest the lapwing cries away ;

My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*S. Dro.* Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now make haste.

*Luc.* How, hast thou lost thy breath ?

<sup>9</sup> *sere*] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Stigmatical in making*—] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *For from her nest the lapwing, &c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his *Second Part of Cony-catching*, 1592, says,—" But again to our priggers, who, as before I said " *cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest, and from their place* " of residence where their molt abode is."

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—" he withdraweth " men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be."

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, act i. STEEVENS.

*S. Dro.*



*S. Dro.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*S. Dro.* No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;<sup>3</sup>

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

<sup>4</sup> A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that com-  
mands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that <sup>5</sup> runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot  
well;

<sup>3</sup> *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough*] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? We should read——

*a fiend, a fury, &c.* THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *bobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of allies, creeks, and narrow lands.*] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression, Rich. II. act v. sc. 6.

*Even such they say as stand in narrow lanes.* GRAY.

<sup>5</sup> *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our authour answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; Every Man in his Humour, act ii. sc. iv.

“Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young,  
“*dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning, &c.”

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GRAY.

One, that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>6</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*S. Dro.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.<sup>7</sup>

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

*S. Dro.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well. But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>8</sup>

*S. Dro.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing, A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*S. Dro.* No, no; the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

<sup>6</sup> ———[*poor souls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

“ In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's bell.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———[*on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GRAY.

<sup>8</sup> ———[*was he arrested on a band.*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance I believe the humour of the passage turns.

B. Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says,

———“ Statute and *Band* and Wax shall go with me.”

Again, without personification;

“ See here your Mortgage, Statute, *Band*, and Wax.”

STEEVENS.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that I did never hear.

*S. Dro.* O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost  
thou reason?

*S. Dro.* *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more  
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in the day?

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it  
strait;

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*S. Ant.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute  
me,

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindneffes;

Some offer me commodities to buy.

Even now a taylor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*S. Dro.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for :  
' what, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
apparell'd ?

*S. Ant.* What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou  
mean ?

*S. Dro.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but  
that Adam, that keeps the prison : he that goes in  
the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he  
that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and  
bid you forsake your liberty.

*S. Ant.* I understand thee not.

*S. Dro.* No ? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went  
like a base-viol in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that,  
when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and  
'rests them ; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men,  
and gives 'em suits of durance ; ' he that sets up his  
rest

<sup>9</sup> — *what, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd ?*]  
A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident in  
copying, or at press ; otherwise I have no conception of the mean-  
ing of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been  
arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him :  
he running back with the money meets the twin Antipholis,  
whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the of-  
ficer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprize ;

*What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd ?*  
For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the  
officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd ? The allusion is to Adam  
in his state of innocence going naked ; and immediately after the  
fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new appa-  
rell'd : and, in like manner, the serjeants of the Counter were  
formerly clad in buff, or calves-skin, as the author humourously a  
little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to  
be amended. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *he, that sets up his rest to do more with his mace than a MOR-  
RIS-pike.*] *Sets up his rest,* is a phrase taken from military exer-  
cise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very  
weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required  
fire-



rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris pike.

*S. Ant.* What! thou mean'st an officer?

*S. Dro.* Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, God give you good rest!

*S. Ant.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.

Is there any ship puts forth to-night, may we be gone?

*S. Dro.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry

fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortned their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion; no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakespeare wrote,

— a MAURICE-pike.

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborne with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats, in which a stand of pikes is of great service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to do exploits with a pike. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

for the hoy Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*S. Ant.* The fellow is distract, and so am I,  
And here we wander in illusions :  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholis.  
I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now :  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

*S. Ant.* Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

*S. Dro.* Master, is this mistress Satan ?

*S. Ant.* It is the devil.

*S. Dro.* Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam ;  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench :  
and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light ; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn : Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, fir.  
Will you go with me ; we'll mend our dinner here ?

*S. Dro.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

*S. Ant.* Why, Dromio ?

*S. Dro.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

*S. Ant.* Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs :  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,  
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*S. Dro.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry stone : but she, more covetous, would have a

chain. Master, be wise ; an' if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain ; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so ?

*S. Ant.* Avaunt, thou witch ! come Dromio, let us go.

*S. Dro.* Fly pride, says the peacock ; Mistrefs, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. and Dro.*]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad, Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain :  
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason, that I gather, he is mad,  
(Besides this present instance of his rage)

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse ;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

## T H E S T R E E T.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Sailor.*

*E. Ant.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;  
And will not lightly trust the messenger.

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man ; I think, he brings the money.  
How now, fir, have you that I sent you for ?

*E. Dro.* Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

*E. Ant.* But where's the money ?

*E. Dro.* Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.

*E. Ant.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

*E. Dro.* I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.

*E. Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

*E. Dro.* To a rope's-end, fir ; and to that end am I return'd.

*E. Ant.* And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dromio.*]

*Offi.* Good fir, be patient.

*E. Dro.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

*Offi.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*E. Dro.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*E. Ant.* Thou whorson, senseless villain !

*E. Dro.* I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows.

*E. Ant.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*E. Dro.* I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am wak'd with it, when I sleep ; rais'd with it, when I sit ; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcom'd home with it, when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar



wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me,  
I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.*

*E. Ant.* Come, go along ; my wife is coming  
yonder.

*E. Dro.* <sup>2</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end ;*  
or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the*  
*rope's end.*——

*E. Ant.* Wilt thou still talk ? [Beats *Dromio.*

*Cour.* How say you now ? is not your husband  
mad ?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your  
pulse.

*E. Ant.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

<sup>2</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy,*  
*like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to al-  
lude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan  
against the lord of Liddington ; which ends with these words,  
*Respice finem, respice funem.* But to what purpose, unless our au-  
thor would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the  
other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *propheying like the*  
*parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words ;  
with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the stand-  
ing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, sir, my parrot prophe-*  
*sies.* To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of *Ralpho's* skill in  
augury, he says,

*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*  
*That speak and think contrary clean ;*  
*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*  
*When they cry ROPE, and walk, knave, walk.*

WARBURTON.

And

And to thy state of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait ;  
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

*E. Ant.* Peace, doating wizard, peace ; I am not  
mad.

*Adr.* Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul !

*E. Ant.* You minion, you, are theſe your customers ?  
Did this companion with the ſaffron face  
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,  
Whiſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,  
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe ?

*Adr.* Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at  
home ;  
Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame !

*E. Ant.* Din'd I at home ? Thou villain, what ſay'ſt  
thou ?

*E. Dro.* Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

*E. Ant.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut  
out ?

*E. Dro.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you  
ſhut out.

*E. Ant.* And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there ?

*E. Dro.* Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

*E. Ant.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and  
ſcorn me ?

*E. Dro.* Certes, ſhe did ; ' the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd  
you.

*E. Ant.* And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

*E. Dro.* In verity, you did ; my bones bear witneſs,  
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries ?

*Pinch.* It is no ſhame ; the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*E. Ant.* Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt  
me.

<sup>3</sup> *Kitchen-veſtal.*] Her charge being like that of the veſtal vir-  
gins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*E. Dro.* Money by me? heart and good-will you  
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*E. Ant.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of  
ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*E. Dro.* God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*E. Ant.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*E. Dro.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both.

*E. Ant.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome object scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.*

*Adr.* Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come  
near me,

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend is strong within  
him.

*Luc.* Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*E. Ant.* What, will you murder me? Thou jailor,  
thou,

I am

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*]

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!

*E. Ant.* Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

*E. Dro.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*E. Ant.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me?

*E. Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,  
good master; cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence; sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, and Dromio.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)  
Strait after, did I meet with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come,



Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and  
Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

*Offi.* Away, they'll kill us. [They run out.]

*Manent Antipholis and Dromio.*

*S. Ant.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*S. Dro.* She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you.

*S. Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff from  
thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*S. Dro.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely  
do us no harm; you saw, they spake us fair, gave us  
gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that  
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims mar-  
riage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here  
still, and turn witch.

*S. Ant.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street, before a Priory.*

*Enter the Merchant and Angelo.*

ANGELO.

I AM sorry, fir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, fir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so ; and that self-chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.  
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—  
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly :  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*S. Ant.* I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, fir : and forswore it too.

*S. Ant.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear  
thee :

Fy

Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*S. Ant.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.  
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—

Some get within him, take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*S. Dro.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take  
a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the priory.*

*Enter Lady Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him?

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,  
And much, much different from the man he was;  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?  
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely,

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanc'd at it;

Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

\* Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?

<sup>4</sup> *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?*] Shakespeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written,

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,*

*But moodie [moping] and dull melancholy,*

*Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?*

*And at their heels a huge infectious troop.*

REVISAL.

And



And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life.  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.  
 —Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.

—Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enter in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband  
 forth.

*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 'Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office;  
 And will have no attorney but myself;  
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
 'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers  
 To make of him a formal man again ;<sup>s</sup>  
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
 A charitable duty of my order ;  
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here :  
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness  
 To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

<sup>s</sup> —a formal man again ;] i. e. to bring him back to his senses,  
 and the forms of sober behaviour. So in *Measure for Measure* :  
 —informal women for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

*Luc.* Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.  
[*Exit Abbess.*]

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise, until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the Duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his  
death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.  
*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the heads-  
man and other officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publickly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholis my  
husband,  
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,<sup>o</sup>) this ill day

<sup>o</sup> (*Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,*)——]

Shakespeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own,  
seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

STEEVENS.

*Important* seems to be for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

A most

A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
 That desperately he hurry'd through the street,  
 (With him his bondman all as mad as he)  
 Doing displeasure to the citizens,  
 By rushing in their houses; bearing thence  
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him:  
 And, with his mad attendant<sup>7</sup> and himself,  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chas'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;  
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my  
 wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 (When thou didst make him master of thy bed,)  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;  
 And bid the lady Abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

<sup>7</sup> *And, with his mad attendant AND himself,]* We should read,  
 ——— MAD himself. WARBURTON.

We might read,  
*And here his mad attendant and himself,* STEEVENS.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of  
fire;

And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,  
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*Mess.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows if he can take take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: guard  
with halberds.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;*] Such a  
ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we  
find it introduced; but is rather extraordinary to be met with  
in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle.

*Obvius ambustum torrem Chorinæus ab ara  
Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti  
Occupat os flammis. Ili ingens barba reluxit  
Nidoremque ambusta dedit.*

Virg. *Æneis*, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *To SCORCH your face,——*] We should read SCOTCH, i. e.  
hack, cut. WARBURTON.

*To scorch* I believe is right. He would have punished her as he  
had punished the conjurer before.

STEEVENS.

*Adr.*



*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible!  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus.*

*E. Ant.* Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant  
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ægeon.* Unless the fear of death doth make me  
dote,

I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

*E. Ant.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there:

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*E. Ant.* This day, great Duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault: say, woman, didst thou  
so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my  
sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjurd woman! They are both forsworn.  
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

*E. Ant.* My liege, I am advis'd, what I say :  
 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
 Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
 Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;  
 And in his company, that gentleman.  
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,  
 Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,  
 He did arrest me with an officer.  
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
 To go in person with me to my house.  
 By the way we met my wife, her sister, and  
 A rabble more of vile confederates ;  
 Along with them  
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then altogether  
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;  
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;

'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds afunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him ;  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*Ang.* He had, my lord ; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart ;  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*E. Ant.* I never came within these abbey-walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—  
You say, he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

*E. Dro.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcu-  
pine.

*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*E. Ant.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange ; go call the Abbess  
hither ;

I think, you are all mated,\* or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

\* mated,] i. e. confused.

*Ægeon.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak  
a word ;

Haply, I see a friend, will save my life ;  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Ægeon.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis ?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

*E. Dro.* Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords ;  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Ægeon.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

*E. Dro.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

*Ægeon.* Why look you strange on me ? you know  
me well.

*E. Ant.* I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

*Ægeon.* Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last ;

And careful hours, with time's deformed hand  
Have written <sup>2</sup> strange defeatures in my face :  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

*E. Ant.* Neither.

*Ægeon.* Dromio, nor thou ?

*E. Dro.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Ægeon.* I am sure, thou dost.

*E. Dro.* Ay, sir ? but I am sure, I do not ; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to be-  
lieve him.

*Ægeon.* Not know my voice ! Oh, time's extre-  
mity !

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?

<sup>2</sup> *Strange defeatures.*] *Defature* is the privative of *feature*.  
The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.



Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

<sup>3</sup> All these old witnesses, (I cannot err)  
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

*E. Ant.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Ægeon.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
 Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*E. Ant.* The Duke, and all that know me in the  
 city,

Can witness with me that it is not so:  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholis,  
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

*Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio  
 Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
 wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me,

*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other;  
 And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
 And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

<sup>3</sup> *All those OLD witnesses, I cannot err,*] I believe should read,  
*All these HOLD witnesses I cannot err,*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c.

WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err* should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced, accustom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. STEEVENS.

*S. Dro.*

*S. Dro.* I, fir, am Dromio ; command him away.

*E. Dro.* I, fir, am Dromio ; pray, let me ftay.

*S. Ant.* Ægeon, art thou not ? or elfe his ghofl ?

*S. Dro.* O, my old mafter ! who hath bound him here ?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loofe his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty :

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ft the man,

That hadft a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair fons ?

Oh, if thou be'ft the fame Ægeon, fpeak,

And fpeak unto the fame Æmilia.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning ftory right :  
Thefe two Antipholis's, thefe two fo like,  
And thofe two Dromio's, one in femblance ;  
Besides her urging of her wreck at fea,  
Thefe plainly are the parents of thefe children,  
Which accidentally are met together.

*Ægeon.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia ;  
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that fon  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;  
But, by and by, rude fifhermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio, and my fon from them,  
And me they left with thofe of Epidamnum.  
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;  
I, to this fortune that you fee me in.

*Duke.* Antipholis, thou cam'ft from Corinth firft.

*S. Ant.* No, fir, not I, I came from Syracufe.

*Duke.* Stay, ftand apart ; I know not which is which.

*E. Ant.* I came from Corinth, my moft gracious  
lord.

*E. Dro.* And I with him.

*E. Ant.* Brought to this town by that moft famous  
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your moft renowned uncle.

*Adr.*

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*S. Ant.* I, my gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are you not my husband?

*E. Ant.* No, I say, *nay* to that.

*S. Ant.* And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother. What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*S. Ant.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*E. Ant.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.

*E. Dro.* No, none by me.

*S. Ant.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors all arose.

*E. Ant.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need, <sup>4</sup> thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*E. Ant.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's Error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And ye shall have full satisfaction.

<sup>5</sup> Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

Of

<sup>5</sup> *Twenty-five years*—————] In former editions,  
Thirty-three years.

'Tis impossible the poet could be so forgetful, as to design this number

Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,  
 My heavy burdens are delivered:—  
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and <sup>6</sup> go with me:  
 After so long grief such nativity! <sup>7</sup>

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.*

*S. Dro.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

*E. Ant.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-bark'd?

ber here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

*My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother, &c.*

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act.

*Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse-bay,  
 Thou knowest we parted;*

So that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD,

<sup>6</sup> ————*and go with me:*] We should read,

—————*and GAUDE with me:*

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revival offers to read, more plausibly, I think,

—————*joy with me.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *After so long grief, such nativity.*] We should surely read,

*After so long grief, such festivity.*

*Nativity* lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

*S. Dro.*



*S. Dro.* Your goods, that lay at host, fir, in the Centaur.

*S. Ant.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*]

*S. Dro.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*E. Dro.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth:  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*S. Dro.* Not I, fir; you are my elder.

*E. Dro.* That's a question:  
How shall I try it?

*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the senior:  
Till then, lead thou first.

*E. Dro.* Nay, then thus—— [Embracing.]  
We came into the world, like brother and brother:  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  
[*Exeunt.*]

IN this play we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how it will conclude. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till they have lost the power of affording any entertainment at all.

STEEVENS.

M U C H



M U C H A D O

A B O U T

N O T H I N G .

## Persons Represented.

*DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.*

*Leonato, Governor of Messina.*

*Don John, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.*

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

*Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.*

*Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.*

*Antonio, Brother to Leonato.*

*Borachio, Confident to Don John.*

*Conrade, Friend to Borachio.*

*Dogberry, } two foolish Officers.*

*Verges, }*

*Hero, Daughter to Leonato.*

*Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.*

*Margaret } two Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

*Urfula. }*

*A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.*

## S C E N E *Messina in Sicily.*

The story is from Ariosto *Orl. Fur. b. v.* POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that something resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, as remote an original may be traced. A novel however, of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakespeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its circumstances to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many translations from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that the great majority of them have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, I have hitherto met with none. STEEVENS.

M U C H



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.<sup>1</sup>

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

*Before Leonato's house.*

*Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.*

L E O N A T O.

**I** Learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Much Ado about Nothing.*] *Innogen*, (the mother of Hero) in the oldest quarto that I have seen of this play, printed in 1600, is mentioned to enter in two several scenes. The succeeding editions have all continued her name in the *Dramatis Personæ*. But I have ventured to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the play, no one speech address'd to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine that Hero's mother was living. It seems, as if the poet had in his first plan design'd such a character: which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

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

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

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

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer<sup>3</sup> than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, <sup>4</sup> is signior Montanto return'd from the wars, or no?

<sup>2</sup> ———joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

This is an idea which Shakespeare seems to have been delighted to express. It occurs again in Macbeth.

—————my plenteous joys  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———no faces truer] That is, none *bonester*, none *more sincere*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —is Signior Montanto return'd—] Montante, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. WARBURTON.

*Mess.*

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady; <sup>5</sup> there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

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

*Beat.* <sup>6</sup> He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid <sup>7</sup> at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and chal-

<sup>5</sup> —*there was none such in the army of any sort.*] Not meaning there was none such of any order or degree whatever, but that there was none such of any quality above the common. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *He set up his bills, &c.*] In B. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Shift says,

“ This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.”

Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —————*challeng'd Cupid at the flight;*] The difuse of the bow makes this passage obscure. Benedick is represented as challenging Cupid at archery. To challenge *at the flight* is, I believe, to wager who shall shoot the arrow furthest without any particular mark. To *challenge at the bird-bolt*, seems to mean the same as to challenge at children's archery, with small arrows such as are discharged at birds. In Twelfth Night Lady Olivia opposes a *bird-bolt* to a *cannon-bullet*, the lightest to the heaviest of missive weapons. JOHNSON.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. So in Marston's What You Will, 1607:

“ —————ignorance should shoot

“ His gross-knob'd *bird-bolt*. ———”

To challenge at the *flight* was a challenge to shoot with an arrow. *Flight* means only an arrow, as may be proved from the following lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca:

—————*not the quick rack swifter*

*The virgin from the hated ravisher*

*Not half so fearful: not a flight drawn home,*

*A round stone from a sling.* ————— STEEVENS.

lenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you<sup>3</sup>, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady? But what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuf with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his<sup>9</sup> five wits went halting off, and  
now

<sup>3</sup> ———— *he'll be meet with you.*] This is a very common expression in the midland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you.*

So in *TEXNOFAMIA* by B. Holiday, 1618.

“Go meet her, or else shall *be meet* with me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *four of his five wits*——] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So Davies on the Soul.

Wit, seeking truth from cause to cause ascends,  
And never rests till it the first attain;  
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends,  
But never stays till it the last do gain.



now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have <sup>1</sup> wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath a every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: <sup>2</sup> he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block. <sup>3</sup>

*Mess.* I see, lady, <sup>4</sup> the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.*

And in another part,

*But if a phrenzy do possess the brain,  
It so disturbs and blots the form of things,  
As fantasy proves altogether vain,  
And to the wit no true relation brings.  
Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,  
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds; ———*

The wits seem to have reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *wit enough to keep himself warm,*] But how would that make a difference between him and his horse? We should read, *Wit enough to keep himself FROM HARM.* This suits the satirical turn of her speech, in the character she would give of Benedick; and this would make the difference spoken of. For 'tis the nature of horses, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon.

WARBURTON.

*Such a one has wit enough to keep himself warm,* is a proverbial expression, and there is surely no need of change. An attempt to refute the reasoning of the note would be loss of time and labour. To bear any thing for a difference is a term in heraldry.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *——— he wears his faith———*] Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*; for the speaker gives it as the reason of her asking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new sworn brother.* WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *——— with the next block.*] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. The old writers sometimes use the word for the hat itself. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *——— the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. *To be in one's books*

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no <sup>s</sup> young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

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

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

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not 'till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approach'd.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.*

*Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to

*is to be in one's codicils or will, to be among friends set down for legacies.* JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age.

Such another expression occurs in Middleton's Comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602.

"I'd scratch her eyes out, if my man stood *in her tables*."

Again, in Shirley's School of Compliment, 1637.

"———There's a man *in her tables* more than I look'd for. Hamlet says,

"———My *tables*, meet it is I set it down——"

when he pulls out his *pocket-book*.

Probably the phrase was originally adopted from the tradesman's language. To be in *tradesman's books*, might formerly have been an expression in common conversation for a *trust* of any other kind. STEEVENS.

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

meet

meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

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

*Pedro.* You embrace your<sup>o</sup> charge too willingly — I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

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

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

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

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

*Beat.* I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

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

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

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat: but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for

<sup>o</sup> *You embrace your charge——*] That is your burthen, your incumbrance. JOHNSON.

that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

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

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

*B. ne.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Leon.* Please it your Grace lead on?

*Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

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

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you  
have



have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

*Claud.* No, I pry'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou think'st, I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you enquire after her ?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel ?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack ; to tell us Cupid is <sup>7</sup> a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

<sup>7</sup> ——— to tell us, *Cupid is a good hare-finder, &c.*] I know not whether I conceive the jest here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick asks whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may shew the quick sight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan ? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already ?*

JOHNSON.

I believe no more is meant by those ludicrous expressions than this.

Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with improbable stories ?

An ingenious correspondent, whose signature is R. W. explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?"——for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid a *good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) a *good carpenter.* In other words, *would you convince me whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched.* STEEVENS.

*Claud.*

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

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

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

*Bene.* Is't come to this, in faith ? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear<sup>s</sup> his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again ? Go to, i'faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and<sup>9</sup> sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

*Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.*

*Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's.

*Bene.* I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

*Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

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

<sup>s</sup> ———wear his cap with suspicion ?] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———sigh away Sundays :] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all ; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably.

WARBURTON.

*Claud.*

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered, <sup>1</sup>

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

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

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

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

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

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

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Claud.* *If this were so, so were it uttered.*] This and the three next speeches I do not well understand ; there seems something omitted relating to Hero's consent, or to Claudio's marriage, else I know not what Claudio can wish *not to be otherwise*. The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,

*Claud.* *If this were so, so were it.*

*Bene.* *Uttered like the old tale, &c.*

Claudio gives a fullen answer, *if it is so, so it is*. Still there seems something omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing.

JOHNSON.

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

*Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, <sup>2</sup> but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, <sup>3</sup> or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a batchelor.

*Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

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

*Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument. <sup>4</sup>

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, <sup>5</sup> and shoot

<sup>2</sup> ———— [*but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the schools. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ———— [*but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.* A recheate is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakespeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A recheate is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent; from the old French word *r. cet*, which was used in the same sense as *retraite*. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *in a bottle like a cat.*] As to *the cat and bottle*, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text.



shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd <sup>6</sup> Adam.

*Pedro.* Well, as time shall try: *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.* <sup>2</sup>

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man.*

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*Pedro.* Nay, <sup>3</sup> if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.*

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

<sup>5</sup> and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.] But why should he therefore be called *Adam*? Perhaps, by a quotation or two we may be able to trace the poet's allusion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a comedy written by John Day, and printed in 1608) I find this speech. *Adam Bell, a substantial outlaw, and a passing good archer, yet no tobacco-nist.*—By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of reputation for his skill at the bow. I find him again mentioned in a burlesque poem of sir William Davenant's, called, *The long Vacation in London.* THEOBALD.

Adam Bell was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be seen in *Robin Hood's Garland*; in which, if I do not mistake, are these lines,

*For he brought Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,  
And William of Cloudeston,  
To shoot with this forester for forty marks,  
And the forester beat them all three.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo*, &c. 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice.*] All modern writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

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

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

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

*Pedro.* The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere <sup>4</sup> you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.

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

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

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir; Dost thou affect her Claudio?

*Claud.* O my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love:

did Cyprus. And 'tis this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ere you flout old ends, &c.] Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own. This, I think is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, examine, if your sarcasms do not touch yourself. JOHNSON.

But

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

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

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complection !  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

*Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than  
the flood ?

<sup>s</sup> The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st ;  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :  
Then, after, to her father will I break ;  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine :  
In practice let us put it presently. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> *The fairest grant is the necessity.*] i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

## S C E N E II.

*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato and Antonio.*

*Leo.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin your son? Hath he provided this musick?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.

*Another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don John and Conrade.*

*Conr.* What the good-ger, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

*Conr.* You should hear reason.

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

*Conr.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient suffering.

*John.* I wonder, that thou being, (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am:<sup>6</sup> I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Conr.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather

<sup>6</sup> *I cannot hide what I am:]* This is one of our authour's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

<sup>7</sup> *claw no man in his humour.]* To *claw* is to flatter. So the pope's *claw-backs*, in bishop Jewel, are the pope's flatterers. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit.* JOHNSON.

that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

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

*Conr.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news Borachio?

*Enter Borachio.*

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

*John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

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

*Bora.*

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

*John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he?

*John.* A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

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

*John.* A very forward March-chick! How come you to know this?

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

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

*Conr.* To the death, my lord.

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

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

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

*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.*

L E O N A T O.

**W**AS not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.<sup>1</sup>

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

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

<sup>1</sup> *heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

*Leon.*



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

*Beat.* Just, if he fend me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in woollen.

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

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

*Leo.* Well then, go you into hell.<sup>2</sup>

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

*Ant.*<sup>3</sup> Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To Hero.*]

*Beat.* Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make a

<sup>3</sup> *Well then, &c.*] Of the two next speeches Mr. Warburton says, *All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom is the players, and foisted in without rhyme or reason.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our authour, who is sometimes trying to purchase merriment at too dear a rate.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Leo. Well then, &c.*] I have restored the lines omitted.

STEEVENS.

curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you*: but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

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

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

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

*Beat.* The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too<sup>4</sup> important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

<sup>4</sup> *If the prince be too important,] Important here, and in many other places, is importunate. JOHNSON.*

*Enter*

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, <sup>5</sup> Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others mask'd.*

*Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

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

*Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

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

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

*Pedro.* <sup>6</sup> My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

*Hero.*

<sup>5</sup> *Balthazar,*] The quarto and folio add—*or dumb John.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *My visor is Philemon's roof, within the house is love.*] Thus the whole stream of the copies, from the first downwards. Hero says to Don Pedro, God forbid the lute should be like the case! i. e. that your face should be as homely and as coarse as your mask. Upon this, Don Pedro compares his visor to Philemon's roof. 'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the story of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet describes it, liv'd in a thatch'd cottage;

————— *Stipulis & canna tecta palustri.*

But why, *within the house is love*? Though this old pair lived in a cottage, this cottage received two straggling Gods, (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. So, Don Pedro is a prince; and though his visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to Hero, that he has something *god-like* within: alluding either to his dignity or the qualities of his person and mind. By these circumstances, I am sure, the thought is mended: as, I think verily, the text is too by the addition of a single letter—*within the house is Jove*. Nor is this emendation a little confirmed by another passage in our author, in which he plainly alludes to the same story. As you like it.

Clown. *I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.*

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

*Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.<sup>7</sup>

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.<sup>8</sup>

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

*Bene.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Bene.* I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.<sup>9</sup>

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

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

*Balth.* No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

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

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! THEOBALD.

This emendation, thus impressed with all the power of his eloquence and reason, Theobald found in the quarto edition of 1600, which he professes to have seen; and in the first folio, the *l* and the *I* are so much alike, that the printers, perhaps, used the same type for either letter. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Pedro.* *Speak low, &c.*] This speech, which is given to Pedro, should be given to Margaret. REVISAL.

<sup>8</sup> *Balth.* *Well, I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little speeches, which I have placed to Balthazar, are in all the printed copies given to Benedick. But, 'tis clear, the dialogue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converses with Beatrice: and so every man talks with his woman once round. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *Amen.*] I do not heartily concur with Theobald in his arbitrary disposition of these speeches. Balthazar is called in the old copies *dumb John*, as I have already observed, and therefore it should seem, that he was meant to speak but little. When Benedick says, *the hearers may cry, Amen*, we must suppose that he leaves Margaret and goes in search of some other sport. Margaret utters a wish for a good partner; Balthazar, who is represented a man of the fewest words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, desiring, as he says in the following short speech, to put himself to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

*Ant*



*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urf.* I know you by the wagling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urf.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

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

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

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are;

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*; <sup>5</sup> well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: <sup>5</sup> none but libertines delight in him; and the commen-

<sup>1</sup> *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakespeare alludes, was an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500; and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *his gift in devising impossible slanders*:] We should read *impas-*  
*sible*, i. e. slanders so ill invented, that they will pass upon no body.

WARBURTON.

*Impossible slanders* are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them.

JOHNSON.

datation

dation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; <sup>6</sup> for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

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

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

[*Musick within.*]

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

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

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

*John.* Are you not signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

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

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

<sup>3</sup> *his villainy;*] By which she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleas'd* libertines; and by his *devising slanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

*John.*

*John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.  
'Tis certain so ;—the prince wooes for himself.  
Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love :  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
This is an accident of hourly proof,  
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero !

*Re-enter Benedick.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio ?

*Claud.* Yea, the same,

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me ?

*Claud.* Whither ?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own  
business, count. What fashion will you wear the  
garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? <sup>4</sup>  
or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You  
must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your  
Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ;  
so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince  
would have serv'd you thus ?

<sup>4</sup> *usurer's chain?*] I know not whether the *chain* was, in our au-  
thour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citizens, or whe-  
ther he satirically uses *usurer* and *alderman* as synonymous terms.

JOHNSON.

Usury seems about this time to have been a common topic of  
investive. I have three or four dialogues, pasquils, and discourses  
on the subject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of  
these it appears, that the merchants were the chief usurers of the  
age. STEEVENS.

*Claud.*

*Claud.* I pray you leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! the prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. <sup>5</sup> It is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out: Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

*Re-enter Don Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren,<sup>6</sup> I told him, (and I think, I told him true) that your grace had got the will of this

<sup>5</sup> *It is the base, tho' bitter, disposition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her person.*] That is, *It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.*

*Base, tho' bitter.* I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe, we may safely read, *It is the base, the bitter disposition.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren,*] A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says,—"The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," &c. I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched.

STEEVENS.

young



young lady ; <sup>7</sup> and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

*Pedro.* To be whipt ! what's his fault ?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

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

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

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

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

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

*Bene.* O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a block ; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her ; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her : She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with <sup>8</sup> such impossible conveyance upon me, that

<sup>7</sup> of this young lady ;] Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the stage. Perhaps, both she and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in alone. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> such impossible conveyance] We should read *impassible*. A term taken from fencing, when the strokes are so swift and repeated, as not to be parried or passed off. WARBURTON.

I know not what to propose. *Impossible* seems to have no meaning here, and for *impassible* I have not found any authority. Spenser

that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

fer uses the word *importable* in a sense very congruous to this passage, for *insupportable*, or *not to be sustained*.

*Bot's him charge on either side,  
With hideous strokes and importable power,  
Which forced him his ground to traverse wide.*

It may be easily imagined, that the transcribers would change a word so unusual, into that word most like it, which they could readily find. It must be however confessed, that *importable* appears harsh to our ears, and I wish a happier critick may find a better word.

Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *impetuous*, which will serve the purpose well enough, but is not likely to have been changed to *impossible*.

*Importable* was a word not peculiar to Spenser, but used by the last translators of the Apocrypha, and therefore such a word as Shakespeare may be supposed to have written. JOHNSON.

*Impossible* may be licentiously used for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders.

STEEVENS.

[*the infernal Até in good apparel.*] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in rags. WARBURTON.

*Enter*

*Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.*

*Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the flightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great cham's beard: <sup>1</sup> do you any embassy to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

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

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this lady Tongue.

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

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

*Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

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

<sup>1</sup> *bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair of the great cham's beard:]* i. e. I will undertake the most difficult task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

So Cartwright, in his comedy call'd *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, 1641.

“———bid me take the Parthian king by the beard; or  
“draw an eye-tooth from the jaw royal of the Persian monarch.”

STEEVENS.

*Pedro.*

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

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord,

*Pedro.* How then ? sick ?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well : but civil, count ; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.<sup>1</sup>

*Pedro.* I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won ; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

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

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.—

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

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

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

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

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!—<sup>2</sup> Thus goes every  
one

<sup>1</sup> of that jealous complexion.] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads, of a jealous complexion. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd ;] What is it, to go the world ? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state : but why is the unmarried lady sun-burnt ? I believe we should read, Thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sun-burnt. Thus does every one but I find a shelter, and I am  
left



one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may fit in a corner, and cry, *heigh ho!* for a husband.

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

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

*Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

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

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

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

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

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

*Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, <sup>3</sup> she hath often dream'd of an unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

*Pedro.*

left exposed to wind and sun. *The nearest way to the wood*, is a phrase for the readiest means to any end. It is said of a woman, who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the *wood*, and at last taken a crooked stick. But conjectural criticism has always something to abate its confidence. Shakespeare, in *All's well that Ends well*, uses the phrase, *to go to the world*, for marriage. So that my emendation depends only on the opposition of *wood* to *sun-burnt*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *she hath often dream'd of an unhappiness,*] So all the editions; but Mr. Theobald's alters it to, *an happiness*, having no conception

*Podro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

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

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

*Leon.* O lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

*Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, mylord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

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

*Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, <sup>4</sup> to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a moun-

tain that *unhappiness* meant any thing but misfortune, and that, he thinks, she could not laugh at. He had never heard that it signified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the Maid of the Mill.

—My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent:

Yours are unhappy. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> To bring Benedick and Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other:] A mountain of affection with one another is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, to bring Benedick into a meeting of affection; to bring them not to any more meetings of contention, but to a meeting or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition *with*; a mountain with each other, or affection with each other, cannot be used, but a meeting with each other is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word proposed by Dr. Johnson may appear, it is used in several of the old plays. So in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639.

“ ———one who never

“ Had *mooted* in the hall, or seen the revels

“ Kept in the house at Christmas.” STEEVENS.

tain

rain of affection, the one with another. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

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

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

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

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

S C E N E II.

*Another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don John and Borachio.*

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

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

*John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick, in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How can'st thou cross this marriage?

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

*John.* Shew me briefly how.

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

*John.* I remember.

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

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

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

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

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

*John.* Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw  
Don

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio alone ; tell them that you know Hero loves me ;—Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding.] Thus the whole stream of the editions from the first quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a short account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The business stands thus : Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by his intercessions with her father, to be married to fair Hero ; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his spleen zealous to disappoint the match. Borachio, a rascally dependant on Don John, offers his assistance, and engages to break off the marriage by this stratagem. “ Tell the prince and Claudio (says he) that Hero is in love with me ; they won't believe  
“ it ;



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

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

“it; offer them proofs, as that they shall see me converse with her  
 “in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her wait-  
 “ing-woman Margaret; and I'll prevail with Margaret, at a  
 “dead hour of night to personate her mistress Hero; do you  
 “then bring the prince and Claudio to overhear our dis-  
 “course; and they shall have the torment to hear *me* address  
 “Margaret by the name of Hero; and her say sweet things  
 “to me by the name of Claudio.”——This is the sub-  
 stance of Borachio's device to make Hero suspected of disloyal-  
 ty, and to break off her match with Claudio. But, in the name  
 of common sense, could it displease Claudio, to hear his mistress  
 making use of *his* name tenderly? If he saw another man with  
 her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reasonably think  
 her betrayed, but not have the same reason to accuse her of dis-  
 loyalty. Besides, how could her naming Claudio make the  
 prince and Claudio believe that she lov'd Borachio, as he desires  
 Don John to insinuate to them that she did? The circumstances  
 weigh'd, there is no doubt but the passage ought to be reformed,  
 as I have settled in the text.—*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear  
 Margaret term me Borachio.* THEOBALD.

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

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

## S C E N E III.

## L E O N A T O ' s O R C H A R D .

*Enter Benedick and a Boy.*

*Bene.* Boy,——

*Boy.* Signior.

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

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that ;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]——I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier ; and now is he turn'd orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not.—I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well ; another

ther virtuous ; yet I am well : But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha ! the prince and monsieur Love ! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

*Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.*

*Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this musick ?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord :—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

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

*Claud.* O very well, my lord : the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox<sup>6</sup> with a penny-worth.

*Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

<sup>6</sup> *Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?*

*Claudio. Very well, my lord; the musick ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. So the word kid, or kidde, signifies in Chaucer,*

“ The sothfastnes that now is hid,

“ Without coverture shall be *kid*

“ When I undoen have this dreming.”

*Romaunt of the Rose, 2171, &c.*

“ Perceiv'd or shew'd.

“ He *kidde* anon his bone was not broken.”

*Troilus and Cresside, lib. i. 208.*

“ With that anon sterte out daungere,

“ Out of the place where he was hidde,

“ His malice in his cheere was *kidde*.”

*Romaunt of the Rose, 2130.*

GRAY.

*Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection :  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing :  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;  
Yet will he swear, he loves.

*Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come :  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

*Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks ;  
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting !

*Bene.* Now, divine air ! now is his soul ravish'd !—  
Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls  
out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money,  
when all's done.

### The S O N G.

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

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

*Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.*



*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*Pedro.* Ha! no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come, after it.

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

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

*Pedro.* Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

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

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: <sup>7</sup> but, that she loves him, with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

*Pedro.*

<sup>7</sup> *but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.*] It is impossible to make sense and grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an enraged affection*—is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*is most certain.* But a new idea striking the speaker, he leaves this sentence unfinished, and turns to another,—*It is past the infinite of thought*—which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus—*to say how great*  
ibat

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

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

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

*Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shews she?

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

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? she will fit you,—  
You heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

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

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

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

*that affection is.* These broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense, and that is *infinite*. Human thought cannot surely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was *definite*. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the definite of thought*—i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. Shakespeare uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline*.

*For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite.*—

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case.

WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raised only to shew how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: It* (this affection) *is past the infinite of thought.* Here are no abrupt stops, or imperfect sentences. *Infinite* may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*: and the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself *unbounded*, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion. JOHNSON.

*Claud.*

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

[*Aside.*

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

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

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, *that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

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

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

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

*Claud.* That——

*Leon.* <sup>6</sup> O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for, I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,

<sup>8</sup> O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explained by a passage in *As you Like it*.

————— *There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are.*

In both places the poet alludes to the old silver penny, which had a crease running *cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

THEOBALD.

How the quotation explains the passage, to which it is applied, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

fobs,

sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ;  
*O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !*

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

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

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

*Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him : She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

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

*Pedro.* I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me ; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you ?

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

*Pedro.* She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *contemptible spirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our authour uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with sir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

*Claud.*



*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

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

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

*Pedro.* He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*  
Benedick

*Benedick advances from the arbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.<sup>2</sup>—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear, how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise—but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.—Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd. Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

<sup>2</sup> *was sadly borne.*] i. e. was seriously carried on. So in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

“The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel.”

STEEVENS.

*Bene.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Continues in the Orchard.*

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

H E R O.

**G**OOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;  
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice,  
 Proposing with the prince and Claudio:  
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
 Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,  
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it : there will she hide  
her,

To listen our purpose : This is thy office,  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you presently.  
[*Exit.*]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace this alley up and down,  
Our talk must only be of Benedick :  
When I do name him, let it be thy part  
To praise him more than ever man did merit.  
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick  
Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter  
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

*Enter Beatrice, behind.*

For look, where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

*Urf.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :  
So angle we for Beatrice : who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-  
thing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;  
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.

*Urf.* But are you sure,  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new trothed lord ?

*Urf.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

*Hero.* They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To



To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urf.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O God of love! I know, he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
<sup>3</sup> Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Urf.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore, certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,  
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;  
<sup>4</sup> If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
<sup>5</sup> If low, an aglet very vilely cut:

If

<sup>3</sup> *Misprising*——] Despising, contemning. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot:——]*

The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a *black'd face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus described by Apuleius, *Mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *If low, an agat very vilely cut:]* But why an *agat*, if low? For w'at likeness between a *little man* and an *agat*? The ancients,

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;  
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
 So turns she every man the wrong side out ;  
 And never gives to truth and virtue that,  
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urf.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,  
 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
 She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;  
 It were a better death than die with mocks,  
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

*Urf.* Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No, rather I will go to Benedick,  
 And counsel him to fight against his passion:  
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders  
 To stain my cousin with; One doth not know,  
 How much an ill-word may empoison liking.

*Urf.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit,  
 As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

indeed, used this stone to cut upon; but very exquisitely. I make no question but the poet wrote;

————— *an aglet very wilely cut :*

An *aglet* was the tag of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These tags were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aiguillettes*. Mezeray, speaking of Henry III's sorrow for the death of the princess of Conti, says,—*portant meme sur les aiguillettes des petites tetes de Mort*. And as a tall man is before compared to a lance ill-headed: so, by the same figure, a little man is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut*. WARBURTON.

So rare a gentleman as Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man in Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urf.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, <sup>6</sup> argument, and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urf.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—  
When are you marry'd, madam?

*Hero.* Why, every day; — to-morrow: — Come,  
go in,  
I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urf.* <sup>7</sup> She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught  
her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt,*

*Beatrice advancing,*

*Beat.* <sup>8</sup> What fire is in my ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such.  
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand; <sup>9</sup>  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band.

For

<sup>6</sup> — argument — ] This word seems here to signify *discourse*,  
or, the powers of reasoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *She's lim'd,* — ] She is ensnared and entangled as a sparrow  
with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *What fire is in my ears?* — ] Alluding to a proverbial say-  
ing of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are  
talking of them. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;* ] This image is taken  
T ? from

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

L E O N A T O ' s H O U S E .

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

*Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him<sup>1</sup>: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks, you are fadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he is in love.

from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *bag-gards of the rock*; she therefore says, that *wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *the little hangman dare not shoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the Arcadia of sir Philip Sidney:

“ Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives;  
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:  
Till now at length that Jove him office gives,  
(At Juno's suite who much did Argus love)  
In this our world a *hangman* for to be  
Of all those fooles that will have all they see.”

B. 2. Ch. 14.

FARMER.

*Pedro.*



*Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*Pedro.* What? figh for the tooth-ach?

*Leon.* Which is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*Pedro.* <sup>2</sup> There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutch man to-day, a French man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all flops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

*Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

<sup>2</sup> *There is no appearance of fancy, &c.]* Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affection*. JOHNSON.

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*Pedro.* The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face ?

*Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops—

*Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*Pedro.* That would I know too : I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions ; and in despite of all, dies for him.

*Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.<sup>3</sup>

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old signior, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Excunt Benedick and Leonato.*

<sup>3</sup> *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*] Thus the whole set of editions : But what is there any way particular in this ? Are not all men and women buried so ? Sure, the poet means, in opposition to the general rule, and by way of distinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have chosen the first reading, because I find it the expression in vogue in our author's time.

THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very specious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety. JOHNSON.

The passage perhaps means only—*She shall be buried in her lover's arms.* So in *The Winter's Tale*.

“*Flo.* What ? like a corse ?

“*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;

“ Not like a corse ; — or if, — not to be *buried*,

“ *But quick and in my arms.*”

*Pudet bis nequitia immorari.* STEEVENS.

*Pedro.*

*Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

*Enter Don John.*

*John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*John.* If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

*Pedro.* In private?

*John.* If it please you: yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

*Pedro.* What's the matter?

*John.* Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [To Claudio.]

*Pedro.* You know, he does.

*John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*John.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

*Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*John.* I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*Pedro.* I will not think it.—

*John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

*Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*John.* O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them,



them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dog.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

*1 Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*2 Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is <sup>4</sup> no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*2 Watch.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make

<sup>4</sup> *no need of such vanity.*] Dogberry is only absurd, not absolutely out of his senses. We should read therefore, more *need*.

WARBURTON.

I believe the blunder was intended, and therefore am not willing to admit the proposed emendation. STEEVENS.

no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

*2 Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only have a care that your bills be not stolen. <sup>5</sup> Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

*2 Watch.* How if they will not ?

*Dogb.* Why then let them alone till they are sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

*2 Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2 Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to

<sup>5</sup> *bills be not stolen :*] A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *securis falcata.* JOHNSON.

These weapons are mentioned in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639.

“ ——— Well said, neighbours ;

“ You're chatting wisely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns,

“ As becomes watchmen of discretion.”

Again, the same play,

“ ——— fit still, and keep

“ Your rusty *bills* from bloodshed. STEEVENS.

let

let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.<sup>6</sup>

*2 Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

<sup>6</sup> *If you bear a child cry, &c.]* It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on The Statutes of the Streets, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among these I find the following.

22. "No man shall blow any horne in the night, within this cittie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment."

23. "No man shall use to goe with visoures, or disguised by night, under like pain of imprisonment."

24. "Made that night-walkers, and evildroppers, like punishment."

25. "No hammar-man, as a smith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great sound, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c."

30. "No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine out-cry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iiiii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonson, however, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his Bartholomew Fair.

"And then a substantial *watch* to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the *stage-practice*." STEEVENS.

*Dogb.*

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

*2 Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

*Bora.* What! Conrade,—

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Conr.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow?

*Conr.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

*Bora.*



*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Conr.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible<sup>7</sup> any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Conr.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shews,<sup>8</sup> thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Conr.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Conr.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear some body?

*Conr.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometimes, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometimes, like the God Bel's priests in the old church-window;<sup>9</sup> sometimes, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten  
ta-

<sup>7</sup> any villainy should be so rich:] The sense absolutely requires us to read, *villain*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> thou art unconfirmed:] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> sometimes, like the shaven Hercules, &c.] By the *shaven Hercules* is meant *Samson*, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the  
barba-

tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club.

*Conr.* All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter,

barbarous workmanship of the common tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and 'squire to an inn, where they found the story of Dido and Æneas represented in bad tapestry. On Sancho's seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sort of works, that fortune will send them a better artist.—What authorised the poet to give this name to Samson was the folly of certain Christian mythologists, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewish Samson. The reticence of our author is to be commended: The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. Shakespear is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro says of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him. *The man doth fear God, how-ever it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make.*

WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakespear knew nothing of these christian mythologists, and by *the shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when shaven to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had *the shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Samson, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* instead of a club. STEEVENS.

*Comp,*

*Conr.* And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore, he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

*1 Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

*2 Watch.* Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*1 Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

*Conr.* Masters, masters,<sup>1</sup>——

*2 Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Conr.* Masters,—

*1 Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

<sup>1</sup> *Conr. Masters, masters, &c.]* In former copies;

*Conr. Masters, masters,——*

*2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.*

*Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*

The regulation which I have made in this last speech, though against the authority of all the printed copies, I flatter myself, carries its proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not designed to talk absurd nonsense. It is evident therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own justification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office. THEOPALD.

*Bora.*

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

*Conr.* A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*An Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urf.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urf.* Well. [*Exit Ursula.*]

*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other <sup>a</sup>rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutcheis of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

<sup>a</sup> *rabato*] A neckband; a ruff. *Rabat*, French. HANMER.

This article of dress is frequently mentioned by our ancient comic writers.

So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609.—“The tyre, “the *rabato*, the loose-bodied gown, &c.”

Again, in the comedy of *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608.

“Broke broad jests upon her narrow heel,

“Pok'd her *rabatos*, and survay'd her steel.”

Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*, 1602.—“He would persuade “me that love was a *rabato*, and his reason was, that a *rabato* “was worn out with pinning, &c.”

The last but one of these passages will likewise serve for an additional explanation of the *poking-sticks of steel*, mentioned in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

*Hero.*



*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it; for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

*Marg.* Of what, madam? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, (saying your reverence) *a husband*. An bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into <sup>3</sup> *Light o' love*; that goes  
without

<sup>3</sup> *Light o' love*;] A tune so called, which has been already mentioned by our authour. JOHNSON.

This tune is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The gaoler's daughter, speaking of a horse, says,

“He gallops to the tune of *Light o' love*.”

without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yes, Light o' love with your heels! then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no <sup>4</sup> barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* <sup>5</sup> For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, if you be not <sup>6</sup> turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

*Beat.*

It is mentioned again in the Two Gentlemen of Verona;

“ Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*”

And in the Noble Gentleman, of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

Heywood, among his Epigrams, published in 1562, has one on the letter H.

“ H is worst among letters in the cross-row;

“ For if thou find him either in thine elbow,

“ In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;

“ In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;

“ Into what place soever H may pike him,

“ Wherever thou find *ache*, thou shalt not like him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegade to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. To *turn Turk* was a common phrase for a change of former

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow ?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God fend every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension ?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely ?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap —By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* *Benedictus!* why *Benedictus?* you have <sup>7</sup> some moral in this *Benedictus*.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, <sup>8</sup> he eats his meat without grudging: and how

former condition or opinion. So in *The Honest Whore*, by *Decker*, 1616.

“ If you *turn Turk* again, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *some moral*] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *he eats his meat without grudging:*] I do not see how this is a proof

how you may be converted, I know not ; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Enter Ursula.*

*Urf.* Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you ; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends ?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ;

proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorousness to say, *he eats not his meat without grudging* ; but it is impossible to fix the meaning of proverbial expressions : perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the same as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his beasts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

but,



but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God,<sup>o</sup> I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeste than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as ar-rant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an

<sup>o</sup> *I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeste than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good sense under the covering of this blundering expression. It is a sly insinuation that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men*, as Shakespeare expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit says, *Youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest.*

WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakespeare did not intend to bestow all this reflection on the speaker. JOHNSON.

two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind :<sup>1</sup>—  
An honest soul, i'faith, fir ; by my troth he is, as  
ever broke bread : but, God is to be worshipp'd ;  
All men are not alike ; alas, good neighbour !

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of  
you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, fir : our watch have, indeed,  
comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would  
have them this morning examin'd before your wor-  
ship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring  
it me ; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto  
you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink somè wine ere you go : fare you  
well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your  
daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I will wait upon them ; I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato.*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis  
Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the  
jail ; we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ;  
here's that [*touching his screehead*] shall drive some of

<sup>1</sup> *an two men ride, &c.*] This is not out of place, or without mean-  
ing. Dogberry, in his vanity of superiour parts, apologizing for  
his neighbour, observes, that *of two men on an horse, one must ride  
behind.* The *first* place of rank or understanding can belong but  
to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to despise his inferiour.

them to a *non-com.* Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

*Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.*

LEONATO.

COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be marry'd to her, friar. You come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O what men dare do! what men may do!  
what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why, then<sup>2</sup> some be of laughing, as, ha, ha, he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar: Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:—

There, Leonato, take her back again;  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—  
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:  
O, what authority and shew of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shews? But she is none:  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:<sup>3</sup>  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be marry'd;  
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you in your own approof<sup>4</sup>  
Have

<sup>2</sup> *some be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————*luxurious bed:*] That is, *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Dear my lord, if you in your own proof*] I am surpriz'd the poetical editors did not observe the lameness of this verse. It evidently wants a syllable in the last foot, which I have restored by a word, which, I presume, the first editors might hesitate at; tho' it is a very proper one, and a word elsewhere used by our author.

Besides,



Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity——

*Claud.* I know what you would say; If I have  
known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;<sup>5</sup>

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write against  
it:<sup>6</sup>

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud<sup>8</sup> ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Besides, in the passage under examination, this word comes in almost necessarily, as Claudio had said in the line immediately preceding;

*Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.* THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —— word too large;] So he uses *large jests* in this play, for *licentious, not restrained within due bounds.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *I will write against it:]* What? a libel? nonsense We should read,

—— *I will rate against it:*

i. e. rail or revile. WARBURTON.

As to *subscribe* to any thing is to *allow* it, so to *write against* is to *disallow* or *deny.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *chaste as is the bud* —— ] Before the air has tasted its sweetness. JOHNSON.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True, O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power<sup>s</sup>

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God defend me! how I am beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;

Hero herself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*Pedro.* Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato, I am sorry, you must hear. Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>s</sup> ——— *kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind is nature*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *liberal villain*,] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means, *frank beyond honesty or decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads, *illiberal*. JOHNSON.

Con-

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

*John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,  
Not to be spoke of;  
There is not chastity enough in language,  
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,<sup>1</sup>  
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!  
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;  
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you  
down?

*John.* Come, let us go: these things, come thus  
to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think; Help, uncle;—  
Hero! why, Hero! uncle! signior Benedick! friar!

*Leon.* O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero?

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; Wherefore should she not?

<sup>1</sup> ——— *what a Hero hadst thou been,*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>2</sup>—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would on the rearward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?<sup>3</sup>

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

<sup>2</sup> *The story that is printed in her blood?* That is, *the story which her blushes discover to be true.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *Griev'd I, I had but one?*

*Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?*

*I've one too much by thee.*———]

The meaning of the second line, according to the present reading is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that she sent me a girl and not a boy?* But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one*: and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had *one too much*. He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so because she chose to send a girl rather than a boy would be ridiculous.) So that we must certainly read,

*Chid I for this at frugal nature's'fraine?*

i. e. *refraigne*, or *keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one.* But the Oxford editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment by substituting *hand* for *'fraine*. WARBURTON.

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the present time most proper to exhibit the poet's sentiment, yet it may as well be used to shew that he had *one child*, and *no more*, as that he had a *girl*, not a *boy*, and as it may easily signify *the system of things, or universal scheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arises no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by so violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offensively mutilated. JOHNSON.

Took



Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
 Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*  
*This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*  
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 And mine that I was proud on; <sup>4</sup> mine so much,  
 That I myself was to myself not mine,  
 Valuing of her; why, she—O, she, is fallen  
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea  
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;  
 And salt too little, which may season give  
 To her foul tainted flesh!

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient:  
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
 I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; altho', until last night,  
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger  
 made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!  
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?  
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little;

<sup>4</sup> *But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 And mine that I was proud on; —————]*

The sense requires that we should read, *as* in these three places. The reasoning of the speaker stands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, -his shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine, as mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently, as I claimed the glory, I must needs be subjected to the shame,* &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this small alteration there is no need. The speaker utters his emotion abruptly, *But mine, and mine that I loved, &c.* by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verse and prose. JOHNSON.

For

For I have only been silent so long,  
 And given way unto this course of fortune,  
 By noting of the lady. I have mark'd  
 A thousand blushing apparitions  
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
 To burn the errors that these princes hold  
 Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool,  
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
 Which with experimental seal do warrant  
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
 Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,  
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it:  
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
 That, which appears in proper nakedness?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me; I know  
 none:

<sup>5</sup> *Friar.* *What man is he you are accus'd of?*] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And indeed, he appears by this question to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation and heard no names mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The friar observed this, and so concluded, that, were she guilty, she would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.—I only take notice of this to shew how admirably well Shakespeare knew how to sustain his characters. *WARBURTON.*

If I know more of any man alive,  
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
 Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,  
 Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprison in the  
 princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of ho-  
 nour; <sup>6</sup>

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

*Leon.* I know not: If they speak but truth of her,  
 These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her ho-  
 nour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
 Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,  
 Nor age so eat up my invention,  
 Nor fortune made such havock of my means,  
 Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,  
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Friar.* Pause a while,  
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead; <sup>7</sup>

Let

<sup>6</sup> ——— *bent of honour,*] *Bent* is used by our authour for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Your daughter here the princes left for dead;*] In former copies,  
*Your daughter here the princess (left for dead;*

But

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it, that she is dead, indeed :  
 Maintain a mourning<sup>s</sup> ostentation ;  
 And on your family's old monument  
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
 That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this ? What will this do ?

*Friar.* Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :  
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth.  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,  
 Of every hearer . For it so falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we rack the value ;<sup>9</sup> then we find  
 The virtue that possession would not shew us  
 Whilst it was ours : So will it fare with Claudio :  
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,  
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
 Into his study of imagination ;  
 And every lovely organ of her life

But how comes Hero to start up a princess here ? We have no intimation of her father being a prince ; and this is the first and only time she is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a single letter, and of the parenthesis, will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning.

*Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;*

i. e. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon ; and his bastard brother who is likewise called a prince. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> ——— ostentation ;] Show ; appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— we rack the value ; ———] i. e. We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to rack-rents. STEEVENS.

Shall



Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,  
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul;  
 Than when she liv'd indeed.—Then shall he mourn;  
 (If ever love had interest in his liver)  
 And wish he had not so accused her;  
 No, though he thought his accusation true.  
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
 Will fashion the event in better shape  
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
 The supposition of the lady's death  
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.  
 And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her,  
 (As best befits her wounded reputation)  
 In some reclusive and religious life,  
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love  
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
 As secretly and justly as your soul  
 Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
 The smallest twine may lead me.<sup>1</sup>

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented; presently away;  
 For to strange sores, strangely they strain the  
 cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,  
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience and  
 endure. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *The smallest twine may lead me* ] This is one of our authour's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

*Manent Benedick and Beatrice.* <sup>2</sup>

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it and eat it.

<sup>2</sup> *Manent Benedick and Beatrice.*] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero: and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

*Bene.*

*Bene.* I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devis'd to it: I protest, I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me.

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it; farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here:<sup>3</sup> There is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,——

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman? O, that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice.

<sup>3</sup> *I am gone, tho' I am here:]* i. e. I am out of your mind already, tho' I remain in person before you. STEEVENS.

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice.

*Beat.* Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat——

*Bene* Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Prison.*

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.*

*To. Cl.* Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

*Dogb.*



*Dogb.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Verg.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Dogb.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

*To. Cl.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*To. Cl.* Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, firrah?

*Conr.* I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

*To. Cl.* Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

*Both.* Yea, fir, we hope.\*

*To. Cl.* Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first: for God defend, but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly: How answer you for yourselves?

*Conr.* Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

*To. Cl.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*To. Cl.* Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are

\* *Both. Yea, fir, we hope.*

*To. Cl. Write down that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains!—]*  
This short passage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Besides, it supplies a defect: for, without it, the Town-Clerk asks a question of the prisoners, and goes on without staying for any answer to it. THEOBALD.

both in a tale : Have you writ down, that they are none.

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

<sup>5</sup> *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the deffest way : Let the watch come forth : Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

*Enter Watchmen.*

<sup>1</sup> *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John the prince's brother was a villain.

*To. Cl.* Write down, prince John a villain : Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

*Bora.* Master constable—

*To. Cl.* Pr'ythee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else ?

<sup>2</sup> *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*To. Cl.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Dogb.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow ?

<sup>5</sup> *To. Cl.* *Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, let the watch come forth :*] This, *casiest*, is a fopification of our modern editors, who were at a loss to make out the corrupted reading of the old copies. The quarto in 1600, and the first and second editions in folio all concur in reading ; *Yea, marry, that's the estest way*, &c. A letter happened to slip out at press in the first edition ; and 'twas too hard a task for the subsequent editors to put it in, or guess at the word under this accidental depravation. There is no doubt but the author wrote, as I have restor'd the text ; *Yea, marry, that's the deffest way*, &c. i. e. the *readiest*, most *commodious* way. The word is pure Saxon. *Deaptes*, *debite*, *congrue*, *duely*, *fitly*, *Гедарѣе*, *opportune*, *commode*, *fitly*, *conveniently*, *seasonably*, *in good time*, *commodiously*. Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*To. Cl.* O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd. Master constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinion'd.

*Sexton.* Let them be in hand.<sup>6</sup>

*Conr.*

<sup>6</sup> *Sexton.* *Let them be in the hands of coxcomb.*] So the editions. Mr. Theobald gives the words to Conrade, and says, *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his brother officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shews of knowing their ignorance.* This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanness of his name hindered our editor from seeing the goodness of his sense. But this Sexton was an ecclesiastic of one of the inferior orders called the *sacristan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the poet took his subject was some old English novel translated from the Italian, where the word *sagristano* was rendered *sexton*. As in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Boulogne*;

*When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,  
Up rose the Sexton of that place prophane.*

The passage then in question is to be read thus,

*Sexton.* *Let them be in hand.*

[Exit.

*Conr.* *Off, coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexton says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out.

*Conr.* Off, coxcomb.

*Dogb.* God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them : Thou naughty varlet !

*Conr.* Away ! you are an afs, you are an afs.—

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an afs ! but, masters, remember, that I am an afs ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs : No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer ; and which is more, an householder ; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law ; go to, and a rich fellow enough ; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him : Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an afs.— [Exeunt.

When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, *Conrade* says, *Off, coxcomb !* as he says afterwards to the constable, *Away ! you are an afs,*—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What these words mean I don't know : but I suspect the old quarto divides the passage as I have done, WARBURTON.

*Dr. Warburton's* assertion, as to dignity of a *sexton* or *sacristan*, may be supported by the following passage in *Stanyhurst's* Version of the fourth book of the *Æneid*, where he calls the *Massylian* priestests,

“ ——— in soil *Massyla* begotten,

“ *Sexten* of *Hesperides* sinagog.” STEEVENS.

*Let them be in band.* This must be wrong, for the *Sexton* has left the stage. Perhaps we should read thus.

*Verges. Let them. Bind their bands.*

*Conr. Off, coxcomb !* T. T.

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this scene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cowley*, are placed at the beginning of the speeches, instead of the proper words. JOHNSON.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato and Antonio.*

ANTONIO.

**I**F you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;  
And 'tis not wisdom, thus, to second grief  
Against your self.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel,  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard ;<sup>7</sup>  
And, sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;  
Patch

<sup>7</sup> *If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan ;]*

Mr. Rowe is the first authority that I can find for this reading. But what is the intention, or how can we expound it ? “ If a man “ will *halloo*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to shew a “ pleasure when he should groan,” &c. This does not give much *decorum* to the sentiment. The old quarto, and the first and second folio editions all read,

*And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c.*

We don't, indeed, get much by this reading ; tho', I flatter myself, by a slight alteration it has led me to the true one,

*And*

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk  
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : For, brother, men  
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptial medicine to rage ;  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread ;  
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.  
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow ;  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement. \*

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;

*And sorrow wag, cry, hem ! when he should groan ;*

i. e. If such a one will combat with, strive against sorrow, &c.  
Nor is this word infrequent with our author in these significations.

THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, for *wag* read *waiwe*, which is, I suppose, the same as, *put aside*, or *shift off*. None of these conjectures satisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined. I point thus,

*If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
And, sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;*

That is, *If he will smile, and cry sorrow be gone, and hem instead of groaning.* The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed is harsh, and this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty.

*If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
Cry, sorrow, wag ! and hem when he should groan.* †

JOHNSON.

\* — *than advertisement.*] That is, *than admonition, than moral injunction.* JOHNSON.

For

For there was never yet philosopher,  
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;  
However they have writ the style of Gods,<sup>9</sup>  
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:  
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do  
so.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince;  
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

*Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords?

*Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,  
my lord.—

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

*Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old  
man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lye low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,  
thou!

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

<sup>9</sup> *However they have writ the style of Gods.]* This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. *Sapiens ille cum Diis ex pare vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus est.* *Sapiens nihilo se minoris aestimat.—Deus non vincit sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>1</sup> *And made a pish at chance and sufferance.]* Alludes to their famous apathy. *WARBURTON.*

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear :  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me ;  
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done, being young, or what would do,  
Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.  
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her  
heart,

And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors :  
O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy !

*Claud.* My villainy ?

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

*Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;  
Delpight his nice fence, and his active practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

*Claud.* Away, I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* <sup>2</sup> Canst thou so daffe me ? Thou hast kill'd  
my child ;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed : <sup>3</sup>

But

<sup>2</sup> *Canst thou so daffe me ?* ——— ] This is a country word, Mr. Pope tells us, signifying, *daunt* It may be so ; but that is not the exposition here : To *daffe* and *daffe* are synonymous terms, that mean, to *put off* : which is the very sense required here, and what Leonato would reply upon Claudio's saying, he would have nothing to do with him. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *Ant.* *He shall kill two of us, &c.* ] This brother Anthony is the truest



But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;  
 Win me and wear me, let him answer me :  
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, fir boy, follow me ;  
 Sir, boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;  
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

*Ant.* Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my  
 niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.  
 Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops !—

*Leon.* Brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content ; what, man ? I know  
 them, yea,

And what they weigh even to the utmost scruple :  
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,  
 Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,  
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;  
 And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter :

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour ; and had severely reproved him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *age* and *valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself : and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakespeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

*Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not <sup>4</sup> wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

*Enter Benedick.*

*Pedro.* See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news ?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*Pedro.* Welcome signior ; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

*Pedro.* Leonato and his brother: What think'st

<sup>4</sup> —————*we will not wake your patience.*] This conveys a sentiment that the speaker would by no means have implied, That the patience of the two old men was not exercised, but asleep, which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. Shakespeare must have wrote,

—————*we will not wrack*—————

i. e. destroy your patience by tantalizing you. **WARBURTON.**

This emendation is very specious, and perhaps is right ; yet the present reading may admit a congruous meaning with less difficulty than many other of Shakespeare's expressions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous ; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not wake their patience* ; will not any longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist.

**JOHNSON.**

thou?

thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

*Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale: Art thou sick or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you, chuse another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.<sup>5</sup>

*Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry, indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>6</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it

<sup>5</sup> *Nay, then give him another staff, &c.]* Allusion to tilting. See note, As you Like it, act iii. scene 10. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *to turn his girdle.]* We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A corresponding expression is used to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better. STEVENS.

good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you :—Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*Pedro.* What a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*Pedro.* I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*; *No*, said I, *a great wit*; *Just*, said she, *a great gross one*; *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts no body*; *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a<sup>7</sup> wise gentleman*; *Nay*, said I, *he bath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues*. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

*Pedro.* Yea, that she did, but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

<sup>7</sup> *a wise gentleman*;] This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure; perhaps we should read, *a wise gentleman*, or *a man wise enough to be a coward*. Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and always stood for *filly fellow*.

JOHNSON.

*Claud.*



*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

*Pedro.* But when shall we fet the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy; you know my mind: I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him!

[*Exit Benedick,*

*Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*Pedro.* And hath challeng'd thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*Pedro.* <sup>3</sup> What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.*

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

<sup>3</sup> *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!* It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

WARBURTON,

*Pedro.* But, soft you, let be ; pluck up my heart and be sad : Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

*Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

*Claud.* Harken after their offence, my lord.

*Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done ?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verifly'd unjust things : and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

*Claud.* Rightly reason'd, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.<sup>9</sup>

*Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence ?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceiv'd even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret

<sup>9</sup> *one meaning well suited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dresses* ; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech. JOHNSON.

in Hero's garments ; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her : my villainy they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame ; the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it,

*Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this ?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery ; And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time, our sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Enter Leonato, and Sexton,*

*Leon.* Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him : Which of these is he ?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy breath

Hast kill'd mine innocent child ?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so villain ; thou bely'st thyself ; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
Yet I must speak : Chuse your revenge yourself ;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,  
But in mistaking.

*Pedro.* By my soul, nor I ;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight.  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* You cannot bid my daughter live again,  
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,  
Possess the people in Messina here  
How innocent she dy'd : and, if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones : Sing it to night ;  
To-morrow morning come you to my house,  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew ; my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us ;<sup>1</sup>  
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble sir,  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !  
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming,  
To night I take my leave.—This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

<sup>1</sup> *And she alone is heir to both of us ;*] Shakespeare seems to have forgot what he had made Leonato say, in the fifth scene of the first act to Antonio. *How now, brother ; where is my cousin your son ? hath he provided the musick ?* ANONYMOUS.

Who,



Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,  
Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not ;  
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me :  
But always hath been just and virtuous,  
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, (which indeed is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment : And also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : they say, he wears a <sup>2</sup> key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's name ; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation !

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

<sup>2</sup> *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name ;*] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyrize the *fashion* ; whom they took to be a man surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlovelyness of Love-Locks*. To this fantastick mode Fletcher alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge*—*This morning I brought him a new periwig with a lock at it—And yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in his ear. And again in his Woman-Hater—If I could endure an ear with a hole in it, or a platted lock, &c.*

WARBURTON.

*Dogb.* I leave an errant knave with your worship ; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well : God restore you to health ; I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

*Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E II.

*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Benedick, and Margaret, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* <sup>3</sup> To have no man come over me ? why, shall I always keep below stairs ?

*Bene.*

<sup>3</sup> To have no man come over me ? why, *shc* " I always keep below stairs ? ] Thus all the printed copies, but, sure, erroneously : for all the jest, that can lie in the passage, is destroyed by it. Any man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept  
*below*

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

*Marg.* And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.<sup>4</sup>

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]

*Bene.* And therefore will come. [Sings.] *The God of love, that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve,—*I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first

*below* stairs. By the correction I have ventured to make, Margaret, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep *above* stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *chambermaid*?

THEOBALD.

I suppose every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I give thee the bucklers.*] I suppose that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or *to lay by all thoughts of defence*, so *clipeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

Greene, in his Second Part of Conny-Catching, 1592, uses the same expression.—“At this his master laught, and was glad, for further advantage, to *yeeld the bucklers* to his prentise.”

So in *The Family of Love*, Comedy, 1608:

“————not a word to say?

“*Bow.* No, by my troth, if you stay here all day.

“*Mall.* Why then I'll bear *the bucklers* quite away.”

So Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:

“—play an honest part, and *bear away the bucklers.*”

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, comedy, by Rowley, 1632: —“into whose hands she thrusts the weapons first, let him *take up the bucklers.*” STEEVENS.

employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

*Enter Beatrice.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then.

*Beat.* Then, is spoken; fare you well now: and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me.

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.*



*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession ; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd<sup>5</sup> in the time of good neighbours : if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you ?

*Bene.* <sup>6</sup> Question ? — Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself : So much for praising myself ; (who, I myself will bear witness is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin ?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend : there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter Ursula.*

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle : yon-

<sup>5</sup> *in the time of good neighbours :*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Question ? why, an hour, &c.*] i. e. What a question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask. But the Oxford editor, not understanding this phrase, contracted into a single word, (of which we have many instances in English) has fairly struck it out.

WARBURTON.

der's old coil at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd ; the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : Will you come presently ?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

## A C H U R C H.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato ?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claudio reads.*

*Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero, that here lies :  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life, that dy'd with shame,  
Lives in death with glorious fame.*

Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb.  
Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

## S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;<sup>7</sup>*

*For*

<sup>7</sup> *Those that slew thy virgin knight ;*] *Knicht*, in its original signification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine.

*For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan  
Heavily, heavily;  
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.*

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!  
Yearly will I do this rite.

*Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put your torches  
out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle  
day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:  
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters; each his several  
way.

*Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;  
And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,<sup>8</sup>  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

nine. Helena, in All's well that Ends well, uses *knight* in the  
same signification. JOHNSON.

In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet  
achieved no adventure. Hero had as yet achieved no matrimonial  
one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his  
shield, having not achieved any. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,  
Than this, for whom we render up this woe!]*

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new  
proposed match should have any luckier event than that designed  
with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in Claudio;  
and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i. e. *speed*  
*us*: and so it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLBY.

## SCENE IV.

## LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.*

*Friar.* Did not I tell you, she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.  
But Margaret was in some fault for this;  
Although against her will, as it appears,  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad, that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,  
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves.

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :  
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour  
To visit me : You know your office, brother,  
You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior ?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—  
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her ; 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,  
From Claudio and the prince ; But what's your will ?

*Bene.* Your answer, fir, is enigmatical :  
But for my will, my will is, your good will

May



May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
 In the estate of honourable marriage ;  
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.*

*Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,  
 Claudio,

We here attend you ; Are you yet determin'd  
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Æthiope.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the friar  
 ready. *[Exit Antonio.]*

*Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's  
 the matter,

That you have such a February face,  
 So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness ?

*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :  
 Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
 And so all Europe shall rejoice at thee ;  
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
 When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;  
 And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow ;  
 And got a calf in that same noble feat,  
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and  
 Ursula, mask'd.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you : here come other reck-  
 'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.*

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine; sweet, let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand; before this holy friar; I am your husband if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live;

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

*Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

*Leon.* She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify.

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

*Beat.* I answer to that name; What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then my cousin, Margaret and Urfula, Have been deceiv'd! for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore, you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no matter: Then, you do not love me?

*Beat.*

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure, you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;  
For here's a paper written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts ! Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* <sup>9</sup> I would not deny you ; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and partly to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

<sup>1</sup> *Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth—

[*Kissing her.*  
*Pedro.*

<sup>9</sup> *I would not deny you, &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour: and so changes not into yet.* But is not this a *mock-critic?* who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny thee*, i. e. I take thee for pity too : but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not* to *yet*, makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied, which was not the case. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Bene.* *Peace, I will stop your mouth.*] In former copies :

*Leon.* *Peace, I will stop your mouth.*

What can Leonato mean by this? “ Nay, pray, peace, niece? “ don't keep up this obstinacy of professions, for I have proofs to “ stop your mouth.” The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon saying it, kisses  
Beatrice,

*Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour : Dost think, I care for a satire or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him : In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say it against : and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life to make thee a double dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o' my word ; therefore, play, musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Beatrice, and this being done before the whole company, how natural is the reply which the prince makes upon it ?

*How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?*

Besides, this mode of speech, preparatory to a salute, is familiar to our poet in common with other stage-writers. THEOBALD.

*Bene.*



*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THIS play may be fairly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakespear ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The innocent levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, receives a sanction from that steadiness and spirit of friendship to her cousin, so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his own life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very stratagem which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

This play (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of *Benedict and Beatrix*. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which this was one. STEEVENS.



LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

C O M E D Y.

Z 2

Persons

## Persons Represented.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,  
Longaville, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in*  
Dumain, } *his retirement.*

Boyet, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of France.*  
Mercade, }

*Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.*

*Nathaniel, a Curate.*

*Dull, a Constable.*

*Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.*

*Costard, a Clown.*

*Moth, Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

*A Forester.*

*Princess of France.*

Rosaline, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*  
Maria, }  
Catharine, }

*Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.*

*Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.*

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.

JOHNSON.

LOVE'S



# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.<sup>1</sup>

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

NAVARRRE.

THE PALACE.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.*

KING.

**L**ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live registred upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death :  
When, spight of cormorant, devouring time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors ! for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires ;  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,

<sup>1</sup> I have not been hitherto so lucky as to discover any novel on which this comedy seems to have been founded, and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

Still, and contemplative, in living arts.  
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
 My fellow scholars ; and to keep those statutes,  
 That are recorded in this schedule here :  
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names ;  
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
 That violates the smallest branch herein :  
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years fast ;  
 The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine :  
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd :  
 The grosser manner of these world's delights  
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
 With all these, living in philosophy. <sup>2</sup>

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,  
 So much (dear liege) I have already sworn ;  
 That is, to live and study here three years.  
 But there are other strict observances :  
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;  
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.  
 And, one day in a week to touch no food,  
 And but one meal on every day beside ;  
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.  
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,

<sup>2</sup> *With all these, living in philosophy.*] The stile of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred ; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth* in *philosophy*. JOHNSON.

By *all these* the poet seems to mean, *all these gentlemen* who have sworn to prosecute the same studies with me. STEEVENS.

And make a dark night too of half the day)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say, no, my liege, an' if you please;  
I only swore to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—  
What is the end of study? let me know?

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should  
not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from  
common sense.

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus;—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;<sup>3</sup>  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

<sup>3</sup> *When I to feast expressly am forbid;]* The copies all have,  
*When I to fast expressly am forbid.*

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read, *feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse.

*When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;*

i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain, but that most  
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:  
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while<sup>4</sup>  
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,<sup>5</sup>

And give him light, that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

<sup>4</sup> ——— while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind ——— ]

*Falsly* is here, and in many other places, the same as *disbonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.*]

This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, (See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.



6 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;  
And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well to stop all good proceeding.7

6 *Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;  
And every godfather can give a name.]*

The first line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of setting it right. The first is to read it thus,

*Too much to know, is to know nought but shame ;*

This makes a fine sense, and alludes to Adam's fall, which came from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The other way is to read, and point it thus,

*Too much to know, is to know nought : but feign,*

i. e. *to feign.* As much as to say, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The sense, in both these readings, is equally good: But with this difference; If we read the first way, the following line is impertinent; and to save the correction, we must judge it spurious. If we read it the second way, then the following line completes the sense. Consequently the correction of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (says the speaker) *is to know nothing: it is only feigning to know what we do not: giving names for things without knowing their natures; which is false knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet, with the highest humour and good sense, calls the *godfathers of nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner of acquaintance with their essences. WARBURTON.

That there are two ways of setting a passage right gives reason to suspect that there may be a third way better than either. The first of these emendations makes a fine sense, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a sense less fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correspondent word. I cannot see why the passage may not stand without disturbance, *The consequence*, says Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise.* JOHNSON.

7 *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.]* To proceed is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he proceeded bachelor in physick.* The sense is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of binding the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that ?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*Long.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well ; say I am : why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?<sup>2</sup>

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows :

But like of each thing, that in season grows. }  
}

<sup>2</sup> *Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?*

*At Christmas I no more desire a rose,*

*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows :*

*But like of each thing, that in season grows.]*

As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhimes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple* ; I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse ?

*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows :*

Again ; *new-fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled* ; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute, *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding ; so mistake the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

So you, to study now it is too late,  
That were to climb o'er the house t'unlock the gate.

*King.* Well, fit you out:—Go home, Biron;  
Adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay with  
you.

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,  
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,  
And 'bide the penance of each three year's day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
shame!

*Biron.* *Item, That no woman shall come within a mile  
of my court.* [Reading.

Hath this been proclaimed?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.

*On pain of losing her tongue:—*

Who devis'd this penalty?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread pe-  
nalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility!<sup>9</sup>

*Item,*

<sup>9</sup> *A dangerous law against gentility!*] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipt out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devis'd the penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentileffe*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this. Such a law for banishing women from the court,

*Item, [Reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,  
A maid of grace, and compleat majesty,  
About surrender up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshoot ;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should :  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;  
She must lye here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'  
space :

For every man with his affects is born :

Not by might master'd, but by especial grace.<sup>1</sup>

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me :

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness, urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour.

THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *Not by might master'd, but by special grace.]* Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

So



So to the laws at large I write my name,  
 And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions <sup>2</sup> are to others as to me;  
 But, I believe, although I seem so loth,  
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
 But is there no quick recreation <sup>3</sup> granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is  
 haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain,  
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:  
 One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue  
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:  
<sup>4</sup> A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This

<sup>2</sup> *Suggestions*————] Temptations. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————*quick recreation*————] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.*]

As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakespeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonson his cotemporary, are, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between Shakespeare's worst plays, and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but, in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakespeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to  
 art,

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
 For interim to our studies, shall relate  
 In high-born words the worth of many a knight  
<sup>5</sup> From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.<sup>6</sup>

art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while Shakespeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Compliment* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua*, or the Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Superiority, 1607.—“after all fashions and of all colours, “with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd comple-  
 “ments.” And again, by the title-page to Richard Brathwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, “drawne out to the full body, expressing  
 “what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best  
 “adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *From tawny Spain, &c.*] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. So that we see here is meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> ———— *in the world's debate.*] The *world* seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world, in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

How

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie ;  
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy. }

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight ;  
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;  
 And so to study three years are but short.

*Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.*

*Dull.* Which is the king's own person ? <sup>7</sup>

*Biron.* This, fellow ; what would'st ?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am  
 his grace's tharborough : but I would see his own  
 person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme,—Arme—commends you.  
 There's villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you  
 more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching  
 me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God  
 for high words. rant

*Long.* A high hope for a low having ; <sup>8</sup> God g  
 us patience !

*Biron.*

<sup>7</sup> Which is the king's own person ?] In former editions :

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person ?

The king of Navarre is in several passages, thro' all the copies,  
 called the *duke* : but as this must have sprung rather from the in-  
 advertence of the editors, than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have  
 every where, to avoid confusion restored *king* to the text.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> A high hope for a low having ;] In old editions :

*A high hope for a low heaven ;*

*A low heaven*, sure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare  
 warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading ; and the mean-  
 ing is this. " Tho' you hope for high words, and should have  
 " them,

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear hearing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form, following, sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right?

*King.* Will you hear the letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fost'ring patron*——

“them, it will be but a low acquisition at best.” This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages. THEOBALD.

It is so used in Macbeth, act i.

“———great prediction

“Of noble *having*, and of royal hope.” STEEVENS.

“———*taken with the manner.*] The following question arising from these words shews we should read, ———*taken in the manner.* And this was the phrase in use to signify, taken in the fact. So Dr. Donne, in his letters, *But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I shall be taken in the manner; and I sit by one, too tender to the impressions.* WARBURTON.

*With the manner, and in the manner,* are expressions, used indifferently by our old writers. STEEVENS.

*Cost.*



*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet;

*King.* So it is—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

*King.* Peace—

*Cost.* Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words—

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is, *Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper. So much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is yclep'd, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where; It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,<sup>1</sup> (*Cost.* Me?) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (*Cost.* Me?) that shallow vassal, (*Cost.* Still Me?) which, as I remember, hight Costard; (*Cost.* O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with—O with,—but with this, I passion to say where-with:—*

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more understanding, a woman. Him, I (as

<sup>1</sup> base minnow of my mirth,] A minnow is a little fish which cannot be intended here. We may read, *the base minion of thy mirth.*

*my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull: a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

*King.* For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel call'd which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay; the best for the worst. But, firrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, fir, I was taken with a damofel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damofel.

*Cost.* This was no damofel neither, fir, she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, fir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, fir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.*

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper,  
My lord Biron, see him delivered o'er.  
And go we, lords, to put in practice that,  
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt,*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.  
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was  
taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl;  
and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity!  
affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit  
thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt,*

S C E N E II.

A R M A D O'S H O U S E.

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great  
spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing,  
dear imp.<sup>2</sup>

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

*Arm.* How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy,  
my tender Juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working,  
my tough signior.

*Arm.* Why, tough signior? why, tough signior?

<sup>2</sup> *dear imp* ] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity, Lord Cromwell in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes king Henry V. by the same title, STEEVENS.

*Moth.* Why, tender Juvenal? why, tender Juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender Juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy younger days, which we may nominate, tender.

*Moth.* And I tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little! pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious.

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood——

*Moth.* I am answer'd, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.<sup>3</sup>

*Arm.* I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

<sup>3</sup> *crosses love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money. So in *As you like it*, the Clown says to Celia, *if I should bear you, I should bear no cross.* JOHNSON.



*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you. <sup>4</sup>

*Arm.* A most fine figure.

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'fy. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should

<sup>4</sup> *Moth.* *And how easy is it to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.*] *Banks's horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World*, first part, p. 178) says, "If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And sir Kenelm Digby (*a Treatise of Bodies*, chap. 38. page 393.) observes, "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Dr. GRAY.

*Banks's horse* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare; among the rest, by B. Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*. "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse." STEEVENS.

out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson, strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown :

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of <sup>5</sup> the King and the Beggar ?

*Moth.* The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since ; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; <sup>6</sup> she deserves well——

*Moth.* To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear, till this company is past.

*Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta, a Maid.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but he must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

<sup>5</sup> *the King and the Beggar ?*] See Dr. Percy's Collection in 3 vols. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *the rational hind Costard ;*] Perhaps, we should read—*the irrational hind, &c.* T. T.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the *animal with some share of reason.* STEEVENS.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. Maid,—

*Jaq.* Man,—

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's here by.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

<sup>7</sup> Maid. *Fair weather after you. Come, Jaquenetta, away.*] Thus all the printed copies: but the editors have been guilty of much inadvertence. They make Jaquenetta, and a Maid enter; whereas Jaquenetta is the only maid intended by the poet, and is committed to the custody of Dull, to be conveyed by him to the lodge in the park. This being the case, it is evident to demonstration, that—*Fair weather after you*—must be spoken by Jaquenetta; and then that Dull says to her, *Come, Jaquenetta, away*, as I have regulated the text. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own industry by a very slight performance. The folios all read as he reads, except that instead of naming the persons they give their characters, enter *Clown, Constable, and Wench*. JOHNSON.

*Moth.*



*Moth.* No, fir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see——

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. <sup>8</sup> It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules's club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; <sup>9</sup> the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> *It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words,*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

I believe the blunder was intentional. The quarto, however, reads, *It is for prisoners, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before the King of Navarre's Palace.*

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine,  
Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :  
Consider, whom the king your father sends ;  
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was of making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but  
mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.<sup>1</sup>  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise,  
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.  
But now, to task the tasker ;—Good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame

<sup>1</sup> ————*chapmen's tongues.*] Chapman here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. Cheap or cheping was anciently the market, chapman therefore is marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. JOHNSON.

Doth

Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court :  
Therefore to us it seems a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure ; and, in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his grace.  
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—  
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

*Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man ?

*Mar.* I knew him, madam ; at a marriage-feast,  
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,  
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :  
A man of soveraign parts he is esteem'd ;  
<sup>2</sup> Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :  
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
The only foil of his fair virtue's glos,  
(If virtue's glos will stain with any foil,)  
Is a sharp wit, <sup>3</sup> match'd with too blunt a will ;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
It should spare none, that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry-mocking lord, belike. Is't so ?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours  
know.

<sup>2</sup> *Well fitted*——] is well qualified. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——*match'd with*——] is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.  
Who are the rest ?

*Cath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth.

Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd :  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
And much too little, of that good I saw,  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Rosa.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth ;  
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

Than



Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.

*Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, Will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping; 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord;  
\* And sin to break it.——

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;

\* *And sin to break it.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Not *sin to break it.*

I believe erroneously. The Princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

For

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know, you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question?

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour, that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen; so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disburs'd by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valu'd to the money's worth,  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty,  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,<sup>s</sup>

On

<sup>s</sup> ———— and not demands,  
On payment, &c.]

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
 To have his title live in Aquitain;  
 Which we much rather had depart withal,  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;  
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:—  
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances  
 For such a sum, from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not  
 come,  
 Where that and other specialties are bound:  
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

—————*and not demands*

*One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
 To have his title live in Aquitain.*

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety and *demand* to have Aquitain redelivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact suppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it. THEOBALD.

*King.*

*King.* It shall suffice me; at which interview,  
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,  
 As honour without breach of honour may  
 Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.  
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;  
 But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,  
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
 Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.  
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;  
 To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires comfort your  
 Grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place.  
 [Exit.

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own  
 heart.

*Ros.* I pray you, do my commendations;  
 I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood,

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physick says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* Non, poynt, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that  
 same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alenson, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.  
 [Exit.

*Long.* I beseech you, a word: What is she in the  
 white?

*Boyet.*



*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light : I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself ; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard !<sup>6</sup>

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended :

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended :

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir ; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

*Biron.* What's her name in the cap ?

*Boyet.* Catharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no ?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir : adieu !

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

*Mar.* Too hot sheeps, marry !

*Boyet.* And wherefore not sheeps ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture ; shall that finish the jest ?

<sup>6</sup> *God's blessing on your beard !*] That is, mayst thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.<sup>7</sup>

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom ?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles,  
agree.

The civil war of wits were much better us'd  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies)  
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what ?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reason ?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their re-  
tire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,<sup>8</sup>  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be :  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
<sup>9</sup> To feel only looking on fairest of fair ;  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;

<sup>7</sup> *My lips are no common, though several they be.*] *Several* is an inclosed field of a private proprietor, so Maria says, *her lips* are *private property*. Of a lord that was newly married one observed that he grew fat ; Yes, said sir Walter Raleigh, any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *To feel only looking* ——— ] Perhaps we may better read,  
*To feed only, by looking.* ——— JOHNSON.

Who, tending their own worth, from whence they  
were glafs'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His faces own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :

I'll give you Acquittain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kifs.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye  
hath disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest  
skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news  
of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother, for her fa-  
ther is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you see ?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Boyet. You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the books, the 2d act is made to end : but in my opinion very mistakenly. I have ventured to vary the regulation of the four last acts from the printed copies, for these reasons. Hitherto the 2d act has been of the extent of 7 pages ; the 3d of but 5 ; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this disproportion of length has crowded too many incidents into some acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better equality : and distributed the business likewise, (such as it is,) into a more uniform cast.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division. JOHNSON.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Park ; near the Palace.*

*Enter Armado, and Moth.*<sup>2</sup>

A R M A D O.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* Concolinel——<sup>3</sup>

[*Singing.*

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl.<sup>4</sup>

*Arm.*

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every speech of Armado stands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later editors. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Concolinel*——] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or—*Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in K. Edward IV. 2d p. 1619.—“ Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *a French brawl.*] A *brawl* is a kind of dance. Ben Jonson mentions it in one of his masques.

And thence did Venus learn to lead  
Th' Idalian *bravls*, &c.

In the *Malcontent* of Marston, I met with the following account of it. “ The *brawl*, why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on  
“ the



*Arm.* How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my compleat master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,<sup>3</sup> humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting;<sup>4</sup> and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,<sup>5</sup> these are humours: these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note,<sup>6</sup> (do you note men?) that are most affected to these?

“ the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do  
 “ this twice three singles side, galliard trick of twenty coranto  
 “ pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up,  
 “ meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.”

Again, in B. Jonson's masque of Time Vindicated.

“ The Graces did them footing teach;

“ And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,

“ They danc'd your mother down.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> canary to it with your feet,] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> like a man after the old painting;] It was a common trick, among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own inability. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> These are complements,] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to '*complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> these betray, &c.] The former editors:—*these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, should have power to make these young wenches *men of note*? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

*Moth.* By my pen of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O—

*Moth.* The hobby-horse is forgot.<sup>7</sup>

*Arm.* Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,<sup>8</sup> and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *By* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

<sup>7</sup> *Arm.* But O, but O——

*Moth.* The hobby-horse is forgot.]

In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a fryar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*——humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in Hamlet. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *but a colt,*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

JOHNSON.

*Arms.*

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathis'd ; a horse to be embassador for an ass !

*Arm.* Ha, ha ; what say'st thou ?

*Moth.* Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gated : But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short ; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, Sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow ?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, Sir, to say so.<sup>9</sup>  
Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smock of rhetorick !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

*Arm.* A most acute Juvenal, voluble and free of grace ;

'By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :

<sup>9</sup> *You are too swift, sir, to say so.*] How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow ? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense,

*You are too swift, sir, to say so, so soon*

*Is that lead slow, sir, which is fir'd from a gun ?*

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *By thy favour, sweet welkin, ———*] Welkin is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter Moth and Costard.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken  
in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy  
*l'envoy*;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;\* no falve in  
the male, Sir.<sup>3</sup> O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no  
*l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or falve, Sir, but plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly  
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-  
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my  
stars! Doth the inconsiderate take falve for *l'envoy*,  
and the word *l'envoy* for a falve?

*Moth.* Doth the wise think them other? is not  
*l'envoy* a falve?

*Arm.* No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to  
make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

\* *no l'envoy*;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the old English writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *no falve in the male, sir*.] The old folio reads, *no falve in thee male, sir*, which, in another folio, is, *no falve, in the male, sir*. What it can mean is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no falve in the mail* may mean, no falve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read, *no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, sir—O, sir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other.

JOHNSON.

*Male* or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent Kayward's head in a *male*. I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read—*no falve in them all, sir*. T. T.

I will



I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*; Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose,  
that's flat:

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:  
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,  
And he ended the market.<sup>4</sup>

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth.*

I will speak that *l'envoy*.

<sup>4</sup> *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the English proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market.* *Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *how was there a Costard broken in a shin.*] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

I Costard running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah, Costard, I will infranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances; I smell some  
*l'envoy*, some goose in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country-maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him something.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow.—

[*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. <sup>6</sup> Signior Costard, adieu.

[*Exit.*

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-cony Jew!<sup>7</sup>

Now

<sup>6</sup> *Like the sequel, I.*] *Sequels*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train.

WARBURTON.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequels*, in French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord. Moth uses the *sequel* only in the literary acceptation. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————*my in-cony Jew!*] *Incony* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read,

—————*my in-cony jewel.* WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

*Most tender Juvenile, and the most lovely Jew.* JOHNSON.

The

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—*What's the price of this incle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.*—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown<sup>8</sup>. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter Biron.*

*Biron.* O my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

The word is used again in the 4th act.

———*most incony vulgar wit.*

In the old comedy called Blurt Master Constable, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

———*it makes you have a most inconie body.*

*Cony* and *incony* have the same meaning. So Metaphor says in Jonson's Tale of a Tub.

“O superdainty canon, vicar *inconey*.”

So in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599.

“O I have sport *in-cony* i'faith.”

So in Heywood's Jew of Malta, 1633.

“While I in thy *in-cony* lap do tumble.”

Again in Doctor Dodypoll, com. 1600.

“A cockcomb *incony*, but that he wants money,”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries its remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown.*] Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

THEOBALD.

*Cost.*

*Cost.* I thank your worship : God be with you.

*Biron.* O stay, slave ; I must employ thee :  
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir ?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The princess comes to hunt here in the park :

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

[Gives him a shilling.]

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : Most sweet guerdon ! I will do it, sir, in print.<sup>9</sup>—Guerdon, remuneration.—

[Exit.]

*Biron.* O ! and I, forsooth, in love !

I, that have been love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal more magnificent !

<sup>9</sup> *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read *in point*, but, I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use. STEEVENS.



This wimpled,<sup>1</sup> whining, purblind wayward boy ;  
 This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;<sup>2</sup>

Regent

<sup>1</sup> *This wimpled*——] The *wimple* was a hood or veil, which fell over the face. Had Shakespeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, chap. iii. v. 22. we find—"the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the crisping-pins ;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb.

"Here, I perceive a little rivelling

"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,

"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;*] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion ;) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the word immediately preceding them ; and therefore that we should restore,

*This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which suits very aptly with such an emendation.

*That was the way to make his Godhead wax,  
 For he hath been five thousand years a boy.*

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is the character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of *Bonduca's* daughters ; and become an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes, Cupid might very probably be stiled Junius's *giant-dwarf*: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him ; but shrunk into a *dwarf*, so soon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this passage. He reads,

*This signior Julio's giant-dwarf*——

Shakespeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,  
 The anointed soveraign of sighs and groans;  
 Liege of all loiterers and malecontents:  
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces:  
 Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors:<sup>3</sup> (O my little heart!)  
 And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>4</sup>  
 And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!  
 What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,\*

Still

drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Of trotting paritors*:———] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And I to be a corporal of his file, &c.*] In former editions,  
*And I to be a corporal of his field,*  
*And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*

A *corporal* of a *field* is quite a new term: neither did the *tumblers* ever adorn their *hoops* with ribbands, that I can learn: for those were not carried in parade about with them, as the fencer carries his sword: nor, if they were, is the similitude at all pertinent to the case in hand. I read,

———like a tumbler stoop.

To *stoop like a tumbler* agrees not only with that profession, and the servile condescensions of a lover, but with what follows in the context. The wise transcribers, when once the *tumbler* appeared, thought his *hoop* must not be far behind. WARBURTON.

The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

*Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, and Raleigh speaks of them twice, vol. i. p. 103. vol. ii. p. 367. edit. 1751. I suppose they were distinguished by a particular kind of sash or uniform. TOLLET.

\* ———like a German clock,  
 Still a repairing; ———]

The following extract is taken from a book called The Artificial Clock-

Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right ?  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :  
 And, among three to love the worst of all ;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;  
 Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Tho' Argus were her eunuch and her guard :  
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !  
 To pray for her ! go to !—It is a plague,  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan :  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*<sup>5</sup>

Clock-Maker, 3d edit. 1714.—“ Clock-making was supposed to  
 “ have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two  
 “ hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks  
 “ or watches, and some other automata, might have had their  
 “ beginning there ; &c.” Again, p. 91.—“ Little worth re-  
 “ mark is to be found till towards the 16th century ; and then  
 “ clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany,  
 “ as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of Ger-  
 “ man work.”

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been  
 commonly made in England much more than one hundred years  
 backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mecha-  
 nism, executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakespeare alludes.  
 The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as ap-  
 pears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever  
 fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr.  
 Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but, as was be-  
 fore observed, without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.

—Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty; I am fair, that shoot;  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, then again say,  
no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

\* Here,—good my glass,—take this for telling true;  
[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.*

\* Here, —good my glass, ———] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the



*For.* Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill;

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,<sup>7</sup>

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.<sup>8</sup>

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-love-reignty

Only for praise-fake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she rewards for having shewn her to herself as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
We bend to that the working of the heart.]*

The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ———— that my heart means no ill.] We should read,

————— tho' my heart ————— WARBURTON.

*That my heart means no ill,* is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill*: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not to him] *no harm*. JOHNSON.

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may afford  
To any lady, that subdues a lord.

*Enter Costard.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth.<sup>9</sup>

*Cost.* Good dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.

An' your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,<sup>1</sup>  
One o' these maids girdles for your waist should be fit.

<sup>9</sup> ——— a member of the commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended ; a member of the common-wealth is put for one of the common people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> An' your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One o' these maids girdles for your waist should be fit.]

And was not one of her maid's girdles fit for her ? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by some accident or other ; and that the lines should be read thus,

*An' my waste, mistress, was as slender as your wit,  
One of these maids girdles for my waste should be fit.*

The lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own gross shape, and her slender wit. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well considered. It is plain that the ladies girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth* ; and again tells her, *you are the thickest here*. If any alteration is to be made, I should propose,

*An' your waist, mistress, were as slender as your wit.*

This would point the reply ; but perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness. JOHNSON.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, fir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon.<sup>2</sup>

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax,<sup>3</sup> and every one give ear.

*Boyet reads.*

*BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,<sup>4</sup> beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroic vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon.]*

i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoria literæ*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondere au plus obligeant poulet du monde*; to reply to the most obliging letter in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop. THEOBALD.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

<sup>3</sup> *Break the neck of the wax, —]* Still alluding to the capon. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer, &c.]* I would read, *fairer than fair, more beautiful, &c.* T. T.

king Cophetua<sup>5</sup> set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

*Thine in the dearest design of industry,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

<sup>6</sup> Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

<sup>5</sup> *king Cophetua.*] This story is again alluded to in Henry IV.

*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*

But of this king and beggar, the story, then doubtless well known, is, I am afraid, lost. Zenelophon has not appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess.

JOHNSON.

The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid may be seen in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV. 2d part, and Richard II. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thus dost thou hear, &c.*] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

WARBURTON.

Sub-



Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play.  
 But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
 this letter?  
 What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear  
 better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the  
 stile.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere  
 while.<sup>7</sup>

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps  
 here in court,  
 A phantasmè, a Monarcho;<sup>8</sup> and one that makes  
 sport

<sup>7</sup> ————— *ere while.*] Just now; a little while ago. So Ra-  
 leigh,

*Here lies Hobbinol our shepberd, while e'er.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ————— *a monarcho;* —————] Sir T. Hanmer reads,  
 ————— *a mammuccio.* ————— JOHNSON.

The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. — “Po-  
 pular applause (says Meres) dooth nourish some, neither do  
 they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,—  
 as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that  
 lived about the court.” p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, 1595*, I meet with  
 the same allusion. ————— ‘but now he was an insulting monarch  
 above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and  
 quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and  
 wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntilio's, &c.”

An allusion of a similar kind remains unexplained in Ben Jon-  
 son's *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 1.

“ ————— and a face cut for thee,  
 “Worse than Gamaliel Ratfey's.”

Gamaliel Ratfey was a famous highwayman, who always robbed  
 in a mask. I once had in my possession a pamphlet containing his  
 life and exploits, in the title-page of which he is represented with  
 this ugly visor on his face. STEEVENS.

To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

*Cost.* I told you ; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it ?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady ?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken this letter. Come, lords,  
away. °

Here, sweet, put up this'; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess attended.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the shooter ? who is the shooter ?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know ?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put  
off.

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns : but, if thou  
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !—

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer ?

*Ros.* If we chuse by horns, yourself ; come not  
near,

Finely put on, indeed !—

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she  
strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her  
now ?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,

° ————*Come, lords, away.*] Perhaps the Princess said  
rather,

—————*Come, ladies, away.*

The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

that

that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when ' queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.  
*Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet.* *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*  
*An' I cannot, another can.* [Exit *Ros.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it.

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark? O, mark but that mark; a mark, says my lady;  
Let the mark have a prick in't; to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow-hand! i'faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing; good night my good owl. [Exeunt all but *Costard.*

<sup>1</sup> *queen Guinever*] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the Boy and the Mantle in Mr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

*Cost.* By my foul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him  
down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit!  
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it  
were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side, O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'  
will swear!

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!  
Ah, heav'ns, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Exit Costard.*  
[*Shouting within.*

## SCENE II.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.*

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the  
testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.*

<sup>2</sup> *Enter—Holofernes,]* There is very little personal reflexion in  
Shakespeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of  
our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, ge-  
neral, and, as himself says,

—————his taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—————

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little less value than Stephens's Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are caribals, their tongues addars forks, their lips asses poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.*

Well



*Hol.* The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the

Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed 1598, and said to be *presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597*. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words, recentibus cdiis*; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarl than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rymer.*—*Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on Secrates; those very mouths they make to wilfise shall be the means to amplify his virtue, &c.* Here Shakespeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet of the gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility*. And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an A. S.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the authour that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in the authour's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the Rhombus of sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited

the ear of Cælo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.<sup>3</sup>

hibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking *a lease of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'twas a pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages.

*Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from  
 “the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck is the first year, a  
 “fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a forell; the  
 “fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth  
 “year, a compleat buck. Likewise your *eri* is the first year, a  
 “calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the  
 “fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A *roc-buck* is the first  
 “year, a kid; the second year, a girl; the third year, a *hemuse*;  
 “and these are your special beasts for chase.”

So in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.———“I am but a  
 “pricket, a mere forell; my head's not harden'd yet.”

STEEVENS.

*Hol.*

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* ! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look ?

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts ;

<sup>4</sup> And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us, more than he.

For

<sup>4</sup> *and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be ; which we taste, and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] The words have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transposed and corrupted. I read, *we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel ingradare) that do fructify, &c.* The emendation I have offered, I hope, restores the author ; at least, it gives him sense and grammar : and answers extremely well to his metaphors taken from *planting*. *Ingradare*, with the Italians, signifies, to rise higher and higher ; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progression ; and so at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expresses it. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus,

*And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,*

*For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than he.*

And Mr. Edwards, in his animadversions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors mistaken, except that sir T. Hanmer found the metre, though he missed the sense. I read, with a slight change,

*And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,*

*When we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*

That is, *such barren plants are exhibited in the creation, to make us thankful when we have more taste and feeling than he, of those parts or qualities which produce fruit in us, and preserve us from being likewise barren plants.* Such is the sense, just in itself and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of sir Nathaniel. The length

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
or a fool ;

So were there a patch <sup>5</sup> set on learning, to see him  
in a school.

But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind,  
*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men ; Can you tell by  
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not  
five weeks old as yet ?

*Hol.* Dictynna, good-man Dull ; Dictynna, good-  
man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna ?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was  
no more :

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-  
score.

The allusion holds in the exchange. <sup>6</sup>

*Dull.* 'Tis true, indeed ; the collusion holds in the  
exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity ! I say the allusion  
holds in the exchange.

length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The  
moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

The author of the Observations and Conjectures on some Pas-  
sages in Shakespeare, printed at Oxford, 1766, would read, I  
think very properly,

*(Which we of taste and feeling are)* &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool ;  
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in school.]*

The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or  
low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The allusion holds in the exchange.]* i. e. the riddle is as good  
when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain.

WARBURTON.

*Dull.*



*Dull.* And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir, Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prickt<sup>1</sup>;  
 A pretty pleasing pricket;  
 Some say, a sore; but not a sore,  
 'Till now made sore with shooting.  
 The dogs did yell; put L to sore,  
 Then sorel jump't from thicket;  
 Or pricket sore, or else sorel,  
 The peeples fall a booting.  
 If sore be sore, then L to sore  
 Makes fifty sore; O sore L!<sup>2</sup>  
 Of one sore I an hundred make,  
 By adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

<sup>1</sup> *The praiseful princess, &c.*] The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of Ulpian Fullwell, in his Commemoration of Queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575.

“ Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,  
 “ And price of endless fame, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Makes fifty sores, O sorel!*] We should read,  
 ————of sore L,  
 alluding to L being the numeral for 50. WARBURTON.

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have ; simple ! simple ! a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction :<sup>9</sup> if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur* : a foul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jac.* God give you good morrow, master Parson.

*Hol.* Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one ?

*Cost.* Marry, master School-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hog'shead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'Tis pretty, it is well.

*Jac.* Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho : I beseech you, read it.

<sup>9</sup> *if their daughters be capable, &c.*] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

STEEVENS.

*Hol.*

Hol. <sup>1</sup> *Faufte, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

Ruminat, and fo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may fpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Cbi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.*

Old

<sup>1</sup> Nath. *Faufte, precor, gelida*] Though all the editions concur to give this fpeech to fir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingenioufly obferved to me, it is evident, it muft belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himfelf; and while he is doing fo, that the ftage may not ftand ftill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating fome verfe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptifta Spagnolus (firnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourifhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

*Faufte, precor, gelida, &c.*] A note of La Monnoye's on thefe very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and fhew how well Shakefpeare has fuf-tained the character of his pedant. ——— *Il defigne le Carme Baptifte Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 fiede on lifoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; fi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaifamment Farnabe dans fa preface fur Martial, les Pedans ne faifoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le Arma virumque cano, le Faufte precor gelida, c'eft-a-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par Faufte, precor gelida.*

WARBURTON.

The Eclogues of Mantuanus the Carmelite were tranflated before the time of Shakefpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppofite fide of the page. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Vinegia, vinegia,*

*Cbi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.*]

In old editions: *Venechi, veneche a, qui non te vide, i non te piacch.* And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, fcholars, and linguifts, could not reftore this little fcrap of true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praifes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial fentence, faid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never feen thee, has thee not in efteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that fees Venice little, values it much; he that fees it much, values it little.* But I fuppoſe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ſerve the ſpeaker's purpoſe. JOHNSON.

The

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee, not :—*Ut, re, sol, la, me, fa*. Under pardon, fir, what are the contents ? or rather, as Horace fays in his—What, my foul, verfes ?

*Natb.* Ay, fir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a ftaff, a ftanza, a verfe ; *Lege, domine.*

*Natb.* If love make me forsworn, how fhall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !

Tho' to myfelf forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;  
Thofe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like ofiers bowed.

Study his biafs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ;

Where all thofe pleasures live, that art would comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee fhall fuffice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that foul, that fees thee without wonder ;

Which is to me fome praife, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder ;

Which, not to anger bent, is mufick, and fweet fire.

The proverb ftands thus in Howell's Letters, book i. feft. 1. l. 36.

*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia  
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te dispregia.*

Venice, Venice, none thee unfeen can prize ;  
Who thee hath feen, too much will thee defpife.

STEEVENS.

Ce-



Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue!

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss  
the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are  
only numbers ratify'd; <sup>3</sup> but for the elegancy, facility,  
and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. <sup>4</sup> Ovidius Naso  
was the man. And why, indeed, Naso; but for  
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the

<sup>3</sup> Nath. *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this speech has  
all along been placed to sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it  
to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reason.  
The speaker here is impeaching the verses; but sir Nathaniel, as  
it appears above, thought them learned ones: besides, as Dr.  
Thirlby observes, almost every word of this speech fathers itself  
on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little,  
to the contents.

*And why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers  
of fancy? the jerks of invention imitatory is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I should be ashamed to own myself  
a piece of a scholar, to pretend to the task of an editor, and to  
pass such stuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever  
heard of *invention imitatory*? Invention and imitation have ever  
been accounted two distinct things. The speech is by a pedant,  
who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English;  
and he is here flourishing upon the merit of invention, beyond  
that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes  
the whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries con-  
viction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of  
Shakespeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the  
Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607, takes particu-  
lar notice of it.

"I remember, about the year 1602, many used this skew  
kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike  
the man, whom Platony, the son of Lagos, king of Egypt,  
brought for a spectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Ovidius Naso was the man.*] Our author makes his pedant af-  
fect the being conversant with the best authors: contrary to the  
practice of modern wits, who represent them as despisers of all  
such. But those who know the world, know the pedant to be the  
greatest affecter of politeness. WARBURTON.

jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: <sup>s</sup> so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But Damofella Virgin, was this directly to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, fir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange Queen's Lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

*Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment,* BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the king; it may concern much: stay not thy compliment: I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God,

<sup>s</sup> *so doth the bound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.*] The pedant here, to run down imitation, shews that it is a quality within the capacity of beasts: that the dog and the ape are taught to copy tricks by their master and keeper; and so is the *tired horse* by his rider. This last is a wonderful instance; but it happens not to be true. The author must have wrote—*the tryed horse his rider*: i. e. one *exercised*, and broke to the *manage*: for he obeys every sign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the word is used in the sense of trained, exercised:

*And how he cannot be a perfect man,*

*Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world.* WARBURTON.

I am not certain that Dr. Warburton's emendation is necessary. The *tired horse* may mean, the horse *subdued by management*.

STEEVENS.

*Hol.*

very religiously : and as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.<sup>6</sup> But, to return to the verses ; did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto* ; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too : for society, (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too ; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay ; *Pauca verba.* Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Biron, with a Paper.*

*Biron.* The king is hunting the deer ; I am coursing my self. They have pitch'd a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch ;<sup>7</sup> pitch, that defiles ; defile ! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax ; it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not.

<sup>6</sup> *colourable colours.*] That is specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *I am toiling in a pitch ;*] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!  
[He stands aside.]

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: I' faith secrets.—

*King.* [*Reads.*] So sweet a kifs the golden sun gives  
 not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have  
 smote

The night of dew, that on my cheeks down  
 flows:<sup>s</sup>

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,  
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:

<sup>s</sup> *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:]* I cannot think the *night of dew* the true reading, but know not what to offer.

JOHNSON.

This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakespeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect, in which. STEEVENS.



No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,  
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe :  
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew :  
 But do not love thyself : then thou wilt keep  
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !  
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper ;  
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?  
*[The king steps aside.]*

*Enter Longaville.*

What ! Longaville ! and reading !—Listen, ear.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more  
 fool appear !

*Long.* Ay me ! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure,  
 wearing papers.<sup>9</sup>

*King.* [*Aside.*] In love, I hope ; sweet fellowship  
 in shame !

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the  
 name.

*Long.* [*Aside.*] Am I the first, that have been per-  
 jur'd so ?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort : not by  
 two that I know ;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of  
 society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up sim-  
 plicity.

*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to  
 move :

O sweet Maria, Empress of my love !

<sup>9</sup> ———— *he comes in like a perjure,* ———— ] The punishment  
 of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton  
Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his sloop. <sup>1</sup>

*Long.* The same shall go.—— [*he reads the sonnet:*

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye  
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury,*

*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment :*

*A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :*

*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;*

*Tky grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :*

*Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*

*Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :*

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;*

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,*

*To lose an oath to win a paradise ?*

*Biron* [*Aside.*] This is the liver-vein, <sup>2</sup> which makes  
flesh a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the  
way.

<sup>1</sup> *Ob, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :*

*Disfigure not his sloop.*]

All the editions happen to concur in this error : but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *sloop* ? or, what relation can those two terms have to one another ? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *sloop* ? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text. *Slops* are large and wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures ; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men : and we have dealers whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called, *sloop-men* ; and their shops, *sloop-shops*. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——*the liver vein,*——] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Dumain.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company!  
stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play;  
Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fool's secrets heedfully o'er-eye:  
More facks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;  
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

*Dum.* O most divine Kate!

*Biron.* O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* By heaven the wonder of a mortal eye!

*Biron.* By earth, she is not corporal; <sup>3</sup> there you  
lie. [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted.<sup>4</sup>

*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*]

<sup>3</sup> *By earth, she is but corporal, there you lie.*] Old edition:

*By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.*

Dumain, one of the lovers, in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal*? I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal* as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is plausible, but perhaps unnecessary. The passage may be thus explained. Dumain swears first, *by heaven*, that she is *the wonder of a mortal eye*. Biron seems in his reply to mean, Swear next *by earth*, that she is *not corporal*; and when you have carried matters so far, I shall not scruple to tell you in yet plainer terms, *that you lye*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup>—*amber coted.*] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So in Hamlet.

“—————certain players

“We *coted*, &c.”

So in Chapman.

“—————Words her worth had prov'd with deeds

“Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far

“his steeds.” STEEVENS.

D d 4

*Dum.*

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* Stoop, I say ;  
Her shoulder is with child.

[*Aside.*

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must  
shine.

[*Aside.*

*Dum.* O that I had my wish !

*Long.* And I had mine !

[*Aside,*

*King.* And I mine too, good Lord !

[*Aside.*

*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine ! Is not that a good  
word ?

[*Aside.*

*Dum.* I would forget her, but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

*Biron.* A fever in your blood ! why then, incision  
Would let her out in sawcers ; sweet misprision !

[*Aside.*

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode, that I have  
writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark, how love can vary  
wit.

[*Aside.*

*Dumain reads his sonnet.*

*On a day, (alack, the day !)*  
*Love, whose month is ever May,*  
*Spy'd a blossom passing fair,*  
*Playing in the wanton air :*  
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*  
*All unseen, 'gan passage find ;*  
*That the lover, sick to death,*  
*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*  
*Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow*  
*Air, would I might triumph so ! \**  
*But, alack, my hand is sworn,*  
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :*

\* *Air, would I might triumph so !*] Perhaps we may better read,

*Ah ! would I might triumph so !* JOHNSON.



*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee :  
 Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,<sup>5</sup>  
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.<sup>6</sup>  
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too, ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note ;  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'd society : [*coming forward.*  
 You may look pale ; but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, Sir, you blush ; as his, your case is  
 such ; [*coming forward.*  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much.  
 You do not love Maria ? Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ?  
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.

<sup>6</sup> ————*even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————*my true love's fasting pain.*] I should rather chuse to read *festring*, rankling. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any alteration. *Fasting* is *longing*, *hungry*, *wanting*. JOHNSON.

Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;  
 Her hairs were gold ; crystal the other's eyes.  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[To Long.

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dumain.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear  
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?  
 How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[Coming forward.

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love ?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches : In your tears,  
 There is no certain princess that appears ?  
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;  
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.  
 But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you not  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er shot ?  
 You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a knot !<sup>8</sup>

To

<sup>8</sup> *How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?*] We should certainly read, *jeap*, i. e. jeer, ridicule. WARBURTON.

To *leap* is to *exult*, to skip for joy. It must stand. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *To see a king transformed to a knot !*] *Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read *spot*. The rhimes in this play are such, as that *sat* and *spot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the King  
 ————lay'd

To see great Hercules whipping a jigg,  
 And profound Solomon tuning a jigg!  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!<sup>9</sup>  
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain;  
 And gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast.  
 A candle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in.

—————lay'd his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom so long,

i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *sat* is in some counties pronounced *set*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme. In the old comedy of Albumazar, the same thought occurs.

“Why should I twine my arms to cables?”

So in the *Tempest*.

“—————fitting,

“His arms in this sad *knot*.” STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind, is foolish even to a proverb, and is said to be easily ensnared. Ray in his ornithology observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it.

The *knott* is enumerated among other delicacies by sir Epicure Mammon, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

“My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.

“*Knots*, godwits, &c. COLLINS.

‘—————critic *Timon*————] ought evidently to be *cynic*.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing*, if not *critical*. STEEVENS.

I am

I am betray'd by keeping company  
 With men like men,<sup>1</sup> of strange inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?

*King.* Soft; Whither away so fast?  
 A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be  
 read;

Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*]  
 Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

<sup>2</sup> *With men-like men*——] This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus,

*With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.*

WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean, *with men like common men.* JOHNSON.

*King.*



*King.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou  
tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs  
not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

*Biron.* Ah, you whorson loggerhead, you were  
born to do me shame. *[To Costard.*

Guilty my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make  
up the mefs.

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, Sirs, away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors  
stay. *[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us em-  
brace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his  
face:

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some love of  
thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly  
Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east)

Bows not his vassal head ; and, strucken blind,  
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?  
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

*King.* What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee  
 now ?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon !  
 She (an attending star) ' scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !  
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;  
 Where several worthies make one dignity ;  
 Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;  
 Fy, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs :  
 She passes praise ; then praise, too short doth  
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her ? O wood divine ! <sup>4</sup>

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O,

<sup>3</sup> *She (an attending star)*———] Something like this is a stanza of sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion.

———*Ye stars, the train of night,*

*That poorly satisfy our eyes*

*More by your number than your light :*

*Ye common people of the skies,*

*What are ye when the sun shall rise.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Is ebony like her ? O word divine !*] This is the reading of all  
 the

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black?

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,<sup>5</sup>

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.<sup>6</sup>

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of  
light.

O,

the editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectured,)

———O wood divine! THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> ———Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;]

In former editions,

———the school of night.

*Black* being the *school* of night, is a piece of mystery above my comprehension. I had guessed, it should be,

———the stole of night:

but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads,

———the scowl of night,

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or *white* beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the *white*, takes for granted the thing in dispute; by saying, that *white* is the *crest* of beauty. His adversary had just as much reason to call *black* so. The question debated between them being which was the *crest* of beauty, black or white. Shakespeare could never write so absurdly: nor has the Oxford editor at all mended the matter by substituting *dress* for *crest*. We should read,

*And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.*

i. e. beauty's white, from *creta*. In this reading the third line is a proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence, the French word *creste* in that pronunciation and orthography is *crete*, which he understanding, and  
know-

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,  
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;  
 For native blood is counted painting now :  
 And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
 black.

*Long.* And since her time, are colliers counted  
 bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
 crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candle now, for dark is  
 light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
 For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did : for, Sir, to tell  
 you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day  
 here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as  
 she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love ; my foot and her face  
 see. [ *Showing his shoe.*

knowing nothing of the other signification of *crete* from *creta*,  
 critically altered it to the English way of spelling, *creste*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation cannot be received till its authour can prove  
 that *crete* is an English word. Besides, *crest* is here properly op-  
 posed to *badge*. *Black*, says the King, is the *badge of hell*, but  
 that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens  
 hell, and is therefore hateful : *white* adorns heaven, and is there-  
 fore lovely. JOHNSON.

*Biron.*



*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread !

*Dum.* O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

*Biron.* Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat ; and, good *Biron*,  
now prove,

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this  
evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil. <sup>7</sup>

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need !

Have at you then, affection's men at arms : <sup>8</sup>

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you had forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

<sup>7</sup> *Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this, in the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est* ;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *affection's men at arms* :] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection*. JOHNSON:

<sup>6</sup> From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;  
 They are the ground, the book, the academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire ;  
 Why, universal plodding prisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ; <sup>1</sup>  
 As motion, and long-during action, tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;  
 And study too, the causer of your vow.  
 For where is any author in the world,  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
<sup>3</sup> In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of

<sup>9</sup> *From women's eyes, &c.*] This and the two following lines are omitted, I suppose, by mere oversight in Dr. Warburton's edition.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The nimble spirits in the arteries ;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves ; as appears from the name which is derived from ἀερα ἠνεστῆν.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any authour. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers———*]

Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy ; at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the Pythagorean principles of astronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. The Oxford editor, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?  
 Other flow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
 And gives to every power a double power  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye :  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.<sup>4</sup>  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
 For valour is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?<sup>5</sup>

Subtle

lantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*. WARBURTON.

*Numbers* are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you*, says Biron, *by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?* The astronomer, by looking too much aloft, falls into a ditch. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————*the suspicious head of theft is stopt'd.*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no *contrast* between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess, I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is sense; and that is better than either one or the other. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *For valour is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?]*

The poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by love. But what has the poor sense of *smelling* done, not to keep its place among its brethren? Then Hercules's *valour* was not in *climbing*

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:<sup>6</sup>  
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the Gods<sup>7</sup>  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never

*the trees*, but in attacking the dragon *gardant*. I rather think, that for *valour* we should read *favour*, and the poet meant, that Hercules was allured by the *odour* and *fragrancy* of the golden apples. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:*] This expression, like that other in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, of——

*Orphus' harp was strung with poet's sinews,*

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair, means no more than strung with gilded wire.

WARBURTON.

How much more sublime is the imagination of our poet, which represents that instrument as strung with the sun-beams, which in poetry are called Apollo's hair. REVISAL.

<sup>7</sup> *And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony!*]

This nonsense we should read and point thus,

*And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods,  
 Mark, heaven drowns with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the Gods. Alluding to that ancient Theogony, that Love was the parent and support of all the Gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palaphatus wrote a poem called, "Αφροδιτης η Ήρατιος φωνη η λογος. *The voice and speech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders; alluding again to the antient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is,

Make heaven—— JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reason for this emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by the critic. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When Love speaks*, (says Biron) *the assembled Gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.*



Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.—  
 From womens' eyes this doctrine I derive :<sup>8</sup>

A very ingenious friend observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this.—*That the voice of all the Gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the chearful effects of the voice of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous with the rest of the speech.

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed ; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critic's elevation. I would, however, read,

Makes heaven drowsy with its harmony.

Though the words *mark* and *behold* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the voice of the Gods appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's well that Ends well*, observes, that to *speak a sound* is a *barbarism*. To *speak a voice* is, I think, not less reprehensible.

STEEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing.

*And when love speaks (the voice of all) the Gods  
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue* ; and *the Gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakespeare of having read Pindar, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. T. T.

<sup>8</sup> *From womens' eyes this doctrine I derive :*] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers.

*From womens' eyes this doctrine I derive,*

and several other lines are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed it from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revival. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear :  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word, that loves all men ;  
 Or for men's sake, the author of these women ;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn :  
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;  
 And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them,  
 lords ;  
 Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ;—lay these gloses  
 by—  
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us devise  
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

° ————— a word, that loves all men ;] We should read,

————— a word all women love.

The following line,

*Or for men's sake (the author of these women ;)*

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, transposing the lines,

*Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;*

*For women's sake, by whom we men are men ;*

*Or for men's sake, the authors of these women.*

The antithesis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itself worth little, has much of the spirit of this play. JOHNSON.

*Biron.*

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape :  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no  
corn ;<sup>1</sup>

And justice always whirls in equal measure :  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### THE STREET.

*Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.*

#### HOLOFERNES.

*SATIS quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, Sir : your reasons  
at dinner have been sharp and sententious ;<sup>3</sup> pleasant  
with-

<sup>1</sup> ————*sown cockle reap'd no corn ;*] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Your reasons at dinner have been, &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the pre-

without scurrility, witty without affection\*, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. <sup>3</sup> He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

cepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

\* *without affection,*] i. e. without affectation. So in Hamlet,—“No matter that might indite the author of *affection*.” So in Twelfth Night, Malvolio is call'd “an *affection'd* ass.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He is too piqued,*] To have the beard *piquée* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in K. John,

————— *I catechise*

*My piqued man of countries.* JOHNSON.

See the note on King John, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently interpreted.

*Piqued* may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his Artificial Changeling, says, ——— “We wear our forked shoes almost as long again as our feet, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foot, and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotions, for our bootes and shoes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house.” STEEVENS.

See B. Jonson's Discoveries, vol. vii. p. 116.

“ ——— too much *pickedness* is not manly.” T. T.

pha-



phanatical phantasms, such infociable and *point-de-vise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: This is abominable,<sup>5</sup> which we would call abominable:<sup>6</sup> it insinuateth me of insanie: (*Ne intelligis, Domine.*) to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath.

<sup>5</sup> *This is abominable, &c.*] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out, *Abominator, execror. Asnitas mera est, impietas, &c.* and calls his adversary, *Lutum stercore maceratum, daemonicum recrimentum inscitiæ, sterquilinum, fercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, xάθαγμα.* WARBURTON.

Shakespeare knew nothing of this language; and the resemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deserves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppish manner of speaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lilly and his imitators. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *it insinuateth me of insanie:*] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamy: Ne intelligis, domine, to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hcl. Bome, boon for boon Prescian; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

This play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their indolence, that they have left me Augeas's stable to cleanse: and a man had need to have the strength of a Hercules to heave out all their rubbish. But to business: Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended, the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

The Curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in Terence find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

*Bone?*

*Nath.* Laus deo, bone ; intelligo.

*Hol.* Bone?—bone, for *benè* : Priscian a little scratch'd ; 'twill serve.

*Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.*

*Nath.* Videsne quis venit ?

*Hol.* Video, & gaudeo.

*Arm.* Chirra !

*Hol.* *Quæ* e Chirra, not Sirrah ?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountred.

*Hol.* Most military Sir, salutation.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stoln the scraps. *[To Costard aside.]*

*Cost.* O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words ! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as

*Bone?—bone for bene.* Priscian a little scratched : 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

*It insinuateth me of infamy.* There is no need to make the pendent worse than Shakespeare made him ; who, without doubt, wrote *insanity*. WARBURTON.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine*, to make *frantick*, *lunatick*, I read, (*nonne intelligis, domine?*) to be *mad*, *frantick*, *lunatick*. JOHNSON.

*Insanie* appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successes of Rebellion from time to time, &c.* written in old English Verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman ; without date, (though, from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII. i. e. 1537) I find the word used.

“ In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,  
 “ With a multitude of people, but in the consequence,  
 “ After a little *insanie*, they fled tag and rag,  
 “ For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.” STEEVENS.

*bono-*

*honorificabilitudinitatibus* : <sup>6</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace ; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, are you not letter'd ?

*Moth.* Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book : What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head ?

*Hol.* BA, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant ?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I. <sup>7</sup>

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, I.—

*Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it, o, u.

*Arm.* Now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gigg.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I

<sup>6</sup> *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*.] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Moth.* *The third of the five vowels, &c.*] In former editions : *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I ;*

*Hol.* *I will repeat them, a, e, I——*

*Moth.* *The sheep :—the other two concludes it out.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same *vowel* ? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, *Moth* would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way ; no matter which of us repeats them.

THEOBALD.

will

will whip about your infamy <sup>8</sup> *circum circa*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An' I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungbill*; at the finger's ends, as they say.

*Hol.* Oh, I smell false Latin; *dungbill* for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *Mons* the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain?

*Hol.* I do *sans question*.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

*Hol.* The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, (I do assure you,) very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean up-

<sup>9</sup> *I will whip about your infamy* unum cita:] Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean, *circum circa*: i. e. about and about: tho' it may be designed he should mistake the terms. THEOBALD.



on my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, <sup>9</sup> with my mustachio : but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is ;——but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,——that the king would have me present the princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistance, at the king's command ; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess : I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself ; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the great ; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, Sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb ; he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strang-

<sup>9</sup> *dally with my excrement,*] The authour has before called the beard *valour's excrement* in the Merchant of Venice. JOHNSON.

ling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "well done, Hercules, "now thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious; tho' few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies;—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not,<sup>1</sup> an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via!* good man Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, Sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter Princess, and Ladies.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king,

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

<sup>2</sup> if this fadge not,] i. e. suit not. More instances of the use of this word are given in Twelfth Night. STEEVENS.

*Prin.*

*Prin.* Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his God-head wax;<sup>3</sup>  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Cath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd  
your sifter.

*Cath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd:  
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this  
light word?

*Cath.* A light condition, in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning  
out.

*Cath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff:  
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do; you do it still i' the  
dark.

*Cath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Cath.* You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not  
for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past  
care.<sup>4</sup>

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

<sup>3</sup> ——— to make his God-head wax;] To wax anciently signified to grow. It is yet said of the moon, that she waxes and wanes.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— for past care is still past cure.] The transposition which I have made in the two words, care and cure, is by the direction of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :  
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

*Ros.* I would, you knew.

An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great ; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :

The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest Goddesses on the ground :

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Any thing like ?

*Ros.* Much in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

*Cath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils !<sup>5</sup> How ? let me not die your  
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of O's !

*Cath.* Pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows.<sup>6</sup>

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

*Cath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain ?

*Cath.* Yes, Madam ; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :

<sup>5</sup> 'Ware pencils !————] The former editions read,

Were pencils————

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored,

'Ware pencils————

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Catherine for painting. JOHNSON.

The folio reads,

Ware pensals———— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows.] In former copies this line is given to the Princess ; but as she has behaved with great decency all along, there is no reason why she should start all at once into this coarse dialect. Rosaline and Catherine are rallying one another without reserve ; and to Catherine this first line certainly belonged, and therefore I have ventured once more to put her in possession of it. THEOBALD.



A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Biron I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!<sup>7</sup>  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;  
And shape his service all to my behests,  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So portent-like would I o'erfway his state,<sup>8</sup>  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.*

<sup>7</sup> ————*in by the week!*] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *So portent-like, &c.*] In former copies,

*So pertaunt-like, would I o'er-fway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.*

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakespeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*,

—————*merely thou art Death's Fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runs towards him still!*—————

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called

*Prin.* <sup>9</sup> None are so surely caught when they are  
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such  
excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her  
Grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare.

Arm, wench, arm! Encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to St. Cupid!<sup>7</sup> What are they  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads,

*So pedant-like*——— JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *None are so, &c.*] These are observation worthy of a man  
who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Saint Dennis, to saint Cupid!*———] The Princess of France  
invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to op-  
pose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

*Boyet*

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
 I thought to close my eyes some half an hour :  
 When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
 Toward that shade, I might behold, addrest  
 The king and his companions : warily  
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
 And overheard, what you shall overhear ;  
 That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.  
 Action and accent did they teach him there ;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :*  
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
 Presence majestical would put him out :  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;  
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
 The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;  
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*—  
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder ;  
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
 One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and flier'd and swore,  
 A better speech was never spoke before.  
 Another with his finger and his thumb,  
 Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come.*  
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, *All goes well :*  
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,<sup>2</sup>  
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

*Boyet.* They do, they do ; and are apparell'd  
 thus,

Like Muscovites, or Ruffians: as I guess<sup>3</sup>  
 Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance :

And

<sup>2</sup> ——— *spleen ridiculous* ——— ] is, a ridiculous fit. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Like Muscovites, or Ruffians, as I guess.* ] The settling commerce  
 F f 2 in

And every one his love-feat will advance  
 Unto his severall mistrefs ; which they'll know  
 By favours severall, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
 task'd :

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;  
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.  
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;  
 And then the king will court thee for his dear :  
 Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine ;  
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favours too ; so shall your loves  
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then, wear the favours most in  
 sight.

*Cath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is to cross theirs ;  
 They do it but in mocking merriment ;  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their severall councils they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

*Prin.* No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace :  
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
 heart,  
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written : so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainmenment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. *WARBURTON.*

*Prin.*



*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Sound.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers  
come. [The ladies mask.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and attendants, disguised like Muscovites; Moth with musick, as for a masquerade.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !

*Boyet.* Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.<sup>4</sup>

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.*

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.

*Out ———*

*Biron.* True ; out, indeed.

*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouch-  
safe

*Not to behold.*

*Biron.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—  
*With your sun-beamed eyes—*

<sup>4</sup> *Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.* ] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron ; but, surely, very absurdly : for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet :  
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me  
out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you  
rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers ? know their  
minds, Boyet,

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes :  
Know, what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess ?

*Biron.* Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they ?

*Boyet.* Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, That they have ; and bid them so be  
gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it ; and you may be  
gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a  
mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile ?

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary  
steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps  
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for  
you ;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,  
That we (like savages) may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these<sup>5</sup> thy stars, to  
shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

*King.* Then in our measure vouchsafe but one  
change:

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then: Nay, you must do it  
soon.

Not yet;—no dance:—Thus change I like the  
moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus  
estrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full: but now she's  
chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take you hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends:

Curt'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

<sup>5</sup> *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,———*] When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassadour how he liked her ladies, *It is hard, said he, to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.*

JOHNSON.

*King.* More measure of this measure ; be not nice

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize yourselves then ; what buys your company ?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought : and so, adieu ;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys ; (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !  
There's half a dozen sweets,

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog, ° I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall ? bitter.—

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word.

*Mar.* Name it.—

*Dum.* Fair lady.—

*Mar.* Say you so ? fair lord :—

Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

° Since you can cog, ———] To cog signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.



*Cath.* What, was your vizor made without a tongue ?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Cath.* O, for your reason ! quickly, Sir ; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizor half.

*Cath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman : Is not veal a calf ?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady ?

*Cath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Cath.* No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

*Cath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Cath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen.

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen :

Above the sense of sense ; so sensible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

*King.* Farewel, mad wenches ; you have simple wits. [*Exeunt King, and lords.*]

*Prin.* Twenty adieu's, my frozen Muscovites.—  
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at ?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

*Ros.*

*Rof.* Well-liking wits they have ; grofs, grofs ; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit—kingly-poor flout !  
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night ?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

*Rof.* O ! they were all in lamentable cafes !  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all fuit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my fervice, and his fword :  
No, *point*, quoth I ; my fervant ftrait was mute.

*Cath.* Lord Longaville faid, I came o'er his heart ;  
And, trow you, what he call'd me ?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Cath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, ficknefs as thou art !

*Rof.* Well, better wits have worn plain ftatute-caps. <sup>7</sup>

But

<sup>7</sup> ——— *better wits have worn plain ftatute-caps.*] This line is not univerfally underftood, becaufe every reader does not know that a ftatute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rofaline declares that her expectation was difappointed by thefe courtly ftudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

*Rof.* *Well, better wits have worn plain ftatute-caps.* Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, 13th queen Elizabeth. “ Besides the bills paffed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amifs to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen’s care for employment for her poor fort of fubjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers ; providing, that all above the age of fix years, (except the nobility and fome others) fhould on *fabbath days*, and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drefed in England, upon penalty of ten groats.” DR. GRAY.

I think my own interpretation of this paffage right.

JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning may be—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination. In Marfton’s Dutch Courtezan, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub fays,

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

*Cath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows ;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :  
Therefore, change favours, and, when they repair,  
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

*Prin.* How, blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* <sup>8</sup> Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud ;  
Dis-

says,—" though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." So in the Family of Love, 1608. "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in the bud ;  
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,  
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.]*

This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus.

*Fair ladies masked are roses in the bud :  
Or angels veil'd in clouds : are roses blown,  
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn.*

But he, willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it,

*Or angel-veiling clouds—————*

i. e. clouds which veil angels : and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakespeare's purpose to compare a finelady to an angel ; it was Mr. Theobald's chance to compare her to a *cloud* : and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the ad-

ad-

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,  
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Rof.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd, like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;<sup>9</sup>  
And, wonder what they were; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt ladies.*']

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain in their  
own habits.*

*King.* Fair Sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her?

advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be

————— *angels veil'd in clouds,*

but

————— *angels vailing clouds,*

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why fir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, are like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible?

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————— *shapeless gear*;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakespeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Exeunt Ladies.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here.

JOHNSON.

*King.*



*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;<sup>2</sup>  
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:  
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs:  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.  
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,  
That kifs'd away his hand in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing,  
A mean most mainly, and, in ushering,  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet.  
This is the flower, that smiles on every one,<sup>3</sup>  
To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone:—

And

<sup>2</sup> ——— as pigeons peas;] This expression is proverbial.

“ Children pick up words as pigeons peas,

“ And utter them again as God shall please.”

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

\* *A mean most mainly, &c.*] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. So Bacon: “ The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *This is the flower, that smiles on every one,*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common stile, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtesy*, that in common talk, or in the lowest stile, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the

And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyer.

King.

the image, but any thing affirmed of it as an *agnomen*: hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects this image should be, for some little time, continued by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is, that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrowed ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said, when they set upon amending Greek and Roman writings. For the much-used hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerariouly. WARBURTON.

*This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.]*

*As white as whales bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In the Fairy Queen. b. iii. c. i. st. 15.

“ Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,  
“ And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone.*”

And in Turberville's Poems, printed in the year 1570, is an ode intitled, “ In Praise of Lady P.”

“ Her mouth so small, her teeth so white,  
“ As any *whale his bone* ;  
“ Her lips without so lively red,  
“ That passe the corall stone.”

And in L. Surrey, fol. 14. edit. 1567.

“ I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone*,  
“ A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none.”

Again, in the old romance of Syr Degore.

“ The kyng had no chyl dren but one,  
“ A daughter, *as white as whales bone.*”

Skelton

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, and attendants.*

*Biron.* See, where it comes! behaviour, what wert thou,<sup>4</sup>  
'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King.* We come to visit you; and purpose now  
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me, and so hold your  
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas.

“ A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,

“ One of jasper, another of *whales bone* ;

“ Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle.”

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736.

WARTON.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *behaviour, what wert thou,*

*'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?*

These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into shew and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprised in the quotation. JOHNSON.

*King.*

*King.* Rebuke me not for that, which you provoke :

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.<sup>5</sup>

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue ; vice you should have spoke :

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Ruffians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ? Ruffians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Res.* Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord :

My lady, to the manner of these days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

<sup>5</sup> *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] Common sense requires us to read,

—————made break my oath.

i. e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent.—It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the cause of. WARBURTON.

I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The Princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

I dare



I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet<sup>6</sup>  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light : your capacity  
Is of that nature, as to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the vizors was it, that you wore ?

*Biron.* Where ? when ? what vizor ? why demand  
you this ?

*Ros.* There, then, that vizor ; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

*King.* We are descry'd ; they'll mock us now down-  
right.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord ? why looks your high-  
ness sad ?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon : Why look  
you pale ?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

<sup>6</sup> ——— [*when we greet, &c.*] This is a very lofty and elegant  
compliment. JOHNSON.

And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
 O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;  
 Nor never come in vizer to my friend,  
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.  
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
 Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation.  
 Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies,  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :  
 I do forswear them : and I here protest,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God  
 knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :  
 And to begin, wench, (so God help me, la!)  
 My love to thee is found, *sans* crack or flaw.

*Ref.* *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage : bear with me, I am sick.  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;  
 Write,<sup>7</sup> *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
 These lords are visited, you are not free ;  
 For the lord's tokens on you both, I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens to  
 us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo  
 us.

<sup>7</sup> *Write, &c.*] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions ; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,<sup>8</sup>  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

*Biron.* Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her;

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear.<sup>9</sup>

*King.* Despise me, when I've broke this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight; and did value me  
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

<sup>8</sup> —————how can this be true,

That you should forfeit, being those that sue.]

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —————you force not to forswear.] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Rof.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, fir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, fir, this jewel did ſhe wear:  
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either: I remit both twain.—  
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,  
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)  
To daſh it, like a Chriſtmas comedy,  
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,  
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,  
That ſmiles his cheek in years;<sup>1</sup> and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,  
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forſworn; in will and error.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *smiles his cheek in years,* ——— ] Mr. Theobald ſays, he cannot, for his heart, comprehend the ſenſe of this phraſe. It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in his way. *In years*, ſignifies, into wrinkles. So in *The Merchant of Venice*.

*With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*

See the note on that line. ——— But the Oxford editor was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *fleers*. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in will and error*

*Much upon this it is — And might not you]*

I believe this paſſage ſhould be read thus,

————— *in will and error.*

Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*

Biron. *And might not you, &c.*

JOHNSON.

Much



Much upon this it is:—And might not you [*To Boyet-*  
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot<sup>3</sup> by the squier,  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;<sup>3</sup>  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting strait! Peace, I have done.

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, fir, they would know

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What are there but three?

*Cost.* No, fir, but it is very fine;

For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times three is nine?

*Cost.* Not so, fir; under correction, fir; I hope, it  
is not so.

You cannot beg us,<sup>4</sup> fir; I can assure you fir, we know  
what we know:

I hope, three times three, fir—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

<sup>3</sup> ———by the squier,] *Esquierre*, French, a rule, or square.

REVISAL.

<sup>4</sup> ———Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will;  
you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So *Twelfth Night*,

*There is no slender in an allow'd fool.* WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> You cannot beg us, ———] That is, we are not fools, our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a natural is to try whether he can number.

JOHNSON.

*Cost.* Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, fir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, fir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man; Pompion the Great, fir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, fir; we will take some care.

*King.* Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. *[Exit Cost.]*

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how.  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;  
Their form, &c.*

The third line may be read better thus,

——— *the contents  
Die in the zeal of him which them presents.*

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

*I have not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
Nor duty in his service perishing.* JOHNSON.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents ;  
There form, confounded, makes most form in mirth ;  
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.  
*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter Armado.*<sup>7</sup>

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy  
royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch :  
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantasti-  
cal ; too, too vain ; too, too vain : But we will put  
it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you  
the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of wor-  
thies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pom-  
pey the Great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Arma-  
do's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.  
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There are five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,  
the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at novum,<sup>8</sup> and the whole world again,  
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.*

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read—*Enter Braggart.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A bare throw at novum,*—] This passage I do not understand.  
I fancy that *novum* should be *novem*, and that some allusion is in-  
tended between the play of *nine pins* and the play of the *nine* wor-  
thies, but it lies too deep for my investigation. JOHNSON.

*Novum* appears from the following passage in Green's *Tu quoque*,  
to have been some game at dice.—“ Change your game for dice ;  
“ we are a full number for *novum*.” Again in *A Woman never*

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
again.

*Enter Costard for Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee?<sup>9</sup>

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be  
friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir; Pompey surnam'd the Great,  
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to  
sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;  
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.  
If your ladyship would say, Thanks—Pompey, I had  
done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was  
perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the  
best worthy.

*Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.*

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's  
commander;  
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

vox'd,—“What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-  
“holes; fort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-  
“chance.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic  
habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of  
ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is  
the *male of the panther*. STEEVENS.

*My*



*My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd: proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alifander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great, —

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

*Cost.* O, sir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror. [*To Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax<sup>1</sup> sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax;<sup>2</sup> he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alifander. [*Exit Nath.*] There, an't shall please you! a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler: but, for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Biron.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

<sup>1</sup> *lion, that holds his poll ax, sitting on a close-stool,*] Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old history. HANMER.

<sup>2</sup> *A-jax;*] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben. among his Epigrams, has these twolines,

“And I could wish, for their eterniz'd fakes,

“My muse had plough'd with his that fung *A-jax*.”

So Camden, in his Remains, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, “Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chap-lains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*.” STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Motb for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed  
*canus* ;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus* :

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority ;

*Ergo*, I come with this apology—

[*To Motb.*] Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

*Hol.* *Judas I am.*

[*Exit Motb.*

*Dum.* A Judas !

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, fir.

*Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus.*

*Dum.* Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd  
Judas ?

*Hol.* *Judas I am.*

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, fir ?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, fir ; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd ; Judas was hang'd on an elder :

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this ?

*Boyet.* A cittern head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a flask.\*

*Biron.* St. George's half cheek in a brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :

\* —on a flask.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So elsewhere,

“ ————— like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

“ Is set on fire.” STEEVENS,

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an afs, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the afs to the Jude; give it him. Jud-as, away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas! poor Macchabæus, how he hath been baited!

*Enter Armado.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles, here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Tho' thy mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*King.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indu'd in the small.

*Biron.* This can't be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a God or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances the Almighty,*  
Gave Hector a gift,—

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon—

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So Ben Jonson, in his Christmas Masque,—“he has an *orange* and *rosemary* but not a *clove* to stick “in it.” A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

*Dum.*

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace! The armipotent Mars, of lances the Almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;  
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower.

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs  
against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;  
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:  
But I will forward with my device;  
[To the Princess.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the  
sense of hearing.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone;  
she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What mean'st thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the  
poor wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags  
in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates?  
Thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta,  
that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey, that  
is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pom-  
pey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.*



*Dum.* Hector trembles,

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd ; more Ates, more Ates ;<sup>4</sup>  
stir them on, stir them on !

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's  
belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern  
man : I'll slash ; I'll do't by the sword : I pray you,  
let me borrow my arms<sup>5</sup> again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey !

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.  
Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ?  
what mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will  
not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made  
the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't ?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I  
go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for  
want of linen :<sup>6</sup> since when, I'll be sworn, he wore  
none

<sup>4</sup> —more Ates ;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —my arms—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen, &c ] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stripped, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on.

none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter Mercade.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

*Mer.* I'm sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so: my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For my own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion,<sup>7</sup> and I will right myself like a soldier.

*[Exeunt Worthies.]*

*King.*

When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprize, that he was without a shirt. *WARB.*

*Boyet.* *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen, &c.]* This is a plain reference to the following story in Stow's Annals, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after "this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors "affirm, that a certain man, named Visuntius Spileorne, the son "of Ulmore of Nutgarhall, who, when he hewed timber in the "wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore "labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about "his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen "years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he *went* "woolward and bare footed to many churches, in every of them "to pray to God for help in his blindness." *DR. GRAY.*

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of satyres, epigrams, &c.

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must

"Go *woolward* for the time; he scorns it, he,

"That worth two shirts his laundress should him see."

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup> *I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion,]* This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of right*, i. e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time. *WARBURTON.*

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received with the eyes of discretion*, (i. e. not been too forward

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,  
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,  
The \* liberal opposition of our spirits:  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath,<sup>8</sup> your gentleness  
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!  
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:<sup>9</sup>  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme part of time extremely forms  
All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose,<sup>1</sup> decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate.  
And though the mourning brow of progeny

ward to resent them) and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard. STEEVENS.

\* —liberal—] *Liberal*, in our author, frequently signifies, as in this instance, *free to excess*. So in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ ———like a most liberal villain,

“ Confess'd, &c.

Again, in *Othello*,

“ I'll be in speaking *liberal* as the North.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *In the converse of breath*, ———] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue*:] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The Princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *And often, at his very loose, decides, &c.*] *At his very loose* may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting loose*, or away from us. STEEVENS.

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
 The holy suit which fain it would convince ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow juttle it  
 From what it purpos'd : Since, to wail friends lost,  
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not, my griefs are double.

*Biron.* <sup>3</sup> Honest plain words best pierce the ear of  
 grief :—

And by these badges understand the king.  
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,  
 As love is full of unbecoming strains ;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain,  
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of straying shapés, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll,  
 To every varied object in his glance :  
 Which party-coated presence of loose love,  
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities ;  
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

<sup>2</sup> ———— *which fain it would convince ;* ] We must read,

————— *which fain would it convince ;*

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief.  
 So Lady Macbeth declares, *That she will convince the chamberlain  
 with wine.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Honest plain words, &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Biron  
 to court the princess for the king in the king's presence, at this  
 critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person.  
 I read thus,

*Prin.* I understand you not, my griefs are double :  
*Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.*

*King.* And by these badges, &c. JOHNSON.



<sup>4</sup> Suggested us to make them: Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:  
And even that falshood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love:  
And in our maiden council rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy;  
As bombast, and as lining to the time:<sup>5</sup>  
But more devout than this, in our respects,<sup>6</sup>

Have

<sup>4</sup> *Suggested us*——] That is, *tempted us.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *As bombast, than as lining to the time:*] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *But more devout than these are our respects*  
*Have we not been:*———]

This nonsense should be read thus,

*But more devout than this, (save our respects)*  
*Have we not been;*———

i. e. save the respect we owe to your majesty's quality, your courtship we have laugh'd at, and made a jest of. WARBURTON.

*We have receiv'd your letters full of love;*  
*Your favours the ambassadors of love;*  
*And in our maiden council rated them*  
*At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,*  
*As bombast and as lining to the time;*  
*But more devout than these are our respects*  
*Have we not been, and therefore met your loves*  
*In their own fashion, like a merriment.*

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read,

*But more devout than this (save our respects)*  
*Have we not been;*———

Have we not been, and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than  
jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Rof.* We did not quote them so.<sup>7</sup>

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short,  
To make a world-without-end bargain in :  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore, this—  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
If this austere infociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me, by these deserts ;

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of sir Thomas Hanmer,

*But more devout than this, in our respects.*

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with  
the alteration of two words,

*But more devout than these are your respects*

*Have we not seen,——*

Observ. & Conject. &c. printed at Oxf. 1766.

I read with sir T. Hanmer,

*But more devout than this, in our respects,* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *We did not coat them so.*] We should read, *quote*, esteem,  
reckon, though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably  
wrote *cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine : and till that instant shut  
 My woful self up in a mourning house,  
 Raining the tears of lamentation,  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
 Neither intituled to the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest ;<sup>8</sup>  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !  
 Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.*<sup>9</sup> And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?  
*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank ;  
 You are attaint with fault and perjury ;  
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
 A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,

<sup>8</sup> *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest ;*] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more opposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read,

*To flatter on these hours of time with rest ;*

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

*Ros.* You must be purged too : your sins are rank :  
 You are attaint with fault and perjury ;  
 Therefore if you my favour mean to get,  
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged ; and therefore I have put them between crotchets : not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's first draught, which he afterwards rejected ; and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakespeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors ; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted ; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakespeare, and their own abridgment of it. THEOBALD.

But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Catb.* A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Catb.* Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day—  
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come, when the king doth to my lady come;

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Catb.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelve-month's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,  
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;  
And therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
(Without the which I am not to be won)  
You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be, it is impossible:



Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaft with the clamours of their own <sup>2</sup> dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal:  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit;  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelve-month? well; befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.  
[To the King.]

*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill; these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* That worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I  
am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the  
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most

<sup>2</sup> ——— *dear groans,*] *Dear* should here, as in many other places,  
be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.—

*Enter all, for the song.*

This side is Hiems, winter.

This Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl,  
The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,<sup>3</sup>  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckow-buds<sup>4</sup> of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight;<sup>5</sup>  
The cuckow then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckow!  
Cuckow! cuckow!—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

<sup>3</sup> *When, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—cuckow-buds—*] Miller says, that *lady-smocks* and *cuckoo-flowers* are only different names of the same plant. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Do paint the meadows with delight;*] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus,

*Do paint the meadows much-bedight,*  
i. e. much bedecked or adorned as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant. WARBURTON.  
Much less elegant than the present reading. JOHNSON.

*When*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are plowmens' clocks :  
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;  
 The cuckow then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
 Cuckow !  
 Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail ;  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit ! to-whoo ! —————  
 ————— A merry note,  
 While greasy Joan <sup>6</sup> doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw ;  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit ! to-whoo ! —————  
 ————— A merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

<sup>6</sup> — doth keel the pot.] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to scum the pot. DR. GOLDSMITH.  
 So in Marston's Dumb Knight, 1607.—“Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, keel it, keel it, or all the fat's in the fire.” STEEVENS.

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo: You that way; we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed, that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 350.

*THIS* child of fancy, *that Armado hight, &c.*] This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the charge upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewise romances: and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantic bravery*. A *bravery* our Shakespeare makes their characteristic, in this description of a Spanish gentleman:



*A man of compliments, whom right and wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :  
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
 For interim to our studies shall relate,  
 In high-born words, the work of many a knight,  
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect : *This gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile.* Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subject of those romances were the cru-sades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakespeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froyfard, a coun-tryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin del Oliva*,\* or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Ecce-tu-ando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro Ilma-do Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de-estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission al-

\* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47. PERCY.

“guna.”† And of Oliver he says, “essa Oliva se haga luego ras jas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas.”‡ The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: “segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el “primero de Cavallerias que se imprimió en España, y todos los “demás an tomado principio y origen deste;”|| and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orlando*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imagina-

† B. i. c. 6.

‡ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

sons of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that wille not of the dragoun, went out of a schipp. and went thorghe the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde meche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to reseyyve men to folye. And he abode, till the damyselle saughe the schadewe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he myghte not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kylle hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made by enchauntement. For withouten doubtte, I am none other than thou seeest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyffe me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men feyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a great dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And thei of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakespeare in the place quoted above finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*.

From



From *him* therefore the Spanish romancers took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greaal. This faint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Elifon of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. “La confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n’est repentant; et si tu es moult & éloigné de l’amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estra reccordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur, tiercement par peine de cœur, & par ouvre d’aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d’aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c’est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l’ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy devant eux tout nud en pleurant & tenant son plein point de vint menues verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu’ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après print discipline & d’eux & moult doucement la recut.” Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master,



ter, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn faint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted jousts and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sine juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consueverunt frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and tournaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.\* WARBURTON.

\* See part ii. l. 5. c. 1.















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