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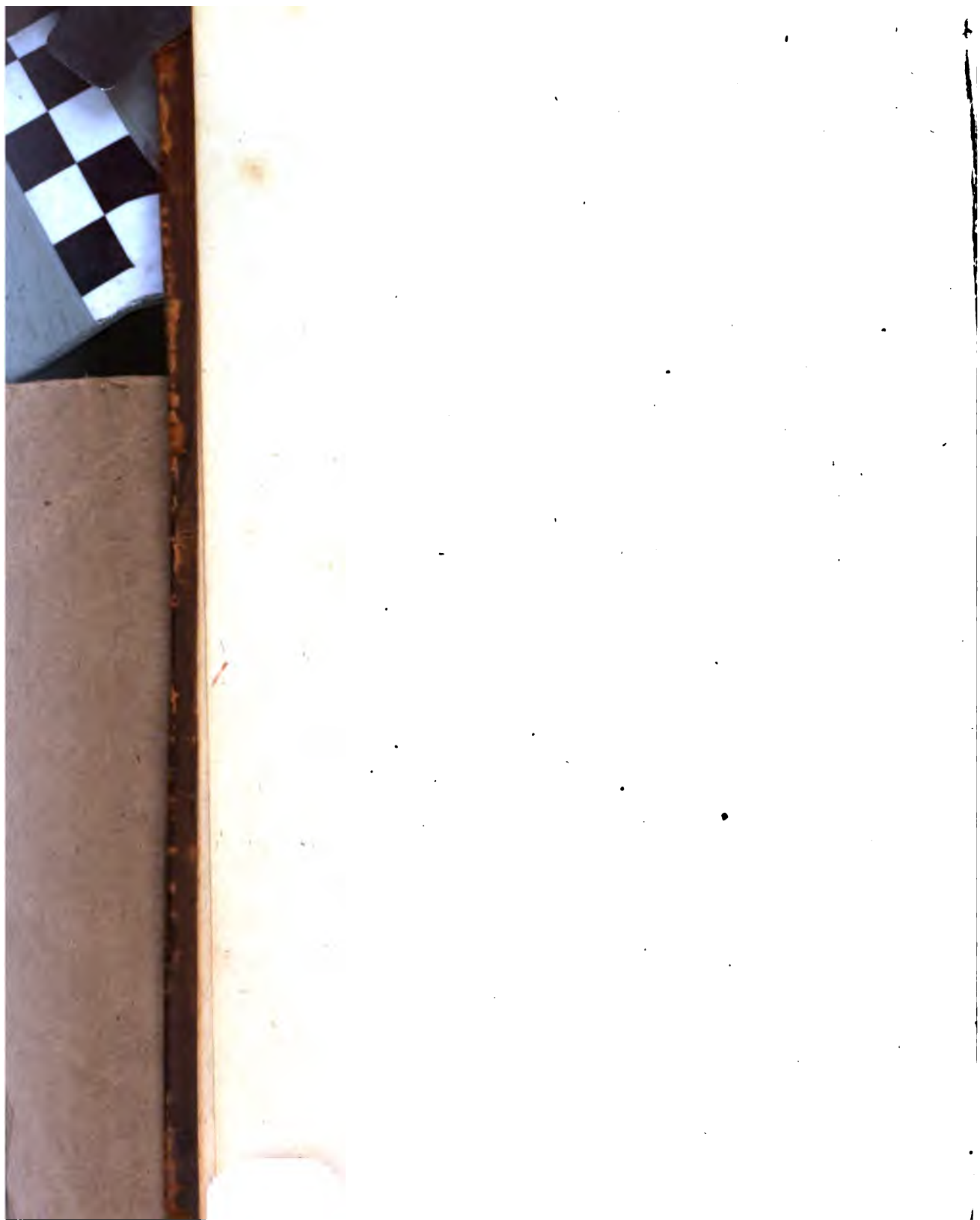
John Woodward







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THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

~~CONTAINING~~  
CONTAINING

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

STANFORD LIBRARY

L O N D O N :

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M. DCC. XCIII.

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\* A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titania and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

*The Midsummer-Night's Dream* I suppose to have been written in 1592. See *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.



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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.\*

VOL. V.

B

## PERSONS represented.\*

*Theseus, Duke of Athens.*  
*Egeus, Father to Hermia.*  
*Lyfander, } in love with Hermia.*  
*Demetrius, }*  
*Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.*  
*Quince, the Carpenter.*  
*Snug, the Joiner.*  
*Bottom, the Weaver.*  
*Flute, the Bellows-mender.*  
*Snout, the Tinker.*  
*Starveling, the Tailor.*

*Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*  
*Hermia, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*  
*Helena, in love with Demetrius.*

*Oberon, King of the Fairies.*  
*Titania, Queen of the Fairies.*  
*Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*  
*Peaseblossom, }*  
*Cobweb, } Fairies.*  
*Moth, }*  
*Mustard-seed, }*  
*Pyramus, }*  
*Thisbe, } Characters in the Interlude*  
*Wall, } performed by the Clowns.*  
*Moonshine, }*  
*Lion, }*

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.*  
*Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.*

*SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

\* The enumeration of persons was first made by Mr. Rowe.  
STEEVENS.

6 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,

New bent<sup>4</sup> in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*THE.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE,

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter* EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS,

*EGR.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *New bent* —] The old copies read—*New bent*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.*] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revells, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ And now what rests, but that we spend the time

“ With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,

“ Such as befit the pleasures of the court?”

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, 1624:  
“ Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revells, sports, plays.” Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, by *triumph* seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, “ the triumph is seen far off.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *our renowned duke*!] Thus in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:

“ Whilom as olde stories tellen us,

“ There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,

“ Of Athens he was lord and governour,” &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Boccas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21:

“ *Duke* Theseus had the victorye.”



8 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death ; according to our law,<sup>9</sup>  
Immediately provided in that case.<sup>2</sup>

THE. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair  
maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;  
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.<sup>3</sup>  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lyfander.

THE. In himself he is :  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier,

that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Or to her death ; according to our law,*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Immediately provided in that case.*] Shakspeare is grievously suspected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted smack of legal common-place. Poetry disclaims it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To leave the figure, or disfigure it.*] The sense is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.*

JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 9

HER. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgement  
look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold ;  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :  
But I beseech your grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death,<sup>4</sup> or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth,<sup>5</sup> examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun ;  
For aye<sup>6</sup> to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— to die the death,] So, in the Second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“ We will, my liege, else let us die the death.”

See notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Know of your youth,] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> For aye ———] i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1622 :

“ And sit for aye enthronized in heaven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,] Thus all the copies : yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happier*.

10 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke<sup>a</sup>  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE. Take time to pause: and, by the next new  
moon,  
(The scaling-day betwixt my love and me,

— *the rose distill'd.*] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "— You  
bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and vertuous; that  
when, like *roses*, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be ga-  
thered, and put to the *still*."

This image however, must have been generally obvious, as in  
Shakspeare's time the distillation of rose water was a common pro-  
cess in all families. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much de-  
lighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th,  
6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *whose unwished yoke*—] Thus both the quartos 1600,  
and the folio 1623. The second folio reads—

" — *to whose unwished yoke*—." STEEVENS.

Dele *to*, and for *unwish'd*, *r. unwished*.—Though I have been  
in general extremely careful not to admit into my text any of the  
innovations made by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance  
of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watch-  
ed; and I printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the  
subsequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The  
old copies should have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

" Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
" Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
" My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

*i. e.* to give sovereignty *to*. See various instances of this kind of  
phraseology in a note on *Cymbeline*, scene the last. The change  
was certainly made by the editor of the second folio from his ig-  
norance of Shakspeare's phraseology. MALONE.

I have adopted the present elliptical reading, because it not only  
renders the line smoother, but serves to exclude the disgusting re-  
currence of the preposition—*to*; and yet if the authority of the first  
folio had not been supported by the quartos, &c. I should have pre-  
ferred the more regular phraseology of the folio 1632. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 11

For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
 Upon that day either prepare to die,  
 For disobedience to your father's will;  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
 For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lyfander,  
 yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.<sup>9</sup>

EGE. Scornful Lyfander! true, he hath my love;  
 And what is mine, my love shall render him;  
 And she is mine; and all my right of her  
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
 As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
 I am belov'd of beautiful Hermia:  
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
 And won her foul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
 Upon this spotted<sup>2</sup> and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

<sup>9</sup> You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I suspect that Shak-  
 speare wrote:

“ Let me have Hermia; do you marry him.”

<sup>2</sup> — spotted —] As spotless is innocent, so spotted is wicked.  
 ТУАВНІТ.  
 JOHNSON.

12 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
 My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;  
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
 I have some private schooling for you both.—  
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
 (Which by no means we may extenuate,  
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
 Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—  
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:  
 I must employ you in some business  
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you  
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*EGE.* With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. and train.

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek  
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*HER.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could  
 well

Beteem them<sup>2</sup> from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love<sup>3</sup> never did run smooth:

<sup>2</sup> *Beteem them*—] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

“ So would I, said th' enchanter, glad and fain

“ *Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend.” *Faery Queen.*

Again, in *The Case is Altered. How? Ask Dalio and Milo*, 1605:

“ I could *beteeme* her a better match.”

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer*, Danish.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The course of true love*—] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B. X.—896. & seqq.

MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 13

But, either it was different in blood ;  
*HER.* O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low !<sup>4</sup>  
*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;  
*HER.* O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !  
*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :  
*HER.* O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !  
*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;  
 Making it momentary as a sound,<sup>5</sup>  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *too high to be enthrall'd to low !*] *Love*—possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* displeas'd at being in love ; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the passion ; either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality ; or unequal, in respect of years ; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by *Lysander* ; and *Hermia*, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say :

“ O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low !

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms ; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth :

“ Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,

“ Ne'er settled equally, *too high*, or *low*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *momentary as a sound*,] Thus the quartos. The first folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentary* (says Dr. Johnson) is the old and proper word. STEVENS.

“ — that short *momentary* rage,”—is an expression of Dryden.  
 HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *Brief as the lightning in the collied night*,] *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* :

“ — Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough.” STEVENS.



14 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:<sup>7</sup>  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

*HER.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
 It stands as an edict in destiny:  
 Then let us teach our trial patience,  
 Because it is a customary cross;  
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.<sup>8</sup>

*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,  
 Hermia.  
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;<sup>9</sup>  
 And she respects me as her only son.

<sup>7</sup> *That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!*

*The jaws of darkness do devour it up:]* Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral scenes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few ideas of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas — of a sudden, or — in a fit, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a bad or sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a sudden body fit; is just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *spleen* for *blow*: “sudden quips.” And it must be owned that this is a commendation, not a blame to the diction.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *tears & sighs, poor fancy's followers.* So afterwards in this play—

“*For Hermia is fancy's listening ear.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;]* Remote is the reading of most the MSS., the MS. has — *remov'd.*

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 15

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
 Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,  
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
 And in the wood, a league without the town,  
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
 To do observance to a morn of May,  
 There will I stay for thee.

*HER.* My good Lyfander!  
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;  
 By his best arrow with the golden head;<sup>a</sup>  
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;  
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,<sup>b</sup>  
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
 In number more than ever women spoke;—  
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love: Look, here comes  
 Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*HER.* God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

*HEL.* Call you me fair? that fair again unfay.

<sup>a</sup> — *his best arrow with the golden head;*] So, in Sidney's  
*Arcadia*, Book II:

“ — *arrows two, and tipped with gold or lead:*  
 “ Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head.”

STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — *by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakspeare  
 had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan  
 war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.

STEVENS.

16 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Demetrius loves your fair :<sup>1</sup> O happy fair !  
 Your eyes are lode-stars ;<sup>4</sup> and your tongue's sweet  
     air  
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
 Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so !<sup>5</sup>  
 Your's would I catch,<sup>6</sup> fair Hermia, ere I go ;

<sup>1</sup> *Demetrius loves your fair :*] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. iv :

“ — My decayed *fair*,  
 “ A funny look of his would soon repair.”

Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“ But what foul hand hath harm'd Matilda's *fair* ?”

Again, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1598 :

“ And sold in me the riches of thy *fair*.”

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair* ?”

Again, in *Greene's Never too Late*, 1616 : “ Though she were false to *Menelaus*, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies.”

Again :

“ Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,  
 “ And would not diaper the meads with *fair*.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Your eyes are lode-stars ;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode star is the *leading* or guiding star, thus is, the *guide-star*. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the *traveller*. Milton has the same thought in *L' Allegro* :

“ Towers and battlements it sees  
 “ Refined high in lusty trees,  
 “ Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 “ The eye-stone of neighb'ring eyes.”

Driven with Queen Elizabeth,

“ *Lode-stone* is heart, and *lode-stone* to all eyes.” JOHNSON.

See, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ Let us be the *lode-star* of her heavenly looks.”

Again, in *The Battle of Alaric*, 1514 :

“ The *lode-star* and the banner of our line.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — — — — — *Parour* is feature, countenance. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. iv :

“ — — — — —  
 “ *That* had't won some favour that it loves.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Your words I catch.* This emendation is taken from the

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 17

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.<sup>7</sup>  
O, teach me how you look; and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection  
move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.<sup>8</sup>

HEL. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault  
were mine!<sup>9</sup>

Oxford edition. The old reading is—*Your words I catch.*

Mr. Malone reads—"Your *words I'd* catch." JOHNSON.  
STEEVENS.

The emendation [*I'd* catch] was made by the editor of the second folio. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Yours *would* I catch;" in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

I have deserted the old copies, only because I am unable to discover how Helena, by catching the *words* of Hermia, could also catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *to be to you* translated.] To *translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

" — to present slaves and servants

" *Translates* his rivals." — STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> His folly, Helena, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read—*His folly, Helena, is none of mine.*

JOHNSON.  
<sup>9</sup> *None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!'*] I would point this line thus:

"None.—But your beauty;—Would that fault were mine!"

HENDERSON.

*HER.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my  
face;

Lyfander and myself will fly this place.—  
Before the time I did Lyfander see,<sup>2</sup>  
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:  
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

*Lrs.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:  
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,  
'Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*HER.* And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds<sup>3</sup> were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;<sup>4</sup>  
There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:

<sup>2</sup> *Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;*

*Lyfander and myself will fly this place.—*

*Before the time I did Lyfander see,]* Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — faint *primrose-beds* —] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or smell of primroses, let the reader determine.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;]* That is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. HEATH.

*Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swell'd;*

*There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:*

*And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,*

*To seek new friends, and strange companions.]* This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors: I have therefore ventured to restore

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewel, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

the rhimes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antitbesis* to *emptying*: and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive*, *stranger adjectively*; and *companies* to signify *companions*: as in *Richard II.* Act I:

“ To tread the stranger paths of banishment.”

And in *Henry V*:

“ His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow.”

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably; for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in *Macbeth*.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, is a somewhat similar expression: “ I am one of those whose tongues are *swell'd with silence*.” Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

“ ————— the unseen grief

“ That *swells* in silence in the tortur'd soul.”

“ Of counsels *swell'd*” may mean—*swell'd with counsels*.

*Of* and *with*, in other ancient writers have the same signification. See also, *Macbeth*—Note on—

“ Of Kernes and Gallow-glasse was supplied.”

i. e. *with* them.

In the scenes of *K. Richard II.* there is likewise a mixture of rhyme and blank verse. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, concurs with Theobald.

Though I have thus far defended the old reading, in deference to the opinion of other criticks I have given Theobald's conjectures a place in the text. STEEVENS.

I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewise supported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991, edit. 1615: “ The prince himself was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood.” Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15,) in his thoughts: “ But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends.”

MALONE.



20 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Keep word, Lyfander : we muſt ſtarve our fight  
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.<sup>4</sup>

[Exit HERM.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you !

[Exit Lys.]

HEL. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be !  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.  
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not ſo ;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,<sup>5</sup>  
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte ;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte :  
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,  
Be cauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game<sup>6</sup> themſelves forſwear,  
So the boy love is perjur'd every where :  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,<sup>7</sup>  
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;

<sup>4</sup> — when Phæbe doth behold, &c.

— deep midnight.] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himſelf.  
It appears from p. 5. that to-morrow night would be within three  
nights of the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much  
leſs at deep midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in ACT III. ſc. i.

BLACKSTONE.

<sup>5</sup> — holding no quantity.] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuit-  
able to the ſenſe than *quantity*, but either may ſerve. JOHNSON.

*Quantity* is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, ACT III. ſc. ii :

“ And women's fear and love *bold quantity*.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — in game —] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but  
*ſport, jeſt*. So Spenser :

“ — 'twixt earneſt, and 'twixt game.” JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Hermia's eyne*,] This plural is common both in Chaucer

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 21

And when this hail<sup>a</sup> some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:<sup>9</sup>  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his fight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

*Enter* SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,  
and STARVELING.<sup>a</sup>

QUIN. Is all our company here?

and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's Character of the *Prioresse*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:

“ ——— hir eyes grey as glafs.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. 4. ft. 9:

“ While flashing beams do dare his feeble eyes.”

<sup>a</sup> ——— this *bail* ———] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this bail*, his *bail*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *it is a dear expence* :] i. e. it will *cost him much*, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time. JOHNSON.

22 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

**BOY.** You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.<sup>2</sup>

**QUIN.** Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchefs, on his wedding-day at night.

**BOY.** First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.<sup>3</sup>

**QUIN.** Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy,<sup>4</sup> and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

<sup>2</sup> — the scrip.] A scrip, Fr. *escript*, now written *ecrit*. So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 2. 1130:

“*Scripe nor bil.*”

Again, in Heywood's, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1606, P. II:

“I'll take thy own word without *scrip* or scroll.”

Holinshed likewise uses the word. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — grow to a point.] Dr. Warburton reads—*go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of Quince. I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled*:

“As yet we are *grown* to no conclusion.”

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

“Unless unto some other point we grow.” STEEVENS.

*And so grows on to a point.*] The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakspeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense in a poem by N. B. 1614, called *I Would and I Would Not*, stanza iii:

“To *point* the captains every one their fight.” WARNER.

<sup>4</sup> — The most lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the title page of *Cambyses*: “A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambyses King of Persia*,” &c. By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 23

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.<sup>5</sup>—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.<sup>6</sup>

*QUIN.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*QUIN.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*QUIN.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.<sup>7</sup> To the rest:—Yet my chief hu-

On the registers of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the booke of *Perymus and Thebye*," 1562. Perhaps Shakspeare copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe*, by D. Gale, was published in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *A very good piece of work, and a merry.*] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *spread yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *I will condole in some measure.*] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Penny-worth of good Counsell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus to the wall

"I may condole."

Again, in *The Three Merry Coblers*, another old song

"Poor weather beaten soles,

"Whose case the body *condoles*." STEEVENS

24 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

mour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely,  
or a part to tear a cat in,<sup>7</sup> to make all split.<sup>8</sup>

“ The raging rocks,  
“ With shivering shocks,<sup>9</sup>  
“ Shall break the locks  
“ Of prison-gates:  
“ And Phibbus' car  
“ Shall shine from far,  
“ And make and mar  
“ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—  
This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more  
condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,*] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says: “ I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*.” In an anonymous piece called *Histrionastix, or The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: “ Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage,” &c. Again, in *The Life of Gull*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: “ I had rather hear two such jets, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —to make all split.] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech: not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with “ two *maring boys* of Rome, that *made all split*.”

FARMER.

I meet with the same expression in *The Widows Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: “ Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split*.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> With *shivering shocks*.] The old copy reads—“ *And shivering*,” &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —the bellows-mender.] In Ben Jonson's *Mazze of Pans' Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, organs, &c. STEEVENS.

· *FLU.* Here, Peter Quince.

*QUIN.* You must take Thisby on you.

*FLU.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*QUIN.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*FLU.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*QUIN.* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.<sup>3</sup>

*BOY.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Tbisne, Tbisne,—Ab, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

*QUIN.* No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

*BOY.* Well, proceed.

*QUIN.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

<sup>3</sup> — *as small, &c.*] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are—"it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, (Kynaston,) so sensibly touched the audience as he." REED.

*Prune*, in his *Histrionastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfriars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.<sup>4</sup>—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.<sup>5</sup>

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOB. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchefs and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us every mother's son.

BOB. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will ag-

<sup>4</sup> — *you must play Thisby's mother,*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonshine* was an after-thought. See Act III. sc. i. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *slow of study.*] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*" a speech. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 27

gravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.<sup>6</sup>

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.<sup>7</sup>

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.<sup>8</sup>—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood,

<sup>6</sup> —an 'twere any nightingale.] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: — “He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

“What colour'd beard comes next by the window?”

“A black man's, I think;

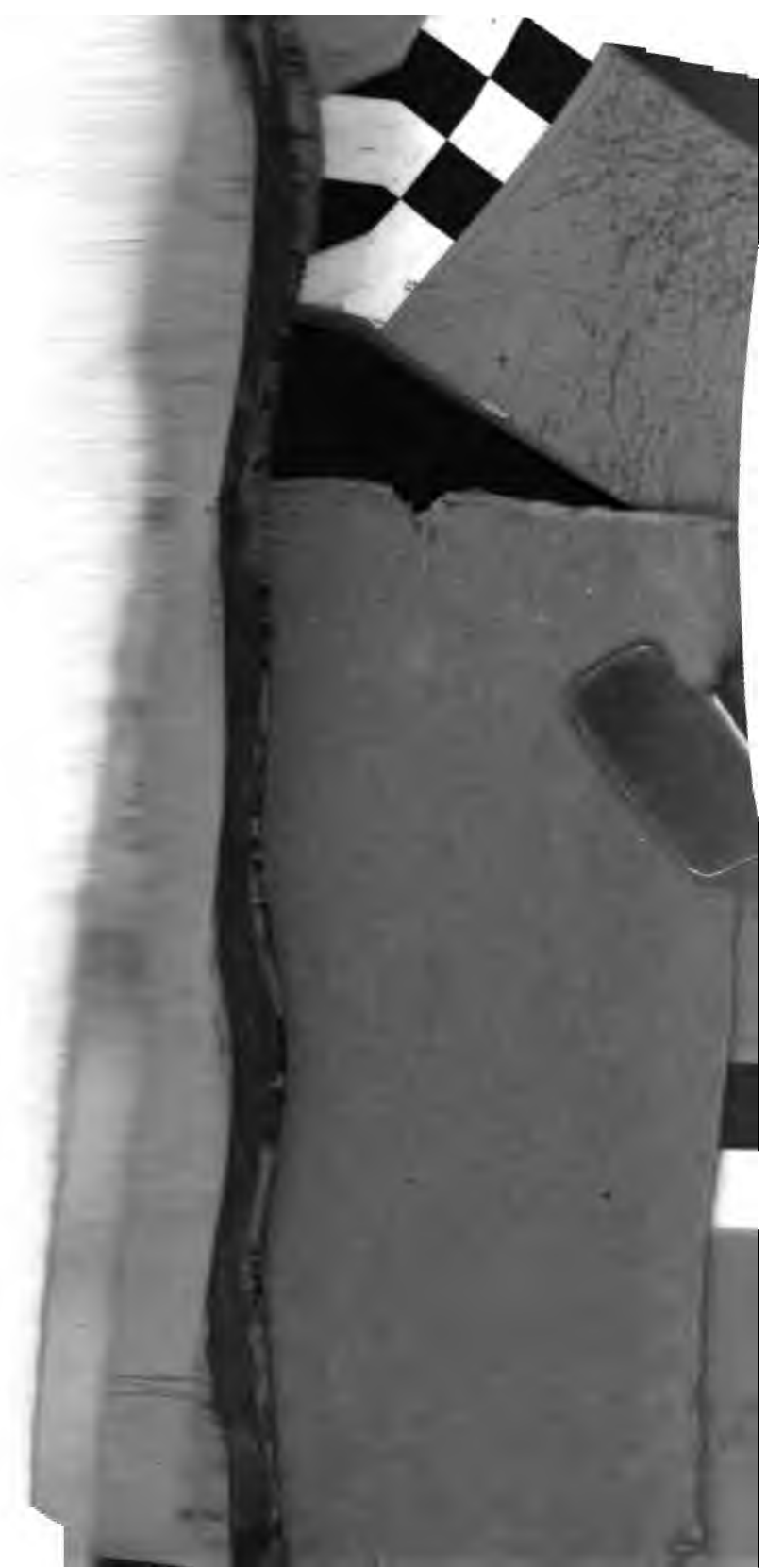
“I think, a red: for that is most in fashion.”

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*French crowns, &c.*] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent allusions.

STEEVENS.





28 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,<sup>9</sup> such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

*QUIN.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> — *properties.*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In *The Bassingbourne Roll*, 1511, we find "garments and *propyrtis*." See Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 326.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"Furbo, our beards,

"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, 1607:

"I'll go make ready my rustical *properties*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *At the duke's oak we meet.*

— *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *filk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut or fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while bows were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fidler:

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Wood near Athens.*

*Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.*

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAI. Over hill, over dale,<sup>3</sup>

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;<sup>4</sup>

" ——— fiddler, strike;

" I'll strike you, else, and cut your begging bowstrings."

Again, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" ——— have you devices to jeer the rest!

" Luc. All the regiment of 'em, or I'll break my bowstrings."

The *bowstrings* in both these instances may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bow-strings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the *bowstring*, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's *bowstring*, (says Don Pedro in *Much ado about nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." MALONE.

*Hold, or cut cod piece point*, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit. 1737. COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> *Over hill, over dale, &c.*] So Drayton in his *Nymphidia*, or *Court of Fairy*:

" Thorough brake, thorough drier,

" Thorough muck, thorough mire,

" Thorough water, thorough fire." JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *the moon's sphere* ;] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective.

30 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green :<sup>5</sup>  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;<sup>6</sup>  
In their gold coats spots you see ;<sup>7</sup>

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. i. st. 15 :

“ And eke through feare as white as *wbales* bone.”

Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: “ *Have we not God hys wrath, for Goddes wrath, and a thousand of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the mosse, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte profodye in over-many ?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To dew her orbs upon the green :*] The *orbs* here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus Drayton :

“ *They in their courses make that round,*

“ *In meadows and in maybes found,*

“ *Of them so called the fairy ground.*” JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* “ — *similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum saltatorium orbem cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent.*” It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of Puck to refresh it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;*] The *cowslip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to May morning :

“ — *For the queen a fitting tower,*

“ *Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flower. —*

“ *In all your train there's not a fay*

“ *That ever went to gather May,*

“ *But she hath made it in her way,*

“ *The tallest there that groweth.*” JOHNSON.

This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men of the best families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II. sc. ii : “ and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *Pensioners.*” They gave the mode in dress and diversions. They accompanied the queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches at a play on a Sunday evening in King's College Chapel.

T. WARTON.

Thou'rt be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their favours :  
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.<sup>8</sup>  
 Farewel, thou lob of spirits,<sup>9</sup> I'll be gone ;  
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*PUCK.* The king doth keep his revels here to night ;  
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.  
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;  
 She never had so sweet a changeling :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *In their gold coats spots you see ;*] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots :

“ *A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
 I' th' bottom of a cowslip.*” PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion to the habit of a *penfioner*. See a note on the second act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*] The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600 ; i. e. the same year in which the first printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter says :

“ 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads  
 Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,  
 Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *lob of spirits.*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. JOHNSON.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are used as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568 :

“ Should find Esau such a lout or a *lob*.”

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher : “ There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*.” This being seems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *changeling :*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child

32 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And jealous Oberon would have the child  
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :<sup>3</sup>  
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :  
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,<sup>4</sup>  
 But they do square ;<sup>5</sup> that all their elves, for fear,  
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away.  
 JOHNSON.

So Spenser, B. I. c. X :

“ And her base elfin brood there for thee left,  
 “ Such men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft.”

STEEVENS.

It is *here* properly used, and in its *common acceptation* ; that is for  
 a *child got in exchange*. A fairy is now speaking. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — trace the forests wild :] This verb is used in the same sense  
 in *Browne's Britannia's Pastorals*, B. II. Song II. 1613 :

“ In shepherd's habit scene  
 “ To trace our Woods.”

Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 423 :

“ May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> — *sheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Guismond*, 1592 :

“ ——— but why  
 “ Doth Phœbus' sister *sheen* despise thy power ?”

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamour*, bl. l. no date :

“ He kyssed and toke his leve of the quene,  
 “ And of other ladies bright and *shene*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *But they do square* ;] To *square* here is to quarrel. The French  
 word *contricarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601 :

“ ——— let me not seem rude,  
 “ That thus I seem to *square* with modesty.”  
 “ ——— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *square*,” &c.

Again, in *Promis and Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ Marry, the knew you and I were at *square*,  
 “ And lett we fell to blowes, she did prepare.” STEEVENS.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaiiers use the words *square*  
 and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glafs.

BLACKSTONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 33

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Good-fellow:<sup>6</sup> are you not he,  
That fright<sup>7</sup> the maidens of the villag'ry;  
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. sc. i.] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and œconomy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicksome spirit, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That fright*—] The old copies read—*frights*; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If so, our author ought to have written—*frights, skims, labours, makes, and misleads*. The other, however, being the more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern, And bootless make the breathless housewife churn*;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

"*And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn*  
"*Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.*"

### 34 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,<sup>2</sup>  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines :

“ *And bootless make the breathless housewife churn*  
 “ *Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.*”

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good but the evil he does. The observation will apply, with equal force, to his *skimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preserved, would be a piece of service. But we must understand both to be mischievous pranks. He skims the milk, when it ought not to be skimmed :—

(So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon* :

“ *But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,*  
 “ *For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.*”)

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted ; at the same time perhaps throwing the flour about the house. RITSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Islandic. So, in *Stanyburff's* translation of the first book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern-stones* are mill-stones :

“ *Theyre corne in quern-stoans they do grind,*” &c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608 :

“ *Which like a querne can grind more in an hour.*”

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* :

“ *I grind at mill,*  
 “ *Their mak up still,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — no barm ;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594 : “ *It behoveth my wits to work like barme, alias yeast.*” Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ *I think my brains will work yet without barm.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,*  
*You do their work,*] To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro* :

“ *Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,*  
 “ *With stories told of many a feat,*  
 “ *How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;*

36 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*PUCK.* Thou speak'st aright;<sup>3</sup>  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

If Drayton wrote *The Nymphidia* after *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety say,

“ Then since no muse hath been so bold,

“ Or of the *later* or the *ould*,

“ Those elvish secrets to unfold

“ Which lye from others reading;

“ My active muse to light shall bring

“ The court of that proud fayry king,

“ And tell there of the revelling;

“ Jove prosper my proceeding.” HOLT WHITE.

*Don Quixote*, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's translation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest edition of it that I have seen, was printed in 1619.

MALONE.

—[*sweet Puck*,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxx. B. V. penult. See also, fol. lxxvii. v. 15: “ *none belle powke*.”

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puker*; *Sathanas*. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island*. TYRWHITT.

In *The Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:

“ *Pukes, puckerels*, hob howlard, by gorn and Robin Goodfellow.”  
Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1615:

“ Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,

“ As if it groan'd to bear the weight of sinne;

“ The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,

“ And crie out at the shame they do live in:

“ And that they may perceive the heavens frown,

“ The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down.”

Again, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

“ Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,

“ Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,

“ Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes

“ Ne let hobgoblins.” &c.

Again, in the ninth Book of Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, edit. 1587, p. 126:

“ — and the cuntry where Chymæra, that same *pouke*,

“ Hath goatish bodie,” &c. STEEVENS.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 37

I left to Oberon, and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;<sup>4</sup>  
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt,<sup>5</sup> telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

<sup>3</sup> Puck. *Thou speak'st aright;*] I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete:

“ *I am, thou speak'st aright;*

It seems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *a roasted crab;*] i. e. the wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.* &c.

“ *Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire,*

“ *With nut-brown ale,*” &c.

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“ *And sit down in my chaire by my wife faire Alison,*

“ *And turne a crabbe in the fire,*” &c.

In Summer's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600, *Christmas* is described as—

“ — sitting in a corner, turning crabs,

“ *Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The wisest aunt;*] *Aunt* is sometimes used for *procuress*. In Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575, the bawd Pandarina is always called *aunt*. “ *These are aunts of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswoman.*” See *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following. “ *She is one of mine aunts that made mine uncle to go a begging.*” *The wisest aunt* may therefore mean the most *sentimental bawd*, or, perhaps, the most *prosaic old woman*. STEEVENS.

The first of these conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at least certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. RITSON.

38 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And *tailor* cries,<sup>6</sup> and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and  
loffe;<sup>7</sup>

And waxen<sup>8</sup> in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
But room, Faery,<sup>9</sup> here comes Oberon.

*FAL.* And here my mistress:—'Would that he  
were gone!

<sup>6</sup> *And tailor cries,*] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.

JOHNSON.

This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your tail is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remains*, 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two stools the *sayle* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *hold their hips, and loffe;*] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*:

"And laughter holding both his sides." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And waxen* —] And *encrease*, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

A feeble sense may be extracted from the foregoing words as they stand; but Dr. Farmer observes to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yozen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe* Saxon. to *biccup*. *Yyxyn*. *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

Thus in Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale*, v. 4149:

"He *yoxeth*, and he speaketh thurgh the nose."

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word so late as the time of Ainsworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a translation of the Latin substantive—*singultus*.

The meaning of the passage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *biccup*.

It should be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that Puck is at present speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology. 17217223.

<sup>9</sup> *But room, Faery,*] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read — "But make room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser.

JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

Enter OBERON,<sup>2</sup> at one door, with his train, and  
TITANIA,<sup>3</sup> at another, with hers.

OBE. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

TIT. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, raffish wanton; Am not I thy lord?

TIT. Then I must be thy lady: But I know  
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love<sup>4</sup>  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India?

<sup>2</sup> Enter Oberon,] Oberon had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottishe story of James the fourth, slain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by Oberon, King of Fairies." The judicious editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Discourse*, (See Vol. IV. p. 161.) observes that *Pluto* and *Proserpina* in *The Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakspeare's Oberon and Titania."

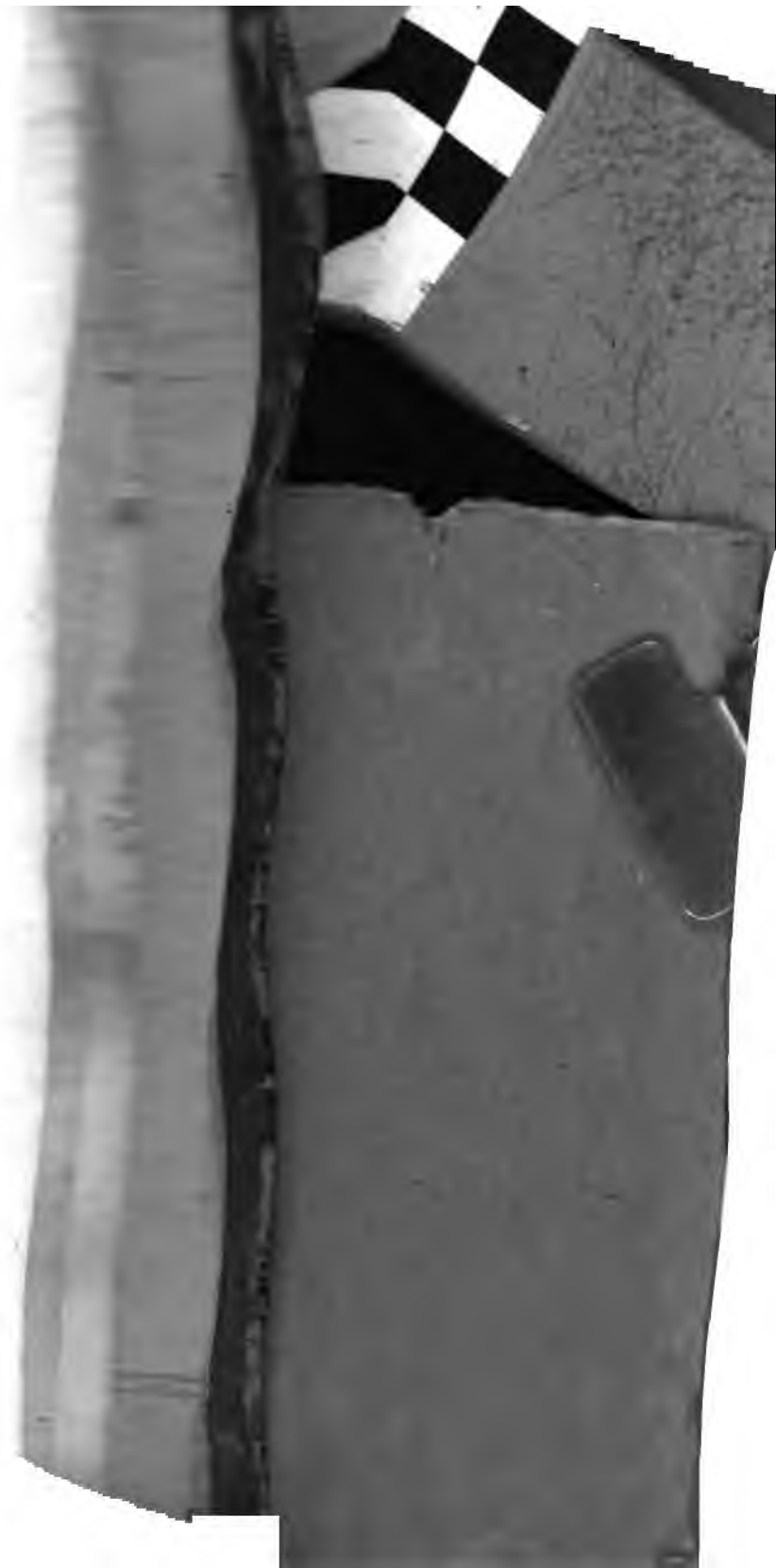
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Titania,] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*), considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Topas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in the *Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439:

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,  
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour;  
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;  
The *Elf-queene*, with hire joly compaignie  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede:  
This was the old opinion as I rede." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — versing love —] Perhaps Prior was the last who employed this verb:

"And Mat mote praise what Topaz *verseth*." STEEVENS.



40 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*OBE.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering  
night<sup>4</sup>

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?<sup>5</sup>  
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

*TIT.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night* —] *The glimmering night* is the night faintly illuminated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

“The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *From Perigenia, whom he ravished?*] Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of *middle*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 41

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain,<sup>7</sup> or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent<sup>8</sup> of the fea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping<sup>9</sup> to us in vain,

or *mid summer*. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uses again in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ *As flaws congealed in the spring of day :*”

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i. 78 :

“ — whereby the *day-spring* from on high hath visited us.”

Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

“ — arose in a mornyng at the *springe of the day*,” &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. x:

“ He wooed her till *day-spring* he espyde.” STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, p. 494:—“ the morowe after about the *spring* of the daie”— MALONE.

*The middle summer's spring*, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or as they are frequently called their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: “ Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking out*.” And again, “ Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*.” HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *Paved fountain*,] A fountain laid round the edge with stone.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: “ As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved* . . . the *sides* likewise,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy.

The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:

“ By some cleare river's lillie-*paved* side.” HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *Or on the beached margent*—] The old copies read—*Or in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the winds, piping* —] So, Milton:

“ *While rocking winds, are piping loud.*” JOHNSON.

42 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river<sup>9</sup> made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents:<sup>2</sup>  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green-corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:<sup>3</sup>  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;<sup>4</sup>

And Gavin Douglas, in his Translation of the *Æneid*, p. 69.  
1710. fol. Edinb.

"The soft piping wind calling to sea."

The Glossographer observes, "we say a piping wind, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm."

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> — pelting river —] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a pelting town pack'd full of poor scholars."

This word is always used as a term of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never used but of old women and pelting priests." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — overborne their continents:] Born down the banks that contain them. So, in *Lear*:

"—— close pent up guilts,

"Rive your concealing continents!" JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — and the green corn

*Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard*:] So, in our author's 32th Sonnet:

"And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

"Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — murrain flock:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others:

"—— sende him as a murrain

"To strike our herds; or as a worser plague,

"Yours people is destiny."

Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 43

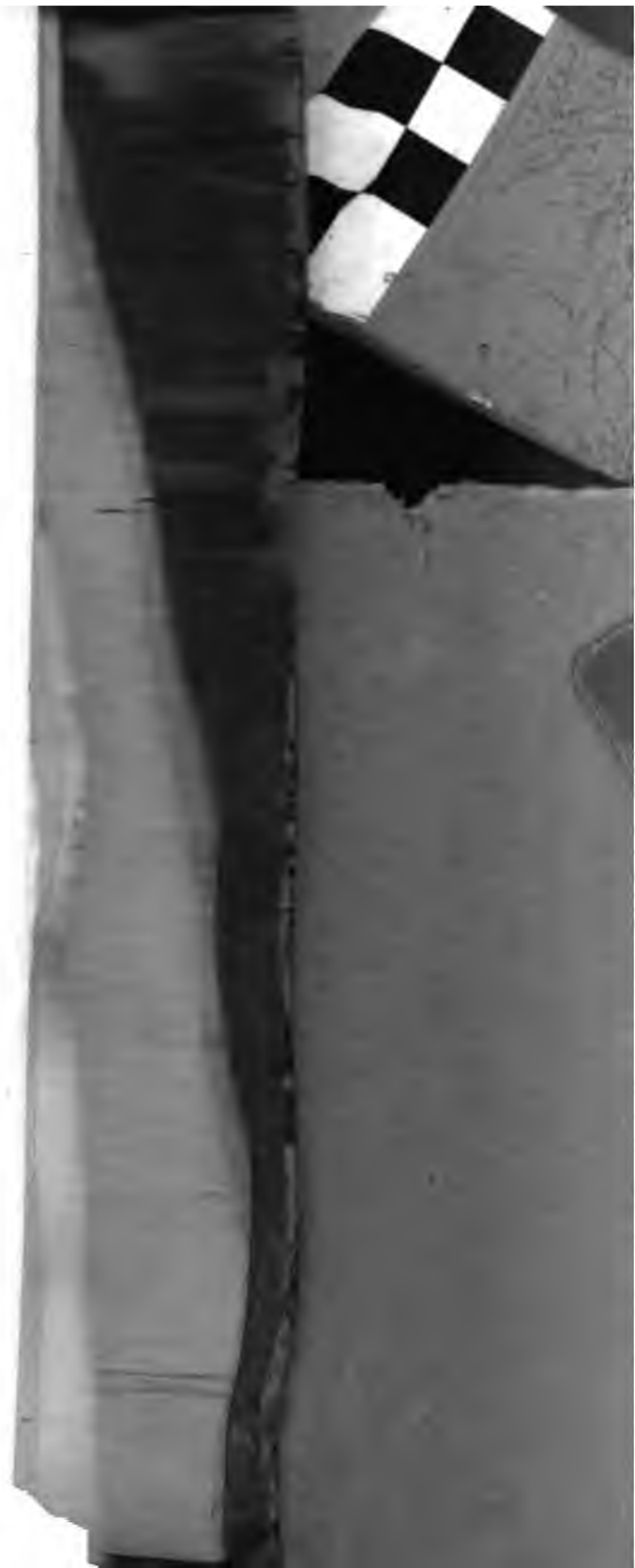
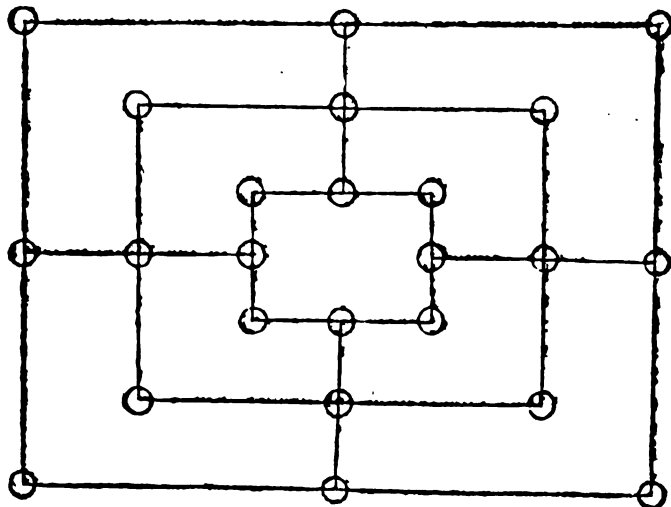
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;* In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grafs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Masque*, 115, Vol. I. p. 135. STEVENS.

*Nine men's morris* is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a



#### 44 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,<sup>5</sup>  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:  
 The human mortals<sup>6</sup> want their winter here;<sup>7</sup>

straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry. TOLLET.

The *jeu de merelles* was also a table-game. A representation of two Monkeys engaged at this amusement, may be seen in a German edition of Petrarch de remedio utriusque fortunæ, B. I. chap. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — [the quaint mazes in the wanton green,] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> The human mortals —] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. It appears from the Romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himself was mortal.

STEEVENS.

"This however (says Mr. Ritson,) does not by any means appear to be the case. *Oberon*, *Titania*, and *Puck*, never *dye*; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldest woman in England never heard of the death of a Fairy. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to *fairies* who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of Shakspeare, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x. says, (I use the words of Mr. Warburton's *Observations on Spenser*, Vol. I. p. 55.) "That man was first made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of *Adonis*, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The issue of *Elfe*



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 45

No night is now with hymn or carol blest :<sup>8</sup>—  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound :<sup>9</sup>

and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was enclosed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His son Elfin overcame the Gobelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the most renowned, who built Panthea of chrystal. To these succeeded Elfar, who slew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the found of which was like thunder. At length Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whose 'wide memorial' still remains; who dying left Tanaquil to succeed him by will, she being also called Glorian or Gloriana." I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakspeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

<sup>7</sup> — *their winter here;*] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—*their winter cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their *winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"The wery *winter* nights restore the *Christmas games*,  
"And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames."  
*Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—*] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

*Hymns and carols*, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *That rheumatick diseases do abound:*] *Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney's Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "—he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c.



48 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

" And this same progeny of evils comes

" From our debate, from our dissention."

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found.

MALONE.

" — *this dissimilitude*,] Is, this perturbation of the elements.

STEEVENS.

By *dissimilitude*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

" Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;] To have " snow in the lap of June," is an expression used in *Northward Ho*, 1607, and Shakespeare himself in *Coriolanus*, talks of the " consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap:" and Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ii. has:

" And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap."

STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his *Traveller*:

" And winter lingering chills the lap of May."

M. MASON.

" — *Hyems' chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

" — on old Hyems' chill and icy crown."

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on the chin. STEEVENS.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyem's chin must have come from Virgil, (*Aeneid* iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day:

" — *tum flumina mento*

" *Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.*" S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

" — and from his hoary beard adowne,

" The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II:

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 49

The chiding autumn,<sup>5</sup> angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,  
 By their increase,<sup>6</sup> now knows not which is which:  
 And this same progeny of evils comes

“ And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,  
 “ With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-  
 torne,  
 “ Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe  
 “ Upon his gray and boary beard, and snowie frozen crown.”

MALONE.

It should rather be for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So, Cordelia, speaking of *Lear*:

“ ——— to watch, 'poor perdu!

“ With this *thin* helm.” STEEVENS.

*Thinne* is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The chiding autumn,*] Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ Fifty in number *childed* all one night.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ I *childed* in a cave remote and silent.”

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ And at one instant she shall *child* two issues.”

There is a *rose* called the *chiding rose*. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. XVIII. ft. 26:

“ An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)

“ *Childed* an hundreth nymphes so great, so dight.”

*Chiding* is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one; “ the *chiding* autumn,” therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *chiding* daisy, and a *chiding* scabious.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> *By their increase,*] That is, *By their produce*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet:

“ The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increase*,

“ Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.”

The latter expression is scriptural: “ Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing.” PSALM lxxvii. MALONE.

50 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

From our debate, from our dissention;  
We are their parents and original.

OBE. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.<sup>7</sup>

— *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished  
by queen Elizabeth. GREY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained  
in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Constable*,  
1640, has this passage:

“ — I will teach his *hench-boys*,  
“ Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save  
“ The city all that charges.”

So, again:

“ When she was lady may'refs, and you humble  
“ As her trim *hench-boys*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque*: “ — he said grace as  
well as any of the sheriff's *hench-boys*.”

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus  
famulus. Spelman from Hengftman, equi curator, *ἡνκουμῶν*.

STEVENS.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury dated 11th of December  
1565, it is said, “ Her Highness (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of  
late, wherat some doo moche marvell, dissolved the auncient office  
of *Henchmen*.” (Lodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 358.) On this  
passage Mr. Lodge observes that *Henchmen* were “ a certain number  
of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the  
person of the monarch on all publick occasions. They are men-  
tioned in the sumptuary statutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth,  
and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preserved in the *Fœdera*,  
Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley,  
M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium  
docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos HENCHMEN;*  
with a salary of 40*l.* per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinsman*, is a Ger-  
man word, & Blount informs us in his *Glossographia*, signifying a  
*domestic*, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a servant in the house of  
a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's  
*household-book*, with less probability, derives the appellation from  
their custom of standing by the side, or *Haunch* of their Lord.”

REED.

<sup>7</sup> *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam* of the household of Edward IV. were  
“ *tenentes in infantia, et more, ac ut pleyseth the king, eating in the*



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 51

*TITIA.* Set your heart at rest,  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'refs of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
And fat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;  
When we have laugh'd to see the fails conceive,  
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,  
(Following her womb, then rich with my young  
'squire,<sup>8</sup>)

*balle, &c.* There was also a *maister of the benchmen*, to *serwe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, piping, singing, dauncing, with honest behavioure of temperance and patience.*" MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *benchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *master of the benchmen.*

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

— *Henchman.* Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus.* BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iv:

" O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
" Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings  
" The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait, Following (her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,) Would imitate*—] Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

" (*Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,*)"  
So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:  
" ——— She prefs'd so home,  
" That he retired, and *follow'd*'s bum."

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, " his great belly walks in state *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*"

FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is likewise adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. " She did



52 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Would imitate; and fall upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:  
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*OFF.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*TIT.A.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;  
If not, thun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*OFF.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*TIT.A.* Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:<sup>b</sup>  
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA, and her train.*]

*OFF.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this  
grove,  
Till I torment thee for this injury.—  
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

not, she says' follow the ship whose motion she imitated; for that failed on the water, she on land." But might she not on land move in the same direction with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what is this but following?

<sup>b</sup> *Off.* according to the present regulation, must mean—*adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*. Not according to the old regulation it must refer to "embarked traders." *MILTON.*

<sup>c</sup> *Adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*—*adieu*. The ancient copies read—

"Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away!"

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the article's adjective *adieu*, as it spoils the metre; and, the following substantive, being apparently such, in an earlier instance, is a trifling error.

STEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 53

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's musick.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Thou remember'st*

*Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,*

*To hear the sea-maid's musick.]* The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

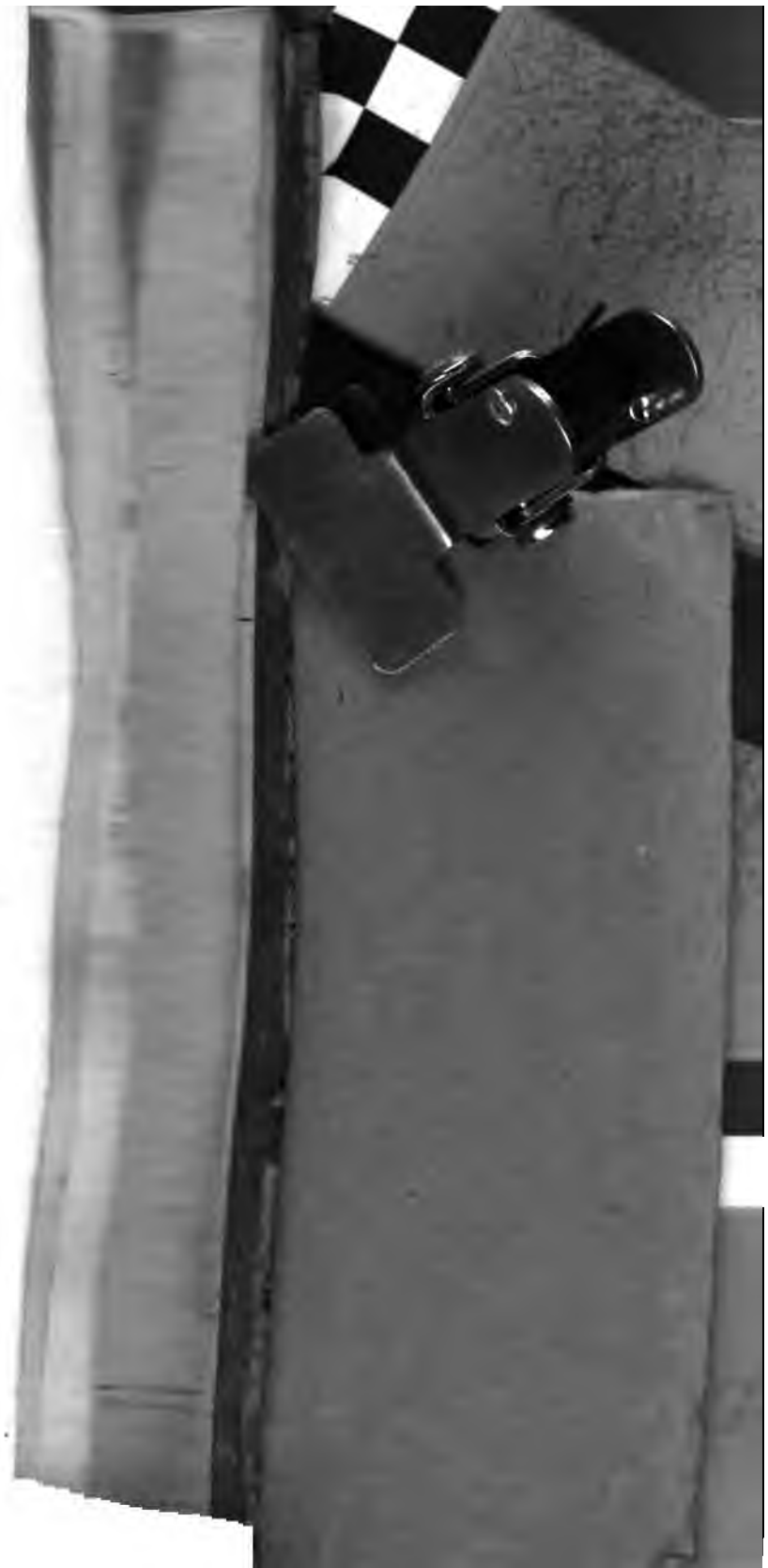
“ ——— *Ut turpiter atrum*

“ *Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*”

for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

——— *on a dolphin's back,]* This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

*Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,]* This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.



## 54 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*PUCK.* I remember.

*OBE.* That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)

*[That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;]* By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean ; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders : and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in forms :

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,*

*[To hear the sea-maid's music.]* Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres* : By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel ; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors* :

“ O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

“ To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.”

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

“ ——— *Olim fauni vatisque cantant.*” WARBURTON.

And certain *stars shot madly from their spheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And little *stars shot from their fixed places.*” MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted : and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it. — Why is the *thick-marr'd* Queen of Scotland stiled a *SEA-MAID* ? and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest,) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth ? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away ; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.



Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd : \* a certain aim he took

“ A star dif-orb'd,” however, (See *Troilus and Cressida*,) is one of our author's favourite images ; and he has no where so happily expressed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— the good stars, that were my former guides,  
“ Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
“ Into th' abyss of hell.”

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. “ That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed ; but how far Shakspeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true ; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to bear the sea-maid's musick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary, was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcilable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a star *shooting* or *descending* from its sphere.”

See also Mr. Ritson's observations on the same subject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

\* *Cupid* all arm'd :] *All arm'd*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say, *all booted*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 :

“ Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire.”

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of the *Æneid* :

“ *All* utterly I could not seem forsaken.”

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

“ His horse is slain, and *all* on foot he fights.”

Shakspeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance to boast of. The same can hardly be said of the following, with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the speaker, and vows he will spare

“ ——— none but sacred *Cynthia's* friend,  
“ Whom *Death* did fear before her life began ;  
“ For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,

56 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;  
 And the imperial vot'refs pass'd on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
 It fell upon a little western flower,—  
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's  
 wound,—  
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.<sup>5</sup>

“ That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end  
 “ Whose life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend.”

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;*] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to her majesty in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592 :

“ There lives a virgin, one without compare,  
 “ Who of all graces hath her heavenly share ;  
 “ In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,  
 “ Let us record this Pæan of her praise.” *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, written by Churchyard, *Chastity* deprives Cupid of his Bow, and presents it to her Majesty : “ —and bycause that the Queene had chosen the best life, she gave the Queene Cupid's Bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased : *since now coulde wounde her hightnesse hart*, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's Bowe and arrowes what she pleas'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*. With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act I. sc. iv :

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 57

Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;  
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth<sup>6</sup>  
In forty minutes. [Exit PUCK.

OBE. Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)

“ But see, while *idly* I stood looking on,  
“ I found th' effect of *love in idleness* ;  
“ And now in plainness I confess to thee,  
“ Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
“ If I atchieve not this young *modest* girl.”

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention that *love-in-idleness* is a flower. Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows :

“ When passions are let loose without a bridle,  
“ Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle*.”

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is “ now purple with love's wound,” because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll put a girdle round about the earth* —] This expression also occurs in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633 :

Perhaps, it is proverbial :

“ And when I have put a *girdle 'bout the world*,  
“ This purchase will reward me.”

Again, in *Buffy d'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613 :

“ *To put a girdle round about the world*.”

And in other plays. STEEVENS.

58 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
 (As I can take it with another herb,)  
 I'll make her render up her page to me.  
 But who comes here? I am invisible;<sup>7</sup>  
 And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
 Where is Lyfander, and fair Hermia?  
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.<sup>8</sup>  
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,  
 And here am I, and wood within this wood,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *I am invisible;*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose.

THEOBALD.

See *Tempest*, page 41, note 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] The old copies read—  
 “The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me. STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw it must be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> — *and wood within this wood,*] Wood, or mad, wild, raving.  
 POPE.

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

“Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herself to Diana;

“Phæbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne.”

We also find the same word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monk*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:

“What staukie he studie, and make himselfen *wood*?”

Spenser also uses it, *Allegorie III. March*:

“The elf was so wanton, and so *wood*.”

“The name *Wooden*,” says Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligences*, &c. 1627: “signific fierce or furious; and in like sense we find *wooden* by saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or *razeth* on as if he were *wood*.” STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 59

Because I cannot meet with Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*HEL.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron,<sup>2</sup> for my heart  
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*DEM.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*HEL.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me,  
Than to be used as you use your dog?)

*DEM.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my  
spirit;  
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

*HEL.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*DEM.* You do impeach your modesty<sup>3</sup> too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

<sup>2</sup> *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*

*But yet you draw not iron,]* I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any parte of him."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *impeach your modesty* — ] i. e. bring it into question. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii:

"And doth *impeach* the freedom of the state,  
"If they deny him justice." STEEVENS.



60 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*HEL.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.<sup>3</sup>  
It is not night, when I do see your face,<sup>4</sup>  
Therefore I think I am not in the night:  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;<sup>5</sup>  
For you, in my respect, are all the world:  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*DEM.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the  
brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*HEL.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.<sup>6</sup>  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

<sup>3</sup> — for that.] i. e. For leaving the city, &c. TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> It is not night, when I do see your face, &c.] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

“ — Tu nocte vel atra

“ Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.” JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakespeare than Roman poetry, perhaps on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm, was in his thoughts. “Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;] The same thought exists in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ A solitude it is populous enough,

“ And he that had the heavenly company.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> The wildest hath not such a heart as you.]

“ Nil est in cunctis genus sane ferarum.” OVID.

See *Works of Ovid*, Vol. II. l. 11.

“ Nil est in cunctis genus sane ferarum.”

“ Nil est in cunctis genus sane ferarum.” S. W.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 61

DEM. I will not stay thy questions;<sup>7</sup> let me go:  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt* DEM. and HEL.]

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave  
this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter* PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank whereon<sup>9</sup> the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips<sup>2</sup> and the nodding violet<sup>3</sup> grows;

<sup>7</sup> *I will not stay thy questions;*] Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So, in *As you like it*: “I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To die upon the hand, &c.*] *To die upon, &c.* in our author's language, I believe, means—“to die by the hand.” So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *whereon* —] The old copy reads—*where*. Mr. Malone supposes *where* to be used as a dissyllable; but offers no example of such a pronunciation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Where ox-lips* —] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XV:

“To sort these flowers of showe, with other that were sweet,  
“The cowslip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *the nodding violet* —] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowsy person. STEEVENS.

62 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,<sup>8</sup>  
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;  
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :  
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.<sup>9</sup>  
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove  
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> *Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,*] All the old editions read—*luscious woodbine.*

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush woodbine*, which, I think, is right. This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

*Lush* is clearly preferable in point of sense, and absolutely necessary in point of metre. Oberon is speaking in rhyme ; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the first syllable, cannot possibly correspond with *eglantine*. The substitution of *lush* will restore the passage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. RITSON.

I have inserted *lush* in the text, as it is a word already used by Shakspeare in *The Tempest*, Act II :

“ How *lush* and lusty the grass looks ? how green ? ”

Both *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a useless expletive, and read—

“ O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — the man—*hath on.*] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second.

STEVENS.



## S C E N E III.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter TITANIA with her train.*

TIT.A. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;<sup>2</sup>  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — a roundel, and a fairy song;] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the present country dances, and are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, 1622:

“ Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain  
“ The motions seven that are in nature found,  
“ *Upward and downward, forth, and back again,*  
“ *To this side, and to that, and turning round;*  
“ Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,  
“ Which he doth teach unto the multitude,  
“ And ever with a turn they must conclude.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Thus when at first love had them marshalled,  
“ As erst he did the shapeless mafs of things,  
“ He taught them *rounds* and *winding ways* to tread,  
“ And about trees to cast themselves in rings:  
“ As the two Bears whom the first mover flings  
“ With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,  
“ In a round dance for ever wheeling be.” REED.

A *roundel*, *roundill*, or *roundelay*, is sometimes used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence; *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen*. STEEVENS.

A *roundel* is, as I suppose, a *circular dance*. Ben Jonson seems to call the *rings* which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *roundels*. Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

“ I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths.”

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour* by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537:  
“ In stede of these we have now base daunces, bargettes, pavions, turgions, and *roundes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:]* Dr. Warburton reads—

“ — for the third part of the midnight—.”

64 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Some, war with rear-mice<sup>5</sup> for their leathern wings,  
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits :<sup>6</sup> Sing me now asleep ;  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *in the musk-rose buds* ;] What is at present called the *Musk Rose*, was a flower unknown to English botanists in the time of Shakspeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *with rear-mice* —] A *rear-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that rears itself from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Alibertus Wallenstein*, 1640 :

“ Half-spirited souls, who strive on rear-mice wings.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn* :

“ — I keep no shades

“ Nor shelters, I, for either owls or rear-mice.”

Again, in Golding's translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. IV. edit. 1587, p. 58. b :

“ And we in English language bats or rear-mice call the same.”

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th book of the *Æneid*, also applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the Bat :

“ Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* slicht.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *quaint spirits* :] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority :

“ — *quaint sports*.” —

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

“ Our quaint *spirits*.” Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan : “ Now Shalcan, some new *spirit* ? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. *Omnes*. O rare fight !” FARMER.

S O N G.

1. FAI. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,<sup>5</sup>  
Thorny hedge-bogs, be not seen;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;<sup>6</sup>  
Come not near our fairy queen :*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2. FAI. *Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody, &c.*

<sup>5</sup> — *with double tongue,*] The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play :

“ — with *doubler* tongue

“ Than thine, thou *serpent,*” &c.

Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ — *adders,* who, with *cloven* tongues,

“ Do hiss me into madness.”

By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked*; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Newts, and blind-worms,*] The *newt* is the *est*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. STEVENS.

66 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

1. *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*

*Enter OBERON.*

*OBE.* What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take;

Love, and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce,<sup>8</sup> or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;

Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the  
wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*HER.* Be it so, Lyfander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*HER.* Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my  
dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

<sup>7</sup> *Hence, away; &c.*] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but, I think, without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600. it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other division is better.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat.

JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 67

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;<sup>9</sup>  
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.<sup>2</sup>  
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;  
 So that but one heart we can make of it:  
 Two bosoms interchained<sup>3</sup> with an oath;  
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*HER.* Lysander riddles very prettily:—  
 Now much beshrew<sup>4</sup> my manners and my pride,  
 If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

<sup>9</sup> O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;] Lysander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreat him to *lye farther off*. Lysander answers:

“ O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;”

Understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

“ Love take the meaning in love's conference.”

That is, Let love take the meaning. TYRWHITT.

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: “ Love thinketh no evil.” HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> ——— interchained —] Thus the quartos; the folio *interchanged*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Now much beshrew, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said “ now ill befall my manners,” &c. It is used by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ Beshrew your amorous rhetoric,”

Again,

“ Well, Paris, I beshrew you, with my heart.”

STEEVENS.

68 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:  
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

*HER.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
press'd! [*They sleep.*]

*Enter PUCK.*

*PUCK.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,<sup>1</sup>  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence! who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping found,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.<sup>4</sup>

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *breu-mouffe*. TOLLET.

<sup>1</sup> *But Athenian found I none,*] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "—*find I none.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.*] The old copies read—  
"Near this lack-love, *this* kill-courtesy."

Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted—*this*. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 69

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
 All the power this charm doth owe:<sup>5</sup>  
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.<sup>6</sup>  
 So awake, when I am gone;  
 For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?<sup>7</sup> do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.  
 [Exit DEMETRIUS.

·Might we not adhere to the old copy, and at the same time preserve the measure, by printing the line thus:

“ Near this lack-love, this kill-court'fy.

We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ They all strain-court'fy, who shall cope him first.”

MALONE.

Court'fy can never be admitted at the end of a verse, the penult being always short. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> All the power this charm doth owe:] i. e. all the power it possesses. So, in *Othello*:

“ Shall never medicine thee to that sweet sleep

“ Which thou ow'dst yesterday.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Sleep shall neither night nor day

“ Hang upon his pent-house lid.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — wilt thou darkling leave me?] i. e. in the dark. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: “ — we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*.” The word is likewise used by Milton. STEVENS.

70 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HEL. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!  
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.<sup>8</sup>  
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;  
 For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.  
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:  
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.  
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;  
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:  
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
 Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?—  
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—  
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet  
 sake. [Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,<sup>9</sup>  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:  
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what  
 though?

Again, in *King Lear*: "And so the candle went out, and we  
 were left darkling." RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — my grace.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — Nature [here] shows art.] Thus the quartos. The folio  
 reads—Nature *her* shows art,—perhaps the error of the prefs for—  
 Nature *shows her* art. The editor of the second folio changed *her*  
 to *here*. MALONE.

I admit the word—*here*, as a judicious correction of the second  
 folio. *Here*, means—in the present instance. On this occasion, says  
 Lysander, the word of nature resembles that of art, viz. (as our  
 author expresses it in his *Lover's Complaint*;) an object "glaz'd with  
 crystal."



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 71

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;<sup>2</sup>  
And touching now the point of human skill,<sup>3</sup>  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *till now ripe not to reason*;] i. e. do not ripen to it. *Ripe*, in the present instance, is a verb. So, in *As you like it*:

“ And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— touching *now the point of human skill*,] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ I have *touch'd* the highest *point* of all my greatness.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Reason becomes the marshal to my will*,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was going.”

STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnson's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, says he, is, “ my will now obeys the command of my reason, not my will follows my reason. *Marshal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feast. Sydney has used *marshal* for *herald* or *poursuivant*, but improperly.”

Of such flimsy materials are many of the *hyper-criticisms* composed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnson, when he speaks of the will *following* reason, uses the word not literally, but metaphorically? “ My will *follows* or obeys the *dictates* of reason.” Or that, if this were not the case, he would yet be justified by the context, (*And leads me—*) and by the passage quoted from *Macbeth*?—The heralds, distinguished by the names of “ *poursuivants* at arms,” were likewise called *marshals*. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, in v. MALONE.

72 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.<sup>2</sup>

*HEL.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery  
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.<sup>3</sup>  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou  
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!  
For, as a forfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my forfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me!  
And all my powers, address your love and might,  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]

*HER.* [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me!  
do thy best,  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

<sup>2</sup> — leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.] So, in *Romeo*  
and *Juliet*:

“ . . . what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
“ Find' written in the margin of his eyes,  
“ 'In his previous book of love.' ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — true gentleness: Gentleness is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the spirit of a gentleman. PERCY.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM. 73

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?  
 Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear:  
 Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,  
 And you<sup>4</sup> fat smiling at his cruel prey:—  
 Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander! lord!  
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
 Speak, of all loves;<sup>5</sup> I swoon almost with fear.  
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.<sup>6</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> And you—] Instead of *you*, the first folio reads—*yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Speak, of all loves;*] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ACT II. sc. viii:

“——— to fend her your little page, *of all loves*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakspeare's usage. He frequently employs *either*, and other similar words, as monosyllables. So, in *King Henry IV.*: P. II.

“*Either from the king, or in the present time.*”

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“*Either past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.*”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“*Either led or driven, as we point the way.*”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“*Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,—*”

Again, in *Othello*:

“*Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed.*”

So also, Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

“*Either banish him that was the cause thereof,—*”

The modern editors read—*Or death or you, &c.* MALONE.

74 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT III. SCENE I.<sup>6</sup>

*The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE,<sup>7</sup> SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,  
and STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Enter Quince, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.] By our ladykin, or little lady, as *isabell* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is used in *Preston's Cambyses*:

“The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, by laken.”

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 75

*STAR.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*BOY.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

*QUIN.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.<sup>9</sup>

*BOY.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*SNOOT.* Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

*STAR.* I fear it, I promise you.

*BOY.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*SNOOT.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

*BOY.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his

Again, in *Magnificence*, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Raftell:

“*By our lakin, fyr, not by my will.*”

*Parlous* is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne translate the following passage in the *Æneid*, Lib. VII. 302:

“*Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi? quid vasta Charybdis*

“*Profuit?*”

“What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?”

“Or Sirtes *parlous* sands?” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — in *eight and six.*] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. MALONE.

76 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.<sup>2</sup>

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

<sup>2</sup> No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, MS. Harl. 6395:

“ There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.”

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Étrange. MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 77

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;<sup>3</sup> and so every one according to his cue.

<sup>3</sup> ——— that brake;] *Brake*, in the present instance, signifies a *bicket* or *furze-bush*. So, in the ancient copy of the *Notbrowne Mayde*, 1521:

“ ——— for, dry or wete  
 “ Ye must lodge on the playne;  
 “ And us above none other rose  
 “ But a *brake bush*, or twayne.”

Again, in Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“ Run to your throwds within these *brakes* and trees.”

STEVENS.

*Brake* in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

*Enter Puck behind.*

*PUCK.* What hempen home-spuns have we swag-  
gering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?  
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*QUIN.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*PYR.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

*QUIN.* Odours, odours.

*PYR.* ——— odours savours sweet:

*So doth thy breath,<sup>4</sup> my dearest Thisby dear.—*

*But, bark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,<sup>5</sup>*

*And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.*

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!<sup>6</sup>

*[aside.—Exit.*

*THIS.* Must I speak now?

<sup>4</sup> *So doth thy breath,*] The old copies concur in reading:

“*So bath thy breath,*”——

Mr. Pope made the alteration, which seems to be necessary.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *stay thou but here a while,*] The verses should be alternately in rhyme: but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it:

“——— *stay thou but here a while,*”

i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Nothing, I think, is got by the change. I suspect two lines to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with “*savours sweet,*” and the other with “*here a while.*” The line before appears to me to refer to some thing that has been lost. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *than e'er play'd here!*] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEVENS.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 79

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal,<sup>7</sup> and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.<sup>8</sup>—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

THIS. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

PYR. *If I were fair,<sup>9</sup> Thisby, I were only thine:—*

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*

<sup>7</sup> — *juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falstaff, “—the *juvenal* thy master.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *cues and all.*] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So *Othello*:

“Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it  
“Without a prompter.”

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*:

“Indeed, master *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*.” *Kempe* was one of *Shakespeare's* fellow comedians. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *If I were fair, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thisby, I were only thine.

MALONE.

80 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Puck*: I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through brier;<sup>2</sup>

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
' A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit*.

*Bot*. Why do they run away? this is a knavery  
of them, to make me afraid.<sup>3</sup>

*Re-enter* SNOUT.

*SNOUT*. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do  
I see on thee?<sup>4</sup>

*Bot*. What do you see? you see an ass's head of  
your own; Do you?

*Re-enter* QUINCE.

*QUIN*. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art  
translated. [Exit.

<sup>2</sup> *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here  
are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

"*Through bog, through mire,*"—— JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. viii.

"*Through hills, through dales, through bushes and through  
briers,*

"*Long thus she bled,*" &c. MALONE.

The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*.  
We may therefore read:

"*Through bog, through burn, through bush, through brake,  
through brier.*" RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> —— *to make me afraid.*] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form  
of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for  
*thirsty*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain  
by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *ass's head*. Therefore  
we should read:

*Snout*. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?*  
*An ass's head?* JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 81

BOY. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The ouzel-cock,<sup>5</sup> so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The thrushle<sup>6</sup> with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill ;

TITIA. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?<sup>7</sup> [Waking.

<sup>5</sup> The ouzel-cock,] The *ouzel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Devil is an Ass* :

“ — stay till cold weather come,  
“ I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare.”

P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. c. xxiv. represents the *ouzel* and the *blackbird*, as different birds.

In *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 4to. bl. 1. are the following lines :

“ The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quail,  
“ The *thrushle-cock* that was so black of beewe.”

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

The *Ouzel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white crescent upon the breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's *English Birds*. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> The thrushle —] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squier of Low Degree*, bl. 1. no date :

“ The pee and the popinjaye,  
“ The *thrushle*, sayinge both nyght and daye.”

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554 :

“ The *thrushle* with the nightingale.”

It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *thrushle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*. “ — There is also another sort of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whose berries the mavises, *thrushels*, owfells, and *thrushes* delite much to eate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?] Perhaps a parody

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G

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,<sup>8</sup>  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

*TITIA.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.<sup>9</sup>

on a line in *The Spanish Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

“What outcry calls me from my naked bed?”

*The Spanish Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — plain-song *cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated musick sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 227. edit. Lond. 1736:

“But with a large and a long

“To kepe just *playne songe*

“Our chanters shall be your *cuckoue*,” &c. T. WARTON.

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*:

“Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd.”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c.

“The cuckoo sings not worth a groat,

“Because she never changeth note.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*

*So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;*

*And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,*

*On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.*] These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 83

**BOY.** Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeek,<sup>a</sup> upon occasion.

**TYTAN.** Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOY.** Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

**TYTAN.** Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit, of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

*Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee;  
So is mine eye enthrall'd to thy shape,  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.*

This reading I have inferred, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fisher's,] but to show that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revival of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — gleeek,] Joke or scoff. POPE.

*Gleeek* was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

“ There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird.”

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

“ The more that I get her, the more she doth *gleek* me.”

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

“ Messieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek*.”

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STREVENUS.

84 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,<sup>a</sup>  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter four Fairies.*

1. *Fai.* Ready.

2. *Fai.* And I.

3. *Fai.* And I.

4. *Fai.* Where shall we go?<sup>b</sup>

*TITAN.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,<sup>c</sup>  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — jewels from the deep,] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ — reflecting gems

“ That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep.” STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> 4. *Fai.* *Where shall we go?*] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding speeches, are given to the Fairies collectively.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a useless repetition of—“ and I,” which overloaded the measure. STEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — dewberries,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

*Dewberries* are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

<sup>d</sup> — the fiery glow-worm's eyes,] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.



To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1. *FAL.* Hail, mortal!<sup>6</sup>

2. *FAL.* Hail!

3. *FAL.* Hail!

4. *FAL.* Hail!

*BOY.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*COB.* Cobweb.

*BOY.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance,<sup>7</sup>

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *unefectual*:

“The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

“And gins to pale his unefectual fire.” M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> Hail, mortal!] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *bail!* The second *bail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *I shall desire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality:

“I shall desire *you* of better acquaintance.”

Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

“I do desire you of more acquaintance.”

Again, in Golding's Version of the 14th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

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good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?<sup>8</sup>

PEAS. Peas-blossom.

BOY. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother,<sup>9</sup> and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUS. Mustard-seed.

BOY. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

“ ——— he praid

“ Him earnestly, with careful voice, of furthrance and of aid.”

Again, in Greene's *Groatfaworth of Wit*, 1621:

“ ——— craving you of more acquaintance.” STEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one—“ I shall desire of you more acquaintance.” But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

“ If it be I, of pardon I you pray.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

“ *Mapfo*. I pray, sir, what might I call you?

“ 1. *Fai*. My name is Penny.

“ *Map*. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

“ *Frisco*. I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

“ 2. *Fai*. My name is Cricket.

“ *Fris*. I would I were a chimney for your sake.”

*The Maid's Metamorphosis* was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 393.) that Lyly's last play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— mistress Squash, your mother,] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. v:

“ — as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod.” STEVENS.



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patience<sup>2</sup> well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-feed.

TITIA. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up my love's tongue,<sup>3</sup> bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *patience* —] The Oxford edition reads—*I know your parentage well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

*Parentage* was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings.

There is an ancient satirical Poem entitled—“The Poor Man's *Passions*, [i. e. sufferings,] or Poverty's *patience*.” *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter.

FARMER.

These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to choler. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. REED.

Perhaps we should read—“I know you *passing* well.”

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *my love's tongue*,] The old copies read—“my lover's tongue.” STEEVENS.

Our poet has again used *lover* as a monosyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

“Sad true *lover* never find my grave.” MALONE.

In the passage quoted from *Twelfth Night*, “true *lover*” is evidently a mistake for—“true-love,” a phrase which occurs in the very scene before us:

“And laid the love-juice on some true *love's* fight.”

*Lover*, in both the foregoing instances, I must therefore suppose to have been a printer's blunder for *love*; and have therefore continued Mr. Pope's emendation in the text. How is *lover* to be pronounced as a monosyllable? STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule<sup>4</sup> now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her clofe and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches,<sup>5</sup> rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

<sup>4</sup> — *what night-rule* —] *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

“Marry, here is good rule!”

Again:

“—why how now strife! here is pretty rule!”

It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit “to viewe [or superintend] the night-sports.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *patches*,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *ragga-muffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, “a crew of patches.” A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse, ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times.

Were met together to rehearse a play,  
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
 Forfook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :  
 When I did him at this advantage take,  
 An afs's nowl I fixed on his head ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
 And forth my mimick<sup>8</sup> comes : When they him spy,  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — what a py'd ninny's this !”

Again, in *Preston's Cambyfes* :

“ Hob and Lob, ah ye country patches !”

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ It is simplicitie, that patch.” STEEVENS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly a fool. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. v. Shylock says of Launcelot : *The patch is kind enough* ;—after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's offspring*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — barren sort,] *Barren* is dull, unpregnant. So, in *Hamlet* :  
 — “ some quantity of barren spectators,” &c.

*Sort* is company. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *An afs's nowl I fixed on his head* ;] A head. Saxon.

JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in *The History of Beryn*, 1524 :

“ No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy *noll*,

“ Both wit and wysdom,” &c.

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ One thumps me on the neck, and another strikes me on the *nole*.”

STEEVENS.

The following receipt for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus de Secretis* : “ Si vis quod caput hominis affimiletur capiti asini, fume de segimine aselli, & unge hominem in capite, & sic apparebit.” There was a translation of this book in Shakespeare's time. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> — *mimick* —] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnockin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

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Or ruffet-pated choughs,<sup>7</sup> many in fort,<sup>8</sup>  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report  
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;  
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:  
 And, at our stamp,<sup>9</sup> here o'er and o'er one falls;  
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

The folio reads—*minnick*; perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*minick*. STEEVENS.

*Minnick* is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minick*; that by Roberts, *minnick*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Titus*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Titus* must be answered, *And forth my minnick* (i. e. my actor) *come*." In this there seems no difficulty.

*Mimick* is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Gale Harlequin*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Sarcinaglio*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled it in a leather pulch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took it mad *Jerzany's* part, to get service amongst the *mimick*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — choughs.] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned also in *Macbeth*:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — fort.] Company. So above:

"——— *four barres fort*;"

and in Waller:

"A fort of *light*, *Esperus's* *brave*." JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *Merry Men*, 1611:

"— though we never lead any other company than a *fort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And, at our stamp.*] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a fire that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read:

"*And at a stamp here o'er and o'er one falls*."

So Drayton:

"*Up on his head-pie's fall,*  
 "*As if a stubbed tree be fell,*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 91

Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus  
 strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:  
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
 Some, sleeves; some, hats:<sup>2</sup> from yielders all things  
 catch.

“ And up went poor Hobgoblin’s heels;  
 “ Alas, his brain was thence.—  
 “ At length upon his feet he gets,  
 “ Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,  
 “ And as again he forward sets,  
 “ And through the bushes scrambles,  
 “ A stump doth trip him in his pace,  
 “ Down fell poor Hob upon his face,  
 “ And lamentably tore his case,  
 “ Among the briars and brambles.” JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stump* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stump* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olavi Magni de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—“ Vero saltum adeo profundè in terram impresserant, ut locus insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen.” Shakespeare’s own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act:

“ Come, my queen, take hand with me,  
 “ And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.”

STEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says, “ Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chase exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him besides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamton, here will I never more tread nor stampen.” *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Some, sleeves; some, hats:*] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

“ Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,  
 “ ’Gainst one another jussling;

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :  
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*OBE.* This falls out better than I could devise.  
 But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>3</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

*PUCK.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;  
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*OBE.* Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

*PUCK.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*DEM.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*HER.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee  
 worse ;  
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
 Being o'er shoes in blood,<sup>4</sup> plunge in the deep,  
 And kill me too.

“ They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,

“ For haste some left their masts behind,

“ Some could not stay their gloves to find,

“ There never was such busling.” JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —latch'd—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French.

HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infest*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Being o'er shoes in blood,] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes,  
 over boots.* JOHNSON.

So in, *Macbeth* :

“ ——— I am in blood

“ Stept in so far,” &c. STEEVENS,

The sun was not so true unto the day,  
 As he to me: Would he have stol'n away  
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,  
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
 May through the center creep, and so displease  
 Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.<sup>5</sup>  
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;  
 So should a murderer look; so dead,<sup>6</sup> so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look; and so  
 should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?  
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

<sup>5</sup> — noon-tide *with the Antipodes.*] Dr. Warburton would read—*i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary, but it is not so unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his *Andromana*:

“ To be a whore, is more unknown to her,  
 “ Then what is done *in the antipodes.*”

*In for among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

The familiarity of the general idea, is shown by the following passage in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ And dwell one month *with the Antipodes.*”

Again, in *K. Richard II*:

“ While we were wandring *with the Antipodes.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *so dead.*] All the old copies read—*so dead*; in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. JOHNSON.

*Dead* seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. sc. iii:

“ Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

“ So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone.” STEEVENS.

So also, in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*: “ — if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion.” MALONE.



DEM. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past  
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;  
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?<sup>7</sup> O brave touch!<sup>8</sup>  
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd  
mood:<sup>9</sup>

I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

<sup>7</sup> *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?* She means, Hast thou kill'd  
him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look  
upon? MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *O brave touch!* Touch in Shakspeare's time was the same  
with our exploit, or rather stroke. A brave touch, a noble stroke,  
a grand coup. "Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with  
the sword touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many  
lewd schoolmasters." Ascham. JOHNSON.

A touch anciently signified a trick. In the old black letter story  
of *Howleglas*, it is always used in that sense: "— for at all times  
he did some mad touch." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *mispris'd mood:*] Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake.  
JOHNSON.

*Mood* is anger, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*.  
MALONE.

I rather conceive that—"on a mispris'd mood" is put for—"in  
a mispris'd mood;" i. e. "in a mistaken manner." The preposi-  
tion—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark  
Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt on lieutenantry," he does  
not mean that he "dealt his blows on lieutenants," but that he  
"dealt in them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct.

STEEVENS.



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DEM. An if I could,<sup>a</sup> what should I get there-  
fore?

HER. A privilege, never to see me more.—  
And from thy hated presence part I so:<sup>b</sup>  
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce  
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken  
quite,  
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-  
ing troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer<sup>c</sup>  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> An if *I could*, &c.] This phraseology was common in Shak-  
speare's time. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc i:

“An if a man did need a poison now.”

Again, in *Lodge's Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: “—meanys was  
made unto me to see an *iff* I wold appoynt,” &c. REED.

<sup>b</sup> — *part I so*:] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted  
for the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — *pale of cheer* —] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently  
used by old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—

“Pale at the fudden sight, she chang'd her *cheer*.”

*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — *sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear*:] So, in *King  
Henry VI.* we have “blood-consuming,” — “blood-drinking.”

By some illusion see thou bring her here ;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

*PUCK.* I go, I go ; look, how I go ;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit.*

*OBE.* Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,<sup>6</sup>  
Sink in apple of his eye !  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*PUCK.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand ;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee ;  
Shall we their fond pageant see ?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

and " blood-sucking figs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every fig was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.*] So, in the 10th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis* : translated by Golding, 1567 :

" ——— and though that she

" Did fly as *swift* as arrow from a *Turkye bowe*."

DOUCE.

" A *Tartar's* painted bow of lath" is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before :

" ——— the bolt of Cupid fell :

" It fell upon a little western flower,

" Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

STEEVENS.

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*OBE.* Stand aside: the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*PUCK.* Then will two, at once, woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo  
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?<sup>1</sup>

*HEL.* You do advance your cunning more and  
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing  
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

*HEL.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her  
o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

<sup>1</sup> *Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?*] This is said  
in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the  
sleeves of servants and retainers. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Mark the *badges* of these men, and then say if they be true.”  
STEEVENS.

98 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,<sup>7</sup>  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,  
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss  
This princess of pure white,<sup>8</sup> this seal of bliss!<sup>9</sup>

HEL. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.  
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join, in souls,<sup>2</sup> to mock me too?

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> [*This princess of pure white,*] Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

"*This pureness of pure white;*"

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of fruits*. Again, in *Wyat's Poems*, "Of beauty *princesse* chief." STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with a similar expression:

"—— good sooth, she is

"*The queen of curds and cream.*" MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— [*seal of bliss!*] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"*But my kisses bring again,*

"*Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*" JOHNSON.

More appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"My play-fellow, your *band*; this kingly *seal*,

"And plighter of high hearts." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*join, in souls,*] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakspeare in *K. Henry V.* uses an expression not unlike this:

"*For we will bear, note, and believe in heart;*"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Measure for Measure*, he talks of electing with *special soul*. In *Truiss and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says:

If you were men, as men you are in show,  
 You would not use a gentle lady so;  
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts,  
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena;

“ — with *private soul*

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

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend:

“ Happy, *in soul*, only by winning her.”

Again, in a masque called *Luminalia, or the Festival of Light*, 1637:

“ You that are chief *in souls*, as in your blood.”

Again, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

“ — whose subversion *in soul* they have vow'd.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. ch. lxxv:

“ Could all; *in soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said

“ To one that preached Hercules?” —

Again, in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

“ And all those swearings keep as true *in soul*.”

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in fouts*; Dr. Warburton, *insolent*:

STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

“ But you must join, *ill souls*, to mock me too?”

*Ill* is often used for *bad*, *wicked*. So, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV, sc. i:

“ They did begin to quarrel like *ill men*;”

which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Mr. Symphon has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly tight. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

“ — Men shift their fashions—

“ They are *in souls* the same.” FARMER.

A similar phraseology is found in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

“ To accuse this worthy man, but *in fowl mouth*

“ To call him villain!” MALONE.

100 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,<sup>3</sup>  
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
 With your derision! none, of noble fort,<sup>4</sup>  
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort  
 A poor soul's patience,<sup>5</sup> all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:  
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*HEL.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*DEM.* Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
 My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;<sup>6</sup>  
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.]* This is written much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*:

“ Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,  
 “ Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,  
 “ Una dolo divûm si fœmina victa duorum est.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *none, of noble fort,]* *Sort* is here used for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

“ Long time I lived in the court,  
 “ With lords and ladies of great *fort*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — extort

*A poor soul's patience,]* Harass, torment. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;*  
*And now to Helen it is home return'd,]* The ancient copies read—“ *to her*.” Dr. Johnson made the correction, and exemplified the sentiment by the following passage from Prior:

“ No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
 “ They were but my visits; but thou art my *home*.”

STEVENS.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

“ This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,  
 “ Like him that travels, I return again.” MALONE.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 101

There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*DEM.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—  
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*HER.* Dark night, that from the eye his function  
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompence :—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found ;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.  
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so ?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press  
to go ?

*HER.* What love could press Lyfander from my  
side ?

*Lys.* Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes<sup>7</sup> and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

<sup>7</sup> — all yon fiery oes —] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So,  
in the prologue to *K. Henry V.*

“ ——— can we crowd

“ Within this little O, the very casques

“ That did affright the air at Agincourt ?”

Again, in *The Partibencia Sacra*, 1633 :

“ — the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset  
with silver oes, or rather an azure vault,” &c. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, men-  
tions a patent to make spangles and oes of gold ; and I think haber-  
dashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLER.

*HER.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.  
*HÆL.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
 To bait me with this foul derision?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
 The sisters' vows,<sup>8</sup> the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?<sup>9</sup>  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,<sup>2</sup>  
 Have with our needs<sup>3</sup> created both one flower,

<sup>8</sup> *The sisters' vows,*] We might read more elegantly,—*The sister vows,* and a few lines lower,—*All school-day* friendship. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?*] The first folio omits the word—*and*. I have received it from the folio 1632. Mr. Malone reads—*now*. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, and is all forgot?" It stands so awkwardly, that I am persuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

—*O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds "Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain."

Gibbon's Hist. Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

<sup>2</sup> — artificial gods,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Have with our needs, &c.*] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakspeare *needs*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwise the verse will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 103

Both on one sampler, fitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.\*

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

“ Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words  
Like pricking *needles*, or points of swords,” &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

“ —on *needle-wrought* carpets.”

The same ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ ————— she  
“ Would ever with Marina be:  
“ Be't when they weav'd the siled filk,  
“ With fingers long, small, white as milk,  
“ Or when she would with sharp *needle* wound  
“ The cambrick,” &c.

Again, *ibid.*

“ Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *needle* composes  
“ Nature's own shape.”

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wber* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterling's *Darius* is *spori* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*.

Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *mieft* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhimes to *soon*, and *criest*. STEEVENS.

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *wbetber*, though intended often to be contracted, is always, (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

\* *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,*

*Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.]* The old copies read—*life coats*, &c. STEEVENS.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*HER.* I am amazed at your passionate words:  
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

*HEL.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection;  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;

The true correction of the passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, esq.—Two of the *first, second, &c.* are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of coats. THEOBALD.

These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *house*; and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *first house* only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much *one person*, as if they were *both of the first house*; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one person*, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 105

But miserable most, to love unlov'd?  
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this.

HEL. Ay, do, persever,<sup>5</sup> counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.<sup>6</sup>  
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;  
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O excellent!

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;  
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak  
prayers.<sup>7</sup>—

• Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, do, persever.*] *Persever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced. Thus our author, in *All's Well that ends well*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“ — say thou art mine, and ever

“ My love, as it begins, so shall *persever*.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639:

“ ————— for ever

“ May they in love and union still *persever*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *such an argument.*] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

JOHNSON.

So, in the first part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. sc. ii.

“ — it would be *argument* for a week,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *than her weak prayers.*] The old copies read:

“ — *than her weak praise.*” STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald proposed to read—*prays*. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

106 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HER. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiop!

DEM. No, no, sir:—he will \*  
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;  
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,  
let loose;  
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change  
is this,  
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!  
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

\* *No, no, sir:—be will, &c.*] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. My text [*No, no; be'll—sir,*] is formed from the quarto printed by Fisher and the first folio. The words "*be'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, No, no; he'll *not have resolution to disengage himself from Hermia*. But turning abruptly to Lyfander, he addresses him ironically:—"Sir, seem to break loose;" &c. MALONE.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a supposition that obscure passages are sentences designedly abrupt and imperfect.—Lyfander calls Hermia an "Æthiop." "No, no, sir:" replies Demetrius; i. e. she is none; and then ironically speaks to her of Lyfander, as of one whose struggle to break loose is merely a pretended effort. He next addresses his provocation personally to Lyfander.—I have left the text as I found it; only reading (for the sake of metre,) *be will*, instead of *be'll*. STEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 107

HEL. Yes, 'footh; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm, than  
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?  
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.  
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left  
me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—  
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,  
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!<sup>9</sup>  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

<sup>9</sup> O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!] *Juggler* in this line  
is used as a trisyllable: So again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

“She and the dauphin have been *juggling*.”

So also *tickling*, *wrestler*, and many more. MALONE.

— you canker-blossom!] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place  
the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to  
in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii:

“I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:”  
but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always  
beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II. sc. iii:

“Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds.”

STEEVENS.



108 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*HEL.* Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

*HER.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the  
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*HEL.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;<sup>a</sup>  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

*HER.* Lower! hark, again.

*HEL.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with  
me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.  
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

<sup>a</sup> ——— curst;] i. e. shrewish or mischievous.

Thus in the old proverbial saying: "Curst cows have short  
horns." STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 109

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further: Let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.<sup>3</sup>

HER. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders  
you?

HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee,  
Helena.

DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her  
part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:  
She was a vixen, when she went to school;<sup>4</sup>  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low and little?—  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grafs made;<sup>5</sup>  
You bead, you acorn.

<sup>3</sup> — how fond I am.] *Fond*, i. e. foolish. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — I do wonder,  
“ Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond  
“ To come abroad with him.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *She was a vixen, when she went to school;*] *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively signifies a female fox. So, in *The boke of hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game*; an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce, Esqr. Grays Inn: “ The *fixen* of the Foxe is assaute onys in the yer. She hath venomous biting as a wolfe.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — of hind'ring knot-grafs made;] It appears that knot-grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

112 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;  
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,<sup>7</sup>  
 To take from thence all error, with his might,  
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted fight.  
 When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,<sup>8</sup>  
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.  
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with  
 haste ;  
 For night's swift dragons<sup>9</sup> cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and  
 there,  
 Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,  
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> —virtuous *property*,] Salutariferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*,  
*poisonous dew*, wicked dew. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *wend*,] i. e. go. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :  
 " Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon wend*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> For night's swift dragons, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. ii :  
 " Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night !"

See my note on this passage, concerning the vigilance imputed  
 to the serpent tribe. STEEVENS.

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage  
 in Golding's Translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in *The  
 Tempest* :

" Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,  
 " And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never  
 set." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *damned spirits all*,  
*That in cross-ways and floods have burial*,] i. e. The ghosts of  
 self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads ; and of those who  
 being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 173

Already to their wormy beds<sup>1</sup> are gone,  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.<sup>2</sup>

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;<sup>3</sup>

ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for damned spirits, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

" Let some preach a gospel saye  
" For doute of *fauces in the stole*." STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to their wormy beds —] This periphrasis for the grave has been borrowed by Milton, in his *Ode on the death of a fair Infant*:

" Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed*." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ~~worm~~ black-brow'd night.] So, in *King John*:  
" Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*."

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I with the morning's love have oft made sport;*] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no young deity.

Thus, in *Aurora*, a collection of sonnets, by Lord Sterling, 1604:

" And why should *Tithonus* thus, whose day grows late,  
" Enjoy the morning's love?"

Again, in *The Parasitaster*, by J. Marston, 1606:

" *Aurora* yet keeps chaste *old Tithon's* bed;  
" Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. iii:

" As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,  
" Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
" All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdes* of Fletcher:

" — O, lend me all thy red,  
" Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's* bed  
" Thou sittest *ever-maiden*!"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, " *I with the morning light*," &c. STEVENS.

Will not this passage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour

114 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate,<sup>5</sup> all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit OBE.*]

*PUCK.* Up and down, up and down;  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  
Here comes one.

*Enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak  
thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where  
art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then  
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*DEM.* Lysander! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy  
head?

of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, "And, like a forester," &c. seems to show that the chace was the sport which Oberon boasts he partook with the *morning's love*. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> *Even till the eastern gate, &c.*] What the fairy Monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn.

STEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 115

*PUCK.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the  
stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou  
child;  
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,  
That draws a sword on thee.

*DEM.* Yea; art thou there?

*PUCK.* Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood  
here. [Exeunt.]

*Re-enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!  
[Lies down.]  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*

*PUCK.* Ho, ho! ho, ho!<sup>6</sup> Coward, why com'st  
thou not?

*DEM.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,

<sup>6</sup> *Puck.* Ho, ho! ho, ho! *Coward, why com'st thou not?* This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. In the old song printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon*:

“ *Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!*

“ *Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,*

“ *That he is not worthy to be bid fit down!*”

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou?<sup>6</sup>

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"Hob, hob, quoth Hob, God save thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been asserted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the Devil himself having, if not a better, at least an older, riddle to it. So, in *Histrionastix* (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *King Richard III.*) a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*:

"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho?*"

And, in the same play:

"By the masse, ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.

"O, the knave cryed *ho, ho*, he roared and he strundred."

So, in the *Epitaph* attributed to Shakspeare:

"Hob! quoth the devill, 'tis my John o'Combe."

Again, in Goulart's *Histories*, 1607:

"The fellow . . . coming to the stove . . . sawe the *Diavle* in horrible formes, some sitting, some standing, others walking, some ramping against the walles, but al of them assoone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hob, Hob*, what makest thou here?"

Again, in the same book:

"The *black guests* returned no answere, but roared and cryed out, *Hob* sirra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a passage in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of *Doddley's Old Plays*) I suspect that this same "knavish sprite" was sometimes introduced on the stage as a demi-devil: "I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who speaks. "put on my *flashing red nose*, and my *flaming face*, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry *ho, ho*." See also, *Grim the Collier of Croydon*. RITSON.

The song above alluded to may be found in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 203. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Where art thou?*] For the sake of the measure, which is otherwise imperfect, I suppose we ought to read—

"Where art thou *now?*"

Demetrius, conceiving *Lysander* to have still been shifting his ground, very naturally asks him where he is *at that instant*.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 117

*PUCK.* Come hither; I am here.

*DEM.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
buy this dear,<sup>7</sup>

If ever I thy face by day-light see:  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—  
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

*Enter HELENA.*

*HEL.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;  
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest:—  
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me a while from mine own company.<sup>8</sup> [*Sleeps.*]

*PUCK.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds makes up four.  
Here she comes, curst, and sad:—  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*HER.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars;  
I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

<sup>7</sup> — buy this dear,] i. e. thou shalt dearly pay for this. Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote thou shalt 'by it dear. So, in another place, thou shalt abide it. So, Milton, "How dearly I abide that boast so vain." JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Steal me a while from mine own company.] Thus also in an address to sleep, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:

"That from ourselves so steal't ourselves away."

STEEVENS.



118 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*]

*Puck.* On the ground  
Sleep found:  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S eye.

When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st'  
True delight  
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;<sup>2</sup>  
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be  
well.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit PUCK.*—DEM. HEL. &c. *sleep.*]

<sup>1</sup> *When thou wak'st,*

*Thou tak'st, &c.*] The second line would be improved, I think,  
both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus:

*When thou wak'st,*

*See thou tak'st,*

True delight, &c. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> *Jack shall have Jill; &c.*] These three last lines are to be  
found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.*

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *all shall be well.*] *Well* is so bad a rhyme to *ill*, that I  
cannot help supposing our author wrote—*still*. i. e. all this discord  
shall subside in a calm, become hush'd and quiet. So, in *Othello*:

“ — Ha! no more moving?

“ *Still as the grave.*” STEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.<sup>1</sup>

*The same.*

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;  
OBERON behind, unseen.*

*TIT.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery  
bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,<sup>2</sup>  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*BOT.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*PEAS.* Ready.

*BOT.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
monfieur Cobweb?

<sup>1</sup> I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —do coy,] To coy is to sooth, to stroke. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coys him in the dales.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. Book VI. ch. xxx:

“And whilst the coys his footy cheeks, or curls his sweaty top.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, B. IX:

“— his sports to prove,

“Coying that powerful queen of love.”

Again, in Golding's Translation of the 7th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

“Their dangling dewclaps with his hand he coyd unfearfully.”

Again, *ibid*:

“— and with her hand had coyd

“The dragons' reined neckes—.”

The behaviour of Titania, on this occasion, seems copied from that of the Lady in *Apuleius*, Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

120 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*COB.* Ready.

*BOY.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown<sup>4</sup> with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*MUST.* Ready.

*BOY.* Give me your neif,<sup>5</sup> monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*MUST.* What's your will?

*BOY.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb<sup>6</sup> to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*TITIA.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*BOY.* I have a reasonable good car in musick: let us have the tongs<sup>7</sup> and the bones.

<sup>4</sup> — *over-flown* — ] It should be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the mistake was our author's.

MALONE.

I perceive no mistake. *Overflown* is the participle passive. See Johnson's Dict. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *neif*,] i. e. fist. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Act II. sc. x:  
"Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif." GREY.

<sup>6</sup> — *cavalero Cobweb* — ] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Peas-blossom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

<sup>7</sup> — *the tongs* — ] The old rustic musick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction.—"Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke." STEVENS.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 121

*TITIA.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*BOY.* Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*TITIA.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard,<sup>8</sup> and fetch thee new nuts.

*BOY.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*TITIA.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.<sup>9</sup>  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *The squirrel's hoard,*] *Hoard* is here employed as a disyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *and be all ways away.*] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—“ be *always*.” Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads :

“ *And be away—away.*” JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read—and be *always i' th' way*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*

*Gently entwist,—the female ivy so*

*Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*] What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honeysuckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honeysuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *bonnie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus :

“ *So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*

“ *Gently entwist the maple ; ivy so*

“ *Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*”

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *malc*. A

Gently entwift,—the female ivy<sup>a</sup> so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

“*So dote the woodvine the sweet boney suckle,*”

for bark of the wood. Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *boney-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder.

JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cresside*, v. 1236, Lib. III:

“And as about a tre with many a twift

“Bitrent and writhin is the fwete *woodbinde*,

“Gan eche of hem in armis other winde.”

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet boney-suckle, dote gently entwift the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy*:

“And, as the running *wood-bind*, spread her arms

“To choak thy with ring boughs in her embrace.”

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakspeare thought it necessary to make:

“*Woodbin* that beareth the *boney-suckle.*” STEEVENS.

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *boney-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of Taylor's poems, we have

“The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,

“The *bony-suckle*, and the daffadill.”

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of *St. Matthew*. FARMER.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 123

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this  
sweet fight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. smilax: a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way. STEEVENS.

In lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Experiment 496, it is observed that there are two kinds of "*honeyfuckles*, both the *woodbine* and the *trefoil*." i. e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *grass*. Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to shew why Shakspeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honeyfuckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass*. TOLLER.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in *Sicily and Naples, or The Fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honeyfuckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition:

" — as fit a gift  
" As this were for a lord,—a *honey-fuckle*,  
" The amorous *woodbine's* offspring."

But Minshieu in v. *Woodbinde*, supposes them the same: " *Alio nomine nobis Anglis Honeyfuckle dictus.*" If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *honeyfuckle*, or *enrings*. MALONE.

\* — *the female ivy* —] Shakspeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

" — led the vine  
" To wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines  
" Her marriageable arms.—"  
" *Ulmo conjuncta marito.*" Catull.  
" *Platanusque cælebs*  
" *Evincet ulmos.*" Hor. STEEVENS.

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to the *ring* of the *marriage rite*. HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him.

124 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

Seeking sweet favours<sup>3</sup> for this hateful fool,  
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:  
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
 Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,<sup>4</sup>  
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.  
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
 That he awaking when the other do,<sup>5</sup>

To this custom the conduct of Olivia (See *Twelfth Night*, *sc. ult.*) bears sufficient testimony:

“ A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.

“ Strengthen'd by *interchange-ment of your rings*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *sweet favours* —] Thus Roberts's quarto and the first folio. Fisher's quarto reads — *favours*; which, taken in the sense of ornaments, such as are worn at weddings, may be right. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *flourets' eyes*.] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his *Lycidas*, v. 139:

“ Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That he awaking when the other do*.] Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: “ — and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: “ For the *other*, Sir John, let me see,” &c.

So, in the epistle prefixed to *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: “ I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*.” MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 125

May all to Athens back again repair;  
 And think no more of this night's accidents,  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower<sup>6</sup>

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

TIT. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an afs.

OBE. There lies your love.

TIT. How came these things to pass?  
 O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

OBE. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this  
 head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead  
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.<sup>7</sup>

TIT. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
 fool's eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my  
 queen, take hands with me,  
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

<sup>6</sup> *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower* —] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applyed as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with “the soul of love.” MALONE.

*Dian's bud*, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *of all these five the sense.*] The old copies read—these *five*; but this most certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;  
 And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
 Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
 And bless it to all fair posterity :<sup>8</sup>  
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*PUCK.* Fairy king, attend, and mark ;  
 I do hear the morning lark.

*OBE.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
 Trip we after the night's shade :<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
 And bless it to all fair posterity :*] We should read :  
 " ——— to all fair posterity."

i. e. to the remotest posterity. *WARBURTON.*

*Fair posterity* is the right reading.

In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed,  
 part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall be  
*fair :*

" *And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand ;  
 Never mole, bare-lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.*" *M. MASON.*

—— to all fair prosperity :] I have preferred this, which is  
 the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that  
 of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*), induced by the fol-  
 lowing lines in a former scene :

" ——— your warrior love  
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
 To give their bed joy and prosperity." *MALONE.*

<sup>9</sup> *Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
 Trip we after the night's shade :*] *Sad* signifies only grave, so-  
 ber ; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now  
 ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's  
 Tale*, Act IV : " *My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk.*" For  
*grave or serious.* *WARBURTON.*

A statute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences commit-  
 ted in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's  
 household. *BLACKSTONE.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 127

We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*TITIA.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*  
[*Horns sound within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*

*THE.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;—  
For now our observation is perform'd:<sup>3</sup>  
And since we have the vaward of the day,<sup>4</sup>  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—

<sup>3</sup> — *our observation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's-Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May day*. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended, to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

“ To do *observance* to a morn of *May*.”

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. “ A Dream for the *entertainment* of a *Midsummer-night*.” *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv. Olivia observes of Malvolio's seeming frenzy, that it “ is a very *Midsummer* madness.” That time of the year we may therefore suppose was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakspeare's Play. To this circumstance it might have owed its title.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the vaward of the day,*] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolles's *History of the Turks*, the word *vayvod* is used in the same sense. *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786. STEVENS.



128 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Uncouple in the western valley; go:—  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear;<sup>5</sup>  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding;<sup>6</sup> for, besides the groves,

<sup>5</sup> — *they bay'd the bear* —] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 2020. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“The hunte ystrangled with the wild *beres*.”

*Bearbaiting* was likewise once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the foster sex. While the princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield House, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting*, with which their highnesses were right well content. See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, cited by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is destroyed by a bear, who is chased by hunters. See also our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

“For now she hears it is no gentle chase,  
“But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud.”

MALONE.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says “the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie.” See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, “Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*.” Plixo, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Tavernier, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the bear. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the bear than the boar. Shakespeare must have read the *Knights Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's “white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*.” TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — *such gallant chiding*;] *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.”



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 129

The skies, the fountains,<sup>1</sup> every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry :<sup>2</sup> I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred<sup>3</sup> out of the Spartan  
kind,  
So flew'd,<sup>4</sup> so fanded;<sup>5</sup> and their heads are hung

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608 :

“ — I take great pride  
“ To hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*.”

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ — drums and trumpets *chide*.” — STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The skies, the fountains,*] Instead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read—*mountains*. The change had been proposed to Mr. Theobald, who has well supported the old reading, by observing that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to found :

“ Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacusque  
“ Responfant circa, et cælum tonat omne tumultu.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Seem'd all one mutual cry :*] The old copies concur in reading—*seem*; but, as Hippolyta is speaking of time *past*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *My hounds are bred, &c.*] This passage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodosius* :

“ Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,  
“ With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls;  
“ Like tygers flew'd, and fanded as the shore,  
“ With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *So flew'd,*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Actæon's hounds, B. III. p. 34. b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog :

“ — with other twaine, that had a fyre of Crete,  
“ And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a  
great  
“ And *large-flew'd* hound.”

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theſeus. And Ovid's translator, Golding, in  
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130 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls ;  
 Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly :  
 Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft ; what nymphs  
 are theſe ?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep :  
 And this, Lyſander ; this Demetrius is ;  
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :  
 I wonder of<sup>4</sup> their being here together.

THE. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve  
 The rite of May ;<sup>5</sup> and, hearing our intent,

the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, *ibid.* p. 34. a.

“ This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Sparta.”

T. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> *So ſanded* ;] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

*Sardy'd* means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true de-  
 notements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *With ears that ſweep away the morning dew* ;] So, in Heywood's  
*Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ — the fierce Theſſalian hounds,

“ With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew

“ From their moiſt breaſts.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I wonder of*—] The modern editors read—I wonder *at*, &c.  
 But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great  
 caution ; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us  
 with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem  
 harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times.  
 In *All's well that ends well*, we have :

“ — thou diſlik'ſt

“ *Of* virtue, for the name.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — they roſe up early, to obſerve

*The rite of May* ;] The rite of this month was once ſo univer-  
 ſally obſerved, that even authors thought their works would obtain  
 a more favourable reception, if publiſhed on *May-Day*. The fol-  
 lowing is a title page to a metrical performance by a once cele-  
 brated poet, Thomas Churchyard.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 131

Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

*EGE.* It is, my lord.

*THE.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
horns.

*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,  
HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

*THE.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine  
is past;<sup>6</sup>

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

*THE.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here:  
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—  
I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

“ Come bring in *Maye* with me,

“ My *Maye* is fresh and green;

“ A subiectes harte, an humble mind,

“ To serue a mayden Queene.”

“ A discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the  
wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders.”

“ Imprinted at London, in Fletestreat by William Griffith,  
Anno Domini 1570. The *first* of *Maye*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Saint Valentine is past*;) Alluding to the old saying, that  
birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

132 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*EGE.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have  
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—  
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*DEM.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them;  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.<sup>6</sup>  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,  
Melted as doth the snow,<sup>7</sup> seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,<sup>8</sup>  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

<sup>6</sup> *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for  
*love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:

“*Sighs and tears, poor Fancy's followers.*”

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his  
*fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover  
and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnaby Googe's *Cupido Conquered*, 1563:

“The chiefe of them was Ismenis,  
“Whom best Diana lov'd,  
“And next in place sat Hyale  
“Whom *Favre* never mov'd.”

Again, in *Hymen's Triumpb*, a Masque by Daniel, 1623:

“With all persuasions fought to win her mind  
“To *fancy* him.”

Again:

“Do not enforce me to accept a man  
“I cannot *fancy*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — as doth the snow,] The word *doth* which seems to have  
been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capell. The  
emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V*:

“— as *doth* the melted snow  
“Upon the vallies.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — an idle gawd,] See note on this word, p. 7. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 133

The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :<sup>9</sup>  
But, like in sickness,<sup>2</sup> did I loath this food :  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—  
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—  
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—  
Come, Hippolyta.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and train.

DEM. These things seem small, and undistin-  
guishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks, I see these things with parted  
eye,  
When every thing seems double.

HEL. So methinks :  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *ere I saw Hermia :*] The old copies read—*ere I see*—.

<sup>2</sup> — *like in sickness,*] So, in the next line—“*as in health*—.”  
The old copies erroneously read—“*like a sickness*.” I owe the  
present correction to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Come, Hippolyta.*] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should  
read—“*Come my Hippolyta*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.*] Hermia had observed that  
things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so methinks* ; and

## 134 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEM.

It seems to me,<sup>3</sup>

then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:

“ And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,

“ Mine own, and not mine own.”

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sosias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Maçon's translation of *The Decameron of Boccace*—“ *Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les autres, des quelles les deux qui estoient jumelles avoient quinze ans.*” Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accused of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*. “ The *quadria* doth never double; or to use a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*.” FARMER.

Again:

“ — unless they had been all *gemels* or couplets.”

STEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to say, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore *may* properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him*, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — by starts

“ His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

“ Of *what he has, and has not.*”

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Where ev'ry something, being blent together,

“ Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

“ *Express, and not express.*” MALONE.

See also, Mr. Heath's REVISION, p. 57. REED.

<sup>3</sup> *It seems to me,*] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this speech as follows:

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 135

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea; and my father.

HEL. And Hippolyta,

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: let's follow  
him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

*As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.*

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will  
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey,  
ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!  
Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen  
hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare  
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man  
to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if

“ — *Are you sure*

“ *That we are awake?*”

I had once injudiciously restored these words; but they add no  
weight to the sense of the passage, and create such a defect in the  
measure as is best remedied by their omission. STEEVENS.

*Are you sure*

*That we are awake?*] *Sure* is here used as a disyllable: so *fire*,  
*fire*, *hour*, &c. The word *now* [*That we are now awake?*] seems  
to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. MALONE.

I cannot accede to a belief that *sure* was ever employed as a dis-  
syllable, much less at the end of a verse. *Fire* (anciently spelt *fier*)  
and *hour* (anciently spelt *hourer*) might be disyllabically used, be-  
cause the duplicate vowels in each of them were readily separated  
in pronunciation.

Our author might have written—

“ *But are you sure*

“ *That we are now awake?—*”

Having exhibited this passage, however, only in my note on the  
hemistich that follows it, I have little sollicitude for its reformation.

STEEVENS.

136 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool,<sup>3</sup> if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man<sup>4</sup> hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke:<sup>5</sup> Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.<sup>6</sup> [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> — *patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a particoulour'd coat.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The eye of man, &c.*] He is here blundering upon the scriptural passage of "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1. Cor. ii. 9.

DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the latter end of the play, before the duke:*] i. e. the play in which he was to perform. The old copies read—"a play." I have not scrupled to place the present emendation, which is Mr. Ritson's, in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *I shall sing it at her death.*] At whose death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said;—*I shall sing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of song. The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *s* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*at her*: which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *é*, produced the present reading—*at her*.

THEOBALD.

Theobald might have quoted the following passage in *The Tempest* in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune, says Trinculo; for a man to sing at his funeral."—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 137

S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.<sup>7</sup>

— *at her death.*] He may mean *the death of Thisbe*, which his head might be at present full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *a thing of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing*.

JOHNSON.

*A thing of nought* may be the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ *Ham.* The king is a *thing*—

“ *Guil.* A *thing* my lord?

“ *Ham.* Of *nothing*.”

See the note on this passage.

*Paramour* being a word which Flute did not understand, he may design to say that it had *no* meaning, i. e. was *a thing of nought*.

Mr. M. Mason, however, is of a different opinion. “ The ejaculation, (says he) *God bless us!* proves that Flute imagined he was saying a naughty word.” STEEVENS.

138 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Enter SNUG.*

*SNUG.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.<sup>8</sup>

*FLU.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*BOT.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*QUIN.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*BOT.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*QUIN.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*BOT.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel to-

<sup>8</sup> — *made men.*] In the same sense as in *The Tempest*, "any monster in England makes a man." JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *sixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyfes* by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. *Preston* acted a part in John Ritwife's play of *Dido* before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564: and the queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than a *skilling* a day. STEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 139

gether; good strings to your beards,<sup>2</sup> new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd.<sup>3</sup> In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> — *good strings to your beards,*] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

As no false beard could be worn, without a ligature to fasten it on, (and a slender one would suffice,) the caution of Bottom, considered in such a light, is superfluous. I suspect therefore that the *good strings* recommended by him, were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*, (where the *natural beard* is unquestionably spoken of,) the Duke, intent on disfiguring the head of *Ragozine*, says—“O, death's a great *disguiser*; and you may *add to it*. Shave the head, and *tie the beard*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *our play is preferr'd.*] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæsar* Decius, says,

“Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go

“And presently *prefer his suit* to Cæsar.” THEOBALD.

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

*The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords,  
and Attendants.*

*HIP.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers  
speak of.

*THE.* More strange than true. I never may believe  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,<sup>4</sup>  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,<sup>5</sup>  
Are of imagination all compact:<sup>6</sup>  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *such seething brains,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— thy brains,

“ Now useleſs, *buil'd* within thy ſcull.” STEEVENS.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Winter's Tale*: “ Would  
any but theſe *buil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern  
writer ſuppoſes that our author had here in contemplation Oreftes,  
Mark Antony, and himſelf; but I do not recollect any paſſage in  
his works that ſhows him to have been acquainted with the ſtory  
of Agamemnon's ſon.—*ſcelerum ſarſis agitated Oreftes*: and indeed,  
if even ſuch were found, the ſuppoſed alluſion would ſtill remain  
very problematical. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagi-  
nation. So, in *As You Like It*:

“ If he, *compact* of jars, grow muſical.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> That is, *the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the  
reading of all the old copies; inſtead of which, the modern editors  
have given us—

“ The madman: *while* the lover,” &c. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 141

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :<sup>8</sup>  
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,<sup>9</sup>  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
 heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation, and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;  
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;  
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

*HIP.* But all the story of the night told over,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
 And grows to something of great constancy ;<sup>10</sup>  
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and  
 HELENA.

*THE.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and  
 mirth.—  
 Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,  
 Accompany your hearts !

<sup>8</sup> *Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :*] By "a brow of Egypt" Shakspeare means no more than the *brow of a gipsy*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. See note 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *in a fine frenzy rolling.*] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says:

" — that *fine madness* still he did retain,  
 " Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain."

MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> — *constancy :*] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

142 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Lys.* More than to us  
Wait on<sup>2</sup> your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*THE.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall  
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,  
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.<sup>3</sup>

*PHILOST.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*THE.* Say, what abridgment<sup>4</sup> have you for this  
evening?  
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile

<sup>2</sup> *Wait on* —] The old copies have—wait *in*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Call Philostrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quartos 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philistrate*, is squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Say, what abridgment, &c.*] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramattick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgments, abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time.*"

Again, in *K. Henry V.*:

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance

"After your thoughts——"

It may be worth while, however, to observe, that in the North the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th Book of G. Douglas's version of the Iliad:

"Ful many mery *abaitments* followis here." STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgment* in the present instance, signify *amusement* to beguile the tediousness of the evening? or, in one word, *pastime*?

HENLEY.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 143

The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

*PHILOST.* There is a brief,<sup>5</sup> how many sports are  
ripe ;<sup>6</sup>

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

*THE. reads. 7*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.<sup>8</sup>*

We'll none of that : that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device ; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning,<sup>9</sup> late deceas'd in beggary.*

<sup>5</sup> — a brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. So, in Gascoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis* :

“ She sent a *brief* unto me by her mayd.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ ——— the hand of time

“ Shall draw this *brief* into as huge a volume.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — are ripe ;] One of the quartos has—*ripe*, the other old editions—*rife*. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is the reading of Fisher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word used both by *Sidney* and *Spenser*. It means abounding, but is now almost obsolete. Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579 : “ — you shall find the theaters of the one, and the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The. reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, Lyfander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*] This seems to imply a more ancient practice of castration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNEY.

<sup>9</sup> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, &c.*] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shakespeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt

144 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,<sup>2</sup>  
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.  
*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
 And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*  
 Merry and tragical?<sup>3</sup> Tedious and brief?  
 That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.<sup>4</sup>  
 How shall we find the concord of this discord?

of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591.

T. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> — *keen, and critical,*] *Critical* here means *criticizing, censuring*. So, in *Otello*:

“ O, I am nothing if not critical.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Merry and tragical?*] Our poet is still harping on *Cambyse*, of which the first edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when “ an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleasant myrth ” was licensed to John Alde. Regist. Stat. fol. 184. b. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.*] The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus:

“ That is, hot ice, a wonderous strange snow.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

“ And wonderous strange black snow.” JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wondrous scorching snow*. Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the passage needs no change, on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is—

“ — hot ice, and snow of as strange a quality.”

There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, “ *Tarlton's Devise upon this unlooked for grete snowe*.” And perhaps the passage before us may contain some allusion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as also, “ A ballet of a Northerne Man's report of the *wonderful greate snowe* in the Southerne parts,” &c. STEEVENS.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read—“ and wonderous strong snow.” N. N. MASON.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 145

*PHILOST.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words  
long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*THE.* What are they, that do play it?

*PHILOST.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens  
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories,<sup>5</sup>  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*THE.* And we will hear it.

*PHILOST.* No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,<sup>6</sup>

In support of Mr. Macon's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation also may derive some support from a passage in *Macbeth*:

" — when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth

" Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *unbreath'd memories* —] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Unless you can find sport in their intents,*] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first

146 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play:  
For never any thing can be amifs,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.<sup>7</sup>  
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.  
[Exit PHILOSTRATE.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such  
thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for  
nothing.  
Our sport shall be,<sup>8</sup> to take what they mistake:  
And what poor duty cannot do,<sup>9</sup>

act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their  
*attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *never any thing can be amifs,*

*When simpleness and duty tender it.*] Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's  
Revels* has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occa-  
sion, when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque:

“ Nothing which duty and desire to please,  
“ Bears written on the forehead, comes amifs.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this of  
Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confu-  
sion when they spoke to him.

I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for  
Nov. 1786, that I have assigned a malignant instead of a humane  
sentiment to Theseus, and that he really means—*We will accept  
with pleasure even their blundering attempt.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line  
shews that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber  
or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading “ And  
what poor *willing* duty,” &c. MALONE.

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed<sup>3</sup>  
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
 Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,  
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
 Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,  
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

<sup>2</sup> *And what poor duty cannot do,*

*Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*] The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We should therefore read:

*And what poor duty cannot do,  
 Noble respect takes not in might, but merit.* JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an elliptical expression for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

If this passage is to stand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—"and what poor duty would do, but cannot accomplish, noble respect considers as it *might* have been, not as it is."

M. MASON.

And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. STEEVENS.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Where I have come, great clerks, have purposed, &c.*] So, in *Pericles*:

"She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess like to her admired lays;  
 "Deep clerks she dumbs."

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full points.* MALONE.

148 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of fawcy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*PHILOST.* So please your grace, the prologue is  
address't.<sup>4</sup>

*THE.* Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]<sup>5</sup>

*Enter Prologue.*

*PROL.* *If we offend, it is with our good will,  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.*

*We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*THE.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *address't.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Henry V*:  
“ To-morrow for our march we are *address't.*”

<sup>5</sup> *Flourish of trumpets.*] It appears from *The Gals Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets. “ Present not yourselve on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter.” STEEVENS.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 149

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord :  
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*HIP.* Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue,  
like a child on a recorder ;<sup>6</sup> a found, but not in  
government.<sup>7</sup>

*THE.* His speech was like a tangled chain ; no-  
thing impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is next ?

*Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine,  
and Lion, as in dumb show.*<sup>8</sup>

*PROL.* " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this  
show ;

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

" This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — on a recorder ;] Lord Bacon in his natural history, cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and says, that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below ; and elsewhere, cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the *Tibia minor* or *Flajolet* of Merfennus. From all which particulars it should seem that the flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter in propriety of speech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's History of Musick*, Vol. IV. p. 479. REED.

Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet* ; and Milton says :

" To the sound of soft *recorders*."

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — but not in government.] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says, — " Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb ; give it breath with your mouth ; and it will discourse most eloquent music."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This beauteous lady Thisby is*, certain.] A burlesque was here

150 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

“ This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
 “ Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sun-  
 der:  
 “ And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are  
 content  
 “ To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.  
 “ This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
 “ Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,  
 “ By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn  
 “ To meet at Ninus' tomb,<sup>2</sup> there, there to woo.  
 “ This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,<sup>3</sup>  
 “ The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
 “ Did scare away, or rather did affright:

intended on the frequent recurrence of “ *certain*” as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare.

Thus in a short poem entitled “ *A lytell treatyse called the dysputacyon or the complaynte of the herte through perced with the lakyng of the eye. Imprinted at Lodon in Flouretyete at ye sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.*”

“ And houndes fyxfscore and mo *certayne*—  
 “ To whome my thought gan to strayre *certayne*—  
 “ Whan I had fyrst sight of her *certayne*—  
 “ in all honoure the hath no pere *certayne*—  
 “ To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—  
 “ As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—  
 “ They made there both two theyr promyse *certayne*—  
 “ All armed with margaretes *certayne*—  
 “ Twardes Venus when they tholde go *certayne*—,” &c.

STEEVENS.

[<sup>2</sup> *The tomb of Ninus' tomb, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babiloun*:

“ The fetra markes ther metingis shoulde be,  
 “ There king Ninus was graven undir a tre.”

Again:

“ And as the ran her *sumpt* the let fall,” &c.

Again, Golding in his version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, B. IV. has a similar line:

“ And as she *fall* away for hale, the let her *sumpt* fall.”

STEEVENS.

[<sup>3</sup> ——— *lion hight* = *lion light*.] As all the other parts of this speech are in the same rhyme, excepting that it closes with a *con-*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 151

“ And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall; <sup>4</sup>  
 “ Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :  
 “ Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,  
 “ And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :  
 “ Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, <sup>5</sup>  
 “ He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
 “ And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,  
 “ His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

*plet*; and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we must conclude, either a verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd; or, by a transposition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. THEOBALD.

*Hight*, in old English signifies—*is called*.—I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *her mantle she did fall*;] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read—“ she *let* fall,” unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active.

So, in *The Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:

“ And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

“ *To fall* it on Gonzalo.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade*,] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

“ *The raging rocks*

“ *And shivering flocks*.”

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

It is also ridiculed by Sidney in his *Astrophel and Stella*. 15:

“ You that do Dictionaries' method bring

“ Into your rimes, running in rattling rowes.”

But this alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

“ Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,

“ Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,

“ Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,

152 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

“ Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,  
“ At large discourse, while here they do remain.”

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.]

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when  
many asses do.

WALL. “ In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
“ That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :  
“ And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
“ That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,  
“ Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,  
“ Did whisper often very secretly.  
“ This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth  
show

“ That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :  
“ And this the cranny is, <sup>s</sup> right and sinister,  
“ Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.”

“ Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,  
“ Out, oblatrant, obliſt, obſtacle, and obſecate.  
“ Ah addiſt algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,  
“ Magnall in miſchief, malicious to mugilate,  
“ Repriving your Roy ſo renowned and radiant.”

In *Tuffe's Husbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T ; and in the old play entitled, *The Historie of the Taw valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark ; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia*, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration :

“ Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter  
broyle

“ And beating blowes of billows high,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> And this the cranny is,] So, in Golding's *Ovid*, 1567 :

“ The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a  
crany

“ Which thronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt  
of any

“ Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie)

“ These *lovers* first of all found out, and made a way thereby

“ To talk to gether *secretly*, and through the same did goe

“ Their louing *whisperings* verie light and safely to and fro.”

RITSON.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 153

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.<sup>6</sup>

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

PYR. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall holds up his fingers.

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall,<sup>7</sup> through whom I see no blifs;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

<sup>6</sup> *It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.*] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard *in discourse*. Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning*: and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe*:

"Thus would thei faine, alas! thou *wicked wal*," &c.

154 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*PyR.* No, in truth, fir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*THIS.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my  
moans,  
" For parting my fair Pyramus and me:  
" My cherry lips have often kifs'd thy stones;  
" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."<sup>1</sup>  
*PyR.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
" To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
" Thisby!"  
*THIS.* "My love! thou art my love, I think."  
*PyR.* "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
grace;  
" And like Limander am I trusty still."<sup>2</sup>  
*THIS.* "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."  
*PyR.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."  
*THIS.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."  
*PyR.* "O, kifs me through the hole of this vile  
wall."  
*THIS.* "I kifs the wall's hole, not your lips at  
all."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*knit you again.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And like Limander, &c.*] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*] So Golding's *Opera*:  
"When night drew nere, they bade adew, and eche gave kisses  
sweete

"Unto the parget on their side, the which did never meete."

RITSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 155

PYR. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"<sup>4</sup>

THIS. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

WALL. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged fo; And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.]

THE. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.<sup>5</sup>

HIP. This is the filliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*] So Golding's *Ovid*:

"They did agree at *Ninus tomb* to meete without the towne."

RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls have ears.*" A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

FARMER.

The old copies read—*moral*, instead of *mural*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.*] The old copies read—a man, &c. STEEVENS.

I don't think the jest here is either complete, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.

"*Here come two noble beasts—in a man and a lion.*"

156 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

LION. " You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do  
fear  
" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on  
floor,  
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble  
here,  
" When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :<sup>5</sup>

immediately upon Theseus saying this, Enter Lion and Moonshine. It seems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

" — in a moon and a lion."

the one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theseus only means to say, that the *man* who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion.

MALONE.

*Here come two noble heads in, a moon, and a lion.* I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read a *man*; possibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man* in the *moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *English* doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. " I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—" Those, replies one of the heralds, are *the emblems of the stage*." FARMER.

" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam." That is, that I am Snug  
the joiner, and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has  
justly observed in a note on *the fall that ends well*, that *man* in  
the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 157

“ For if I should as lion come in strife  
 “ Into this place, ’twere pity on my life.”

*THE.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*DEM.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e’er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*THE.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*DEM.* Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*THE.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*MOON.* “ This lantern doth the horned moon  
 present:”

*DEM.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*THE.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*MOON.* “ This lantern doth the horned moon  
 present;

“ Myself the man i’th’moon do seem to be.”

*THE.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i’the moon?

*DEM.* He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.<sup>6</sup>

of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned.

“ — contempt *nor* bitterness

“ Were in his pride or sharpness.”

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read— that I *as* Snug the joiner, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *in* snuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

158 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*HIP.* I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

*THE.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*MOON.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*DEM.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

*Enter THISBE.*

*THIS.* "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

*LION.* "Oh—."

[*The Lion roars. THISBE runs off.*]

*DEM.* Well roar'd, lion.

*THE.* Well run, Thisbe.

*HIP.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*THE.* Well mous'd, lion.<sup>7</sup>

[*The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*]

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it *in snuff*."

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Well mous'd, &c.*] So in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this story, intitled, *The Comedy of the Love, &c.*

"And having *mou'd* thus the fame,

"Thither he went whence first he came."

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 159

DEM. And so comes Pyramus.

LYS. And then the moon vanishes.<sup>8</sup>

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny  
beams ;

" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,<sup>7</sup>

" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's fight.

" But stay ;—O spite !

" But mark ;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here ?

" Eyes, do you see ?

" How can it be ?

" O dainty duck ! O dear !

" Thy mantle good,

" What, stain'd with blood ?

Thefeus means that the lion has well tumbled and bloody'd the  
veil of Thisbe. STEEVENS.

I believe this should be " Well *mouth'd* lion," alluding either to  
his roaring, or to his tearing with his mouth the mantle of Thisbe :

" Which lion vile with bloody *mouth* did stain."

M. MASON.

*Well mous'd, lion!*] To *mouse* signified to mamnock, to tear  
in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Dem. *And so comes Pyramus.*

LYS. *And then the moon vanishes.*] The old copies read—

" Dem. *And then came Pyramus.*"

" Lys. *And so the lion vanished.*"

It were needless to say any thing in defence of Dr. Farmer's  
emendation. The reader indeed may ask why this glaring cor-  
ruption was suffered to remain so long in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *glittering streams,*] The old copies read—*beams.*

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

160 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

“ Approach, ye furies fell!<sup>2</sup>  
 “ O fates! come, come;  
 “ Cut thread and thrum;<sup>3</sup>  
 “ Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Approach, ye furies fell!*] Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in “ a lytell treatyse cleped *La Connaissance d'amours*. Printed by Richard Pynson.” no date:

“ O ye moost cruell and rabbythe lions fell,  
 “ Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus!  
 “ Ye sauage beestes that in these rockes dwell,  
 “ If blode to you be so delicious,  
 “ Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous!  
 “ And on the kerchef with face pale and tryft,  
 “ He loked ofte, and it right swetely kift.” STEEVENS.

*Approach, ye furies fell!*

*O fates! come, come, &c.*] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,

“ O sisters three,  
 “ Come, come to me,  
 “ With hands as pale as milk—”

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582:

“ Ye furies, all at once  
 “ On me your torments trie:—  
 “ Gripe me, you greedy greefs,  
 “ And present pangues of death,  
 “ You sisters three, with cruel handes  
 “ With speed come stop my breath!” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *cut thread and thrum;*] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

“ — no rough pelt of *thrums*,  
 “ To fight with weather.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Iliad:

“ And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrums*  
 behind.”

So, in Howell's letter to Sir Paul Neale, knt. “ Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side.”

The thought is borrowed from Don Quixote. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *and quell!*] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Lusus Coventria*, commonly called the *Corpus Christi Play*. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii:



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 161

*THE.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend,  
would go near to make a man look sad.

*HIP.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*PYR.* " O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions  
frame ?

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,  
with cheer.<sup>5</sup>

" Come, tears, confound ;<sup>6</sup>

" Out, sword, and wound

" The pap of Pyramus :

" Ay, that left pap,

" Where heart doth hop :<sup>7</sup>—

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled ;

" My soul is in the sky :

" Tongue, lose thy light !

" Moon, take thy flight !

" Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies. Exit Moonshine.*

" That he the lawe may here do,

" With stonys her to quell." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *cheer.*] i. e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*,  
Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:

" ——— passing any wight

" Of so yong age, as wel in *chere* as *dede*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Come, tears, confound ;*] Thus in Golding's *Ovid* :

" — one night (he sayd) shall louers two confounde." RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Ay, that left pap,*

*Where heart doth hop :*] Left our author should seem chargeable  
with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the  
broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was an-  
ciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shak-  
speare's Plays, "tattered" is always spelt "tottered" *Pap* therefore  
was sounded, *Pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the  
seventh Satire of Juvenal—

" ——— *læva* in parte *mamilla*

" Nil *salit*"—— STEEVENS.

162 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an afs.<sup>6</sup>

HIP. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

THE. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus : I hope, she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance,<sup>7</sup> which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.<sup>8</sup>

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans,<sup>9</sup> *videlicet*.—

<sup>6</sup> ——— *and prove an afs.*] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success ; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a pun, and frequently sinks as low as a quibble. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A mote will turn the balance,*] The old copies have—*mote* ; but Mr. Malone very justly observes that *mote* was merely the ancient mode of spelling *note*. So, in *King Henry V* : “ Walk every *mote* (i. e. *note*) out of his conscience.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is,—“ He for a man, God warn'd us ; she for a woman, God bless us.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And thus she moans.*] The old copies concur in reading—*moans*, which Mr. Theobald changed into—“ *means* ;” and the next speech of Thisbe appears to countenance his alteration :

“ Lovers, make *mean*.” STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 163

THIS. "Asleep, my love?  
 "What, dead, my dove?  
 "O Pyramus, arise,  
 "Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
 "Dead, dead? A tomb  
 "Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
 "These lily brows,  
 "This cherry nose,"

Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans*: but *means* had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*; and that petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run, "To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains*. Bills in Chancery begin in a similar manner. "Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

"This ender day wen me was wo,  
 "Under a bugh ther I lay,  
 "Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

"I hard ane may fair mwrne and *meyne*." RITSON.

\* *These lily brows,*

*This cherry nose,*] The old copy reads—

"*These lily lips,*" &c. STEEVENS.

All Thisbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by some accident, are in this single instance interrupted. I suspect the poet wrote:

"*These lily brows,*  
 "*This cherry nose.*"

Now *black brows* being a beauty, *lily brows* are as ridiculous as a *cherry nose*, *green eyes*, or *cowslip cheeks*. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is supported by the following passage in *As you like it*:

"'Tis not your *inky brows*, your black filk hair—."

And by another, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"\_\_\_\_\_ not for becaufe  
 "Your brows are blacker, yet *black brows* they say  
 "Become some women best." RITSON.

*Lily lips* are changed to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme,

164 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

" These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
 " Are gone, are gone :  
 " Lovers, make moan !  
 " His eyes were green as leeks.<sup>3</sup>  
 " O sisters three,  
 " Come, come, to me,  
 " With hands as pale as milk ;  
 " Lay them in gore,  
 " Since you have shone  
 " With shears his thread of filk.  
 " Tongue, not a word :—  
 " Come, trusty sword ;  
 " Come, blade, my breast imbrue :  
 " And farewell, friends ;—  
 " Thus Thisby ends :

" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.

THE. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the

but this cannot be right : Thisbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

" Lilly-white of hue."

It should be :

" These lips lilly,

" This nose cherry."

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage. FARMER.

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595.

" Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne*!" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His eyes were green as leeks.*] Thus also the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, speaking of Paris, says,

" — an eagle, madam,

" Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 165

epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,<sup>4</sup> between two of our company?<sup>5</sup>

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.* The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:— Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd The heavy gait<sup>6</sup> of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.— A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> — a *Bergomask dance*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — our company?] At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to embark for England, and exercise their profession there. One of them adds:

“ — we have a course; —

“ The spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.”

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — heavy gait —] i. e. *slow passage, progress*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ You must send the ass upon the horse, for he is *slow-gaited*.” In another play we have—“ *heavy-gaited toads*.”

STEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter PUCK.*

*PUCK.* Now the hungry lion roars,<sup>7</sup>  
 And the wolf behowls the moon;<sup>8</sup>  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fordone.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Now the hungry lion roars, &c.*] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that “among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm: ‘Thou makest darkness that it may be *night*, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do seek their meat from God.” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* associated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phaer's translation of the following lines in the seventh Æneid:

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum  
 Vincla recufantum, et *fera sub nocte rudentum*;  
 ——— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum.*

I do not, however, perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could “encircle the earth in forty minutes,” like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed “the spiced Indian air;” and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He therefore, was at liberty to

“Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions*,  
 “As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs.”

Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. Thus in *Andr.*, a forest in French Flanders, we hear of a *lion's*, and a *bear* destroys Antigonus in *Berkonia*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And the wolf behowls the moon;*] In the old copies: “And the wolf *howls* the moon.” As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *howls* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do: and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented, I make no question but the poet wrote:

“*And the wolf behowls the moon.*”

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 167

Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shroud.

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *bowl at the moon*. (*Bebowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

So, in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole passage seems to be copied from this of our author :

“ Now barks the *wolfe* against the full-check'd moon,  
 “ Now Lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,  
 “ Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech aloud*,  
 “ Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls;  
 “ Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose  
 “ Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.” THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon.

JOHNSON.

I think, “ Now the wolf *behowls* the moon,” was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. “ 'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the moon,” says he, in his *As You Like It*; and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

“ ——— as the moon is mov'd  
 “ When wolves with hunger pin'd, *bowl* at her brightness.”

FARMER.

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *beboulds* (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,)—which probably occasioned the mistake.

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As You Like It*—“ 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon:”—the expression is found, that Marston has used instead of *behowls*. “ In courting Phebe, thou *barkest* with the wolves of Syria against the moon.”

These lines also in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. v. ft. 30. which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made :

“ And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,  
 “ The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;—  
 “ The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,  
 “ With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;  
 “ And hungry *wolves* continually did *bowl*  
 “ At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.” MALONE.

168 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Now it is the time of night,<sup>1</sup>  
 That the graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide:  
 And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecat's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolick; not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
 I am sent, with broom, before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *foredone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. x. ft. 33:

“ And many souls in dolour had *foredone.*”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

“ — fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy.”

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“ But by the other day at none,

“ These two dragons were *foredone.*” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Now it is the time of night, &c.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ 'Tis now the very witching time of night,

“ When churchyards yawn—.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I am sent, with broom, before,*

*To sweep the dust behind the door.*] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies:

*These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,*

*By pinching them both black and blue,*

*And put a penny in their shoe*

*The house for cleanly sweeping.* Drayton.

JOHNSON.

*To sweep the dust behind the door,* is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut.

FARMER.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 169

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.*

OBE. Through this house give glimmering  
light,<sup>4</sup>

By the dead and drowfy fire :  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird from brier ;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITIA. First, rehearse this song by rote  
To each word a warbling note,  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,<sup>5</sup>  
Through this house each fairy stray.

<sup>4</sup> *Through this house give glimmering light,]* Milton perhaps had  
this picture in his thought :

*And glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. Il Penseroso.*

So Drayton :

*Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes  
Of little frisking elves and apes,  
To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,  
As hope of pastime baffles them.*

I think it should be read :

*Through this house in glimmering light. JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> *Now, until, &c.]* This speech, which both the old quartos  
give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following,  
printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently  
contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed,  
but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies  
how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—  
I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value.  
The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this ;  
after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a  
song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next

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To the best bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us shall blessed be;<sup>5</sup>  
 And the issue, there create,  
 Ever shall be fortunate.  
 So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be:  
 And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand;  
 Never mole, hare-lip,<sup>6</sup> nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious,<sup>7</sup> such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.—

Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *To the best bride-bed will we,*  
*Which by us shall blessed be;*] We learn from "Articles ordained by *K. Henry VII.* for the Regulation of his Household," that this ceremony was observed at the Marriage of a Princess. "— All men at her coming in to be voided, except women, till shee be brought to her bedd; and the man both; he fittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd*: then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely." p. 129. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — hare-lip,] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke flyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*." Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor mark prodigious,*] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 " *Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

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With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gait ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And each several chamber blefs,<sup>9</sup>  
 Through this palace, with sweet peace :  
 E'er shall it in safety rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;

Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.

PUCK. *If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this, (and all is mended,)  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding but a dream,*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *take his gait ;*] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii :

“ And guide his weary gate both to and fro.”

Again, in a Scottish Proverb :

“ A man may speer the gate to Rome.”

Again, in *The Mercers' Play*, among the Chester collection of *Whitsun Mysteries*, p. — :

“ Therefore goe not through his cuntrey,

“ Nor the gate you came to day.” STEEVENS.

By gate, I believe is meant, the door of each chamber.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Every fairy take his gait ;*

*And each several chamber blefs, &c.*] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3479. Tyrwhitt's edit.

“ I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.

“ Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes

“ On foure halves of the hous aboute,

“ And on the threfwold of the dore withoute.

“ Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,

“ Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,

“ Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster,” &c.

STEEVENS.

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*Gentles, do not reprehend;  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I'm an honest Puck,<sup>2</sup>  
If we have unearned luck<sup>3</sup>  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,<sup>4</sup>  
We will make amends, ere long:  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your bands,<sup>5</sup> if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.*

[*Exit.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *an honest Puck,*] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. Act II. sc. i. on the words—"Sweet Puck." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *unearned luck* —] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:  
"But the nymph, after the custom of distressed tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Give me your bands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

See pp. 53, 54, 55.

*And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, &c. &c. &c.]* Dr. Warburton, whose ingenuity and acuteness have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have some times seen not only what no other person would ever have been able to discover, but what, in reality, unless in his own playful imagination, did not exist. Criticism is a talisman, which has, on more than one occasion, dispelled the illusions of this mighty magician. I shall not dispute, that, by the *fair vestal*, Shakspeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of sixty eight, was no less *chaste* than *beautiful*;

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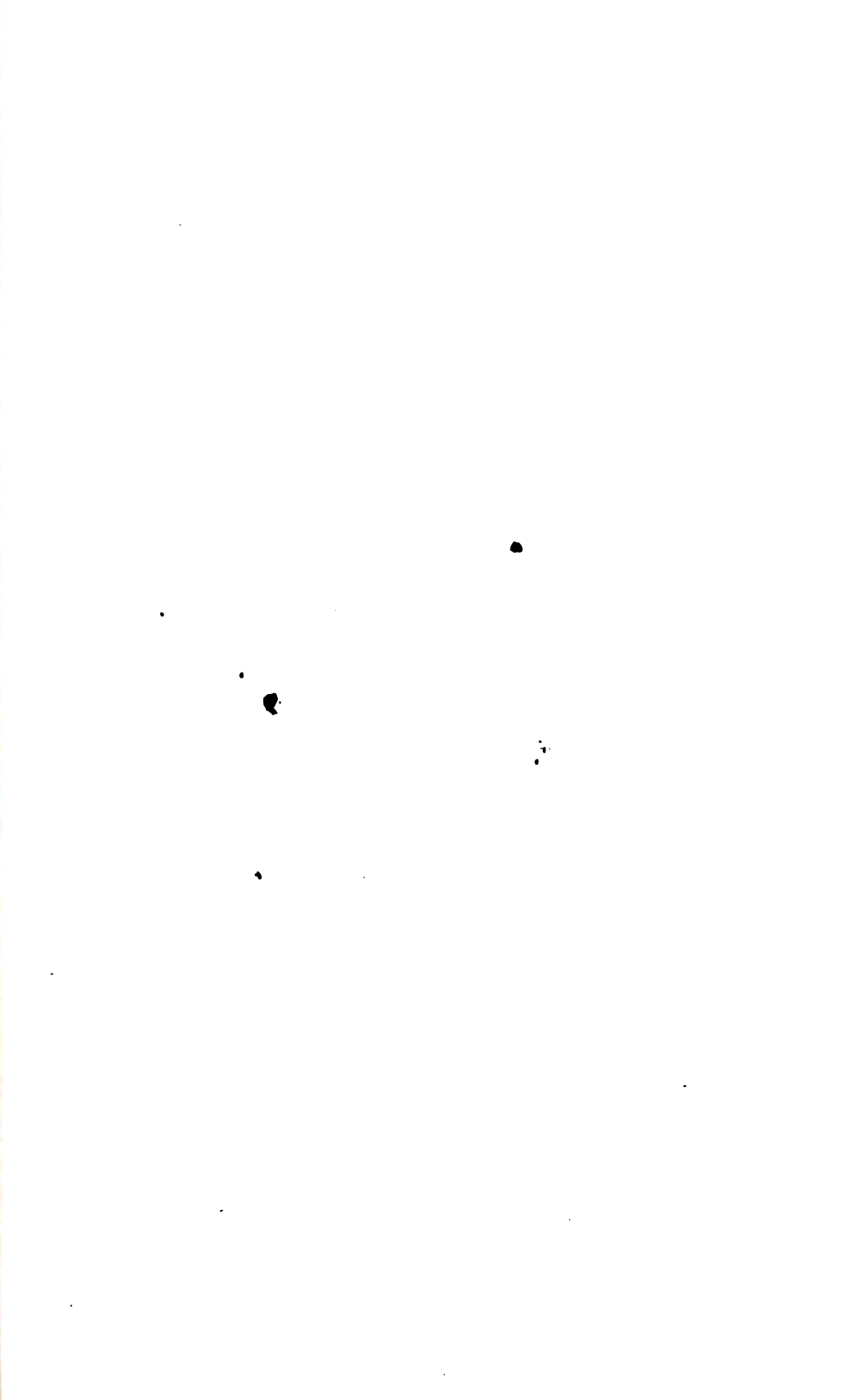
but whether any other part of Oberon's speech have an allegorical meaning or not, I presume, in direct opposition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of satire and panegyric" I shall examine anon: I only wish to know, for the present, why it would have been "inconvenient for the author to speak openly" in "dispraise" of the Scottish Queen. If he meant to please "the imperial votreſs," no incense could have been half so grateful as the blackest calumny. But, it seems, "her successor would not forgive her satirist." Who then was her "successor" when this play was written? Mary's son, James? I am persuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the history of those times, he would not have found this monarch's succession quite so certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakspeare, who was by no means the refined speculatist he would induce one to suppose, from gratifying the "fair vestal" with sentiments so agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning," there is an end of all controversy. For, though the satire would be cowardly, false and infamous, yet, since it was couched under an allegory, which, while perspicuous as glass to Elizabeth, would have become opaque as a mill-stone to her successor, Shakspeare, lying as snug as his own Ariel in a cowslip's bell, would have had no reason to apprehend any ill consequences from it. Now, though our speculative bard might not be able to foresee the sagacity of the Scottish king in smelling out a plot, as I believe it was some years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, surely, the skill requisite to detect a witch must be sufficient to develop an allegory; so that I must needs question the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea." In that respect at least Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herself. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate lust; for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *Vestal*, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as false as it is foolish: The mermaid was never the emblem of lust; nor was the "gentle Shakspeare" of a character or disposition to have insulted the memory of a murdered princess by so infamous a charge. The most abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himself, never accused her of "intemperate lust;" and it is pretty well understood at present that, if either of these ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to; the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the *Muses*, who

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overcoming them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fishes*: where then are their wings? or what possible use could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian speaks of were partly women and partly *birds*: so that "the pollution," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause and the same issue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others *wings*. The secret of their contest for precedency should seem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the history of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to destruction, by her songs or fair speeches,) and wearing, it should seem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined she should fly no more, in her eagerness to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The situation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would seem to have but a strangely awkward seat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be sure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentators: the latter, however, is certainly answerable for placing a Queen on the back of her husband: a very extraordinary situation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a single instance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with mischief." Mermaids are supposed to sing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* must in this instance to suit the allegory, allude to "those great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the most accomplished princess of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Vestal." "By the rude sea is meant Scotland incircled with the ocean, which rose up in arms against the regent, while she [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted these disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton whose skill in geography, seems to match his knowledge of history and acuteness in allegory, must be allowed the sole merit of discovering Scotland to be an *island*. But, as to the disorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from history to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of these disorders, she, or her idiot husband, or fanatical subjects were most to blame, is a point upon which doctors still differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting song of the commentators mermaid civilized the rude sea for a time, it was only to render it, in an instant, more boisterous than ever: those great

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 175

abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthusiastic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, says she was welcomed home by a mob of five or six hundred ragamuffins, who, in discord with the most execrable instruments, sung *psalms* (which she was supposed to dislike) under her chamber window: "He!" adds he, *quelle musique & quelle repos pour sa nuit!*" However, it seems "there is great justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion, is that the mermaid always sings in storms." "This vulgar opinion," I am persuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever supposed to sing, it is in *calms*, which preface storms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the insurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unless in so far as it was that of the religion she professed. But this perhaps is the least objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himself had no idea, and which the commentator, to whose creative fancy it owes its existence, seems to have very justly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundless and unnatural. RITSON.





**LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.\***

**VOL. V.**

**N**



\* **LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.**] I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which, I believe, should be—“*Love's Labours lost.*” M. MASON.

*Love's Labour's lost* I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. 1. MALONE.



PERSONS represented.\*

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron

Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

Dumain,

Boyet,

Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

*Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.*

*Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.*

*Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.*

*Dull, a Constable.*

*Costard, a Clown.*

*Moth, Page to Armado.*

*A Forester.*

*Princess of France.*

Rosaline,

Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Katharine,

*Jaquenetta, a country Wench.*

*Officers, and others, attendants on the King and  
Princess.*

SCENE, Navarre.

\* This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.  
JOHNSON.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*KING.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite 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,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Birón, 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 oath,<sup>a</sup> and keep it too.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *your deep oath,*] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected  
by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

LONG. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.<sup>3</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,  
And make a dark night too of half the day;)   
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *With all these living in philosophy.*] The style 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*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.

<sup>4</sup> *Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.*] The words as they stand, will express the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

Not to see ladies — study — fast — not sleep.

Biron is recapitulating the several tasks imposed upon him *viz.* not to see ladies, to study, to fast, and not to sleep: but Shakspeare, by a common poetical license, though in this passage injudiciously

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*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, fir, 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 recompense.

*BIRON.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;<sup>5</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,<sup>6</sup>  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know: }  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*KING.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

exercised, omits the article *to*, before the three last verbs, and from hence the obscurity arises. M. MASON.

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</sup> *If study's gain be thus, and this be so,*] Read:

" *If study's gain be this—*" RITSON.



**BIRON.** Why, all delights are vain ; but that most  
vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :  
As, painfully to pore upon a book,  
To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind<sup>6</sup> the eyesight 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,  
And give him light that was it blinded by.<sup>7</sup>  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks ;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from 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.  
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;  
And every godfather can give a name.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *while truth the while*

*Doth falsely blind*—] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* 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>7</sup> *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,*

*And give him light that was it 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.

The old copies read—*it was*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;*

*And every godfather can give a name.*] *The consequence, says*



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*KING.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*DUM.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!<sup>9</sup>

*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,<sup>2</sup>  
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?

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>3</sup> }

*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.

<sup>9</sup> Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding! To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

I don't suspect that Shakspeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. He has proceeded well, means only, he has gone on well. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — sneaping frost,] So sneaping winds in *The Winter's Tale*: To sneap is to check, to rebuke. Thus also, Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this sneap, without reply." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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

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So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house ' to unlock the little gate.

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 *triple* 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.

I rather suspect a line to have been lost after "an abortive birth." For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By these *shows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:

"And fresher than *May* with *floures new*,"—

So also, in our poet's *K. Richard II*:

"She came *adorned* hither, like *sweet May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in *The Destruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of *May*, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverse flowers," &c. MALONE.

I concur with Mr. Warton: for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the same identical shape and colours, be called—*new-fangled*? The sports of *May* might be annually diversified, but its natural productions would be invariably the same. STEVENS.

[<sup>4</sup> *Climb o'er the house, &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio—

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

MALONE.

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*KING.* Well, fit you out :<sup>5</sup> 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 years' day.  
Give me the paper, let me read the same ;  
And to the strict<sup>st</sup> decrees I'll write my name. }

*KING.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
shame ! }

*BIRON.* [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come  
within a mile of my court.*—

And hath this been proclaim'd ?

*LONG.* Four days ago.

*BIRON.* Let's see the penalty.

[*Reads.*]—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—

Who devis'd this ?<sup>6</sup>

*LONG.* Marry, that did I.

*BIRON.* Sweet lord, and why ?

*LONG.* To fright them hence with that dread pen-  
alty.

*BIRON.* A dangerous law against gentility !<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — fit you out : ] This may mean, *bold you out, continue re-  
fractory.* But I suspect, we should read—*set you out.* MALONE.

To *fit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus Bishop Sanderfon :

<sup>5</sup> "They are glad, rather than *fit out*, to play very small game."

The person who cuts out at a rubber of whist, is still said to *fit  
out* ; i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Who devis'd this ?* ] The old copies read—*this penalty.* I have  
omitted this needless repetition of the word *penalty*, because it de-  
stroys the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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, slipped out of the printed books.  
In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devised the penalty :

[*Reads.*] Item, *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 complete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :  
Therefore this article is made in vain,  
Or vainly comes 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 de-  
cree ;  
She must lie here <sup>7</sup> on mere necessity.

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, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this : Such a law for banishing women from the 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>7</sup> — lie here —] Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*, Act II. sc. ii :

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*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 special grace:<sup>1</sup>  
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—  
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*  
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:  
Suggestion<sup>9</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>2</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:

" Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,  
" That lay here *leiger*, in the last great frost?"

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: " An ambassador is  
an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. reside) abroad for the good of his  
country." REED.

<sup>1</sup> *Not by might master'd, but by special grace:*] Biron, amidst his  
extravagances, 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 pro-  
ceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate  
of human power. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Suggestions* —] Temptations. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And these led on by your *suggestion*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *quick recreation* —] Lively sport, spritely diversion.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— the *quick* comedians

" Extemporally will stage us." STEEVENS.



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One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;  
A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: †

† *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 Shakspeare'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 forsake 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 im-  
putation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our au-  
thor, and Jonson his contemporary, 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 Shakspeare'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 *Fair*  
and *Alchemist*; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of  
Shakspeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recog-  
nize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson  
owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained  
himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had no-  
thing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself; while  
Shakspeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his  
acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so to-  
tally 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 bound-  
aries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did  
not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases  
of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings,  
or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and  
on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement*  
is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage  
in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Su-  
periority*, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings,

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This child of fancy,<sup>4</sup> that Armado hight,<sup>5</sup>  
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.<sup>6</sup>  
 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.<sup>7</sup>

jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd *complements*." And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her."

Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"—adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness." STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio calls Tybalt, "the Captain of *complements*." M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> This *child of fancy*,] This *fantastick*. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> That Armado hight,] Who is called Armado. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.] 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 those 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.

WARBURTON.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his dissertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

— *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.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of Johnson. The King had not yet so weaned himself from the world, as to adopt the language of a cloister. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> And I will use him for my minstrelsy.] i. e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.

DOUCE,

*BIRON.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
A man of fire-new words,<sup>9</sup> fashion's own knight.

*LONG.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our  
sport;  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*DULL.* Which is the duke's own person?<sup>2</sup>

*BIRON.* This, fellow; What would'st?

*DULL.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I  
am his grace's tharborough:<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>9</sup> — fire-new words,] “i. e. (says an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new*, new off the irons, and the Scottish expression *bron-new*, have all the same origin.” The same compound epithet occurs in *K. Richard III*:

“Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Which is the duke's own person?*] The king of Navarre in several passages, through all the copies, is called the *duke*: but as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

The princess in the next act calls the king—“this virtuous *duke*;” a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the case, such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — tharborough:] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.



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*KING.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*BIRON.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*LONG.* A high hope for a low having:<sup>4</sup> God grant us patience!

*BIRON.* To hear? or forbear hearing?<sup>5</sup>

*LONG.* To hear meekly, fir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*BIRON.* Well, fir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb<sup>6</sup> in the merriness.

*COST.* The matter is to me, fir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</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 meaning is this: “ Though you hope for high words, and should have 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 employed in *Macbeth*, Act I:

“ — great prediction

“ Of noble *having*, and of royal hope.”

*Heaven*, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

“ Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven!*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To hear? or forbear hearing?*] One of the modern editors plausibly enough, reads.

“ To hear? or forbear *laughing?*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *as the stile shall give us cause to climb—*] A quibble between the *stile* that must be *climbed* to pass from one field to another, and *style*, the term expressive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *taken with the manner.*] i. e. in the fact. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: “ — and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to say for himself.” STEEVENS.

A forensick term. A thief is said to be 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 this letter with attention?

*BIRON.* As we would hear an oracle.

*COST.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*KING.* [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

*COST.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*KING.* *So it is,—*

*COST.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.<sup>7</sup>

*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-colour'd melan-*

i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *mancier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *but so, so.*] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

*choly, 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 called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, 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:<sup>7</sup> There did I see that low-spirited fwain, that base minnow of thy mirth,<sup>8</sup>*

COST. Me.

KING.—*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

COST. Me.

KING.—*that shallow vassal,*

<sup>7</sup> — *curious-knotted garden:*] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus in *King Richard II:*

“ Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
“ Her knots disorder'd,” &c.

In Thomas Hill's *Profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1579, is the delineation of “ a proper knot for a garden, whereas is spare rounge enough, the which may be set with Time, or Isop, at the discretion of the Gardener.” In Henry Dethicke's *Gardener's Labyrinth*, bl. l. 4to. 1586, are other examples of “ proper knots deuised for gardens.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *base minnow of thy mirth,*] The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

“ — hear you not  
“ This Triton of the *minnows!*”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: “ Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little *minnow* his brother,” &c. STEVENS.



COST. Still me.

KING.—*which, as I remember, bight Costard,*

COST. O me!

KING.—*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—*<sup>9</sup>*—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 sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

DULL. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING. For Jaquenetta, (*so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,*) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;<sup>2</sup> and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning beat 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?

<sup>9</sup> — with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — vessel of thy law's fury;] This seems to be a phrase adopted from scripture. See Epist. to the Romans, ix. 22. "—the vessel of wrath." Mr. M. Mason would read—*vassal* instead of *vessel*.

STEVENS.

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*COST.* I do confes much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.<sup>3</sup>

*KING.* It was proclaim'd a year's imprifonment, 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 fo 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 your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

*COST.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*KING.* And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.— My lord Biron ſee him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—

[*Exeunt.*]

*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, fir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prof-

<sup>3</sup> *I do confes much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So Falſtaff, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*:

“ —it is the diſeaſe of not liſtning, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal.” STEEVENS.

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perity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Another part of the same. Armado's House.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

ARM. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, fir, that he will look sad.

ARM. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.<sup>4</sup>

MOTH. No, no; O lord, fir, no.

ARM. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?<sup>5</sup>

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough fenior.

ARM. Why tough fenior? why tough fenior?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

<sup>4</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.

The word literally means a *graft, slip, scion, or sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The *imp, his son*, is no more than his *infant son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps*.

Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The History of Celestina the Faire*, 1596: "— the gentleman had three sonnes, very ungracious *impes*, and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *my tender juvenal?*] *Juvenal* is *youth*. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell*."

STEEVENS.

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*ARM.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*MOTH.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,<sup>6</sup> which we may name tough.

*ARM.* Pretty, and apt.

*MOTH.* How mean you, fir? 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, fir.

*ARM.* I love not to be cross'd.

*MOTH.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.<sup>7</sup>

[*Aside.*]

<sup>6</sup> — *tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here and in two speeches above the old copies have *signior*, which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*. So, in the last scene of *The Comedy of Errors*; edit 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior*; till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

*Old and tough, young and tender,* is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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.

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*ARM.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*MOTH.* You may do it in an hour, fir.

*ARM.* Impossible.

*MOTH.* How many is one thrice told?

*ARM.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.<sup>7</sup>

*MOTH.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, fir.

*ARM.* I confefs both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*MOTH.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gros sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*ARM.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*MOTH.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.

*ARM.* True.

*MOTH.* Why, fir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is 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>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.*] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "A tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Moth. 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.*] 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 fir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 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 showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.



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*ARM.* A most fine figure!

*MOTH.* To prove you a cypher. [Aside.

*Bankes's horse* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horse*."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, Lib. IV. sat. ii:

"More than who vies his pence to view some tricke  
"Of strange *Morocco's* dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,  
"Grave tutor to the *learned horse*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad:

"——— Both which  
"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,  
"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595. "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a fatirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "— From hence you may descend to talk about the *horse* that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a *horse*, but something else in the likeness of one."

Again, in *Chrestolerss*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Bastard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

"Of *Bankes's Horse*.  
"Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,  
"For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,  
"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:  
"But *Bankes* who taught your horse to smell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was published a pamphlet intituled, *Maroccus Extaticus, or Banks's bay Horse in a Trance. A discourse set downe in a merry dialogue between Banks and his beast: anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age*, 4to; prefixed to which, was a print of the horse standing on his hind legs with a stick in his mouth, his master with a stick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse,

*ARM.* I will hereupon confefs, I am in love : and, as it is bafe for a foldier to love, fo I am in love with a bafe wench. If drawing my fword againft the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take defire pri-

which I find happened at Rome, where to the difgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660. p. 114.

REED.

The following representation of Bankes and his Horfe, is a fac- fimile from a rude wooden frontifpiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.



STEVENS.

soner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*MOTH.* Hercules, master.

*ARM.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*MOTH.* 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, fir.

*ARM.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*MOTH.* As I have read, fir; and the best of them too.

*ARM.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: 9

9 Green indeed is the colour of lovers:] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare green eye," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green-ey'd*. MALONE.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealousy*; but to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers:

"Sing, all a *green willow* shall be my garland," is the burden of an ancient ditty preserved in *The Gallery of Gorgius Inventionis*, &c. 4to. 1578. STEEVENS.

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,<sup>2</sup> 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 blushing<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*ARM.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Most maculate thoughts,*] So the first quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprise the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *For blushing* —] The original copy has—*blush* in. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Which native she doth owe.*] i. e. of which she is *naturally possessed*.—To *owe* is to *possess*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the disposition that I *owe*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

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MOTH. The world was very 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 the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression<sup>5</sup> 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. [Aside.

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 be past.

<sup>5</sup> — my digression —] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
“ *Digressing* from the valour of a man.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — my *digression* is so vile, so base,  
“ That it will live engraven on my face.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the rational hind Costard;] Perhaps, we should read—the irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the *animal with some share of reason*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in it's *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its *bestial* sense in *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender:

“ He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. sc. iii: “ — you are a shallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie.” STEEVENS.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*DULL.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week : For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>5</sup> Fare you well.

*ARM.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*JAQ.* Man.

*ARM.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*JAQ.* That's hereby.<sup>6</sup>

*ARM.* I know where it is situate.

*JAQ.* Lord, how wise you are !

*ARM.* I will tell thee wonders.

*JAQ.* With that face ?<sup>7</sup>

*ARM.* I love thee.

*JAQ.* So I heard you say.

*ARM.* And so farewell.

*JAQ.* Fair weather after you !

*DULL.* Come,<sup>8</sup> Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

<sup>5</sup> ——— for the day-woman.] “ i. e. for the dairy-maid. Dairy, says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at present termed a *day* or *dey*.” *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

<sup>6</sup> *That's hereby.*] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some counties) to signify—as it may happen. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

<sup>7</sup> *With that face ?*] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time ; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had ; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding—“ that it was taken verbatim, from very polite conversation.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Come, &c.*] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio,

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*ARM.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*COST.* Well, fir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*ARM.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*COST.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*ARM.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*MOTH.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*COST.* Let me not be pent up, fir; I will fast, being loose.

*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. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;<sup>9</sup> 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*.]

*Cl.* by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con.* i. e. Constable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction.

*MALONE.*

<sup>9</sup> *It is not for prisoners to be too 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 *olds*. *JOHNSON.*

The first quarto, 1598, (the most authentic copy of this play) reads—“It is *not* for prisoners to be *too* silent in their words;” and so without doubt the text should be printed. *MALONE.*

I don't think it necessary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this passage, as it seems to have been intended that Costard should speak nonsense. *M. MASON.*



*ARM.* I do affect<sup>9</sup> 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 falsely 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 butt-shaft<sup>2</sup> is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn;<sup>3</sup> the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier!<sup>4</sup> 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.<sup>5</sup> Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

<sup>9</sup> — *affect* —] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxiv:

“ But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,

“ Than her,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *butt-shaft* —] i. e. an arrow to shoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. Thus *Othello* says—

“ ——— here is my *butt*,

“ And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *rust, rapier!*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ *Rust, sword!* cool blushes, and Parolles, live!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *sonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*sonnet*. STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

BOY. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:<sup>5</sup>

Consider who the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *your dearest spirits* :] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify—*best, most powerful*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Needs not the painted flourish of your praise* :] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this sentiment in his *Royal Convert*. The Saxon Princess is the speaker:

“ Whate'er I am  
“ Is of myself, by native worth existing,  
“ Secure, and independent of thy praise:  
“ Nor let it seem too proud a boast, if minds  
“ By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,  
“ And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.”

STEEVENS.

Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :<sup>5</sup>  
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
 Than you much willing to be counted wise  
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
 No woman may approach his silent court :  
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold of your worthiness,<sup>6</sup> we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :  
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
 Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
 Like humble-vifag'd suitors, his high will.

BOY. 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 ?

<sup>5</sup> *Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :* ] So, in our au-  
 thor's 102d Sonnet :

“ That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
 “ The owner's tongue doth publish every where.”

MALONE.  
*Chapman* here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly,  
 the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Bold of your worthiness,* ] i. e. *confident* of it. STEEVENS.

1. LORD. Longaville<sup>7</sup> is one.

PRIN. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,  
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solémnized,  
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:  
A man of soveraign parts he is esteem'd;<sup>8</sup>  
Well fitted in the arts,<sup>9</sup> glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
The only foil of his fair virtue's glos,

<sup>7</sup> *Longaville* —] For the sake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read—*Lord Longaville*—. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A man of soveraign parts he is esteem'd;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

“ A man of soveraign *peerlesse*, he's esteem'd.”

I believe, the author wrote—

“ A man of,—soveraign, *peerless*, he's esteem'd.”

A man of extraordinary *accomplishments*, the speaker perhaps would have said, but suddenly checks himself; and adds—“ soveraign, peerless he's esteem'd.” So, before: “ *Matchless* Navarre.” Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ — but you, O you,

“ So perfect, and so *peerless* are created.”

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to abrupt sentences. They are, almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much ado about nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto, “ — but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.” See Vol. IV. p. 400. See also p. 209, *ibid.* “ Sir, mock me not:—your story.” MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote—

“ A man, a soveraign *pearl*, he is esteem'd.”

i. e. not only a *pearl*, but such a one as is *pre-eminently* valuable. In *Trilussa and Cressida* Helen is called—“ a *pearl*;” and in *Macbeth* the nobles of Scotland are styled—“ the kingdom's *pearl*.”—The phrase—“ a soveraign *pearl*” may also be countenanced by—“ *captain jewels* in a carcanet,” an expression which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Well fitted in the arts,*] *Well fitted* is *well qualified*.

JOHNSON.  
*The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

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(If virtue's glofs will ftain with any foil,)  
 Is a fharp wit match'd with<sup>8</sup> too blunt a will ;  
 Whofe edge hath power to cut, whofe will ftill wills  
 It fhould none fpare that come within his power.

*PRIN.* Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't fo ?

*MAR.* They fay fo moft, that moft his humours  
 know.

*PRIN.* Such fhort-liv'd wits do wither as they  
 grow.

Who are the reft ?

*KATH.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplifh'd  
 youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :  
 Moft power to do moft harm, leaft knowing ill ;  
 For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good,  
 And fhape to win grace though he had no wit.  
 I faw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
 And much too little<sup>9</sup> of that good I faw,  
 Is my report, to his great worthinefs.

*ROSA.* Another of thefe ftudents at that time  
 Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,  
 Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never fpent an hour's talk withal :  
 His eye begets occafion for his wit ;  
 For every object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jeft ;  
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expofitor,)  
 Delivers in fuch apt and gracious words,  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
 And younger hearings are quite ravifhed ;  
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

<sup>8</sup> — match'd with —] Is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> And much too little, &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I  
 faw, is much too little compared to his great worthinefs. HEATH.

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*PRIN.* God blefs my ladies! are they all in love;  
That every one her own hath garnifhed  
With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife?

*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,<sup>2</sup>  
Were all address'd<sup>3</sup> 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 befiege his court,)  
Than feek a difpensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled houfe.  
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*]

*Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*KING.* Fair princefs, 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 bafe to be mine.

*KING.* You fhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

<sup>2</sup> — competitors *in oath*,] i. e. confederates. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ It is not Cæfar's natural vice to hate

“ Our great competitor.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Were all address'd*—] To *address* is to *prepare*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— it lifted up its head, and did *address*

“ Itself to motion.” STEEVENS.

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*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 wife,  
Where<sup>3</sup> 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 :<sup>4</sup>

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;

To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.

*KING.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*PRIN.* You will the sooner, that I were away ;  
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

*BIRON.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?<sup>5</sup>

*ROS.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

<sup>3</sup> *Where* —] *Where* is here used for *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. sc. i :

“ *Where* now you're both a father and a son.”

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And *sin to break it* :] Sir T. Hanmer reads :

“ Not *sin to break it* .”

I believe erroneously. The princess shows an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between *Catharine* and *Biron*. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

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*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,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

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On payment<sup>5</sup> of a hundred thousand crowns,  
 To have his title live in Aquitain;  
 Which we much rather had depart withal,<sup>6</sup>  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded<sup>7</sup> as it is.  
 Dear princefs, 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 fatisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much  
 wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,

<sup>5</sup> — and not demands,

On *payment*, &c.] The former editions read :

“ — 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 re-delivered 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.

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act III. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *K. John* :

“ Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ Faith, fir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *gelded* —] To this phrase Shakspeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry VI.* &c. &c. but never less properly than in the present formal speech, addressed by a king to a maiden princefs.

STEEVENS.



In so unseeming to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*KING.* I do protest, I never heard of it;  
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitain.

*PRIN.* We arrest your word:—  
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
For such a sum, from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*KING.* Satisfy me so.

*BOYET.* So please your grace, the packet is not  
come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*KING.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
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 denied fair harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*PRIN.* Sweet health and fair desires comfort your  
grace!

*KING.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!  
[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

*BIRON.* Lady, I will commend you to my own  
heart.

*ROS.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would  
be glad to see it.

*BIRON.* I would, you heard it groan.

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ROS. Is the fool sick?<sup>1</sup>

BIRON. Sick at the heart.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physick says, I.<sup>2</sup>

BIRON. Will you prick't with your eye?

ROS. No *poyn*,<sup>3</sup> with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that  
same?<sup>3</sup>

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

<sup>1</sup> *Is the fool sick?*] She means perhaps his *heart*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

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

“*Beat*. Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor *fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *My physick says, I.*] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *No poyn,*] So, in *The Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

“ ——— tell me where he is.

“ *No point*. Shall I betray my brother?” STEVENS.

No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, Act V. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *What lady is that same?*] It is odd that Shakspeare should make *Dumain* enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 215, where *Biron* says to *Rosaline*

“ Now fair befall your *mask*!” MALONE.

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*DUM.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

*LONG.* I beseech you, a word; What is she in  
the white? [Exit.]

*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>4</sup>

*BOYET.* Good sir, be not offended:  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*LONG.* Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

*BOYET.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit LONG.]

*BIRON.* What's her name, in the cap?

*BOYET.* Katharine, 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. Ladies unmask.]

*MAR.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap  
lord;

<sup>4</sup> *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.

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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 ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.<sup>5</sup>

MAR. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

MAR. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — unless we feed on your lips.] Our author has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale;

“Graze on my lips.” MALONE.

<sup>6</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.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“— my sheep have quite disgrest

“Their bounds, and leap'd into the *several*.”

Again, in *Green's Disputation*, &c. 1592: “rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force,” &c. Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

“Of late he broke into a *severall*

“That does belong to me.”

Again, in *Fenton's Tragical Discourses*, 4to, bl. 1. 1597.—“he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved *severall* to himself,” p. 64. b. Again, in *Holinshed's Hist. of England*, B. VI. p. 150,—“not to take and pale in the *commons*, to enlarge their *severalles*.” STEEVENS.

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BOYET. Belonging to whom?

MAR. To my fortunes and me.

PRIN. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,  
agree:

*My lips are no common, though several they be.*] In Dr. Johnson's note upon this passage, it is said that SEVERAL is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh also mentions the town bull, and says, "all *severells* to him are common." TOLLET.

*My lips are no common, though several they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate*, *distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common field*. In Mintheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To SEVER from others. Hinc nos pascua et campos seorsum ab aliis separatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severels*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be under-

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The civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

BOYET. If my observation, (which very seldom  
lies,)

By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,<sup>7</sup>  
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  
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,<sup>8</sup>  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking<sup>9</sup> on fairest of fair :  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;

stood in its rustick sense, the adverbative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosalind*, 1594:

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes ;

“ Dumb eloquence—.” MALONE.

<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.

Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.*—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> To feel only looking—] Perhaps we may better read :

“ To feed only by looking—.” JOHNSON.

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they  
were glafs'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,<sup>a</sup>  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:  
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kifs.

*PRIN.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dis-  
pos'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 lie.

*ROS.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
skilfully.

*MAR.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns  
news of him.

*ROS.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her  
father is but grim.

*BOYET.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*MAR.* No.

*BOYET.* What then, do you see?

*ROS.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*BOYET.* You are too hard for me.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *His face's own margent did quote, &c.*] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,

“ Find written in the *margin* of his eyes.”

Again, in *Hamlet*: “ I knew you must be edified by the *margent*.”  
MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*ARM.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense  
of hearing.

*MOTH.* *Concolinel*—<sup>3</sup> [Singing.

*ARM.* Sweet air!—Go, tendernefs of years; take  
this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him  
festinately hither; <sup>4</sup> I must employ him in a letter  
to my love.

<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 choose 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.* P. II. 1619:—“Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

“Here they two talk, and rail *what they list*.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

“*Cantat Gallice*.” But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th *Act*:

“*Cantat saltatque cum Ciithara*.”

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — festinately *hither*;] i. e. hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *festinate*, in *King Lear*: “Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most *festinate* preparation.” STEEVENS.



*MOTH.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>5</sup>

*ARM.* How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

*MOTH.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,<sup>6</sup> humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; fometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; fometime 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>7</sup> and keep not too long in

<sup>5</sup> — a French brawl?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) ſeems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In *The Malcontent* of Marſton, I meet with the following account of it: “The *brawl*! why 'tis but two ſingles to the left, two on 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 Ben Jonſon's maſque of *Time Vindicated*:

“The Graces did them footing teach;

“And, at the old Idalian *bravls*,

“They danc'd your mother down.” STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*, Act II. ſc. ii:

“'Tis a *French brawl*, an aſiſh imitation

“Of what you really perform in battle.” TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — canary to it with your feet,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</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 want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,<sup>8</sup> these are humours; these betray<sup>9</sup> nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.<sup>3</sup>

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.<sup>3</sup>

ARM. But O,—but O,—

MOTH. —the hobby-horse is forgot.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *These are complements,*] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements to accomplishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</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 old 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.

<sup>2</sup> — *and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that are most affected to these.*] i. e. and make those men who are most affected to such accomplishments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any necessity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions. One of the modern editors, instead of—“do you note, *men?*” with great probability reads—do you note *me?*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *By my penny of observation.*] Thus Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Pennicworth of Wit*. The old copy reads—*pen*. FARMER.

The story Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakspeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

<sup>4</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 friar; 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.

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ARM. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOTH. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,<sup>5</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 without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the difuse 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 ob! but ob!*—humorously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See note on Act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *but a colt,*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

JOHNSON.

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, fir, you must send the afs upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, fir.

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, fir, to say so:<sup>6</sup> Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric! He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

<sup>6</sup> *You are too swift, fir, 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, fir, to say so so soon:*

*Is that lead slow, fir, 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*; or, as Mr. M. Mason explains the passage, “*You are too hasty in saying that: you have not sufficiently considered it.*”

*Swift*, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:

“*I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both swiftly and wittily, already.*” STEVENS.

*Swift* is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *swiftness* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: “*He is very swift and sententious.*” Again in *Much ado about nothing*:

“*Having so swift and excellent a wit.*”

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, that “*the style was more quick and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels.*”

MALONE.

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,<sup>7</sup> I must sigh in thy face:

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<sup>8</sup> in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;<sup>9</sup> no salve in the mail, fir:<sup>2</sup> O fir, plantain, a plain plan-

<sup>7</sup> *By thy favour, sweet welkin,*] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for fighting in its face. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *here's a Costard broken*—] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorne*:

“ I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horn.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *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 ancient English writers.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“ Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*.”—All the *Tragedies of John Beebas*, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *no salve in the mail, fir*;) The old folio reads—*no salve in thee male, fir*, which, in another folio, is, *no salve in the male, fir*. What it can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no

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tain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no *salve*, *fir*, but a plantain!

salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read—*no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, fir—O fir, 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*. So likewise, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

“Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure sure.”

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

*Male*, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient spelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, (*Character of a Bawd*), 1630:—“the cloathe-bag of counfel, the capcase, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration.” The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have—*thee male*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose the Latin verb *salvê*, and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

“*Salve*; Master Simplicius.

“*Salve* me; 'tis but a *Surgeon's complement*.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read—*no salve* in them all, *fir*.

TYRWHITT.

This passage appears to me to be nonsense as it stands, incapable of explanation. I have therefore no doubt but we should adopt the amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt, and read—No *salve* in *them* all, Sir.

Moth tells his master, that *there was a Costard with a broken shin*: and the Knight, supposing that Moth has some conceit in what he said, calls upon him to explain it.—*Some riddle*, says he, *some enigma*. *Come—thy l'envoy,—begin*. But Costard supposing that he was calling for these things, in order to apply them to his broken shin, says, he will not have them, as they were none of them *salves*, and begs for a plain plantain instead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Costard's speech, which provokes the illustrious Armado to laugh at the *inconsiderate, who takes salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for salve*.

*ARM.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy  
filly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs  
provokes 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.* Do 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 fain.  
I will example it:<sup>3</sup>

But when Moth, who is an arch and sensible character, says, in  
reply to Armado:—"Do the wise think them other? Is not  
*l'envoy* a falve?" we must not suppose that this question is owing  
to his simplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the  
Knight on to the subsequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*,  
or to quibble in the manner stated in the notes upon the Eng-  
lish word *salve* and the Latin *salvé*; a quibble which operates  
upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has shown it was not  
a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear  
to be the case, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or  
poem, it was probably in the *l'envoy* that the poet or reciter took  
leave of the audience, and the word itself appears to be derived  
from the verb *envoyer*, to send away. Now the usual salutation  
amongst the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word  
*salvé*. Moth, therefore, considers the *l'envoy* as a salutation or  
*salvé*, and then quibbling on this last word, asks if it be not a  
*salve*.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is  
the only one that occurs to me. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *I will example it: &c.*] These words, and some others, are  
not in the first folio, but in the quarto of 1598. I still believe  
the old passage to want regulation, though it has not sufficient  
merit to encourage the editor who should attempt it.

There is in Tuffer an old song, beginning—

“The ape, the lion, the fox, and the asse,

“Thus fetts forth man in a glasse,” &c.

Perhaps some ridicule on this ditty was intended. STEEVENS.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.  
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

MOTH. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral  
again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow  
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose:  
Would you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, 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.

COST. 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.\*

\* And he ended the market.] Alluding to the proverb—*Three*



*ARM.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?<sup>5</sup>

*MOTH.* I will tell you sensibly.

*COST.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*ARM.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*COST.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*ARM.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise 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 dur-  
ance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing  
but this: Bear this significant to the country maid  
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him  
money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-  
warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*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.

It has been already observed that the *bead* was anciently called the *costard*. So, in *K. Richard III.* "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crabstick*. So, in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his service."——

"With a *costard*." STEEVENS.

MOTH. Like the sequel, I.<sup>6</sup>—Signior Costard,  
adieu.

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy  
Jew!<sup>7</sup>— [Exit MOTH.

<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.

THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequels*, by the 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; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinshed, p. 639.—“to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequels*, all civil warre and inward division might cease,” &c. Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath observes that the meaning of Moth is,—“I follow you as close as the sequel does the premises.” STEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *sequel* of any story, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner: “Here followeth the *sequel* of such a story, or adventure.” So *Hamlet* says, “But is there no *sequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition?” M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — my inconvy Jew!] *Inconvy* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read:

“— my *inconvy* jewel.” WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Sequel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew.”

JOHNSON.

The word is used again in the 4th act of this play:

“— most inconvy vulgar wit.”

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

“— it makes you have a most inconie body.”

*Conv* and *inconvy* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“O superdainty canon, vicar *inconvy*.”

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“O, I have sport *inconvy* i' faith.”

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny*:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*BIRON.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*COST.* Pray you, fir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*BIRON.* What is a remuneration?

*COST.* Marry, fir, half-penny farthing.

*BIRON.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of filk.

*COST.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*BIRON.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*COST.* When would you have it done, fir?

*BIRON.* O, this afternoon.

Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble.”

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“ A cockscornb *incony*, but that he wants money.”

STEVENS.

There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnson's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. RITSON.

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*COST.* Well, I will do it, fir: Fare you well.

*BIRON.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*COST.* I shall know, fir, when I have done it.

*BIRON.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*COST.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*BIRON.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.  
[Gives him money.

*COST.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: \* Most

\* *Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] Guerdon, i. e. reward.*

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee whate'er it be.”

Perhaps *guerdon* is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

The following parallel passage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort, &c.* 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

“ There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, lest thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie,) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market

sweet guerdon!—I will do it, fir, in print.<sup>9</sup>—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.

BIRON. O!—And I, forfooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;  
A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!<sup>2</sup>  
This wimpled,<sup>3</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy;

goes. Now an other coming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd fervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the fervant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the fervant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*."

Shakspeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his present vein of jocularity, the earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, being printed in 1598. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read—*in print*, but I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use.

So, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"Next, your ruff must stand *in print*."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"I am sure my husband is a man *in print*, in all things else."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"— this doublet fits *in print*, my lord." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Than whom no mortal so magnificent!*] *Magnificent* here means, *glorying, boasting*. M. MASON.

Terence also uses *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. *Usque adeo illius ferre possum ineptias & magnifica verba*. Eunuch, Act IV. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *This wimpled,*] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammenum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, iii. 22. we find: "— the mantles, and the *wimples*, and

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;<sup>4</sup>  
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

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>4</sup> *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;*] The old reading is—*This signior Junio's, &c.* STEEVENS.

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 fits 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 a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes 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 styled 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—*"

Shakspeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reason to suppose that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written so early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then published, the supposed allusion to

The anointed sovereign of fighs and groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
 Dread prince of plackets,<sup>5</sup> king of codpieces,

the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in support of Upton's conjecture will ascertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakspeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614. speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signior* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus, in the first folio, at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ S. Dro. Not I, fir; you are my elder.

“ E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?

“ S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*.” TOLLET.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I should have had no doubt that the second word in the line was only the old spelling of *senior*, as in a former passage, [Act I. sc. ii.] and in one in *The Comedy of Errors* quoted by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himself called *signior*, or *senior* Junio, but a giant-dwarf *to* [that is, attending upon] *signior* Junio, and therefore we must endeavour to explain the words as they stand. In both these copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name.

For the reasons already mentioned, I suppose *signior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be described as uniting in his person the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a dwarf on account of his size; [So afterwards: “Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might.”] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (personified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the passion of love has most dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who ascribes to the month of June a similar etymology:

“ Junius a juvenum nomine dictus adest.” MALONE.

I have not the smallest doubt that *senior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient English poets, (as Dr. Farmer has observed on such another occasion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Dread prince of plackets,*] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.



Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors,<sup>6</sup>—O my little heart!—  
 And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>7</sup>  
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</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>7</sup> *And I to be a corporal of his field,*] *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.

TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

“As corporal of the field, maestro del campo.”

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson, by this name, “had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines.” Brookeby tells us, that “Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse.” FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, “in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field.” TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] 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.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his badge or cognisance, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in *Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 301: “The earle of Surric gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon,” &c. So, in *Stowe's Annals*, p. 274: “All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome.” Again, in *Selden's Duello*, chap. ii: “his esquires cloathed in his *colours*.” *Biron* banter himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.



What? I! I love!<sup>8</sup> I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,  
 Still a repairing;<sup>9</sup> ever out of frame;

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *boop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What? I! I love!*] A second *what* had been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—*What? I! I love!*

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

"And *I*, forfooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—"  
 Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — like a German clock,

*Still a repairing;*] The same allusion occurs in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"no German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"—she consists of a hundred pieces,  
 " Much like your German clock, and near allied:  
 " Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.  
 " Besides a greater fault, but too well known,  
 " They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606,—"their wits (like wheels of Brunswick clocks) being all wound up as far as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial 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 remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clockwork was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

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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,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;<sup>2</sup>  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.<sup>3</sup>

[Exit.

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 mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of *The Paston Family*, Vol. II. 2d edit. p. 31. STEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel, in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the coq de Strasburgh that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> — sue, and groan;] And which is not in either of the authen-

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,  
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRIN. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse  
so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting  
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;  
On saturday we will return to France.—  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?<sup>4</sup>

tic copies of this play, the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *where is the bush,*

*That we must stand and play the murderer in?*] How familiar this amusement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I besiche yo<sup>r</sup> Lordshipp to tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the same even as yo.<sup>r</sup> Lordshippes owne. *My ladye may shote w.<sup>th</sup> ber crossbowe.*" &c. Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I. p. 203.

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Vol. III. p. 295.

"Yo.<sup>r</sup> Lordshype hath sente me a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the wellcomer beyngc *stryken* by yo.<sup>r</sup> ryght honorable Ladie's hande, &c.

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*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, and 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 glafs,<sup>4</sup> take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

—My balde bucke lyves styll to wayte upon yo.<sup>r</sup> L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, w.<sup>ch</sup> I expect whensoever shall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott bytt hym* through the nose, for marryng hys whyte face; howbeit I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie of my buckes, fence the last tyme y<sup>t</sup> pleased her to take the travell *to shote att them,*" &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Here, good my glafs,*] To understand how the princess has her glafs so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirrour set in gold hanging at their girle, 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 shown her to herself as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. Johnson is right in the historical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They must have their *looking-glasses* carried with them, wheresoever they go: and good reason, for how else could they see the devil in them?" And in *Maffinger's City Madam*, several women are introduced with *looking-glasses at their girdles*. FARMER.

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*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 show my skill,  
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes;  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart:<sup>5</sup>  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.<sup>6</sup>

*BORET.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty<sup>7</sup>  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords?

*PRIN.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

<sup>5</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>6</sup> — that *my heart means no ill.] That my heart means no ill,* is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him [not to him] no harm.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> — *that self-sovereignty —]* Not a sovereignty *over,* but *in,* themselves. So, *self-sufficiency, self-consequence, &c.* *MALONE.*

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*Enter COSTARD.*

*PRIN.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.\*

*COST.* God 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,  
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*PRIN.* What's your will, 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:

\* — *a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended: a member of the *common-wealth* is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

The Princess calls Costard a *member of the commonwealth*, because she considers him as one of the attendants on the King and his associates in their *new-modelled society*; and it was part of their original plan that Costard and Armado should be *members* of it.

M. MASON.

† *God dig-you-den* —] A corruption of—*God give you good even.*

MALONE.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS,

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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 artauteous; truth itself,*

<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 litera*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre 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.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, “my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee*.”—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at “the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work, is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

“A London cuckold hot from the spit,

“And when the *carver* up had *brake him*,” &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the *capon*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Lectorius read, and *break these letters up*.” STEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. Vol. III. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera*. TOLLIT.

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that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer<sup>4</sup> than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate<sup>5</sup> king Cophetua<sup>6</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,<sup>7</sup> two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—*Id;* 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 thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

<sup>4</sup> More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer, &c.] I would read, *fairer than fair, more beautiful, &c.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> — illustrate —] for illustrious. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — king Cophetua —] 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.* P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — saw,] The old copies here and in the preceding line have *—see.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.



Thus dost thou hear<sup>8</sup> the Nemean lion roar  
 Against thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play:  
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he, that in-  
 dited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever  
 hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember  
 the style.

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it<sup>9</sup>  
 erewhile.<sup>2</sup>

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps  
 here in court;

A phantasm,<sup>3</sup> a Monarcho;<sup>4</sup> and one that makes  
 sport

<sup>8</sup> Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a  
 quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — going o'er it—] A pun upon the word *style*.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>2</sup> — erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh*:

“ Here lies *Hobbinol*, our *shepherd* while e'er.” JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> A *phantasm*,] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb.  
 6, 1608, is entered, “ a book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Taylor*  
*and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty.” It  
 probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer  
 speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined two addi-  
 tional instances. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a *Monarcho*;] The allusion is to a fantastical character of  
 the time.—“ Popular applause (says Meres) doth 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*, &c. 1595, I meet  
 with the same allusion:—“ but now he was an insulting monarch

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To the prince, and his book-mates.

PRIN.

Thou, fellow, a word:

above *Monarcho* the Italian, that wore crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntillios, &c."

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his *Chauce*, &c. 4to. 1580, will afford the most ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract:

" The *Phantasticall Monarches* Epitaph.

- " Though *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in grave,  
" And *Petrarks* sprite bee mounted past our vewe,  
" Yet some doe liue (that poets humours haue)  
" To keepe old course with vains of verses newe:  
" Whose pennis are prest to paint out people plaine,  
" That els a sleepe in silence should remaine:  
" Come poore old man that boare the *Monarchs* name,  
" Thyne Epitaph shall here set fortho thy fame.
- " Thy climyng mynde aspiere beyonde the starrs,  
" Thy loftie stile no yearthly titell bore:  
" Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warres,  
" Thy taunting tong was pleasant sharpe and fore.  
" And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,  
" The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine:  
" Alone with freend he could of wonders treat,  
" In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.
- " No matche for fooles, if wisemen were in place,  
" No mate at meale to sit with common sort:  
" Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,  
" Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.  
" Moste bent to words on hye and solempne daies,  
" Of diet fine, and daintie diuerse waies:  
" And well disposed, if Prince did pleasure take,  
" At any mirth that he poore man could make.
- " On gallant robes his greatest glorie stood,  
" Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde:  
" He feared no state, nor caerd for worldly good,  
" Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.  
" And still he saied, the strong thrusts weake to wall,  
" When sword bore swaie, the *Monarcke* should haue all.

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Who gave thee this letter?

*Cosr.*

I told you ; my lord.

“ The man of might at length shall *Monarke* bee,  
“ And greatest strength shall make the feeble see.

“ When strangers came in presence any where,  
“ Strange was the talke the *Monarke* uttered there  
“ He had a voice could thonder through your eare,  
“ And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man :  
“ But fure small mirthe his matter harped on.  
“ His forme of life who lists to looke upon,  
“ Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will :  
“ The man is dedde, yet *Monarke* liueth still.” p. 7.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal sled that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

The succeeding quotations will afford some further intelligence concerning this fantastick being. “ I could use an incident for this, which though it may seeme of small weight, yet may it have his misterie with his act, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander.

“ The actors were, that Bergamasco (for his phantastick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about *four and twentie yeares past*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world : the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain : the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgement we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controverfie they kept in their walk the Spanish turne : which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midft ; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe) in respect of his supposed majestie ; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies ; the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie.” *A brieve Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590. p. 39.

The reader will pardon one further notice.

“ — heere comes a souldier, for my life it is a captain Swag :

PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it?

COST. From my lord to my lady.

PRIN. From which lord, to which lady?

COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline,

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.<sup>5</sup>

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit PRINCESS and Train.

BOYET. Who is the suitor?<sup>6</sup> who is the suitor?

tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young gollings," &c. *B. Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults*, p. 12. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the Princess said rather:

" — Come, ladies, away."

The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Who is the suitor?*] The old copies read—"Who is the *shooter?*" but it should be who is the *sutor?* and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on,*" &c. seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *sutor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths:

Enter the *sutors*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters?* *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* spoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry says, "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the constable's *equivogue*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisons*, (between which word and *reasons*,

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*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 choose by the horns, yourself: come  
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?

there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the words *shooter* and *suitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

" — a grief that *suits*

" My very heart at root—"

instead of—a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

[? And who is your deer?] Our author has the same play on this word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer."

MALONE.



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**ROS.** Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

**BOYET.** So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever<sup>8</sup> 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.*

[*Exeunt ROS. and KAT.*

**COSY.** By my troth, most pleafant! 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, fays my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

**MAR.** Wide o' the bow hand!<sup>9</sup> I'faith, your hand is out.

**COSY.** Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</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 Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name.  
STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Wide o' the bow hand!*] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the clout.*] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it.  
STEVENS.

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**BOYET.** An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

**COST.** Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.<sup>3</sup>

**MAR.** Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

**COST.** She's too hard for you at pricks, fir; challenge her to bowl.

**BOYET.** I fear too much rubbing; <sup>4</sup> Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt* BOYET and MARIA.]

**COST.** By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! <sup>5</sup> To see him kifs his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! <sup>6</sup>—

<sup>3</sup> — *by cleaving the pin.*] Honest Costard would have befriended Dean Milles, whose note on a song in the *Pseudo-Rowley's* ELLA has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The present application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to suspect the qualities of the *basket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I fear too much rubbing;*] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *a' will swear!*] A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

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And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit !  
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[Shouting within.  
[Exit COSTARD, running.

S C E N E II.

*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES<sup>1</sup>, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

NATH. Very reverent sport, truly ; and done in  
the testimony of a good conscience.

<sup>1</sup> Enter Holofernes,] There is very little personal reflexion in  
Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our  
author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general,  
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 criticised his works, *sea-dogs or land-critics ; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men ; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues adders forks, their lips asps 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 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 in 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 odiis ; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another*



*HOL.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—<sup>1</sup>  
blood; <sup>2</sup> ripe as a pomewater, <sup>3</sup> who now hangeth

*sort of leering curs, that rather snarle 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 Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c.* Here Shakspeare 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 princefs*, &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 argueth 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 AS.* 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author 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 author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflexions. 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 to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, *speaking a leasb 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 schoolmaster has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,<sup>2</sup>—the sky, the welkin, the heaven, and anon falleth like a crab,

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affetation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

" In Italie your lordship well hath scene  
 " Their manners, monuments, magnificence,  
 " Their language learnt, in sound, in style, in sense,  
 " Prooving by profitting, where you have beene.  
 " ——— To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We see then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the word *ibrafonical*, [See this play, Act V. sc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More's epigrams:

" Lynckt was in wedlocke a lofytie *ibrafonical* hufsnuffe."

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied, that Shakspeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such Latin fragments, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *critical* essay from that of king *James* to that of dean *Swift* inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previously looked at the panegyric on *Cartwright*, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his life of Sir *Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holofernes* acted before the princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited, are prefixed to Florio's *Dict.* 1598.

MALONE.

on the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

In support of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following passage from *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, may be brought :

“ — Knowing him to be a *Tbrafonical* mad cap, they have sent me a *Gnatbonical* companion,” &c.

*Greene*, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the same word :

“ — as of some *tbrafonical* huffe-snuffe,”

*Florio's* first work is registered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. “ Aug. 1578. *Florio his first Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tongue.” In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and English dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but, even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, “ — as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — in sanguis,—blood;] The old copies read,—*sanguis*, in blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner : “ — in the ear of *caelo*, the sky,” &c. The same expression occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. I :

“ If we be English *deer*, be then *in blood*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *ripe as a pomewater*,] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus Corbonaria*. See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597. p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of *Blew Cap for Me* :

“ Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting *pomewaters*.”

STEEVENS.

In the first act of the *Puritan*, Pyeboard says to Nicholas : “ The captain loving you so dearly, aye as the *pome-water* of his eye.” — Meaning the pupil, or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — in the ear of *cælo*, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined “ *beaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin* ;” and *terra* is explained thus : “ The element called *earth* ; anie ground, earth, countrie,—*land*, *soile*,” &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Lost*, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, though it would by no means be decisive ; but my edition is dated 1598, (posterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the first. MALONE.

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.<sup>3</sup>

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.

HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not

<sup>3</sup> But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head—  
[*'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 *farw*; the second year, a PRICKET; the third year, a *SORRELL*; the fourth year, a *soare*; the fifth, a buck of the FIRST HEAD; the sixth year, a *compleat buck*. Likewise your *hart* is the first year, a *calse*; the second year, a *brocket*; the third year, a *spade*; the fourth year, a *stag*; the sixth year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the first year, a *kid*; the second year, a *gird*; the third year, a *kemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—“I am but a pricket, a mere forell; my head's not harden'd yet.” STEEVENS.

replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in  
the duller parts;  
And such barren plants are set before us, that we  
thankful should be  
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts  
that do fructify in us more than he.<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 a school:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.]* The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

“ And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

“ (Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those parts, that do fructify in us more than he.”

*Which* in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *be* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*.

TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—“ which we taste and feeling—” &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEVENS.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be found at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

“ — and then we,

“ Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *be*.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</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 a school:]* The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.



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,<sup>7</sup> 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<sup>8</sup> to five weeks, when he came to  
 fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.<sup>9</sup>

DULL. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in  
 the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-  
 sion holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-  
 change; for the moon is never but a month old:  
 and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the prin-  
 cefs kill'd.

<sup>7</sup> *Dictynna*,] Old Copies—*Diſſima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
 MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in  
 the ſecond book of Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*:  
 " *Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing decre."

STEVENS.  
<sup>8</sup> *And raught not* —] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in *The Arraignement of*  
*Paris*, 1584:

" — the fatal fruit

" *Raught* from the golden tree of Proſerpine."

STEVENS.  
<sup>9</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.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 263

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have<sup>2</sup> 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;<sup>3</sup> for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess<sup>4</sup> pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a fore, till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from tbicket;*

*Or pricket, fore, or else sorel; the people fall a booting.*

*If sore be fore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!<sup>5</sup>*

*Of one fore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

<sup>2</sup> — I have —] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — affect the letter;] That is, I will practice alliteration.

M. MASON.

To affect is thus used by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*:

“Spenser in *aff-cting* the ancients, writ no language; yet I wou'd have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The praiseful princess* —] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto, 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly—*praysful*. MALONE.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullaync, which makes part of a collection called *The Fleuer of Fame*, printed, 1575:

“Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

“And price of endless fame,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *O sore L!*] The old copies read—*O sorell*. The necessary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The allusion (as he observes) is to L being the numeral for fifty.

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. If a talent be a claw,<sup>5</sup> look how he claws him with a talent.<sup>6</sup>

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. Mebercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable,<sup>7</sup> I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

This correction (says Mr. Malone) is confirmed by the rhyme: "A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *forell*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If a talent be a claw, &c.*] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "— let them use their *talents*." So, in *The First Part of the Contention between the houses of York and Lancaster*, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents*?"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"— and now doth ghastly death

"With greedy *talents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — claws *him with a talent*.] Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw*, is to flatter. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "— laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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.



*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* perf-on.<sup>8</sup> And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, 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.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* *Fausste, precor gelidâ<sup>9</sup> quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

*Capable* is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ O 'tis a parlous boy,

“ Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*.”

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *quasi* perf-on.] So, in *Holinshed*, p. 953:

“ Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *person* of Honielane.” Again, in *The Contention betwixte Churchyard and Camell*, 1560:

“ And send such whens home to our *person* or vicar.”

I believe, however, we should write the word—*pers-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*.

STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards *Moth* says, “ Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*.” MALONE.

*Person*, as Sir William Blackstone observes in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Persona ecclesiæ*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Hol. Fausste, precor gelidâ*—] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeni-

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!  
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*  
*Cbi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*<sup>a</sup>

ously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century.

THEOBALD.

*Fausse, precor gelida, &c.*] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakspeare has sustained the character of his pedant.—*Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poësies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preserer à le Arma virumque cano, le Fausse precor gelida; c'est-à-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par, Fausse, precor gelida.* WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. STEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second lease he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, veridits *Pierce Penniless* for a *grammar-school* wit; saies, his margin is as deeply learned as *Fausse precor gelida*." A translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Cbi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*] Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I suppose

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*<sup>3</sup>— Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

NATH. If love make me forsworn,<sup>4</sup> how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

The proverb stands thus in *Horswell's Letters*, B. I. sect. i. l. 36.

“*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*

“*Ma chi l'ha troppo veduto te dispregia.*

“*Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;*

“*Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.*”

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

Mr. Malone observes that “the editor of the first folio here, as in many other instances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald.” STEEVENS.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

“*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*

“*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ut, re, sol, &c.*] He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in *King Lear*, Act I. sc. ii. where see Dr. Burney's note.

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> *If love make me forsworn, &c.*] These verses are printed with some variations in a book entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
 eyes ;  
 Where all those pleasures live, that art would  
 comprehend :  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
 suffice ;  
 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee  
 commend :  
 All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without  
 wonder ;  
 (Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts  
 admire ;)  
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his  
 dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet  
 fire.<sup>5</sup>  
 Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly  
 tongue !

*HOL.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss  
 the accent : let me supervize the canzonet. Here  
 are only numbers ratified ;<sup>6</sup> but, for the elegancy,

<sup>5</sup> — thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — his voice was propertied  
 “ As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
 “ But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,  
 “ He was as rattling thunder.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — 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.*

facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse<sup>7</sup> his rider. But, damofella virgin, was this directed to you?

*712.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,<sup>8</sup> one of the strange queen's lords.

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 conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakspeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular 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 Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the tired horse* —] The *tired horse* was the horse adorned with ribands,—The famous *Bankes's horse* so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word: "Why didst thou boare the horse through the cares?" "— It was for tiring." "He would never tire," replies the other. FARMER.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and tyre thee."

Again, in *What you Will*, by Marston, 1607:

"My love hath tyred some fidler like Albano."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,*] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard." M. MASON.

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*HOL.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white band of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing<sup>9</sup> to the person written unto :

*Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,* *BIRON.* Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a frequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet ;<sup>2</sup> deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu.

*JAQ.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

*COST.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

*NATH.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

*HOL.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.<sup>3</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

<sup>9</sup> — writing —] Old Copies—*written.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of *Sir Nathaniel*, the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Trip and go, *my sweet* ;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nashe, 1600 :

“ Trip and go, heave and hoe,

“ Up and down, to and fro—.” MALONE.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley beginning, *Trip and go bey!*

RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — colourable colours.] That is specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.



pupil of mine; where if, before repast,<sup>4</sup> it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will 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,<sup>5</sup> the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too; 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.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;<sup>6</sup> pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool saith, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me;<sup>7</sup> I a sheep: Well

<sup>4</sup> — before *repast*,] Thus the quarto. Folio—*being repast*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6790:

“ And certes, fire, though non auctoritee

“ Were in no book,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</sup> — *this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,*] This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*. RITSON.

proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,— by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be 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!

[*Gets up into a tree.*]

*Enter the King, with a paper.*

KING. Ah me!

BIRON. [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

KING. [*reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:<sup>6</sup>  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears<sup>7</sup> of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

<sup>6</sup> *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phrase however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakspeare, in one of his other pieces, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect in which. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears—*] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:



No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe ;  
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :  
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep  
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !  
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—  
 How shall he know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper ;  
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?  
 [Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.  
 BIRON. Now, in thy likenefs, one more fool,  
 appear ! [Aside.]  
 LONG. Ah me ! I am forsworn. [Aside.]  
 BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure,<sup>8</sup> wear-  
 ing papers. [Aside.]  
 KING. In love, I hope ;<sup>9</sup> Sweet fellowship in  
 shame ! [Aside.]  
 BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.  
 [Aside.]

<sup>8</sup> “ But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
 “ Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *he comes in like a perjure,*] The punishment of perjury is  
 to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinshed*, p. 838, speaking of cardinal Wolfey, “ — he  
 so punished perjury with open punishment, and *open papers wear-*  
*ing*, that in his time it was less used.”

Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*,—“ the gentlemen were all  
 taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were sent down to Lud-  
 low, there to wear papers of perjury.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *In love, I hope ; &c.*] In the old copy this line is given to  
 Longaville. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd, so?

[*Aside.*]

BIRON. I could put thee in comfort; not by two,  
that I know:

[*Aside.*]

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of so-  
ciety,  
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simpli-  
city.

LONG. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to  
move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!  
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's  
hose:

[*Aside.*]

Disfigure not his slop.<sup>a</sup>

LONG.

This fame 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.*

<sup>a</sup> O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

*Disfigure not his slop.*] The old copies read—*slop.* STEEVENS.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *slop*? or what relation can those two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *slop*? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

*Slops* are large and wide-knee'd 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 *slop-men*, and their shops, *slop-shops.* THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of *Caja's Galatea* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes hosen*, or *Cupid's doublet.*" FARMER.

*A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
 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?<sup>3</sup>*

BIRON. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,<sup>4</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.

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company!  
 stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

BIRON. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid,<sup>5</sup> an old infant  
 play:

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
 More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;  
 Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *To lose an oath to win a paradise?*] *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—*To break on oath.* But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“ If ever love had interest in his liver.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and seek*.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>6</sup> — *four woodcocks in a dish!*] See note on *Much ado about nothing*, Act V. sc. i. DOUCE.

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 but corporal; there you lie.<sup>7</sup> [*Aside.*]

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.<sup>8</sup>

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*]

[*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 eyes-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.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time was used for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*, “each *corporal* agent.” Again:

“— and what seem'd *corporal*, melted

“As breath into the wind.”

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

“His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit.”

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *amber coted.*] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet*:

“— certain players

“We *coted* on the way.”

Again, in Chapman's *Homer*:

“— Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,

“Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his steeds.”

The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated *cloudiness*, which Dumain calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in varied shadows

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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,<sup>9</sup> and will remember'd be.

BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then incision  
Would let her out in faucers;<sup>2</sup> Sweet misprision!  
[Aside.

exceeded those of amber. *Foul* may be used (as *Fair* often is)  
as a substantive. STEEVENS.

*Quoted* here, I think, signifies *marked, written down*. So, in  
*All's Well that ends Well*:

“ He's *quoted* for a most perfidious knave.”

The word in the old copy is—*coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnson has  
observed in the last scene of this play) is only the old spelling of  
*quoted*, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following  
the pronunciation. To *cote*, is elsewhere used by our author, with  
the signification of *over-take*, but that will by no means suit  
here. MALONE.

The word here intended, though misspelled, is *quoted*, which sig-  
nifies *observed or regarded*, both here and in every place where it  
occurs in these plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itself is re-  
garded as foul, when compared with her hair*. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — why, then incision  
Would let her out in faucers;] It was the fashion among the young

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DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [Aside.]

DUM. On a day, (alack the day!)  
 Love, whose month is ever May,  
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;<sup>3</sup>  
 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!<sup>4</sup>  
 But alack, my hand is sworn,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:<sup>6</sup>

gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their passion.

Thus in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the following description of him, when in love with the King.—

“ Thus he begins, thou light and life of creatures,  
 “ Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;  
 “ And so proceeds to *incision*.”

But the custom is more particularly described in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaste, describing the different modes of making love, says—“ A fourth with *stabbing* himself, and *drinking bealbs*, or writing *languishing letters in his blood*.”—And in the *Palinode*, at the end of the play, Amorphus says, “ From *stabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!” M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— 'gan passage find;] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have—*can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Air, would I might triumph so!*] Perhaps we may better read:  
 “ Ah! would I might triumph so!” JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *my hand is sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:

“ But, alas! my hand bath sworn.”



*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>6</sup>  
 Juno but an Ethiop 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>8</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, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from  
 charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'st society :  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — [*from thy thorn :*] So Mr. Pope. The original copy reads  
 —*throne.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — [*even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied ; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in *England's Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

*Swear* is here used as a disyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n Jove*—, which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

I would willingly abandon the adoption, if I could read the line without it, and persuade myself that I was reading a verse. But when was *swear* ever used, as a disyllable, at the end of a verse ?  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — [*my true love's fasting pain.*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting.* JOHNSON.

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KING. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his  
your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
You do not love Maria; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;  
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;  
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:  
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
One, her hairs<sup>a</sup> 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 Birón say, when that he shall hear  
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?<sup>9</sup>  
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

<sup>a</sup> One, *her hairs*——] The folio reads—*On her hairs, &c.* I some years ago conjectured that we should read—*One, her hairs were gold, &c.* i. e. *the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal.* The king is speaking of the panegyrics pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. *One and on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *King John*, Act III. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?*] The repeated article *A* (which is wanting in the oldest copy) appears to have been judiciously restored by the editor of the folio 1632. At least, I shall adopt his supplement, till some hardy critick arises and declares himself satisfied with the following line—

Faith infring'd, which such *zeal* did swear—  
in which "*ze—al*" must be employed as a dissyllable. See Mr. Malone's note 7, p. 279. STEVENS.



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For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[*Descends from the tree.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving,<sup>2</sup> that art most in love?  
Your eyes do make no coaches;<sup>3</sup> 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 sonneting.  
But are you not ashamed? 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 I have seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!<sup>4</sup>  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *These worms for loving,*] So, in *The Tempest*, Prospero addressing Miranda, says—

“ Poor worm, thou art infected.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Your eyes do make no coaches;*] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet :

“ No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.” STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*coaches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — teen!] i. e. grief. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*] Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read—to a knot. MALONE.

*Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read—*for*. The rhymes in this play are such as that *sat* and *fat* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a true lover's knot, meaning that the king lay'd

— his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom—

so long; i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seem-

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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, firs; 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 show his face;  
Young blood will 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 show some love  
of thine?

*BIRON.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the  
heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,<sup>7</sup>  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken 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?

<sup>7</sup> — *the gorgeous East.*] Milton has transplanted this into the  
third line of the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

“ Or where *the gorgeous East*—.” STEEVENS.

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My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She, an attending star,<sup>8</sup> scarce seen a light.

*BIRON.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:<sup>9</sup>  
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,—  
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;<sup>1</sup>  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth  
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

<sup>8</sup> *She, an attending star,*] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the infertion:

“ You meaner beauties of the night,  
“ That poorly satisfy our eyes  
“ More by your number than your light,  
“ You common people of the skies,  
“ What are you when the sun shall rise?” JOHNSON.

“ — Micat inter omnes  
“ Julium fidus, velut inter ignes  
“ Luna minores.” HOR. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:*] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Birón*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;*] So, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

“ I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.” MALONE.

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>3</sup>

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.<sup>4</sup>

*KING.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;<sup>5</sup>  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.<sup>6</sup>

*BIRON.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.

<sup>3</sup> *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!*] *Word* is the reading of all 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>4</sup> — *beauty doth beauty lack,*

*If that she learn not of her eye to look:*

*No face is fair, that is not full so black.*] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:

" — those two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—

" O, let it then as well beseech thy heart

" To mourn for me;—

" Then will I swear, *beauty herself is black,*

" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"

See also his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

<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.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have

" Who art as *black as bell,* as *dark as night.*" MALONE.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,<sup>7</sup>  
 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.

<sup>6</sup> *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] *Crest* is here properly opposed 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 therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

“ ——— this is the very *top*  
 “ The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*  
 “ Of murder's arms.”

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

“ — to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd.”

So, in *Timon of Athens*: “ — the *cap* of all the fools alive” is the top of them all, because *cap* was the uppermost part of a man's dress. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Masque, says:  
 “ To you that are by excellence a queen,  
 “ The *top of beauty*,” &c.

Again, in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, P. I. ch. xiv:  
 “ — in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, so that theyr matches are not to bee had.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and *usurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The sentiments here uttered by Biron may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

*DUM.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
black.

*LONG.* And, since her time, are colliers counted  
bright.

*KING.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
crack.

*DUM.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
light.

*BIRON.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*KING.* '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.]*

*BIRON.* O, if the streets were paved with thine  
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*DUM.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward  
lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*KING.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*BIRON.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*KING.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón,  
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 291

DUM. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

LONG. O, some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quilllets,<sup>8</sup> how to cheat the devil.

DUM. Some falve for perjury.

BIRON. O, 'tis more than need!—  
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:<sup>9</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 engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn<sup>2</sup> 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?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *some quilllets,*] *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>9</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>2</sup> ——— *hath forsworn*—] Old Copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *prisons up*—] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—*poisons* up. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in *King John* may add some support to it:



The nimble spirits in the arteries;<sup>4</sup>  
 As motion, and long-during action, tires  
 The finewy 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>5</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;<sup>6</sup>  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation, have found out  
 Such fiery numbers,<sup>7</sup> as the prompting eyes

" Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 " Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick,*  
 " Which else *runs tickling up and down the veins,*" &c.

MALONE.

<sup>4</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 ἀρτήρα τῆς ψυχῆς.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *our books;*] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive most information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *In leaden contemplation, have found out*  
*Such fiery numbers,*] Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you,* says Biron, *by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?* JOHNSON.

*In leaden contemplation,*] So, in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:

" With a sad, *leaden,* downward cast."

Again, in Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*:

" With *leaden* eye that loves the ground." STEEVENS.



Of beauteous tutors<sup>8</sup> have enrich'd you with?  
 Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;<sup>9</sup>  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Of beauteous tutors* —] Old Copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Other flow arts entirely keep the brain* ;] As we say, *keep the house, or keep their bed*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the suspicious head of theft is stopp'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.

WARBURTON.

“ *The suspicious head of theft is the head suspicious of theft.* ” “ He watches like one that fears robbing,” says Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias* :

“ A heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart.”

FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the person who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *thef* a person.

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have countenanced his explanation, by a passage in the third part of *K. Henry VI* :

“ *Suspicion* always haunts the guilty mind :

“ The *thief* doth fear each bush an officer :”

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer ; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who signs himself *Lucius* in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. “ *The suspicious*

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled<sup>2</sup> snails;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:  
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?<sup>3</sup>  
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;<sup>4</sup>

*head of best* (says he) is the suspicious head of *the thief*. "There is no man who listens so eagerly as a thief, or whose ears are so acutely upon the stretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — cockled —] i. e. inshelled, like the fish called a *cockle*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuileries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,  
 "Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,  
 "That watch'd *the garden*, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been used in the same sense in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the Hesperides,  
 "Shutteth the garden's gate,—" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;*] This expression, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—

"*Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' 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.

"— as sweet and musical

"As bright Apollo's lute *strung with his hair.*"

The author of the *Revisal* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *strung with sunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense; and in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.<sup>5</sup>

in Lyly's *Midas*, a play which most probably preceded Shakespeare's. Act IV. sc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphne's* haire, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c. T. WARTON.

Lyly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1592. The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,  
"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,  
"And kept them to play musick to the gods?"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, a poem, 1599:

"With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,  
"And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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 drowsy 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, Palæphatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωῖος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. *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 ancient 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 Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. 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.*

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this.—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;

much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arfileus' reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" Unless mild *Love* possesse your amorous breasts,  
" If you sing not to him, your songs *do wearie*."

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 critick'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, no less reprehensible.

STEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes *heaven drowsy with the harmony*.] The old copies read—*make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same error occurs: " — each of you *have* forsworn—."

For *makes*, r. *make*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — for every *one* of these *letters are* in my name."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

" The *venom* of such *looks*, we fairly hope,  
" *Have* lost their quality."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" The *posture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, more appositely, in *K. John*:

" How oft the *fight of means* to do ill deeds  
" *Make* ill deeds done."

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

" The *outside* of her *garments were* of lawn."

See also the sacred writings: " The *number* of the *names* together *were* about an hundred and twenty." Acts i. 15. MALONE.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :<sup>6</sup>

*And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods  
Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read *Pindar*, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as I think, some one has proposed before :

“ The voice *makes* all the gods  
“ *Of heaven drowsy with the harmony.*” FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader :

“ Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring  
“ With charms all potent, earth *asleep to bring.*”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ ——— music call, and strike more dead  
“ Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense.”

STEVENS.

So also, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ ——— softly pray ;  
“ Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
“ Unless some dull and favourable hand  
“ Will whisper *musick* to my wearied spirit.”

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609 :

“ ——— Most *heavenly musick!*  
“ It nips me into listening, and *thick slumber*  
“ Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me rest.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :*] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers :

*From women's 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 from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what



They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;<sup>7</sup>

had undergone his revival. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but because they are repeated in a subsequent part of the speech. There are also some other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of these lines ought to be struck out. Biron repeats the principal topics of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — a word that loves all men ;] We should read :

“ — a word all women love.”

The following line :

“ Or for men's sake (the authors 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.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to “ men's fakes, the authors of these words.” FARMER.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of the *Revival*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *fake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

— a word that loves all men ;] i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time,—it likes me well, for it pleases me. Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiouly, merely for

Or for men's sake, the authors<sup>8</sup> 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 ;<sup>9</sup>

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.<sup>2</sup>

*LONG.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes  
 by :

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*KING.* And win them too : therefore let us de-  
 vise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*BIRON.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
 thither ;

the sake of the antithesis. *Men* in the following line are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the authors* —] Old Copies—*author*. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;*] So, in *King Richard III* :

“ Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;” —

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *but be first advis'd,*

*In conflict that you get the sun of them.*] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts.

MALONE.

300 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST:

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,  
Fore-run fair Love,<sup>2</sup> 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>3</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>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fore-run fair Love,*] i. e. Venus. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:  
“Now for the love of *Love*, and her soft hours—.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *sow'd 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.

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is pre-  
served in Mr. Theobald's edition,—“if we don't take the proper  
measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,”  
—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's second  
thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald  
ends the third act. JOHNSON.



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*HOL. Satis quod sufficit.*<sup>5</sup>

*NATH.* I praise God for you, fir: your reasons at dinner have been<sup>6</sup> sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>7</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *your reasons at dinner have been, &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare 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 his character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

“ Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*.”

*Audacious* was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness*:

“ — she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *without affection,*] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*: “ — No matter that might indite the author of *affection*.” Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd “ an *affection'd* afs.”

STEEVENS.

*HOL.* *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>8</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical.<sup>9</sup> He is too picked,<sup>2</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*NATH.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

*HOL.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

<sup>8</sup> ——— *his tongue filed,*] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *thrafonical.*] The use of the word *thrafonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He is too picked,*] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in *K. John*:

" ——— *I catbeckife*

" *My piqued man of countries.*" JOHNSON.

See a note on *K. John*, Act I. and another on *K. Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently spelt and 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 reverential devotion, for our bootes and shoes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house."

STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely drest* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, *Cont. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *prueth* him and *piketh*." And Shakspeare in this very play, uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dressing*, Act IV. sc. iii:

" ——— or spend a minute's time

" *In pruning me——*"

fanatical phantasms,<sup>3</sup> such infociable and point-devise<sup>4</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, 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 abhominable,<sup>5</sup> (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie;<sup>6</sup> *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety in dress*. Discoveries, Vol. VII. Whalley's edit. p. 116: "—— too much *pickedness* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "—— he might have showed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— phantasms,] See Act IV. sc. i:

"A *phantasm*, a Monarcho—." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *point-devise* —] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says:

"I will be *point-devise*, the very man." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This is abhominable, &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, "*Abominor, execror. Asinitas mera est, impietas,*" &c. and calls his adversary, "*Lutum stercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrementum inscitæ, sterquilinum, stercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propodium, καθαρµα.*" WARBURTON.

Shakspeare 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 Lyly and his imitators.

—— *abhominable*,] Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. So, in *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

"And then I will bryng in

"*Abhominable* lyving." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *it insinuateth me of insanie; &c.*] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamie: Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatick.*

*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone* intelligo.

*Hol.* Bome, boon *for* boon Priscian; a little scratch, 'twill

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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! [To MOTH.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not firrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

serve.] Why should *insamy* be explained by making *frantick*, *lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

*Bone?*—*bone* for *benè*. *Priscian* a little scratched: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which 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 verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

“ In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,

“ With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,

“ After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,

“ For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.” STEEVENS.

I should rather read—“ it insinuateth *men* of *insanie*.”

FARMER.

HOL. Most military fir, salutation.

MOTH. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.<sup>6</sup> [To COSTARD *aside*.

COST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words!<sup>7</sup> I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:<sup>8</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.<sup>9</sup>

MOTH. Peace; the peal begins.

ARM. Monsieur, [To HOL.] 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.

<sup>6</sup> *They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.*] So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a banquet of the broken fragments of scripture." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the alms-basket of words!*] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in *The Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's basket." STEEVENS.

The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into a basket for the poor." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604: "His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense." I meet with it likewise in Nal's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a flap-dragon.*] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. ACT II. sc. ult. STEEVENS.



MOTH. Ba, most filly 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.

HOL. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.<sup>2</sup>

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:<sup>3</sup> 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?

<sup>2</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; o, u.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— a quick venew of wit:] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“ ——— in the fencing-school

“ To play a *venew*.” STEEVENS.

A *venue*, as has already been observed, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *bit*. “A sweet touch of wit, (says Armado,) a smart *bit*.” So, in *The Famous Historie of Captain Thomas Stukely*, b. l. 1605: “ — for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth burton of your doublet, thirty crowns.” MALONE.

Notwithstanding the positiveness with which my sense of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation sufficiently establishes it; for who ever talked of *playing a bit* in a fencing school? STEEVENS.

MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*; <sup>4</sup> A gig 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, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house <sup>5</sup> on the top of the mountain?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, fans 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.

<sup>4</sup> — *I will whip about your infamy circum circa*;] The old copies read—*unum cita*. STEEVENS.

Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean—*circum circa*: i. e. about and about: though it may be designed he should mistake the terms.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> — *the charge-house*—] I suppose, is the *free-school*.

STEEVENS.



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*HOL.* The posterior of the day, most generous fir,  
is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-  
noon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and  
apt, I do assure you, fir, 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<sup>5</sup> between us, let it pass:—I do  
beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech  
thee, apparel thy head:<sup>6</sup>—and among other impor-

<sup>5</sup> ——— *inward*—] i. e. confidential. So, in *King Richard III*:  
“ Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy.—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates (“ but let that pass,”) that when he and his Majesty converse, the king lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: “ *I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember not thy courtesy; do not observe any ceremony with me; be covered.*” “ The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591,) is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremony rather to be avoided than otherwise.”

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis, To whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: “ Give me your neif, mounfieur Mustardfeed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie, mounfieur.*”

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he desires Ofrick to “ put his bonnet to the right use,” begins his address with the same words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here.

“ *Ham. I beseech you, remember—*

“ *Ofr. Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.*”

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene:

“ O, that your face were so full of o's—”

instead of—were *not* so full, &c. MALONE.



tunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,<sup>7</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,<sup>8</sup> 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 breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*HOL.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—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?

By "remember thy courtesy" I suppose Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *dally with my excrement,*] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *chuck,*] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*—"

STEEVENS,

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*HOL.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman,<sup>8</sup> Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*ARM.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*HOL.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*MOTH.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;<sup>9</sup> though few have the grace to do it.

*ARM.* For the rest of the worthies?—

*HOL.* I will play three myself.

*MOTH.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*ARM.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*HOL.* We attend.

*ARM.* We will have, if this fadge not,<sup>2</sup> an antick. I beseech you, follow.

<sup>8</sup> — *myself, or this gallant gentleman,*] The old copy has—*and this, &c.* The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—*shall pass for Pompey the great.* If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, “because of his great limb.”

MALONE.

“*Shall pass Pompey the great,*” seems to mean, shall *march* in the procession for him; *walk* as his representative. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *to make an offence gracious;*] i. e. to convert an offence against yourselves, into a dramatic propriety. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *if this fadge not,*] i. e. *suit not.* Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth Night.* STEEVENS.

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*HOL.* *Via,*<sup>3</sup> goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*DULL.* Nor understood none neither, fir.

*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.

*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*PRIN.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—  
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*ROS.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*PRIN.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

<sup>3</sup> *Via,*] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!*  
STEVENS.

*ROS.* That was the way to make his god-head  
wax;<sup>3</sup>  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*KATH.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*ROS.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd  
your sister.

*KATH.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she died:  
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*ROS.* What's your dark meaning, moufe,<sup>4</sup> of this  
light word?

*KATH.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*ROS.* We need more light to find your meaning  
out.

*KATH.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in  
snuff;<sup>5</sup>

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

<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.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:

"I view those wanton brooks that waxing still do wane."

Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoses*, 1601:

"Men's follies will ever wax, and then what reason can make them wise?"

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V:

"The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — moufe,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his moufe."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — taking it in snuff;] Snuff is here used equivocally for anger, and the snuff of a candle. See more instances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.*, P. I. Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

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*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*KATH.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*KATH.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.<sup>6</sup>

*PRIN.* Well bandied both; a set of wit ' well play'd.

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 Birón:  
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:  
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*PRIN.* Any thing like?

<sup>6</sup> ——— *for, Past cure is still past care.*] The old copy reads—*past care is still past care.* The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it must be owned, is supported by a line in *K. Richard II*:

“ Things past *redress* are now with me past *care.*”

So also in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632:  
“ She had got this adage in her mouth, Things past *cure*, past *care.*”  
—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet seem rather in favour of the old reading:

“ Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

“ And frantick mad with evermore unrest.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a set of wit*—] A term from tennis. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ ————— play a *set*

“ Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.”

STEEVENS.



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*ROS.* Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

*PRIN.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*KATH.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*ROS.* 'Ware pencils!' How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!<sup>8</sup>

*KATH.* A pox of that jest! and beshrew all  
shrows!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> 'Ware pencils!] The former editions read:

"Were pencils"——

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored:

"'Ware pencils'"——

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> —*so full of O's!*] Shakspeare talks of "—fiery O's and eyes of light," in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!*] "*Pox* of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sickness of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

*A pox of that jest! &c.*] This line which in the old copies is given to the princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expression, shew that—"I beshrew," the reading of these copies, was a mistake of the transcriber.

MALONE.

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PRIN. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?<sup>2</sup>

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain?

KATH. Yes, madam; and moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:  
A huge translation of hypocrisy.  
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 Birón I'll torture ere I go.  
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!<sup>3</sup>  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

<sup>2</sup> But what was sent to you from fair Dumain? The old copies, after But insert Katharine. We should therefore read:

"But, Katharine, what was sent you from Dumain?"

RITSON:

<sup>3</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.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"What, are you in by the week? So; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am in by the week, let me look to the year."

STEEVENSON.

And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;  
 And shape his service wholly to my behests;<sup>3</sup>  
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests!<sup>4</sup>  
 So portent-like<sup>5</sup> would I o'erfway his state,  
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *wholly to my behests,*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, read—to my *device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the second folio, in this very sheet. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And make him proud to make me proud that jests!*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.*

Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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 show 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 Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— *merely thou art Death's Fool;*  
 “ *For him thou labour'st by thy sight to shun,*  
 “ *And yet run'st 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 a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared first in the Oxford edition. MALONE.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean—“ *so scoffingly would I o'erfway,*” &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Reed in *Measure for Measure*, here cited, has been altogether misunderstood. It is only



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 317.

*PRIN.* None are so<sup>6</sup> 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 wantonnefs.<sup>7</sup>

*MAR.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wife, 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:  
Must your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always represented. I have several of these alphabets. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> *None are so, &c.*] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to wantonnefs.*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio have —to *wantons be*. For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. MALONE.

318 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRIN. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! \* What are they,  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
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 majestic would put him out;  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*  
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the  
shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before:

\* *Saint Dennis, to saint Cupid!*]—The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle St. Cupid:

“ Saint Cupid then, and soldiers to the field.”

M. MASON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 319

Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
 Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*  
 The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*  
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
 That in this spleen ridiculous<sup>9</sup> appears,  
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.<sup>2</sup>

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparel'd  
 thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *spleen ridiculous* —] Is, a ridiculous *fit* of laughter.

JOHNSON.

The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter.  
 So, in some old Latin verses already quoted on another occasion:

“ *Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *passion's solemn tears.*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears

“ The passion of loud laughter never shed.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,*] The settling commerce  
 in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the con-  
 cern and conversation of the publick. There had been several em-  
 bassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the  
 manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Musco-  
 vites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as  
 a coronation has been since. WARBURTON.

A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long  
 before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the  
 Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the par-  
 liament-chamber at Westminster “ came the lorde Henry, Earle of  
 Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in two long gounes of yellowe  
 satin travarfed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a  
 bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with  
 furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havying an  
 hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up.” *Hall*  
*Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of  
 the dress used upon the present occasion by the king and his lords  
 at the performance of the play. RITSON.

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:  
 And every one his love-feat will advance  
 Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

*PRIN.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
 task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;  
 And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
 So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
 And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*ROS.* Come on then; wear the favours most in  
 sight.

*KATH.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*PRIN.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
 They do it but in mocking merriment;  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*ROS.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*PRIN.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;  
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.<sup>4</sup>

*BOYET.* Why, that contempt will kill the speak-  
 er's heart,  
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

<sup>4</sup> — her face.] The first folio, and the quarto, 1598, have—  
 his face. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 321

PRIN. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in,<sup>5</sup> if he be out.  
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

BOYET. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the  
maskers come. [The ladies mask.

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians,  
and Attendants.*

MOYH. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.<sup>6</sup>

MOYH. 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.

MOYH. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*

Out—

BOYET. True; out, indeed.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *will ne'er come in,*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—*will e'er*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</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 addresses, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their poem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

*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—

*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 this grass.

*BOYET.* They say, that they have measur'd many  
a mile,  
To tread a measure<sup>7</sup> with you on this grass.

<sup>7</sup> To tread a measure —] The measures were dances solemn and  
flow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 323

*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,

the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them in this manner:

“ But, after these, as men more civil grew,  
“ He did more *grave and solemn measures frame* :  
“ With such fair order and proportion true,  
“ And correspondence ev'ry way the same,  
“ That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,  
“ For every eye was moved at the sight,  
“ With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.  
“ Not those young students of the heavenly book,  
“ Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,  
“ Which on the stars did all their life-time look,  
“ Could ever find such measure in the skies,  
“ So full of change, and rare varieties;  
“ Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,  
“ Are only *spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.*” REED.

See Beatrice's description of this dance in *Much ado about Nothing*,  
Vol. IV. p. 426. MALONE.



324 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*KING.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds  
do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,<sup>8</sup> to  
shine

(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

*KING.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one  
change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then: nay, you must do it  
soon. *[Musick plays.]*

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.<sup>9</sup>  
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.

<sup>8</sup> *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,]* When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *the man.*] I suspect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been lost. MALONE.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 325

*KING.* Why take we hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends:—  
Court'fy, sweet hearts;<sup>2</sup> and so the measure ends.

*KING.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*KING.* Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*KING.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

*KING.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*KING.* I am best pleas'd with that.  
[*They converse apart.*]

*BIRON.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word  
with thee.

*PRIN.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there 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,<sup>3</sup> I'll play no more with you.

*BIRON.* One word in secret.

*PRIN.* Let it not be sweet.

*BIRON.* Thou griev'ft my gall.

<sup>2</sup> Court'fy, *sweet hearts*;] See *Tempest*: Vol. III. p. 40.

“*Court'fyed* when you have and kifs'd—.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Since you can cog*,] To *cog*, signifies to *falsify the dice*, and to *falsify a narrative*, or to *lye*. JOHNSON.

326 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRIN. Gall? bitter.

BIRON. Therefore meet.  
[*They converse apart.*]

DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

MAR. Name it.

DUM. Fair lady,—

MAR. Say you so? Fair lord,—  
Take that for your fair lady.

DUM. Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.  
[*They converse apart.*]

KATH. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATH. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visor half.

KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; <sup>4</sup>—Is not veal  
a calf?

LONG. A calf, fair lady?

KATH. No, a fair lord calf.

LONG. Let's part the word.

KATH. No, I'll not be your half:  
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these  
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do  
grow.

<sup>4</sup> Veal, quoth the Dutchman;] I suppose by *veal*, she means *well*, founded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 327

LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

BORET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as  
keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be feen;  
Above the fenfe of fenfe: fo fenfible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have  
wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter  
things.<sup>5</sup>

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, Lords, MOTH, Musick, and attendants.*]

PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—  
Are thefe the breed of wits fo wonder'd at?

BORET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths  
puff'd out.

ROS. Well-liking wits<sup>6</sup> they have; grofs, grofs;  
fat, fat.

PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

<sup>5</sup> *Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter things.*] Mr. Ritfon obferves, that, for the fake of meafure, the word *bullets* fhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Well-liking *wits*—] *Well-liking* is the fame as *emb point*. So, in *Job*, xxxix. 4. “— Their young ones are in *good liking*.”

STEEVENS.

328 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?  
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?  
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*ROS.* O! they were all<sup>6</sup> in lamentable cases!  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*PRIN.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*MAR.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:  
No *point*, quoth I;<sup>7</sup> my servant straight was mute.

*KATH.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his  
heart;  
And trow you, what he call'd me?

*PRIN.* Qualm, perhaps.

*KATH.* Yes, in good faith.

*PRIN.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*ROS.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-  
caps.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> O! *they were all, &c.*] O, which is not found in the first quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *No point, quoth I;*] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly spoken, is not founded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other passages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at present.

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Philomusus says—"Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte; non debet fieri,*" &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. "Punto.—never a whit;—*no point*, as the Frenchmen say." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education.

JOHNSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 329

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*PRIN.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*KATH.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*MAR.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." *Styrye's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwrights, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beerpot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,

"You shall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says, "—though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:

"—in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *shop-keeper*."

That these sumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimensions of ruffs, and the length of swords, were executed with great exactness but little discretion, by a set of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious passage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June 1580. "The French Imbasidore, Mounswer Mouifer, riding to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowtrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was steayed by thos officers that sitteth to cut sours, by reason *his raper was longer than the statute*: He was in a great feauric, and dreawe his raper. In the meane season my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so steayed the matt." Hir

330 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

*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 un-  
derstood.

*BOYET.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their  
bud :  
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.<sup>9</sup>

Matie is greatlie ofended w<sup>th</sup> the offers, in that they wanted juge-  
ment." See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, Vol. II. p. 228.

STEEVENS.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year  
1597. The epithet by which these statute caps are described,  
"plain statute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given  
in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and  
his lords probably wore *bats* adorned with feathers. So they are  
represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition,  
probably from some stage tradition. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :*

*Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shorn,*

*Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.]* This strange non-  
sense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the  
lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus :

*Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud :*

*Or angels veil'd in clouds : are roses blown,*

*Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shorn.*

But he, willing to show 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 Shakspeare's purpose  
to compare a fine lady to an angel ; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance*

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*PRIN.* Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

*ROS.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd :  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;<sup>2</sup>

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 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 Sir 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.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 91. says : " The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakspeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties ; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better. TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French *Roman de la Rose*, v. 1415 :

" Leave aloit *aval* enfaisant

" Son melodieux et plaissant."

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575 : " — as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — shapeless gear ;] *Shapel's*, for uncouth, or what Shakspeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. WARBURTON.

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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.

*BORET.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

*PRIN.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.  
[*Exeunt PRINCESS,<sup>3</sup> ROS. KATH. and MARIA.*]

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
in their proper habits.*

*KING.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*BORET.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither?

*KING.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*BORET.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.  
[*Exit.*]

*BIRON.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons  
peas;<sup>4</sup>  
And utters it again when God doth please:

<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt Princess, &c.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— pecks up wit, 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.

*Pecks* is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594: “ The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the fowles of the ayre peck'd up.” MALONE.



He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares  
 At wakes, and waffels,<sup>5</sup> meetings, markets, fairs ;  
 And we that sell by gros, 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 :<sup>6</sup> 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 meanly ;<sup>7</sup> and, in ushering,

<sup>5</sup> — *waffels*,] *Waffels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — Antony,

“ Leave thy lascivious *waffels*.” —

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vii. STEEVENS.

*Waes beal*, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *Wassel* or *Waiffail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *He can carve too, and lisp* :] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of Chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted.—“ *Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de bien parler, lorsqu'en qualité d'Ecuyer TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les festins, occupé à couper les viandes avec la propreté, l'adresse & l'elegance convenables, et à les faire distribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis cet office, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans.*” *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

I cannot cog, (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,) and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these *lisping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel.—” On the subject of *carving* see Vol. III. p. 335, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *A mean most meanly* ; &c.] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. So, Bacon : “ The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth

And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*KING.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my  
heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE,  
MARIA, KATHARINE, and attendants.*

*BIRON.* See where it comes! — Behaviour, what  
wert thou,  
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?<sup>9</sup>

*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.

tooth of the *Horfe-whale*, Morfe, or Walrus, as appears by King  
Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of *Orosius*.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> — Behaviour, what wert thou,

*Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?*] These are  
two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *man-  
ners*, 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 show and parade, it becomes an unmanly con-  
temptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not com-  
prized in the quotation. JOHNSON.

*Till this man show'd thee?*] The old copies read—"Till this  
*mad man*," &c. STEEVENS.

An error of the press. The word *mad* must be struck out.

M. MASON.

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*KING.* We came 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.

*KING.* Rebuke me not for that which you pro-  
voke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.<sup>2</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 unfullied lily, 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.

*ROS.* Madam, speak true :—It is not so my lord ;  
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)  
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *My lady, (to the manner of the days,) In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.*] *To the manner of the*

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.  
 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,<sup>4</sup>

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet<sup>5</sup>  
 With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
 By light we lose light: Your capacity  
 Is of that nature, that 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.

days, means according to the manner of the times.—*Gives undeserving praise*, means praise to what does not deserve it.

M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> Fair, *gentle sweet*,] The word *fair*, which is wanting in the two elder copies, was restored by the second folio. Mr. Malone reads—"My gentle sweet."

"My *fair, sweet* honey monarch" occurs in this very scene, p. 349. STEEVENS.

*Sweet* is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—When you speak, *sweet*,  
 "I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion."

Again, in *Othello*:

"—O, my *sweet*,  
 "I prattle out of tune."

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*fair, gentle, sweet*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *when we greet*, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

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*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 visors was it, that you wore?

*BIRON.* Where? when? what visor? why demand  
you this?

*ROS.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous  
case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*KING.* We are descrid: they'll mock us now  
downright.

*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;

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 visor to my friend;<sup>s</sup>

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

<sup>s</sup> — my friend;] i. e. mistress. So, in *Measure for Measure*:  
“ — he hath got his friend with child.” STEEVENS.

Taffata phrafes, filken terms precise,  
 Three-pil'd hyperboles,<sup>6</sup> spruce affectation,<sup>7</sup>  
 Figures pedantical; thefe summer-flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot oftentation:  
 I do forfwear them: and I here proteft,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand,  
 God knows!)  
 Henceforth my wooing mind fhall be exprefs'd  
 In ruffet yeas, and honeft kerfey noes:  
 And, to begin, wench,—fo God help me, la!—  
 My love to thee is found, fans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.<sup>8</sup>

BIRON. Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am fick;  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us fee;—  
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,<sup>9</sup> on thofe three;

<sup>6</sup> Three-pil'd *hyperboles*,] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus fays:

“ I have worn *three-pile*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *spruce affectation*,] The old copies read—*affection*.

STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*; —“ witty without *affectation*.” The word was ufed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme fuch as they thought fufficient. MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was moft certainly defigned to occur again in the prefent instance. No ear can be fatisfied with fuch rhymes as *affectation* and *oftentation*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Sans SANS, *I pray you*.] It is fcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obfcured by the punctuation. It fhould be written *Sans SANS*, i. e. *without SANS*; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laft line of his fpeech, though juft before he had *forforn* all *affectation* in phrafes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> *Write, Lord have mercy on us*,] This was the infcription put upon the door of the houfes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himfelf and his companions; and purfuing

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They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*PRIN.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
 to us.

*BIRON.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo  
 us.

*ROS.* It is not so ; For how can this be true,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?<sup>9</sup>

*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.

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.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

“ It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague-door.”

Again, in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607 :

“ Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,  
 “ More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague.”

Again, in *More Fools Yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610 :

“ To declare the *infection* for his sin,  
 “ A *croffe* is set without, there's none within.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ But by the way he saw and much respected  
 “ A doore belonging to a house infected,  
 “ Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)  
 “ *The Lord have mercy on us* : this sad bill  
 “ The sot perus'd——” STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters*, 1632 :

“ *Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — how can this be true,

*That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?*] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

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*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?<sup>2</sup>

*KING.* I was, fair madam.

*PRIN.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*KING.* That more than all the world I did respect  
her.

*PRIN.* When she shall challenge this, you will  
reject her.

*KING.* Upon mine honour, no.

*PRIN.* Peace, peace, forbear;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.<sup>3</sup>

*KING.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*PRIN.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*ROS.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight; and did value me  
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*PRIN.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

<sup>2</sup> — *well advis'd?*] i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation.  
So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ My liege I am *advis'd* in what I say.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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 re-  
luctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59:

“ — he *forced* not to hide how he did err.” STEEVENS.



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*KING.* What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*ROS.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, 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 Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*BIRON.* Neither of either;<sup>3</sup> I remit both twain.—  
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,<sup>4</sup>  
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight  
zany,<sup>5</sup>  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,<sup>6</sup> some  
Dick,—  
That smiles his cheek in years;<sup>7</sup> and knows the  
trick

<sup>3</sup> *Neither of either*;] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— a consent,] i. e. a conspiracy. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“ ——— the stars  
“ That have consented to king Henry's death.”  
STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— zany,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimic. So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“ ——— sung ———  
“ To every scuerall zanie's instrument.”  
Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

“ Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,  
“ When they will zany men.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— some trencher-knight,] See the following page:  
“ And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,  
“ Holding a trencher,”—&c. MALONE.

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—  
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

<sup>7</sup> — some Dick,—

*That smiles his cheek in years;*] Mr. Theobald says, he cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning 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 *steers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: “She cannot endure merry company, for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinkle*.” FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

“That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: “—he doth *smile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map,” &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres*, *Jeers*, the present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to support the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, *years*—i. e. *into wrinkles*, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night*: “—he does *smile his cheek into* more lines than is in the new map,” &c. The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present. In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here:

“And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,

“That dwell in every region of his *face*.”

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated singer, who, with William Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *KIND HARTS DREAM*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair, in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy swaggerer:

“O he, fir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed;

“Bar him your house.”

Again, in *Kemp's Nine daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

“A boy arm'd with a poking stick

“Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*.”

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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.  
Much upon this it is:—And might not you,<sup>8</sup>

[To BOYET.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,<sup>9</sup>  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie to Nashe's Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: “—nor Dick Swash, or Desperate Dick, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoutes more meat at ordinaries in discourging of his fraies, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen.” MALONE.

As the aptitude of my quotation from *Twelfth Night* is questioned, I shall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himself must, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakspeare, is often used for *into*. Thus, in *K. Richard III*:

“But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave.”

I really conceived this usage of the preposition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

*In will, and error.* i. e. first in will, and afterwards in error.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>9</sup> — by the squire,] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

HEATH.

*Squire* in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. See Minshew's *DiB.* in v. The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale*.

MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 345

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;<sup>2</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,<sup>3</sup> this career, been run.

*BIRON.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have  
done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*COST.* O Lord, 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 vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

*BIRON.* And three times thrice 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:

<sup>2</sup> — Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will;  
you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*:  
"There is no slander in an allow'd fool." WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> Hath this brave manage,] The old copy has *manager*. Cor-  
rected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> You cannot beg us,] That is, we are not fools; our next rela-  
tions 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.

It is the wardship of *Lunatics* not *Idiots* that devolves upon the  
next relations. Shakspeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnson, was  
not aware of the distinction. DOUCE.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardship of an  
idiot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir,—

*BIRON.* Is not nine.

*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 show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man; <sup>4</sup> 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.<sup>5</sup>

*BIRON.* Go, bid them prepare.

lord coming to another nobleman's house, the fool saw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, answered, you have more cause to love me for it; for if my lord had seen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands."

*Cabinet of Mirib, 1674.*

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *one man,—e'en one poor man;*] The old copies read—*in one poor man.* For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. sc. iii.—"You are shallow, madam," &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I know not the degree of the worthy; &c.*] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

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COST. We will turn it finely off, fir; we will take  
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

KING. Birón, they will shame us, let them not  
approach.

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:  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;<sup>6</sup>  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how:  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form, &c.]* The old copies read—of *that* which it pre-  
sents. STEEVENS.

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 *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ *I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
Nor duty in his service perishing.*” JOHNSON.

This passage, as it stands, is unintelligible.—Johnson's amend-  
ment makes it grammatical, but does not make it sense. What  
does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who  
presents them? The word *content*, when signifying an affection of  
the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we should read thus:—

Where zeal strives to content, and the content  
*Lies* in the zeal of *those* which it present—

A similar sentiment, and on a similar occasion, occurs in *A  
Midsummer Night's Dream*, when Philostrate says of the play they  
were about to exhibit:

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*BIRON.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

— *It is nothing,  
Unless you can find sport in their intents  
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.* M. MASON.

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shows that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author; So, (to give one instance out of many,) in *The Merchant of Venice*,

“ — a civil doctor,

“ *Which* did refuse three thousand ducats of me.”

and *ym* and *yt* were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of them who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in *Cymbeline*, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

“ And Phœbus 'gins to *rise*.

“ His steeds to water at those springs

“ On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.”

Again, in the play before us:

“ That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,

“ To check their folly, passion's solemn *tears*.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Whose own hard *dealings* teaches them suspect.”

Dr. Johnson would read—

*Die* in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old Mss. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment.* To “ *present* a play” is still the phrase of the theatre. *It* however may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition. MALONE.

’ — labouring *perish* in their birth.] *Labouring* here means, in the *act* of parturition. So Roscommon:

*Enter ARMADO.*<sup>8</sup>

*ARM.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.*]

*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 fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!<sup>9</sup> [*Exit ARMADO.*]

*KING.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies<sup>3</sup> in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

<sup>8</sup> "The mountains *labour'd*, and a mouse was born."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read—*Enter Braggart.*

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!*] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

"Making a *couplement* of proud compare—" MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And if these four worthies, &c.*] These two lines might have been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Salinus*, a tragedy, .1594:



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*BIRON.* There is 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:—

Abate a throw at novum;<sup>3</sup> and the whole world  
again,  
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his  
vein.<sup>4</sup>

*KING.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*

“ If this first part, gentles, do like you well,  
“ The second part shall greater murders tell.”

STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Abate a throw at novum;*] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been some game at dice: “ The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*,” &c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: “ The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come.” Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*: “ What ware deal you in ? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; fort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance.” STEEVENS.

*Abate* throw—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

A *bare* throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is used again by our author, in the same sense, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

“ Of the last monarchy.”

“ A *bare* throw at novum” is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Cannot prick out, &c.*] Dr. Grey proposes to read—*pick out*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 351 :

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*<sup>5</sup>

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

COST. I Pompey am,—

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. I Pompey am,—

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.<sup>6</sup>

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

*Pick* is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick out*,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense;—cannot *point out by a puncture or mark*. Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick out*, means to choose out, or to mark as chosen. The word, in this sense, frequently occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* where Falstaff receives his recruits from Justice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"

"A woman's tailor, Sir—shall I *prick* him?"

"Shadow will serve for summer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is "The order of a shewe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthy women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakspeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course

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*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 est 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*.

rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print." This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (*Tanner's MSS.* 407.) REED.

<sup>6</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*.

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:  
" — posset cuppes carved with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset-ale most artificially."

Again, in the metrical chronicle of *Robert de Brunne*:

" Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,

" With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." STEEVENS.

See *Masquins* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: " The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of some old fashioned garments." TOLLET.

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*BIRON.* My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, 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:  
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.*

*BOYET.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.<sup>7</sup>

*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 Costárd.

*BIRON.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

*COST.* O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax fitting on a clofe-stool,<sup>8</sup> will be given

<sup>7</sup> ——— *it stands too right.*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *lion, that holds his poll-ax fitting on a clofe-stool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of *The Nine Worthies*,

to A-jax:<sup>9</sup> he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alifander. [NATH. *retires.*] 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:<sup>2</sup>—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey.

to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *seiate in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. TOLLET.

<sup>9</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 two lines:

"And I could wish, for their eternis'd fakes,  
"My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, "Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Masque*, &c. a collection of epigrams and satires: no date:

"To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,  
"That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

See also Sir John Harrington's *New Discourse of a State Subject*, called, *the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomic of the Metamorphosed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596. All these performances are founded on the same conceit of *Ajax* and *A jakes*. To the first of them a license was refused, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illustrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Esq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See also Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. IX. p. 133. edition 1780. REED.

<sup>2</sup> — *a little o'erparted*:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE.

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Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for Judas, and* MOTH  
*arm'd, 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 sbrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus: -*

*Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;*

*Ergo, I come with this apology.—*

*Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.*

[*Exit* MOTH.

HOL. *Judas I am,—*

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iscariot, fir.—

*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*

DUM. Judas Machabæus 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.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *A cittern head.*] So, in *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638:  
"—A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match*

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*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.<sup>4</sup>

*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:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*HOL.* You have put me out of countenance.

*BIRON.* False; we have given thee faces.

*HOL.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*BIRON.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*BOYET.* Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*DUM.* For the latter end of his name.

*BIRON.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—  
Jud-as, away.

*me in London, 1631:* "Fiddling on a cistern with a man's broken bead at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—"  
"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their cisterns," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — on a flask.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" — like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

" Is set on fire."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

" Keep a light match in cock; wear flask and touch-box."  
STEVENS.

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*HOL.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*BOYER.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

*PRIN.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.*

*BIRON.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

*DUM.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*KING.* Hector was but a Trojan<sup>s</sup> in respect of this.

*BOYER.* But is this Hector?

*DUM.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*LONG.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*DUM.* More calf, certain.

*BOYER.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*BIRON.* This cannot be Hector.

*DUM.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*ARM.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances<sup>6</sup> the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,—*

*DUM.* A gilt nutmeg.

*BIRON.* A lemon.

<sup>s</sup> *Hector was but a Trojan* —] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of," &c. Again, in this scene, "— unless you play the *bonest* Trojan," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — of lances —] i. e. of lance-men. So, in another of our author's plays:

"And turn our *imprest lances* in our eyes." STEEVENS.



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LONG. Stuck with cloves.<sup>6</sup>

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;  
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,<sup>7</sup>  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,—*

DUM. That mint.

LONG. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONG. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs  
against Hector.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;  
sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:  
when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-  
ward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Prin-*  
*cesses.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.]

<sup>6</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.

The use, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be ascertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Things* by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. 1: "Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and favour, if an *orange* or a *Lymon* (stickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved from foystines and evyll favor." STEVENS.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonson, I should have thought it right. So we say, a *gift*-horse, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *he would fight, yea,*] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgarism.

STEVENS.

*PRIN.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

*ARM.* I do adore thy sweet grace's flipper.

*BORET.* Loves her by the foot.

*DUM.* He may not by the yard.

*ARM.* *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

*COST.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*ARM.* What meanest thou?

*COST.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, 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 whipp'd, for Jaquetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*DUM.* Most rare Pompey!

*BORET.* Renowned Pompey!

*BIRON.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*DUM.* Hector trembles.

*BIRON.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates;<sup>9</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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *more Ates;*] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

“ An *Ate*, stirring him to war and strife.” STEEVENS.

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*ARM.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*COST.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;<sup>2</sup> I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms<sup>3</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>4</sup> since when, I'll be sworn, he

<sup>2</sup> ——— *like a northern man*;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *my arms*—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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 stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. 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. WARBURTON.

wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

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 Stowe'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 Visfunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Bratheullena, laying him down to sleep after his fore 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. GREY.

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 laundrefs should him see."

Again, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, woolward have I hight,  
"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's History of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and woolward to crave mercy," &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarname Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swastbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untruff; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes woolward."

FARMER.

*Woolward*—] "I have no shirt: I go woolward for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakspeare, supposes that this passage is a plain reference to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

Enter MERCADÉ.

MER. God save you, madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away; the scene begins to  
cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath:  
I have seen the day of wrong through the little  
hole of discretion,<sup>5</sup> and I will right myself like a  
soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.

"Wolward and wethhod went I forth after  
"As a rechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,  
"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily  
*any great distress*, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies,  
"in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus." I rather  
think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in*  
*wool*, and *not in lincn*. This appears, not only from Shakspeare's  
context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the  
legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated.  
This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man  
was admonished, "Ecclesias numero octoginta nudis pedibus et  
absque linteis circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The same story  
is told by William of Malmesbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91.  
edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493.  
By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, son of  
Uimore of Nutgarshall, ought to be *Wulwin*, surnamed *de Spilli-*  
*cote*, son of *Wulmar de Lutegarshelle*, now *Ludgershall*: and the  
wood of *Brutheullena* is the forest of *Bruelle*, now called *Brill*, in  
Buckinghamshire. T. WARTON.

To this speech in the old copy *Boy*. is prefixed, by which desig-  
nation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet*  
is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's  
page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern edi-  
tions. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,*  
This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of right*, i. e. I

*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-fad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal<sup>6</sup> opposition of our spirits:  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath,<sup>7</sup> your gentleness

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 to resent them) and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

“*One may see day at a little hole,*” is a proverb in Ray's Collection: “*Day-light will peep through a little hole,*” in Kelly's.

Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580. p. 9:

“*At little boales the daie is seen.*” STEEVENS.

The passage is faulty; but Warburton has mistaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to say, in his affected style, that “he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself as a soldier;” and this meaning will be clearly expressed if we read it thus, with a very slight alteration:—“I have seen the *day* of wrong, through the little hole of discretion.” M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — liberal—] *Free to excess.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — there they show

“ Something too liberal.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *In the converse of breath,*] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* JOHNSON.

*Converse of breath* means no more than conversation “made up of breath,” as our author expresses himself in *Othello.* Thus also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Therefore I scant this *breathing courtesy.*” STEEVENS.



Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:<sup>8</sup>  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts of time extremely form  
All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose, decides<sup>9</sup>  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
The holy suit which fain it would convince;<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue;*] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *bumble* 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.

The following passage in *King John*, inclines me to dispute the propriety of Mr. Theobald's emendation:

“ — grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.”

By *humble*, the princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*.

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key

“ With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,” &c.

A heavy heart, says the princess, does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

<sup>9</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.

So in some ancient poem, of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

“ Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,

“ The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,

“ At her fierce *loose* that weakly never parts,

“ But in despite doth force her to retire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>‡</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.

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,  
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I understand you not; my griefs are double.<sup>3</sup>

BIRON. Honest plain words<sup>4</sup> best pierce the ear  
 of grief;—

So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That she will convince the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

If Johnson was right with respect to the meaning of this passage, I should think that the words, as they now stand, would express it without the transposition which he proposes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will signify the same as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphasis will supply the place of that transposition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome*; and to prevail in a suit which was strongly denied, is a kind of conquest. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *I understand you not; my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] instead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

<sup>4</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.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like Bottom in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, might have wrested this speech from an inferior performer. I have been assured, that Mercutio's rhapsody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himself performed that character in Ireland. STEEVENS.



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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 unbefitting strains;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;  
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye  
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,<sup>s</sup>  
 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,

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "Honest," &c. belongs to the princefs. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,] The old copies read—Full of straying shapes. Both the sense and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago. "strange shapes" might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words that have been substituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way:

" — Better to starve

" Than crave the *bigber* [hire] which first we do deserve."

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made:

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

" Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives."

*Lover's Complaint.*

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" — the *impreffion* of *strange* kinds

" Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or skill."

In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage in* blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

Suggested us<sup>6</sup> to make: Therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
 By being once false for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;  
 Your favours, the embassadors of love;  
 And, in our maiden council, rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
 As bombast, and as lining to the time:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Suggested us —] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *As bombast, and 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 to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, “—my sweet creature of *bombast*.” STEEVENS.

*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 in 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;—*

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,— TYRWHITT.*

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But more devout than this, in our respects,  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*DUM.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more  
than jest.

*LONG.* So did our looks.

*ROS.* We did not quote them so.<sup>9</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:<sup>9</sup>  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjurd much,

The difficulty I believe arises only from Shakspeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed.—*But we have not been more devout*, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these *our respects*, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said, *we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy.* TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads,

“ But more devout than *this* our respects.”

There can be no doubt therefore that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compositor inadvertently omitted, completes both the sense and metre. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *We did not quote them so.*] The old copies read—*cote*.

STEVENS.

We should read—*quote*, esteem, reckon; though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote—*cote*, as it was pronounced.

JOHNSON.

*Cote* is only the old spelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ Yea, the illiterate—

“ Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks.” MALONE.

We did not *quote* 'em so, is, *we did not regard them as such.* So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.” See Act II. sc. i. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To make a world-without-end bargain in:*] This singular phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:

“ Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour.”

MALONE.

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,<sup>a</sup>  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;<sup>b</sup>  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge, challenge me<sup>c</sup> by these deserts,  
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
 My woeful 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 intitled in the other's heart.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> ——— *and thin weeds,*] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> ——— *and last love;*] I suspect that the compositor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakspeare wrote——*last still*. If the present reading be right, it must mean,—“if it continue still to deserve the name of love.” MALONE.

*Last* is a verb. If it *last* love, means, if it *continue* to be love.  
 STEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> *Come challenge, challenge me* —] The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) *Come challenge me, challenge me, &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer.

MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> *Neither intitled in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*Neither intiled*—; which may be right: neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

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*KING.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,<sup>6</sup>  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*BIRON.* And what to me, my love? and what  
to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are  
rank;<sup>7</sup>  
You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

“ Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

“ Left growing ruinous the building fall.” MALONE.

We may certainly speak, in general terms, of building a mansion for Love to dwell in, or, of that mansion when it is become a *Ruin*, without departure from elegance; but when we descend to such particulars as *tiling-in* Love, a suspicion will arise, that the technicals of the bricklayer have debased the imagery of the poet. I hope, therefore, that the second *t* in the word intitled was an undesigned omission in the quarto, 1598, and, consequently, that intiled was not the original reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite 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>7</sup> — are rank;] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—*are rack'd*.  
STEEVENS.

— your sins are rack'd;] i. e. extended “ to the top of their bent.” So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“ Why, then we rack the value.”

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*are rank*. MALONE.

Rowe's emendation is every way justifiable. Things *rank* (not those which are *racked*) need *purging*. Besides, Shakspeare has used the same epithet on the same occasion in *Hamlet*:

“ O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.” STEEVENS.

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.<sup>s</sup>

*DUM.* But what to me, my love? but what to  
me?

*KATH.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and ho-  
nesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*DUM.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*KATH.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth 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.

*KATH.* Yet, swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*LONG.* What says Maria?

*MAR.* At the twelvemonth'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.

<sup>s</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 faults and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.] 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 draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

*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 Birón,  
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 twelvemonth 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<sup>9</sup> 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 choke a gibing  
spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — fierce endeavour —] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid*. So, in *K. John*:

“ — fierce extremes of sickness.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — dear groans,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere, sad, odious*. JOHNSON.

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
 And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
 Right joyful of your reformation.

*BIRON.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will  
 befall,  
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.<sup>3</sup>

*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, fir, it wants a twelvemonth 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.* The worthy knight of Troy.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, consequential*. So, already in this scene:  
 — full of *dear* guiltiness. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.



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*ARM.* I will kifs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatnes; will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*KING.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*ARM.* Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spring. *When daisies pied,<sup>4</sup> and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds<sup>5</sup> of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,*

<sup>4</sup> *When daisies pied, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *cuckoo-buds* —] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *lady-smocks*." Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, prime vere, and braves de *coquu*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

*Cuckoo-buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

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*The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

*Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,<sup>6</sup>  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,<sup>7</sup>  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,*

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson's Works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

*Albaque cardamine, &c.* MALONE.

*Crocus buds* is a phrase unknown to naturalists and gardeners.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *When icicles hang by the wall,*] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“ Let us not *hang* like roping *icicles*,

“ Upon our *houses' thatch*.”

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*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-wbo;*

*Tu-whit, to-wbo,<sup>8</sup> a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.<sup>9</sup>*

Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

"His tears run down his beard, like *winter's drops*.  
"From eyes of reeds." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"What time *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*  
"Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *nightly sings the staring owl,*  
*To-wbo; tu-whit, to-wbo,*] So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*:  
"To-whit, to-wboo the owle does cry." HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> — *doth keel the pot.*] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies *to scum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, *keel it, keel it,* or all the fat's in the fire."

STEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*.

FARMER.

— *keel the pot.*] i. e. cool the pot. "The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *libbing*], and put it in the pot, when they set on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate.

RITSON.

To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 121. b:

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth  
"The mace, and then his herte *keleth*  
"That there durst he not abide."

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,<sup>2</sup>  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,<sup>3</sup>  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who ;  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Again, fol. 131. b :

“ With water on his finger ende  
“ Thyne hote tonge to kele.”

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical History of *The Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North “ for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wbeen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wbeen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot.”

“ Gie me beer, and gie me grots,  
“ And lumps of beef to swum abeen ;  
“ And ilka time that I stir the pot,  
“ He's hae frac me the *keeling wbeen*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the parson's saw,*] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate :

“ These old poetes in their *sawes* swete  
“ Full covertly in their verses do fayne,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim : “ Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might,” &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *When roasted crabs, &c.*] i. e. the wild apples so called. Thus, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ And sometimes lurk I in a *gossip's bowl*,  
“ In very likeness of a *roasted crab*.”

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587 :

“ Now a *crab* in the fire were worth a good groat :  
“ That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Tofs-pot.”

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ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>4</sup>

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,

"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

"Yet we will have in store a *crab in the fire*,

"With nut-brown ale, that is full *stale*," &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</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 Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 191.

[*This child of fancy, that Armado bight, &c.*] This, as I have shown 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 change 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 like-wise 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

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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 *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:  
This child of fancy, that Armado bigbt,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth 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 subjects of those romances were the crusades 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 Shakspeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froyflard, a countryman 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

\* *From tawny Spain, &c.*] This passage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in allusion to the Spanish Romances, of which several were extant in English, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for instance, as *Amadis de Gaule*, *Don Bellianis*, *Palmerin d'Oliva*, *Palmerin of England*, the *Mirour of Knightbood*, &c. But he is egregiously mistaken in asserting that "the heroes and the scene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an instance or two nothing at all to the present purpose) is never the case. If the words *lost in the world's debate* will bear the editor's construction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the subject. I cannot, however, think that Shakspeare was particularly conversant in works of this description: But, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at least, of the present play are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform*. RITSON.

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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 *Orland*.

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 imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, 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 with not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the ile, 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 damyfelle, that kumbed hire hede, and lokede in a myroure: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to rective men to folye. And he abode till the damyfelle saughe the schadowe of him in the myroure. 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 seyde, nay. And then sche seyde, that he might 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 kyffe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykenefs of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubtte, I am none other than thou seest 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 seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and



lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they 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 Shakspeare 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 *him* therefore the Spanish romances 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 the 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, *Saricino* 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 Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This faint Greal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Elcison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made faints of the knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary faints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a faint 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. "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur

\* "For it is not to be supposed, that these Children of Fancy, as Shakspeare calls them, insinuating thereby that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*, should stop," &c.]

I cannot conceive how Shakspeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, insinuates that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*. The showing that a woman had a child, would be a strange way of proving her in her *infancy*.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakspeare means only to describe him as fantastical. M. MASON.



n'est repentant; et si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premièrement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle este 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 évesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de vint menües 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 receut." 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, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint 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 sive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere 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 torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight purpose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.\*

WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a

\* See Part II. l. 5. c. 1.

dissertation on the *origin and nature of those romances* is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to show, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that “*Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work.*”—The fact is true, that *Monsieur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—“*putting the change upon his reader,*” and “*dropping his proper subject*” for another, “*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*” is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be “*fiictions des aventures amoureuses*”; and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—“*Enfin les poèmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*” After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W's own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.* The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*; 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.*

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Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W's first position, *that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained, *Monsieur Huet* would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont posterieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années*." Indeed the fact is indisputable. *Cervantes*, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W's second position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name." I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His last position, *that the subject of these romances were the cru- sades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and*



*Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; *the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c.* the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms, for a reason which will appear.*) "*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 Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and un-scholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that, "*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.*" Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of *Cervantes*, in the first chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio que en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando abogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los brazos.*" Where it is observable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to

be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "*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.*" According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a *very modern one*; and the subject of it has not the least connection with any driving of the Saracens whatsoever.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. "*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.*"—It is impossible I apprehend, to refer *this subject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of *the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Fresnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *second race or class* of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffrey*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling

question concerning the origin of lying in romances.—“*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 imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*”—He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of proof, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to show, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of monstrous embellishment. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of “*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*,” is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, “*Whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons to Saracens*,” I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out.—“*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 Graal*.—So another is called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men.—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part

relating to the *Saint Graal* was the first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—“*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez sont les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleison et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilitez de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.*”—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of *Huet*, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below\*) that *Huet* was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie eleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée* the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrufted with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enshrined*.

—quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,  
Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis. MALONE.

\* Don Quix. lib. 1. c. 6. “Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui está *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acá, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. *Aqui está Don Quixote de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la *Donzella Placer de mi vida*, con los amores y embustes de la viuda *Reposada*, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorado de Hippolito su escudero.”

*Aqui está Don Quixote de Montalvan, &c.* HERR, i. c. in the romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, is *Don Quixote de Montalvan, &c.*

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.\*

C c 4

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlvi. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere*.—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum iudicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abcessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit de auro purissimo & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat de argento puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas de plumbo plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit*. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis." The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *lead*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets* Shakspeare might take from the

English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that of *the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novellist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I, MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

*Duke of Venice.*

*Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.*  
*Prince of Arragon, }*

*Antonio, the Merchant of Venice :*

*Bassanio, his friend.*

*Salanio,<sup>3</sup>*

*Salarino, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*  
*Gratiano, }*

*Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.*

*Shylock, a Jew :*

*Tubal, a Jew, his friend.*

*Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.*

*Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.*

*Salerio,<sup>4</sup> a messenger from Venice.*

*Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.*

*Balthazar, } servants to Portia.*  
*Stephano, }*

*Portia, a rich heiress :*

*Nerissa, her waiting-maid.*

*Jessica, daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,  
Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,  
the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

<sup>2</sup> In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio, Salino*, and *Solanio*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*ANT.* In sooth, I know not why I am 'so 'sad;  
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*SALAR.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies<sup>5</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *argosies* —] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragufans* lent their last great ship to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragazine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *burghers of the flood*,] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read—"burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel passage in *As you like it*—

"—— native burghers of this desolate city,"  
might have led to the present correction. STEEVENS.

Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*SALAN.* Believe me, fir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grafs,<sup>5</sup> to know where fits the wind ;  
Peering<sup>6</sup> in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;  
And every object, that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad.

*SALAR.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats ;  
And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>7</sup> dock'd in sand,<sup>8</sup>  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Plucking the grafs, &c.*] By holding up the grafs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

“ *This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fetbere, or a llytle grasse, and so learned how the wind stood.*” Ascham.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Peering* —] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *Andrew* —] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *dock'd in sand,*] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,*] In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: “ It means *to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission.*” So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several Actions*:—

“ They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol.”

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But, tell not me; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*ANT.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

*SALAN.* Why then you are in love.

*ANT.* Fie, fie!

*SALAN.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you  
 are sad,  
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
 For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,<sup>a</sup>

Again, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle*:  
 "And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Heywood:

"—— it did me good

"To see the Spanish carvel *vail* her top

"Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *Now, by two-headed Janus.*] Here Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those an-

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Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
 And other of such vinegar aspect,  
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,<sup>4</sup>  
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

*SALAN.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
 kinsman,  
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;  
 We leave you now with better company.

*SALAR.* I would have staid till I had made you  
 merry,  
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*ANT.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
 I take it, your own business calls on you,  
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*SALAR.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*BASS.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
 Say, when?  
 You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

tique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. **WARBURTON.**

Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a Janus with a double-face." **FARMER.**

<sup>3</sup> — *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. **WARBURTON.**

<sup>4</sup> — *their teeth in way of smile,*] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. **WARBURTON.**



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 401

SALAR. We'll make our leifures to attend on yours. [*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

LOR. My lord Bassanio,<sup>5</sup> since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio ;  
You have too much respect upon the world :  
They lose it,<sup>6</sup> that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
A stage,<sup>7</sup> where every man must play a part,<sup>7</sup>  
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool :<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *My lord Bassanio, &c.*] This speech [which by Mr. Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies ; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Bassanio*, till he should find Antonio) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business ; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a conversation with *Antonio*.

TYRWHITT.  
I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — lose it,] All the ancient copies read—*lose* ; a misprint, I suppose, for the word standing in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A stage, where every man must play a part,*] The same thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the world*, 1593 :

“ A worldling here, I must hie to my grave ;

“ For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,

“ A borrowde roume where we our Pageants play,

“ A scaffold plaine,” &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II :

“ She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me play the Fool :*] Alluding to the common comparison of

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?  
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—  
 There are a sort of men, whose visages  
 Do 'cream'<sup>7</sup> and mantle, like a standing pond;  
 And do a wilful stillness<sup>8</sup> entertain,  
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*<sup>9</sup>  
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,<sup>2</sup>  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,<sup>3</sup>

human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *There are a sort of men, whose visages*

*Do cream*—] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

“ With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

So also, the author of *Buffy d'Ambois*:

“ Not any wrinkle *creaming* in their faces.” HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — a wilful stillness —] i. e. an obstinate silence.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *let no dog bark!*] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “ — nor there shall no dogge barke at mine ententes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — who, *I am very sure,*] The old copies read—*when*, I am very sure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *would almost damn those ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this; That some people are thought wise,

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Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,  
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while ;  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.<sup>4</sup>

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-  
time :

I must be one of these same dumb wife men,  
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years  
more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>5</sup>

GRA. Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only com-  
mendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.  
[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are  
such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*,  
and so incur the judgement denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this con-  
sists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers  
of those times ; who, being generally very long and tedious, were  
often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhorta-  
tion*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — *for this gear.*] In Act II. sc. ii. the same phrase occurs  
again : “ If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*.”  
This is a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determined im-  
port. STEEVENS.

So, in *Sappho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591 : “ As for you,  
Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away ; you shall be stript  
from top to toe, and whipt with nettles ; I will handle you *for this  
geare* well : I say no more.” Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatory  
to his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593 : “ I mean to trounce him  
after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two  
staves and a pike, *for this geare*.” MALONE.

*ANT.* Is that any thing now?<sup>6</sup>

*BASS.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*ANT.* Well; tell me now, what lady is this same To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*BASS.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance: Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd From such a noble rate; but my chief care Is, to come fairly off from the great debts, Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio, I owe the most, in money, and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To unburthen all my plots, and purposes, How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*ANT.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,

<sup>6</sup> *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read—*is that any thing new?*

JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is,—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio asks: *Is that any thing now?* and Bassanio answers, that, *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing*—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello*: “Can any thing be made of this?” The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read—*It is that, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*BASS.* In my school-days, when I had lost one  
shaft,  
I shot his fellow<sup>7</sup> of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,  
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,<sup>8</sup>  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

<sup>7</sup> ——— when I had lost one shaft,

[I shot his fellow, &c.] This thought occurs also in Decker's *Villanies discovered by Lantborne and Candlelight, &c.* 4to. bl. l. "And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prifon weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him: he shot a second arrow to find the first." I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no less than eight editions; the last in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his *Treatise de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii. and is also mentioned in *Howell's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1655. 12mo. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— like a wilful youth,] This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read—*witless*, i. e. heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs. JOHNSON.

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Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*ANT.* You know me well; and herein spend but  
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest unto it:<sup>9</sup> therefore, speak.

*BASS.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes<sup>1</sup>  
I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

<sup>9</sup> — prest unto it:] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all.”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c, 1618:

“—— your good word

“Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good.”

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593:

“Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,

“Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call.”

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — sometimes *from her eyes*—] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than “*sometimes* fellow of such a college.”

FARMER.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks  
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;  
 Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
 And many Jafons come in quest of her.  
 O my Antonio, had I but the means  
 To hold a rival place with one of them,  
 I have a mind prefages me such thrift,  
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

*ANT.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at  
 sea ;

Nor have I money, nor commodity  
 To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
 Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
 Where money is ; and I no question make,  
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*POR.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-  
 weary of this great world.

*NER.* You would be, sweet madam, if your misfe-  
 ries were in the same abundance as your good for-  
 tunes are : And, yet, for aught I see, they are as  
 sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve  
 with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore,

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to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,<sup>3</sup> but competency lives longer.

*POR.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*NER.* They would be better, if well followed.

*POR.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*NER.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*POR.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

<sup>3</sup> — *superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner acquires white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he come by it? MALONE.



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NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.<sup>4</sup>

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;<sup>5</sup> and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the county Palatine.<sup>6</sup>

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choofe*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horfemanship; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essais*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horfemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable fitting." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;*] *Colt* is used for a witlefs, heady, gay youngfter, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. iii. See also Vol. V. p. 227. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lafco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly cared for, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *Count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Lafco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

*NER.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*POR.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle<sup>7</sup> sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*NER.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*POR.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;<sup>8</sup> and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;<sup>9</sup> But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

<sup>7</sup> — *if a throstle*—] Old Copies—*traffel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“The *throstle* with his note so true—.” MALONE.

That the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 81.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian*;] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *a proper man's picture*;] *Proper* is handsome. So, in *Otello*:

“This Ludovico is a *proper* man.” STEEVENS.

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*NER.* What think you of the Scottish lord,<sup>2</sup> his neighbour?

*POR.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety,<sup>3</sup> and sealed under for another.

*NER.* How like you the young German,<sup>4</sup> the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*POR.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*NER.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*POR.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*NER.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.



these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*POR.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*NER.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*POR.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

*NER.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*POR.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*POR.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition<sup>s</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil,

<sup>s</sup> — the condition — ] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—and then, of so gentle a condition!" MALONE.

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I had rather he should thrive me than wive me.  
Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we  
shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at  
the door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*SHY.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*BASS.* Ay, fir, for three months.

*SHY.* For three months,—well.

*BASS.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio  
shall be bound.

*SHY.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*BASS.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?  
Shall I know your answer.

*SHY.* Three thousand ducats, for three months,  
and Antonio bound.

*BASS.* Your answer to that.

*SHY.* Antonio is a good man,

*BASS.* Have you heard any imputation to the  
contrary?

*SHY.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in say-  
ing he is a good man, is to have you understand me,  
that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposi-  
tion: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another  
to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Ri-  
alto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for Eng-  
land,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd  
abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men:  
there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves,  
and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there



is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*BASS.* Be assured you may.

*SHY.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

*BASS.* If it please you to dine with us.

*SHY.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:<sup>6</sup> I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*BASS.* This is signior Antonio.

*SHY.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a christian:  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> If I can catch him once upon the hip,] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c.

HENLEY.

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I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest: Curfed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

*BASS.* Shylock, do you hear?

*SHY.* I am debating of my present store;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months  
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To ANTONIO.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*ANT.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>8</sup>  
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,<sup>9</sup>  
How much you would?

*SHY.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*ANT.* And for three months.

*SHY.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,——But  
hear you;

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the ripe wants of my friend,*] *Ripe wants* are wants come to the height, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rise wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:

“But stay the very riping of the time.” MALONE.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Here is a brief how many sports are ripe.” STERVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *possess'd,*] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “*Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.*”

STERVENS.



Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

*ANT.* I do never use it.

*SHY.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*ANT.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*SHY.* No, not take interest; not, as you would  
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the earlings<sup>9</sup> which were streak'd, and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,<sup>2</sup>  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,<sup>3</sup>  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *the earlings* —] Lambs just dropt: from *can, eniti.*

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>2</sup> — *certain wands,*] A *wand* in our author's time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *of kind,*] i. e. of nature. So, Turberville, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"—— nothing doth so please her mind,

"As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the fulsome ewes;*] *Fulsome*, I believe in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acolastus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why shines not Phæbus in the *fulsome* night?"

In the play of *Mulcasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a *Barvd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th *Book of the Odyssey*:

"— and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip," &c.



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Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's;<sup>5</sup>  
 This was a way to thrive,<sup>6</sup> and he was blest;  
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd  
 for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good?  
 Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *King John*, to express some quality offensive to nature:

“ And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust.”

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

“ Having a strong sent and *fulsome* smell, which neither men nor beastes take delight to smell unto.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ Boxe is naturally dry, juicelesse, *fulsomenly* and loathsomely smelling.”

Again, in Arthur Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. XV:

“ But what have you poore sheepe misdone, a cattell meck  
 and meeld,

“ Created for to manteine man, whose *fulsome* duges doe  
 yeeld

“ Sweete nectar,” &c. STEEVENS.

Minshew supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and those were Jacob's.] See Genesis, xxx. 37, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> This was a way to thrive, &c.] So, in the ancient song of *Garrulus the Jew of Venice*:

“ His wife must lend a shilling,

“ For every weeke a penny,

“ Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,

“ If that you will have any.

“ And see, likewise, you keepe your day,

“ Or else you lose it all:

“ This was the living of the wife,

“ Her cow she did it call.”

Her cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury. PRACY.

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:<sup>4</sup>—  
But note me, signior.

ANT.                    Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.<sup>5</sup>  
An evil soul, producing holy witnesses,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:  
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!<sup>6</sup>

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round  
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to  
you?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *I make it breed as fast:*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Foul cank’ring rust the hidden treasure frets;

“But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The devil can cite scripture, &c.*] See St. Matthew. iv. 6.

HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!*] *Falshood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falshood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *my usances:*] *Use* and *Usance* are both words anciently employ’d for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. So, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

“Give me my *use*, give me my principal.”

Again,

“A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,

“And the *use* fifty.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson asks, whether Mr. Steevens is not mistaken in saying that *use* and *usance*, were anciently employed for *usury*. “*Use* and *usance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *interest*; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense.” That Mr. Steevens however is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. “I knowe 2,

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;<sup>8</sup>  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit<sup>9</sup> upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
*Sbylock,*<sup>2</sup> *we would have monies*; You say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

gentleman borne to five hundred pounce lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnyng skill upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounce at first, so that his land was clean gone, beyng five hundred pounces inherytance, for one thousand pound in monney, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

*Usance*, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense:

" He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
 " The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a subsequent part, he says, he will take " no *doit* of *usance* for his monies." Here it must mean *interest*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

" I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
 " Heave up my shoulders when they call me dogge,"

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And spit*—] The old copies always read *spet*, which spelling is followed by *Milton*:

" ——— the womb  
 " Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Sbylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, " *Caleb Shillocke, prophetic; or the Jewes Prediction.*" London, printed for T. Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEVENS.



What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money? is it possible,*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or*  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this,—

*Fair sir, you spit on me on wednesday last;*  
*You spurn'd me such a day; another time*  
*You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies*  
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*ANT.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take  
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?)<sup>3</sup>  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
 Exact the penalty.

*SHY.*                Why, look you, how you storm!  
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit

<sup>3</sup> *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A breed, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. **WARBURTON.**

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, and usurie makes them *procreative*." **FARMER.**

The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See *De Repub.* Lib. I. **HOLT WHITE.**

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed of. **MALONE.**

Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :  
This is kind I offer.

*ANT.* This were kindness.

*SHY.* This kindness will I show :—  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*ANT.* Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*BASS.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.<sup>4</sup>

*ANT.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*SHY.* O father Abraham, what these Christians  
are ;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :

<sup>4</sup> ——— dwell in my necessity.] To dwell seems in this place to mean the same as to continue. To abide has both the senses of habitation and continuance. JOHNSON.

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*ANT.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*SHY.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>7</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit.

*ANT.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*BASS.* I like not fair terms,<sup>8</sup> and a villain's mind.

*ANT.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.  
[Exeunt.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *left in the fearful guard, &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrors*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,<sup>7</sup> and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her attendants.*

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.<sup>8</sup>  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant;<sup>9</sup> by my love, I swear,  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny

<sup>7</sup> — *the Prince of Morocco,*] The old stage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawny Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly." &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted foldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkop*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI*: P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.



Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
 But, if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedg'd me by his wit,<sup>2</sup> to yield myself  
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*MOR.*                    Even for that I thank you ;  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
 That flew the Sophy,<sup>3</sup> and a Persian prince,  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—  
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,  
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
 To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand ;  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *And hedg'd me by his wit,*] I suppose we may safely read—  
*and hedg'd me by his will.* Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient signification of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of  
 mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author,  
*passim.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That flew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when  
 he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have  
 travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled himself with*  
*geography* worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco  
 be supposed to have served in the army of sultan *Solyman (the second,*  
*for instance),* I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed  
 the Sophi of Persia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Solyman Ben Selim.*

TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> *So is Alcides beaten by his page ;*] The ancient copies read—his  
*rage.* STEEVENS.

Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is  
 corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the



And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Mifs that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*POR.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.<sup>5</sup>

*MOR.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my  
chance.

*POR.* First, forward to the temple; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*MOR.* Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*  
To make me blest't,<sup>6</sup> or cursed't among men.

[*Exeunt.*

history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains; this one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation I have substituted, *page* instead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> — *therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*.  
JOHNSON,

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ — who in my wrath

“ Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd*.” STEEVENS,

<sup>6</sup> — *blest't,*] i. e. blessed't. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ — harmless't creature;” a frequent vulgar contraction in  
Warwickshire, STEEVENS,

## S C E N E II.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*<sup>6</sup>

LAUN. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away*: My conscience says,—*no; take heed honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*:<sup>7</sup> Well, the most courageous fiend bids

<sup>6</sup> The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —scorn running *with thy heels*:] Launcelot was designed for a wag, but perhaps not for an absurd one. We may therefore suppose, no such expression would have been put in his mouth, as our author had censured in another character. When Pistol says, “he hears with ears,” Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, “The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *be hears with ears*? why it is affectation.” To talk of *running with one’s heels*, has scarce less of absurdity. It has been suggested, that we should read and point the passage as follows: “Do not run; scorn running; *withe thy heels*:” i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of osiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries, to prevent their straggling far from home. The Irishman in *Sir John Oldenstle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman has the following passage:

“ — There let him lie  
 “ Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply  
 “ A *withe*, a fathom long, with which his feete  
 “ I made together in a sure league meete.”

I think myself bound, however, to add, that in *Much ado about Nothing*, the very phrase, that in the present instance is disputed, occurs:

“ O illegitimate construction! I *scorn* that *with my heels*!” i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuously at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such also may be Launcelot’s meaning.

STEEVENS.

me pack ; *via!* says the fiend ; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens* ; <sup>8</sup> *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my bonest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ;—well, my conscience says,—*Launcelot, budge not* ; *budge*, says the fiend ; *budge not*, says my conscience : Conscience, say I, you counsel well ; fiend, say I, you counsel well : to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God blefs the mark !) is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, favouring your reverence, is the devil himself : Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew : The fiend gives the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways :—“ Use your legs ; take the start ; run away.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *away!* says the fiend, for the heavens ;] As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the Devil conjure Launcelot to do any thing for Heaven's sake, I have no doubt but this passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read,

*Away!* says the fiend, for the haven,

By which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

— *away!* says the fiend, for the heavens ;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing* : “ So I deliver up my apes, [to the devil,] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens*.”

MALONE.



*Enter old GOBBO,<sup>9</sup> with a basket.*

**GOB.** Master, young man, you, I pray you ; which is the way to master Jew's ?

**LAUN.** [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not :—I will try conclusions<sup>3</sup> with him.

**GOB.** Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

**LAUN.** Turn up on your right hand,<sup>3</sup> at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

**GOB.** By God's fonties,<sup>4</sup> 'twill be a hard way to

<sup>9</sup> *Enter old Gobbo.*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspere designed this character to be represented with a *bump-back*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — try conclusions—] To try conclusions is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ — since favour

“ Cannot attain thy love, I'll try conclusions.”

Again, in *The Lancashire Witches*, 1634 :

“ Nay then I'll try conclusions :

“ Mare, Mare, see thou be,

“ And where I point thee, carry me.” STEEVENS.

So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence :

“ — ubi eas præterieris,

“ Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ : ubi ad Dianæ veneris,

“ Ito ad dextram : prius quam ad portam venias,” &c.

THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> — *God's fonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's fanty* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, Bl. l. without date :

“ *God's fantie*, this is a goodly book indeed.”

hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?— Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:— Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, fir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, fir.<sup>s</sup>

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saïnts*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions.

STEEVENS.  
<sup>s</sup> Your worship's friend, and *Launcelot*, fir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*. STEEVENS.

— and *Launcelot*, fir.] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, fir, I am fand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing:<sup>6</sup> truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, fir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.<sup>7</sup>

GOB. I cannot think, you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that:

<sup>6</sup> — *Give me your blessing:*] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> — *your child that shall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick supposes, "he means to say, I *was* your child, I *am* your boy, and *shall ever be* your son." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides; if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was *child*, shall be his *son*? MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV; I will redeem my character;

"And, in the closing of some glorious day,

"Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son.*" STEEVENS.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 431

but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.<sup>8</sup>

LAUN. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

<sup>8</sup> — my thill-horse —] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

“ — I will

“ Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be

“ I' the *fills*.”

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: “ — acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fibb the *fil-horse*,” &c. STEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil-horse*, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *thill-horse*.

MALONE.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.*

*BASS.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.*

*LAUN.* To him, father.

*GOB.* God bless your worship!

*BASS.* Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

*GOB.* Here's my son, fir, a poor boy,—

*LAUN.* Not a poor boy, fir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, fir, as my father shall specify,—

*GOB.* He hath a great infection, fir, as one would say, to serve—

*LAUN.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*GOB.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

*LAUN.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*GOB.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*LAUN.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*BASS.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*LAUN.* Serve you, fir.



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**Gob.** This is the very defect of the matter, fir.

**Bass.** I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy  
suit :

**Shylock**, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee ; if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

**LAUN.** The old proverb is very well parted be-  
tween my master Shylock and you, fir ; you have  
the grace of God, fir, and he hath enough.

**Bass.** Thou speak'st it well : Go, father, with  
thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire  
My lodging out :—Give him a livery

More guarded<sup>o</sup> than his fellows' : See it done. *[to his followers.]*

**LAUN.** Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no ;  
—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well ; [*look-  
ing on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer  
table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.<sup>2</sup>—I

<sup>o</sup> — more guarded —] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman  
and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ *Piston*. But is there no reward for my false dice ?

“ *Erasmus*. Yes, fir, a guarded suit from top to toe.”

Again, in *Albuzazar*, 1615 :

“ — turn my ploughboy Dick to two guarded footmen.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Well ; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer  
to swear upon a book.] Table is the palm of the hand extended.  
Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good for-  
tune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and  
congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of  
expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the  
palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial at-  
testations. Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table,  
that doth offer to swear upon a book—Here he stops with an ab-  
ruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

shall have good fortune;<sup>3</sup> Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot:—"I'll be *sworn on a book* the loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promise*, but) *offer to swear* (and to swear upon a book too) that *I shall have good fortune*.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken; or, I'll be hanged, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *I shall have good fortune;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken:] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—I shall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *simple* line of life!" &c. So before: "I cannot get a service, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you have made a *simple* choice; you know *not* how to choose a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy," &c. So also, in *K. Henry IV.* "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "We are *simple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling."

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted.

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fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;<sup>3</sup>—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, fir, he walks.  
[Exit LEONARDO.

GRA. Signior Bassanio,——

BASS. Gratiano!

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critick, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, “O mon Ami, j'aimeirois mieux être tombé sur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompu le Cou.”—

WARBURTON.



*GRA.* I have a suit to you.

*BASS.* You have obtain'd it.

*GRA.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

*BASS.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they  
show

Something too liberal;<sup>3</sup>—pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit;<sup>4</sup> lest, through thy wild be-  
haviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*GRA.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes;<sup>5</sup>  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already shown to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *allay with some cold drops of modesty*  
*Thy skipping spirit;*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
“Sprinkle cool patience.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *hood mine eyes* —] Alluding to the manner of covering hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar*, 1604:

“And like a hooded hawk,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *sad ostent* —] Grave appearance; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

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To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*BASS.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*GRA.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not  
gage me  
By what we do to-night.

*BASS.* No, that were pity;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*GRA.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*JES.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

*Ofent* is a word very commonly used for *bow* among the old  
dramatick writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632;

“ — you in those times

“ Did not affect *ofent*.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of *Homer*, edit, 1598, B. VI:

“ — did bloodie vapours raine

“ For *sad ofent*,” &c. STEEVENS.

“ — your bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in  
*Twelfth-Night*:

“ Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,

“ With such a smooth, discreet, and stable *bearing*.”

STEEVENS.



Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
And so farewell; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—  
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Chris-  
tian do not play the knave, and get thee,<sup>s</sup> I am  
much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do  
somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*]

YES. Farewel, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be ashamed to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and  
SALANIO.*

LOR. Nay, we will flink away in supper-time;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

<sup>s</sup> — and get thee,] I suspect that the waggish Launcelot de-  
signed this for a broken sentence—"and get thee"—implying, *get  
thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, supposes him to mean  
only—*carry thee away from thy father's house.* STEEVENS.

I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the  
ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word  
*get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and sub-  
stituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authen-  
tick editions; in which he has been copied by every subsequent

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GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.<sup>9</sup>

SALAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours

To furnish us:—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this,<sup>2</sup> it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica, "Marry, you may partly hope your father got you not;" but he is now on another subject. MALONE.

From the general censure expressed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed; who, by following the first folio was no sharer in the inexpiable guilt of the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — torch-bearers.] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. We have not spoke us yet, &c. i. e. we have not yet bespoken us, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to break up *this*,] To break up was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i:

"—— Boyet, you can carve;

"Break up this capon."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.





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The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
 What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,  
 As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—  
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—  
 Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN. Why, Jessica!

SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me, I  
 could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

JES. Call you? What is your will?

SHY. I am bid forth<sup>2</sup> to supper, Jessica;  
 There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?  
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian.<sup>3</sup>—Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;  
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master  
 doth expect your reproach,

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together,—I  
 will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,  
 then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a

<sup>2</sup> *I am bid forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language  
 meant to *pray*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to feed upon*  
*The prodigal Christian.*] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a  
 former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with  
 Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant  
 only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him  
 depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his re-  
 venge. STEEVENS.

bleeding on Black-Monday last,<sup>4</sup> at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*SHR.* What! are there masques? Hear you me,  
Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>5</sup>  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, firrah;

<sup>4</sup> —then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,] “Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*: “As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. sc. ii:

“How superstitiously we mind our evils?  
“The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,  
“*Bleeding at nose*, the stumbling of a horse,  
“Or singing of a creaket, are of power  
“To daunt whole man in us.”

Again, Act I. sc. iii:

“*My nose bleeds*. One that was superstitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance.” REED.

<sup>5</sup> Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,]  
Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias  
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibix. *Hor. Lib. III. Od. vii.*  
MALONE.

Say, I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, fir.—  
Mistrefs, look out at window, for all this ;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewefs' eye.<sup>6</sup> [*Exit* LAUN.]

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,  
ha ?

JES. His words were, Farewel, mistrefs ; nothing  
else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough ;<sup>7</sup> but a huge  
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;  
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;  
Do, as I bid you,  
Shut doors<sup>8</sup> after you : Fast bind, fast find ;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

JES. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

<sup>6</sup> *There will come a Christian by,*  
*Will be worth a Jewefs' eye.*] *It's worth a Jew's eye,* is a pro-  
verbial phrase. WHALLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *The patch is kind enough ;*] This term should seem to have come  
into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from  
Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of  
the Grecians Onomatopœia, is when we make words of our own  
mind, such as be derived from the nature of things ;—as to call one  
*Patche*, or Cowlfon, whom we see to do a thing foolishly ; because  
these two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in  
allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage  
fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of  
whom Wilson speaks, was Cardinal Wolfey's fool. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Shut doors—*] *Doors* is here used as a disyllable. MALONE.



## SCENE VI.

*The same.**Enter GRATIANO, and SALARINO, masqued.*

*GRA.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.<sup>8</sup>

*SALAR.* His hour is almost past.

*GRA.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*SALAR.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>9</sup>  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*GRA.* That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse, that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker,<sup>2</sup> or a prodigal,

<sup>8</sup> *Desir'd us to make stand.*] *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies—desired us to stand. The words—*to make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure.

*STEEVENS.*  
<sup>9</sup> *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly*—] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *— a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger*.  
But Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in the first part of *K. Henry IV*: — "I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a younker of me?" STEEVENS,

*How like a younker, or a prodigal,*  
*The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c.*] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal,

The scarfed bark<sup>3</sup> puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!<sup>4</sup>  
How like a prodigal doth she return;<sup>5</sup>  
With over-weather'd ribs,<sup>6</sup> and ragged fails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*SALAR.* Here comes Lorenzo;— more of this hereafter.

*LOR.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

gal) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
“ Youth on the Prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
“ That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.”

The *grim-repose* however, was suggested by Thomson's

“ — deep fermenting tempest brew'd  
“ In the *grim* evening sky.” HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> — scarfed bark —] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well*:] “ Yet the scarfs and the banners about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great burden.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — embraced by the strumpet wind!] So, in *Othello*: “ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — doth she return;] Surely the bark ought to be of the masculine gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *With over-weather'd ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-wither'd*. MALONE.







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JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.]

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.<sup>6</sup>

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there ?

GRA. Signior Antonio ?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?  
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—

<sup>6</sup> Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

So at the conclusion of the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605 :

“ — So, good night kind *gentles*,

“ For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all.”

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620 :

“ Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far.” STEVENS.

Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, “ *The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman*.” FARMER.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit. STEVENS.

No masque to-night; the wind is come about,  
 Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
 Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   V I I .

Belmont.    *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince  
 of Morocco, and both their trains.*

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
 The several caskets to this noble prince:—  
 Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription  
 bears;—

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

The second, silver, which this promise carries;—

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;<sup>1</sup>—

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;  
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see,  
 I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

<sup>1</sup> — as blunt;] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

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A golden mind stoops not to flows of dross ;  
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand :  
 If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
 Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady ;  
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,  
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
 As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;  
 But, more than these, in love I do deserve,  
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :  
 From the four corners of the earth they come,  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia :  
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damna-  
 tion,  
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross  
 To rib<sup>s</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

<sup>s</sup> To rib—] i. e. inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — ribb'd and paled in  
 “ With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters.” STEEVENS.



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Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-  
land

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
Stamped in gold; but that's inculp'd upon;<sup>8</sup>  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*POR.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie  
there,

Then I am yours.    [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

*MOR.*            O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.<sup>9</sup>*

<sup>8</sup> — inculp'd upon;] To *inculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ in golden text

“ Shall be *inculp'd*—” STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTOR.

<sup>9</sup> *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

*Gilded timber do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

*Gilded wood may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote:

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a death's-head. JOHNSON.

*Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrol'd:<sup>a</sup>  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

*POR.* A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,  
go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me fo.<sup>b</sup> [*Exeunt.*

The thought might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*,  
Book I:

“ But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood.” STEEVENS.

*Tombes* (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily con-  
founded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The con-  
struction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however,  
is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the*  
*Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

“ Before thou wast, were *timber-worms* in price.” MALONE.

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occasion;  
for how is it possible for worms live bred within timber, to *infold*  
it? STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101st  
Sonnet:

“ — it lies in thee

“ To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*.” MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> Your *answer had not been inscrol'd*:] Since there is an answer  
*inscrol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should  
read—*this*. When the words were written *y<sup>r</sup>* and *y<sup>s</sup>*, the mistake  
was easy. JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — *choose me fo.*] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no dis-  
tribution of acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an  
unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably di-  
vided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open  
to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be pro-  
posed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of  
the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action  
does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that,  
by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's  
passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E VIII.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*SALAR.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*SALAN.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*SALAR.* He came too late, the ship was under  
fail:  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*SALAN.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!  
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—  
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats stol'n from me by my daughter!  
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

*SALAR.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*SALAN.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*SALAR.* Marry, well remember'de

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
 The French and English, there miscarried  
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;  
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

SALAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you  
 hear ;  
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
 Of his return ; he answer'd—*Do not so,  
 Slubber not<sup>5</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very riping of the time ;  
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :<sup>6</sup>  
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
 As shall conveniently become you there :*

<sup>4</sup> I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John* :

“ Our griefs, and not our manners *reason* now.”

Again, in Chapman's Translation of the fourth book of the *Odyssey* :

“ The morning shall yield time to you and me,

“ To do what fits, and *reason* mutually.” STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is used in the same sense. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> Slubber not —] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599 :

“ — they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* :

“ I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing *slubber'd*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — your mind of love :] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.



And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,<sup>7</sup>  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SALAN. I think, he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>8</sup>  
With some delight or other.

SALAR. Do we so. [Exeunt.

*Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. vii:

"Quick. — desires you to send her your little page, of *all* loves:" i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

Your *mind of love* may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604: "A *mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*."

"Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*."

STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*

*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.*] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — embraced *heaviness*—] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written—*entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, *that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness*? JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, sc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii:

"—doubtful thoughts, and rash-*embrac'd* despair."

STEEVENS.

S C E N E IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain<sup>9</sup>  
straight;  
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,  
PORTIA, and their trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me:<sup>2</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

<sup>9</sup> — draw the curtain —] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in *King Henry VIII*: "The king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively." STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And so have I address'd me*:] To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth address himself unto?" STEVENS.



*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath :*  
 You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see :—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 What many men desire.—That many may be meant<sup>1</sup>  
 By the fool multitude,<sup>2</sup> that choose by show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-  
 let,  
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

I believe we should read :

“ And so have I. *Address me, Fortune, now,*

“ To my heart's hope!”

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. scene the last, Falstaff says, “ —I will then *address me to my appointment.*”

TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> — *That many may be meant* —] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unnecessary to the sense, and destroys the measure. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *That many may be meant*

By *the fool multitude,*] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present, —“ *Of the fool multitude,*” — which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; — but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used.

So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as translated by North, 1575 : “ — he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by Brutus and Cassius.*” i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth; — Holinshed, p. 1374 : “ — that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before,” i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371 : “ My lord, quoth lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there, — never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Catesby*, which was of his near secretes counsaile.” i. e. by this he meant Catesby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, “ — the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by a furr'd glove.*” i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it, — i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161 : “ Any simple judgement might easily perceive by *whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England.” MALONE.

Even in the force<sup>3</sup> and road of casualty.  
 I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump<sup>4</sup> with common spirits,  
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;*  
 And well said too ; For who shall go about  
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
 Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume  
 To wear an undeserved dignity.  
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour  
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !  
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?  
 How many be commanded, that command ?  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ?<sup>5</sup> and how much  
 honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd ?<sup>6</sup> Well, but to my choice :

<sup>3</sup> ——— in the force.—] i. e. the power. So, in *Much ado about Nothing* : “ — in the force of his will.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— jump—] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*  
 “ ——— and in some sort it jumps with my humour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ?* The meaning is, *How much  
 meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness  
 among the mean.* But since men are always said to glean corn though  
 they may pick chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the  
 common manner of speech if it had been written thus :

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd  
 From the true seed of honour ? how much honour  
 Glean'd from the chaff ?* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— how much honour  
*Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd ?* This confusion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakspeare wrote,  
*To be new vanned.*—————

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner* ; which

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*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:*  
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,<sup>5</sup>  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*POR.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
there.

*AR.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking  
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.  
How much unlike art thou to Portia?  
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*POR.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

is derived from the Latin *vannus, ventilabrum*, the fan used for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same thought. So, in the second Part of *Henry IV*:

“ We shall be *winnow'd* with so rough a wind,

“ That even our *corn* shall seem as light as *chaff*.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be *new vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to set down the name when I transcribed the following passage:

“ — when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*.” The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tusser*, and in *Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

Steevens justly observes, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varnished*.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,*] The words—*for this*, which (as Mr. Ritson observes) destroy the measure, should be omitted, STEEVENS.

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AR. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this ;  
Seven times tried that judgement is,  
That did never choose amiss :  
Some there be, that shadows kiss ;  
Such have but a shadow's blifs :  
There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>6</sup>  
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,<sup>7</sup>  
I will ever be your head :  
So begone, fir,<sup>8</sup> you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here :  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.—  
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

<sup>6</sup> — *I wis,*] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in *K. Henry VI*:

“ *I wis* your grandame had no worser match.”

Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyfes*:

“ Yea, *I wis*, shall you, and that with all speed.”

*Sidney, Ascham and Waller* use the word. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *So begone, fir,*] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *to bear my wroth.*] The old editions read—“ to bear my *wroath*.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the histories of Troye*, &c. 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*. The modern editors read—my *wrath*. STEEVENS.

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NER. The ancient saying is no heresy;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Where is my lady?

POR. Here; what would my lord?\*

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;†  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit‡ in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

*[Exeunt.]*

\* Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of Nerissa? TYRWHITT.

† — regrets;] i. e. salutations. So, in *K. John*, ACT III. sc. i:

“Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret.”

STEEVENS.

‡ — high-day wit —] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
“— he speaks holiday.” STEEVENS.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*SALAN.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*SALAR.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins; I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*SALAN.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,<sup>3</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*SALAR.* Come, the full stop.

*SALAN.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*SALAR.* I would it might prove the end of his tosses!

*SALAN.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer;<sup>4</sup> for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

<sup>3</sup> — knapp'd ginger;] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in the *Common Prayer*: "He knappeth the spear in funder."  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — my prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*SHY.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*SALAR.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*SALAN.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*SHY.* She is damn'd for it.

*SALAR.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*SHY.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*SALAN.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*SHY.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*SALAR.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*SHY.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,<sup>s</sup> who dare scarce show his head

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by saying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

<sup>s</sup> — a bankrupt, a prodigal,] This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him:

on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*SALAR.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

*SHY.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed?<sup>6</sup> if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if

— *I'll go in bate to feed upon*  
The prodigal Christian—

But Antonio was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant; be assured therefore we should read—a bankrupt FOR a prodigal, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, "for a christian courtesy," was likewise a reason for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

EDWARDS.

<sup>6</sup> — *if you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians, says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's life of Cæsar, p. 140: 4<sup>to</sup>. v. iv: "Cæsar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "ὄχι ὡς τῶν θνητῶν λογίσσεται Κᾶϊσαρ εἰς θνητῶν μὲν ἄρκι." S. W.



you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*SALAR.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*SALAN.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.      [*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

*SHY.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*TUB.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*SHY.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but

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what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*TUB.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*SHY.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*TUB.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*SHY.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*TUB.* I spoke with some of the failors that escaped the wreck.

*SHY.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*TUB.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*SHY.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a fitting! fourscore ducats!

*TUB.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*SHY.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*TUB.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*SHY.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:<sup>7</sup> I would not have given it for a wildernes of monkies.

<sup>7</sup> — it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter

*TUB.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*SHY.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this B. Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*:

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,

“ Look well, or ill with him.”

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

“ The *turkeffe*, which who haps to wear,

“ Is often kept from peril.”

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569. “ The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it.” P. 51. b.

But *Leab* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have presented *Shylock* with his *Turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone “ is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

The same quality was supposed to be resident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“ You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,

“ Coral will look pale *when you be sick*, and chrystal will stanch blood.”

Thus Holinshed, speaking of the death of *King John*: “ And when the king suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such *precious stones* as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewracing the poison,” &c. STEEVENS.



SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA,  
and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:  
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)  
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality:  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—  
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours:<sup>8</sup> O! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights;  
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And so all yours:]* The latter word is here used as a disyllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,]* It may be more grammatically read:

*And so though yours I'm not yours.* JOHNSON.





Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—  
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in musick: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;  
And what is musick then? then musick is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With no less presence,<sup>4</sup> but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster:<sup>5</sup> I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *With no less presence,*] With the same dignity of mien.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *To the sea-monster:*] See Ovid, *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Destruction of Troy*:—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay*  
*I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.*] One of the  
quartos [Roberts's] reads:

*Live then, I live with much more dismay*  
*To view the fight, than &c.*

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Musick, whilst BASSANTO comments on the caskets to himself.

S O N G,

1. Tell me, where is fancy<sup>6</sup> bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

Reply:<sup>7</sup>

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows<sup>8</sup> be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,<sup>9</sup>  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it<sup>10</sup> with a text,

The folio, 1623, thus:

*Live thou, I live with much more dismay  
I view the fight, than &c.*

Heyes's quarto gives the present reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——fancy——] i. e. Love, So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Than sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Reply.] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verse in the song; but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> So may the outward shows ——] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——gracious voice,] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> ——approve it——] i. e. justify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——I am full sorry

“That he approves the common liar, fame.” STEEVENS.



Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice<sup>3</sup> so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,<sup>4</sup>  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;<sup>5</sup>  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:<sup>6</sup>  
 So are those crisped<sup>7</sup> snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *There is no vice*—] The old copies read—*vice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *valour's excrement*,] i. e. what a little higher is called the beard of Hercules. So, "pedler's excrement," in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *by the weight* ;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Making them lightest that wear most of it* :] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not seem light." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *crisped* —] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *in the sepulchre*.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honesty of this Age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre,

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore<sup>9</sup> :  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; <sup>2</sup> in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,  
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,<sup>3</sup>  
 And here choose I; Joy be the consequence !

or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, *ibid* : " These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires clofed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the gilded shore*—] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Gilded* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Gilded* stands for *gilding*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Indian beauty*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads ;  
 — *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence*,] The old copies read—*paleness*. STEEVENS.

Bassanio is displeas'd at the golden *casquet* for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness*; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeas'd him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote ;

*Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence :*

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casquet* :

" *This third, dull lead, with warning all is blunt.*"

WARBURTON,

*POR.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rain thy joy,<sup>4</sup> scant this excess;

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

“ — Thou *stale*, and common drudge

“ 'Tween man and man.” —

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

“ Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledge*,”

Says Stephen Hawes. In *Fairfax's Tasso*, we have

“ The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,”

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

“ Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone.”

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:

“ — She blushed scarlet red,

“ Then straight again, as *pale as lead*.”

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,

“ I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

“ Of saucy and audacious *eloquence*.” FARMER.

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy paleness* moves me, &c.] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to *silver*, that “ *pale* and *common drudge*,” *lead*, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *In measure rain thy joy,*] The first quarto edition reads:

*In measure range thy joy.*

The folio, and one of the quartos:

*In measure raine thy joy.*

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant:

*In measure rein thy joy.*

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised.

JOHNSON.

Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second instance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is spelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *The Tempest*, edit. 1623:

“ — do not give dalliance

“ Too much the *raigne*.” MALONE,

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I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

*BASS.*                      What find I here?<sup>4</sup>

[*Opening the leaden casket.*  
Fair Portia's counterfeit?<sup>5</sup> What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— pour not too fast joys on me,

“ But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.”

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *King Henry IV.*

P. I. confirms my sense of the passage:

“ ——— but in short space

“ It rain'd down *fortune* show'ring on thy head,

“ And such a flood of greatness fell on you,” &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in *Cortolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

“ ——— being once chaf'd, he cannot

“ Be *rein'd* again to temperance.”

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii.

“ *Rein* thy tongue.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a disyllable. MALONE.

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here*, used as a disyllable; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author designed Portia to say—

“ For fear I surfeit *me*.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Fair Portia's counterfeit?*] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “ I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*.”

Again, (as Mr. M. Mason observes) Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,

“ The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers.”

STEVENS.



Should funder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs  
 The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—  
 How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd :<sup>6</sup> Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
 Chauce as fair, and choose as true !*

<sup>6</sup> *Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd :*] Perhaps it might be :  
*And leave himself unfurnish'd.* JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurnish'd* must mean “ unfurnished  
 with a companion, or fellow.” M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation would altogether subvert the poet's  
 meaning. If the artist, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, should  
 lose both his own, that eye which he had painted, must necessarily  
 be *left unfurnish'd*, or destitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

*And leave itself unfurnish'd :*] i. e. and leave itself incomplete ;  
 unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait,  
 viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author  
 seems to have considered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As  
 you like it* : “ ——— he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman ;” i. e. had all  
 the appendages belonging to a huntsman. MALONE.

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's  
*History of Faire Bellora* ; afterwards published under the title of *A  
 Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio*,  
 bl. 1 : “ If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*,  
 her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-  
 seeing senses, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning  
 pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to  
 have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfinish'd*.”

A preceding passage in Bassanio's speech might have been sug-  
 gested by the same novel.

*A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men :* “ What are our curled  
 and crisped lockes, but *snarres and nets* to catch and *entangle the  
 hearts of gazers,*” &c. STEEVENS.

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*Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your blifs,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;  
[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise<sup>1</sup> be his or no;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

*POR.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for my self alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me

<sup>1</sup> — peals of praise —] The second quarto reads—*pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbours of Virtue*, 1576:

“ The *pearles of praise* that deck a noble name.”

Again, in R. C's verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard*:

“ But that that bears the *pearle of praise* away.”

STEVENS.

Is sum of something ;<sup>8</sup> which, to term in grofs,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd :  
 Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old  
 But ſhe may learn ;<sup>9</sup> and happier than this,  
 She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn ;  
 Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit  
 Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,  
 Queen o'er myſelf ; and even now, but now,  
 This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,  
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring,  
 Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,  
 Let it preſage the ruin of your love,  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*BASS.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,  
 As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear

<sup>8</sup> *Is ſum of ſomething ;*] We ſhould read—*ſome* of ſomething,  
 i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account ; which  
 ſhe explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads :

“ *Is ſum of nothing.* ” —

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this :

“ — the full *ſum* of me — ”

*Is ſum of ſomething*, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as  
 much as can be found in—*an unlesson'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But ſhe may learn ;*] The latter word is here uſed as a diſylla-  
 ble. MALONE.

Till the reader his reconciled has ear to this diſyllabical pro-  
 nunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—*and*, a harm-  
 leſs monosyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the ſake  
 of obvious metre. STEEVENS.



Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,<sup>2</sup>  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*NER.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

*GRA.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:<sup>3</sup>  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*BASS.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*GRA.* I thank your lordship; you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission<sup>4</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing here, until I sweat again;  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune

<sup>2</sup> — being blent together,] i. e. blended. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — you can wish none from me:] That is, none away from me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — for intermission —] *Intermission* is pause, intervening time, delay. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — gentle heaven

“ Cut short all *intermission*!” STEEVENS.

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Achiev'd her mistress.

*POR.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*NER.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*BASS.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*GRA.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*BASS.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*GRA.* We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

*NER.* What, and stake down?

*GRA.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?  
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*BASS.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*POR.* So do I, my lord;  
They are entirely welcome.

*LOR.* I thank your honour:—For my part, my  
lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*SAL.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*



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BASS. Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SAL. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her wel-  
come.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?  
I know, he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

SAL. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath  
lost!

POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon'  
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—  
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'ft words,  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

<sup>s</sup> We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.} So, in Abraham Fleming's "Rhythmic Decasyllabicall, upon this last luckie voyage of worthie Captaine Frobisher, 1577:"

"The golden fleece (like Jafon) hath he got,

"And rich return'd, saunce losse or luckles los."

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Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
 How much I was a braggart: When I told you  
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
 That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
 The paper as the body<sup>o</sup> of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALERIO. Not one, my lord.  
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it: Never did I know  
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JESU. When I was with him, I have heard him  
 swear,

<sup>o</sup> *The paper as the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body— The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, Act IV: "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. instead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body. STEEVENS.



To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*POR.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

*BASS.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*POR.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*BASS.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*POR.* What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
 Before a friend of this description  
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife ;  
 And then away to Venice to your friend ;  
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;  
 My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,  
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

<sup>1</sup> — cheer ;] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 161 :

“ That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.”  
 See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

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*BASS.* [reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,<sup>6</sup> if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*POR.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*BASS.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*SHY.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of  
mercy;—  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*ANT.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*SHY.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my  
bond;  
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's.  
*Mr. Pope reads—and me. MALONE.*

<sup>7</sup> — so fond —] i. e. so foolish. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by *Lily*: “—that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech.” *STEVENS.*



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To come abroad with him at his request.

ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,<sup>8</sup>

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

SALAN. It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

ANT. Let him alone;  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

SALAN. I am sure, the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the course of law;<sup>9</sup>  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — dull-ey'd fool,] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestowed on melancholy in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The duke cannot deny, &c.*] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. It, says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.*] i. e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so

Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
 Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and*  
 BALTHAZAR.

*LOR.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*POR.* I never did repent for doing good,  
 Nor shall not now: for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together,

commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. In *The Historie of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a section *On the libertee of strangers at Venice.* MALONE.



Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,<sup>a</sup>  
 There must be needs a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners,<sup>b</sup> and of spirit;  
 Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke, &c.*] The folio, 1623, reads—*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

“ I will presume hym so to dignifie

“ Yet be not *egall*.”

Prol. to *The Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

“ Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith.” STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.*] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate. WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

“ *Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*,” &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Affection of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582*, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's lineaments three times translated*; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the stem bones of the king and queen, &c.*

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: “ Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body,” &c.

Again, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad*:

“ ——— so over-labour'd were

“ His goodly *lineaments* with chafe of Hector,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> ——— *the bosom lover of my lord.*] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by

Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself;  
 Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.—  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return :  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition ;  
 The which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart ;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on  
 you !

telling him, " he is his true lover." So, in *Coriolanus* : " I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my lover." Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, passim. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ~~hear other things,~~ ] In former editions :

*This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
 Therefore no more of it : here other things,  
 Lorenzo, I commit, &c.*

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it ; says, She'll say no more of that sort ; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.



YES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exit*.] JESSICA and LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endcavour of a man,  
In speed to Padua;<sup>8</sup> see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give  
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>9</sup>  
Unto the tranect,<sup>2</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,

<sup>8</sup> *In speed to Padua;*] The old copies read—*Mantua*; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done,—*In speed to Padua*: for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards;—*A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, new come from Padua*—And again, *Came you from Padua, from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario*.—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy.

THROBALT.

<sup>9</sup> — *with imagin'd speed*—] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third act of *K. Henry V*:  
“ Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies.”

Again, in *Hamlet*: “—swift as meditation—” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Unto the tranect,*] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*, MALONE.



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But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.  
 : *BALTH.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.  
 [Exit.]

*POR.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,  
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
 Before they think of us.

*NER.* Shall they see us?

*POR.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
 That they shall think we are accomplished  
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both accouter'd<sup>3</sup> like young men,  
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
 Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,  
 How honourable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
 I could not do with all;<sup>4</sup>—then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

*NER.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*POR.* Fie! what a question's that,  
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?  
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

<sup>3</sup> — accouter'd—] So the earliest quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — do with all;] For the sense of the word *do*, in this place, See a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. IV. p. 193. COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*withball*, Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*LAUN.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you.<sup>5</sup> I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*JES.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*LAUN.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*JES.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*LAUN.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:<sup>6</sup> well, you are gone both ways.

<sup>5</sup> — *therefore, I promise you, I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read—*I fear for you.*

MALONE.

There is not the slightest need of emendation. The disputed phrase is authorized by a passage in *K. Richard III*:

“The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

“And his physicians fear him mightily.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Originally from the *Alexandren* of Philippe Guaitier;

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YES. I shall be saved by my husband; ' he hath made me a Christian.

but several translations of this adage were obvious to Shakspeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem, entitled "*A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie." bl. l. no date.

" While *Silla* they do seem to shun,

" In *Charibd* they do fall." &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Bishop of Megala) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth book of his heroic Poem, Darius (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus) is thus apostrophized :

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum  
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis incertam  
Rex periture fugam? nescis, heu! perditæ, nescis  
Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:  
*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.*  
Bessus, Nazabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,  
Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locasti,  
Non veriti temerare fidem, capitibusq; verendi  
Perdere caniciem, spreto moderamine juris,  
Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes.

The author of the line in question (who was unknown to Erasmus) was first ascertained by Galeottus Martius, who died in 1476; (See *Menagiana*, Vol. I. p. 173. edit. 1729.) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavensis de Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common school-book. In *fabulis Grammaticorum tanta fuisse dignitatis, ut præ ipso veterum Poetarum lectio negligenteretur*. Barthius also, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the same effect. *Et mediâ barbariæ non plane ineptus versificator Galterus ab Insula (qui tempore Joannis Saresberienfis, ut ex hujus ad eum epistolis discimus, vixit)—Tam autem postea clarus fuit, ut expulsis quibusvis bonis auctoribus, scholas tenuerit*. Freintheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confesses that he had never seen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt state in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earliest edition) still appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent transcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whose hands the Ms. passed, seems to have made some ignorant and capricious changes in its text; so that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakspeare. *Galterus* (says Hermann in his *Conspectus Republicæ Literariæ*, p. 102.) *secutus est Curtium, & sæpe ad verbum expressit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli*

**LAUN.** Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; <sup>or</sup> ~~even~~ as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

**JES.** I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

**LOR.** I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

**JES.** Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

**LOR.** I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

**LAUN.** It is much, that the Moor should be more<sup>a</sup> than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*possunt; id quod experiendo didici.* See also I. G. Vossius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had translated a long passage of the *Alexandreis* into blank verse before the year 1557, (See Surrey's Poems, and Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 63.) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extensive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *I shall be saved by my husband,*] From St. Paul:

“The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.”

HENLEY.

<sup>b</sup> *It is much that the Moor should be more, &c.*] This reminds



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**LOR.** How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

**LAUN.** That is done, fir; they have all stomachs.

**LOR.** Goodly lord,<sup>9</sup> what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

**LAUN.** That is done too, fir; only, cover is the word.

**LOR.** Will you cover then, fir?

**LAUN.** Not so, fir, neither; I know my duty.

**LOR.** Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

**LAUN.** For the table, fir, it shall be served in; for the meat, fir, it shall be covered; for your com-

us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

“ *Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,*

“ *Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?*”

So, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ And for ybu *Moor* thus much I mean to say,

“ I’ll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may.” STEEVENS.

Shakespeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More:

“ When *More* some years had chancellor been,

“ No *more* suits did remain;

“ The like shall never *more* be seen,

“ Till *More* be there again.” RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Goodly lord,*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald’s edition. TYRWHITT.



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Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howfo'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BAS-  
SANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and  
others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to  
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach,<sup>3</sup> I do oppose

<sup>3</sup> ——— *his envy's reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or



My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

**DUKE.** Go one, and call the Jew into the court!

**SALAN.** He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

**DUKE.** Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse,<sup>4</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent<sup>5</sup> cruelty:  
And, where<sup>6</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back;

*malice.* So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, we  
" — he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but only  
p. 109. edit. 1679. So also (as Mr. Malone observes) in *Lazarus*  
*Pyot's Orator*, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play.] " — they  
had slain him for veric evils." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *remorse*,] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello*:  
" And to obey shall be in me remorse." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *apparent* —] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *where* —] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age

" Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty," &c.

STEEVENS.

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Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
 And pluck consideration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHR. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

<sup>7</sup> *Enough to press a royal merchant down.* We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a raising sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Fæda firma*; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Spummaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (whose public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was spied by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "The *MERCHANT ROYAL* a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majesty, at the nuptials of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelve day last, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEVENS.



If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
 But, say, it is my humour;<sup>9</sup> Is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I'll not answer that:*

*But, say, it is my humour;*] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

——— *say, it is my humour;*] Suppose it is my particular fancy.  
 HEATH.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *a gaping pig;*] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping;

“ I thought your grace would find him out a Jew.”

Again, in *The Masque, &c.* or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

“ Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,

“ A breast of mutton, or a pig's head gaping.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare might have read of such another antipathy [to a “ pigge stufte”] in *Goullart's Histories*, of which there was an earlier edition than that of 1607. RITSON.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.”

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which, perhaps furnished our author with his instance) may serve to confirm the observation: “ The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus the surgeon was cholericke at the sight of sturgeon,” &c. *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*. 1592. MALONE.

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bag-pipe fings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine; For affection,  
 Mistrefs of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:

<sup>3</sup> Cannot contain their urine; &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.  
 Masterless passion sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths.

*Masterless passion* Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,  
 Master of passion, sways it, &c.

And then *it* is govern'd of *passion*. The two old quartos and folios read—Masters of *passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction; as Jonson in *Sejanus*:

“ ——— He hath studied

“ Affection's passions, knows their springs and ends.”

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to show a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

*Masters of passion*, is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two nominative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both should be plural, and consequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *masters* of passion sway it, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 16. 6:

“ His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*.”

*Affections*, as used by Sh. lock, seem to signify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, Act I. is a passage somewhat similar. “ And



As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. [See Vol. III. p. 73, n. 3.] This is the only change that is now made in the present passage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation: "Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, ("sway it") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance. HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*."

"Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood

"Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. "Some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For these things

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; \* but of force

*which art masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will.* RITSON.

After all that has been said about this contested passage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepheard*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he observes that "*Mistress* was formerly spelt *Maißresse* or *Maißres*. In Upton's and Church's Spenser we have

" — young birds, which he had taught to sing

" His *maißresse* praises." B. III. c. vii. ft. 17.

This, I presume, is the reading of the first edition of the three first books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not; in the second edition, 1596, and the folios 1609 and 1611, it is spelt *mistresse*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have " my maister, and my *maißress*." See page 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maißres* (easily corrupted, by the transposition of the *a* and *e*, into *Maisters*, which is the reading of the second folio of Shakspeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult passage, gives a quotation from Othello, which countenances this supposed difference of gender in the noun:—" And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you;"

Admitting *maißres* to have been Shakspeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the passage thus;

" ——— for affection

" *Mistress* of passion, sways it to the mood

" Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be observed, *Affectio* and *Passio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, so well supported, and so modestly offered, I cannot refuse a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may also receive countenance from the following passage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: " — She saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense; she found *opinion mistress* of the Lover's judgement."

So likewise in the Prologue to a Ms. entitled *The Boke of Huntynge, that is cleped Mayster of Game*.—" ymaginacion *maißresse* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

\* *Why he, a swollen bag-pipe;*] This incident Shakspeare seems



Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;

to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* Sect. vi. he has these words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi joculam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, auditu phorminx sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipe*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by affection:

*Cannot contain their urine for affection.*

Which shows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion.*    WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatise of Spectres, or Strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakspeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by lord Bacon, sir K. Digby, and many other writers.    FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen bag-pipe*, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the authour wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*.    JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling or swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A passage in *Turberville's Epitaphs*, p. 13. supports the emendation proposed by Sir John Hawkins:

"First came the rustick forth

"With pipe and *puffed bag*."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.



So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*BASS.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*SHY.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*BASS.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*SHY.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*BASS.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*SHY.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*ANT.* I pray you, think you question<sup>s</sup> with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines

Perhaps Shakspeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe. R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in support of the old reading, observes, that the skin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the sound arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*swollen*, in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — you question —] To question is to converse. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—in the loss of *question*—” i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise;<sup>1</sup>  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;<sup>2</sup>  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,<sup>3</sup>  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
 His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,<sup>4</sup>  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will,<sup>5</sup>

*BASS.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*SHR.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*DUKE.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring  
 none?

*SHR.* What judgement shall I dread, doing no  
 wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

<sup>1</sup> *the mountain pine*  
*To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,*  
*When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;* This image  
 seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587.  
 Book XV, p. 196.

<sup>2</sup> Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the heady east-  
 tern wind

<sup>3</sup> Doth whizz amongst them. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *many a purchas'd slave.* This argument, considered as  
 used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how  
 Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and  
 sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing no others*  
 as we would that they should do to us. JOHNSON.

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The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, 'is mine,' and I will have it:  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for<sup>8</sup> to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

SALAR. My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

<sup>7</sup> — is mine,] The first quarto reads—as mine, evidently a misprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis mine*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — Bellario, a learned doctor,

*Whom I have sent for* —] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unfitly brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how should this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this was foreknown by Portia*. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.



And for thy life let justice be accus'd.  
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
 That souls of animals infuse themselves  
 Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my  
 bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:  
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend  
 A young and learned doctor to our court:—  
 Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,  
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart:—some three or four  
 of you,  
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Baltasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no im-*



pediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand  
forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you,<sup>4</sup> as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger,<sup>5</sup> do you not?

[To ANTONIO.]

ANT. Ay, so he says,

<sup>4</sup> Cannot impugn you,] To impugn is to oppose, to controvert.  
So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain impugn my word."

Again:

"If any pres t' impugn what I impart." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> You stand within his danger,] So, in the *Corvyfor's Play*, among the collection of *Whitfun Mysteries* represented at Chester. See *Mf. Harl.* 1013, p. 106:



MERCHANT OF VENICE 599

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;<sup>6</sup>  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;<sup>7</sup>  
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.<sup>7</sup> Therefore, Jew,

"Two detters some tyme there were  
Oughten money to an usurere,  
The one was *in his dangere*  
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> There are frequent instances in *The Paston Letters* of the use of this phrase in the same sense; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in DEBT* and *to be in DANGER*, were synonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in *Howell's History of Wales*, 1587: "laying for his excuse that he had offended many noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The quality of mercy is not strain'd*; &c.] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *And earthly power doth then show likest God's, When mercy seasons justice*.] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the nearest unto God,  
"By giving life and safety unto men." MALONE.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation:<sup>7</sup> we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*SHY.* My deeds upon my head!<sup>8</sup> I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*POB.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*BASS.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum:<sup>9</sup> if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth.<sup>2</sup> And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

<sup>7</sup> — in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation:] Portia referring the Jew to the Christian  
doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of cha-  
racter. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>8</sup> My deeds upon my head!] An imprecation adopted from that of  
the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!"

HENLEY,

<sup>9</sup> Yea, twice the sum:] We should read—*thrice* the sum.—  
Portia, a few lines below, says

"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himself supports the emendation:

"I take his offer then;—pay the bond *thrice*."

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer; but Mr. Steevens has  
already proposed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — malice bears down truth.] Malice oppresses honesty; a *true*  
*man* in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury good  
*men and true*. JOHNSON.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 511

*POR.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*SHY.* A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*POR.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*SHY.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*POR.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*SHY.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*POR.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*SHY.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*ANT.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgement.

*POR.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

*SHY.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!



*POR.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*SHY.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*POR.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*SHY.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*POR.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh?

*SHY.* I have them ready.

*POR.* Have by some furgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*SHY.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*POR.* It is not so express'd; But what of that?  
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

*SHY.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*POR.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to  
say?

*ANT.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery<sup>9</sup> doth she cut me off.

<sup>9</sup> *Of such a misery* —] The first folio destroys the measure by omitting the particle—*a*; which, nevertheless, is found in the corrected second folio, 1633. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 513

Command me to your honourable wife;  
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
 Say, how I lov'd you; speak me true to death;  
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love;  
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
 And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
 Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for  
 that,  
 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;  
 I would she were in heaven, so she could  
 Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the christian husbands: I have a  
 daughter;  
 Would, any of the stock of Barrabas  
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[Aside.

— the stock of Barrabas —] The name of this robber is  
 differently spelt, as well as accented in the *New Testament*; [*Με  
 εἶπον, ἀλλὰ τοῦ Βαραβᾶ. ἢ δι' ὁ Βαραβᾶς λυτῆς;*] but Shakspeare  
 seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre,  
*Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of  
 Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written—

“Would any of Barabbas' stock had been

“Her husband, rather than a christian!”



We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*POR.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*SHY.* Most rightful judge!

*POR.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*SHY.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

*POR.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*GRA.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

*SHY.* Is that the law?

*POR.* Thyself shalt see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*GRA.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

*SHY.* I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,

*I take this offer then;]* Perhaps we should read—*his*, i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEVENS.

*This offer is right.* Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 515

And let the Christian go.

*BASS.* Here is the money.

*POR.* Soft;  
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*GRA.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*POR.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.<sup>4</sup>  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*GRA.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

<sup>4</sup> *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgement is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the conclusion of it. “—*Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Infitia en ello con igual terquencia a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. Y fue dar agado corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*” *El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.* Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652. ♦

“The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with that of Solomon: a *Jew* pretended to eat an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or less: And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty.” *The Heroe*, p. 24. &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnsworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the play. STEVENS.

*POR.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*SHR.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*BASS.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*POR.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*GRA.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*SHR.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*POR.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*SHR.* Why then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*POR.* Tarry, Jew!  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voices:  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*GRA.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 317

Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our  
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state ;<sup>5</sup> not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

GRA. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the  
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;  
I am content,<sup>6</sup> so he will let me have

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, for the state ; &c.*] That is, the state's moiety may be com-  
puted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I am content,*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood.  
Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture,  
he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the pro-  
perty but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the  
Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*.

JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's  
half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in usufruct*,  
after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That  
is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Antonio's  
hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, " that he will quit the fine for one half of  
his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during  
the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is  
the meaning of the words *to let me have in use*. M. MASON,



The other half in use,—to render it,  
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
 That lately stole his daughter.  
 Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,  
 He presently become a Christian;  
 The other, that he do record a gift,  
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

**DUKE.** He shall do this; or else I do recant  
 The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

**POR.** Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou  
 say?

**SHY.** I am content.

**POR.** Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

**SHY.** I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
 I am not well; send the deed after me,  
 And I will sign it.

**DUKE.** Get thee gone, but do it.

**GRA.** In christening thou shalt have two godfa-  
 thers;  
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

**DUKE.** Sir, I entreat you home with me to din-  
 ner.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve  
 men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson:

“——— I will leave you

“To your godfathers in law. Let twelve men work.”

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both  
 pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyn, 1564, (which  
 has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to show  
 his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says, “I did see him aske  
 blessing to xii godfathers at ones.” MALONE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE 319

*POR.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;<sup>a</sup>  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*DUKE.* I am sorry, that your leisure serves you  
not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

*BASS.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*ANT.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*POR.* He is well paid, that is well satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*BASS.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you fur-  
ther;  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*POR.* You press me far, and therefore I will  
yield.

<sup>a</sup> — *grace of pardon* ;] Thus the old copies: the modern edi-  
tors read, less harshly, but without authority, — *your grace's pardon*.  
The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*: — "I humbly do be-  
seech you of your pardon."

In the notes to *As You Like It*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,  
I have given repeated instances of this phraseology. STREIBER.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the  
4to. of 1637. MALONE.



Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:  
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

*BASS.* This ring, good fir,—alas, it is a trifle;  
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

*POR.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*BASS.* There's more depends on this, than on the  
 value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
 And find it out by proclamation;  
 Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*POR.* I see, fir, you are liberal in offers:  
 You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*BASS.* Good fir, this ring was given me by my  
 wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*POR.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their  
 gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,<sup>o</sup>  
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt PORTEA and NERISSA.*]

*ANT.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;  
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

<sup>o</sup> *She would not hold out enemy for ever,*] An error of the press.  
 —Read “hold out enmity.” M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much  
 ado about nothing*, Act I. sc. 1, the *Messenger* says to Beatrice—“I  
 will hold friends with you, lady.” STEEVENS.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 521

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[Exit GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio, [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this  
deed,  
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>2</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring. [to PORTIA.]

<sup>2</sup> — upon more advice,] i. e. more reflection. So, in *Alps* well  
that ends well: "You never did lack advice so much," &c.  
STEEVENS.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*POR.* Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have  
old swearing,<sup>2</sup>

That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will  
tarry.

*NER.* Come, good fir, will you show me to this  
house? [Exeunt.]

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**ACT V. SCENE I.**

Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*LOR.* The moon shines bright:—In such a night  
as this,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — old *swearing*.] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the King's English." Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "— here will be *old* utis." The same phrase also occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *In such a night as this*.] The several speeches beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: which though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's:

"In such a night did Paris win his love.

"*Lelia*. In such a night, *Aeneas* prov'd unkind.

"*Sophs*. In such a night did *Troilus* court his dear.

"*Lelia*. In such a night, fair *Phyllis* was betray'd."

*Orig. of the Drama*, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

*Wily Beguild* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year. MALONE.

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
 And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
 Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
 And figh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
 Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night,  
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
 And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,  
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
 To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

“ Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,  
 “ And on the Grekis host he would yse, &c.  
 “ The daie goth fast, and after that came eve  
 “ And yet came not to Troilus Cresside,  
 “ He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,  
 “ And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide,” &c.

Again, *ibid.*:

“ And up and doune by west and eke by est,  
 “ Upon the wallis made he many a went.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *In such a night,*

*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand*—] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classicks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton suggests in his *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakspeare might have taken this image from some ballad on the subject.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

“ Thus it befell upon a night  
 “ Whann there was nought but sterre light,  
 “ She was vanished sight as hir list,  
 “ That no wight but herself wist:  
 “ And that was at midnight tide,  
 “ The world was still on every side,” &c.

*Confessio Amantis*, 1554. STEEVENS.





MERCHANT, OF VENICE, 525

Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses,<sup>a</sup> where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her?

SERV. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from  
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

LAUN. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

LOR. Who calls?

LAUN. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. Sola! where? where?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him, there's a post come from my  
master, with his horn full of good news; my master  
will be here ere morning. *[Exit.*

LOR. Sweet soul,<sup>9</sup> let's in, and there expect their  
coming.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *she doth stray about*

*By holy crosses,]* So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

“ But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,

“ Another at the Abbey, and the third

“ At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass

“ Any of these without a Pater-noster.”

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS:

<sup>9</sup> *Sweet soul,]* These words in the old copies are placed at the  
end of Launcelot's speech, MALONE.



And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[Exit Servant.]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears; <sup>a</sup> soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold; <sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> These two words should certainly be placed at the beginning of the following speech of *Lorenzo*:

“Sweet soul, let's in,” &c.

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *soule* into *love*, without any necessity.

TYAWHITT.

Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. Instead of *soul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather suppose, that the printer of the second folio, judiciously correcting some mistakes, through inattention committed others.

STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears;] So, in *Churchyard's Worshippers of Wales*, 1587:

“A musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe.

“By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe.”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“This musick crept by me upon the waters.” REED.

<sup>1</sup> — with patines of bright gold;] Dr. Warburton says we should read—*patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEVENS.

*Patens* is the reading of the first folio, and *patents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*patens*, the other *patents*.

STEVENS.



There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Such harmony is in immortal souls; &c.*] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors:

*Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
 But while this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot bear it.*

That the third line is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was:

*Doth grossly close it in.*

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of *perceiving harmony*, as afterwards, *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of sweet sounds*. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

*Such harmony is in th' immortal soul,*

*But while this muddy vesture of decay*

*Doth grossly close it in, we cannot bear it.* JOHNSON.

*close it in*—] This idea might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of Virgil, B. VI:

“Nor clus'd to in darke can they regard their heavenly kinde,

“For carkasse foul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison blinde.” STEVENS.

*Such harmony is in immortal souls; &c.*] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

“*Such harmony,*” &c. is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line—“So great is the harmony!” but an illustration:

—“Of the same kind is the harmony.”—The whole runs thus:

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of*

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;<sup>5</sup>  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

*immortal souls; or, (in other words) each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards); but our gross terrestrial part, which environ us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing.—It, [Doth grossly close it in,] I apprehend, refers to harmony. This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—close in it.*

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard;—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* reads *sounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

“Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,  
“To lull the daughters of necessity,  
“And keep unsteady nature in her law,  
“And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
“After the heavenly tune, which none can bear  
“Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.” MALONE.

Thus in *Comus*:

“Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold  
“Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
“Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
“And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
“To testify his hidden residence.” HENLEY.

The old reading *in* immortal souls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V. “Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony.” For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Mr. Malone observes that “the fifth Book of the E. P. was published singly, in 1597.” STERVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *wake Diana with a hymn;*] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

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And draw her home with musick.<sup>6</sup>

JES. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick,  
[Musick,]

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing  
loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,<sup>7</sup>  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the  
poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods;  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature:

<sup>6</sup> *And draw her home with musick.*] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustic musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.] We find the same thought in *The Tempest*:

“ — Then I beat my tabor,  
“ At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,  
“ Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
“ *As they smell musick.*” MALONE.



The man that hath no musick in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *The man that hath no musick in himself,*

*Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,]* The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and the *external musick* [*concord of sweet sounds*]; which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of Folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam in se vixisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut Britanni, præter alia, Formam, Musicam, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.*

WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in musick with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

Our ancient statutes have often received their best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman *ONLY* to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated musick among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love musick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as be-

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Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*POR.* That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*NER.* When the moon shone, we did not see the  
candle.

*POR.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark!

*NER.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*POR.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;<sup>9</sup>  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*NER.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*POR.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,

coming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company*." Again,—  
"Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of musick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *without respect*;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.



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The nightingale,<sup>a</sup> if she should sing by day,  
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 No better a musician than the wren.  
 How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
 And would not be awak'd!<sup>b</sup>            [*Musick ceases.*]

<sup>a</sup> *The nightingale, &c.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

“ Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

“ When I was wont to greet it with my lays;

“ As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,

“ And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;

“ Not that the summer is less pleasant now,

“ Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;

“ But that wild musick burdens every tongue,

“ And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.”

MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
 And would not be awak'd!*] The old copies read—*Peace! ho,*  
 &c. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The odd-  
 ness of the phrase, “ *How* the moon would not be awak'd!” first  
 made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and the following lines  
 in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emendation, and appear to me to  
 put it beyond a doubt:

“ *Peace, ho,* for shame! confusion's cure lives not

“ In these confusions.”

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I.

“ *Peace, ho!* I bar confusion.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ *Ho! peace* be in this place!”

Again, *ibid*:

“ *Peace, ho,* be here!”

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened.  
 In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not  
 a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins  
 the musick to cease, “ *Peace, ho!*” and then subjoins the reason  
 for her injunction; “ *The moon,*” &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho*  
 was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of  
 fighting. See *Cant. Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 230.

MALONE.



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*LOR.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*POR.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*LOR.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*POR.* We have been praying for our husbands'  
welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*LOR.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*POR.* Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket* \* *sounds.*

*LOR.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :  
We are no telltales, madam ; fear you not.

*POR.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight  
fick,  
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

\* *A tucket* —] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.*

*BASS.* We should hold day<sup>5</sup> with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.<sup>6</sup>

*POR.* Let me give light,<sup>7</sup> but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God fort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*BASS.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to  
my friend.—  
This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

<sup>5</sup> *We should hold day &c.]* If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *We should hold day with the Antipodes, If you would walk in absence of the sun.]* Thus Rowe, in his *Ambitious Stepmother*:

“Your eyes, which, could the sun’s fair beams decay,  
“Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Let me give light, &c.]* There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the same quibble. So Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“By this bright *light* that is deriv’d from thee—  
“So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature.”

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“—*more lights*—I call’d for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole house.”

Again, in *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

“Lais of *lighter* metal is compos’d  
“Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos’d;  
“For *lighting* where she *light* acceptance feels,  
“Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels.”

STEVENS.

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POR. You should in all sence be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.\*

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

GRA. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

POR. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me ; whose posy was †  
For all the world, like cutler's poetry ‡  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

NER. What talk you of the posy, or the value ?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave :

\* — *this breathing courtesy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech,—“ You breathe in vain.” MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — mouth-honour, *breath.*” STEEVENS.

† *That she did give me ; whose posy was*—] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read—

“ That she did give to me ; &c. STEEVENS.

‡ — *like cutler's poetry*—] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. In *Decker's Satiromastix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, says, “ You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not.”

REED.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
 You should have been respectful,<sup>2</sup> and have kept it.  
 Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

*GRA.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*NER.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*GRA.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
 A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
 A prating boy,<sup>3</sup> that begg'd it as a fee;  
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

<sup>2</sup> — *have been* respectful,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. Mr. M. Mason thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *K. John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. [i. e. for *respectful*.] MALONE,

<sup>3</sup> — *a youth*,—

*A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,*

*No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;*

*A prating boy, &c.]* It is certain from the words of the context

and the tenor of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

— *a little stubbed boy.*

In many counties it is a common provincialism, to call young birds not yet fledged *stubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of *The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubbed boy*, if not a man, at the dissolution of abbeyes," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows:

For that same *stubbed boy*, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this, did lie with me last night. T. WARTON.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify



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*POR.* You were to blame, I must be plain with  
you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*BASS.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

*GRA.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*POR.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*BASS.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Anted, or scrub-like.* So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's  
*Nat. Hist.* "—— but such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs*  
only." STEVENS.

*Stubbed* in the sense contended for by Mr. Warton was in use  
so late as the Restoration. In the *Parliamentary Register*, July 30,  
1660, is an advertisement enquiring after a person described as "a  
thick short *stubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark  
brown hair and eyebrows, with a sad gray suit." REED.

*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *short*. Cole, in his Dic-  
tionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *squalidus*. MALONE.

*POR.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*NER.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*BASS.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*POR.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,<sup>4</sup>  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *contain* the ring,] The old copies concur in this reading.  
JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. The word has been already employed in this sense:

“ Cannot *contain* their urine for affection.”

So also, in Montaigne's *Essais*, translated by Florio, 1603. B. II. c. iii. “ Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorrow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will.” Again, in Bacon's *Essays*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: “ To *containe* anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *What man*—*wanted* the modesty

*To urge the thing held as a ceremony?*] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty, or*



Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*BASS.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him ;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night,<sup>6</sup>  
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*POR.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you ;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :

*wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.*

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar :

“ Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *candles of the night,*] We have again the same expression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella, Certaine Sonnets adjoynd to the amorous poeme of Don Diego and Gineura*, by R. L. 1596 :

“ He who can count the *candles of the skie*,

“ Reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows,” &c.

MALONE:

In some Saxon poetry preserved in *Hicks's Thesaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the sun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphrasis for the stars, such a favourite with our poet, might have been an expression not grown obsolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

§40      MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*NER.* And I his clerk; therefore be well ad-  
vis'd,  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*GRA.* Well, do you so: let not me take him  
then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*ANT.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*POR.* Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome not-  
withstanding.

*BASS.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong:  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*POR.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:  
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,<sup>7</sup>  
And there's an oath of credit.

*BASS.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*ANT.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;<sup>8</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
[To PORTIA.

<sup>7</sup> — *swear by your double self,*] Double is here used in a bad sense for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *for his wealth;*] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Litany*: “In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*;”— STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 547

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*POR.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him  
this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*ANT.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this  
ring.

*BASS.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

*POR.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*NER.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*GRA.* Why, this is like the mending of high-  
ways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*POR.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*ANT.*

I am dumb.



*BASS.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

*GRA.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

*NER.* Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*BASS.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*ANT.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*POR.*                    How now, Lorenzo?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*NER.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*LOR.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*POR.*                    It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*GRA.* Let it be so: The first intergatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

## MERCHANT OF VENICE. 543

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So fore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*]

\* It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.\* JOHNSON.

There lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Anfaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Anfaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Anfaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anfaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anfaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anfaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

\* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in his conjecture. MALONE.



It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Anfaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anfaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Anfaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service: and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweetmeats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o' clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame: but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surpris'd to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return: He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.



This friend, going one day to make a visit to Anfaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Anfaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Anfaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Anfaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anfaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers; the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Anfaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing Anfaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anfaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Anfaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a con-

dition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was

proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of his palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Ansaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The



Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was: the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgements: and our Judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the

judge to give what he required, that Anfaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anfaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money ; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady ? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto : nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto ; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me ; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto : and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anfaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before, and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths ; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry : and when Giannetto and Anfaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anfaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively : yet the feasts, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords



and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistress, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anfaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

**R**UGGIERI de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set



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out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will show you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of these you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri, chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, show it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained.

The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanisb Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.      JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out, I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. [i. e. Lazarus Pilot\*] London, printed by Adam Islip, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.)* See p. 401.

“DECLAMATION 95.

“Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.

“A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

“Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intolerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the

\* Lazarus *Pysot*, (not Pilot) is Anthony Mundy.      RITSON.

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fences and spirits are tormented; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been scene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiement of a pounce of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons; for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed: nevertheless, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked; I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and all for griefe? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, already bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eyes, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that



is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

*"The Christian's Answer."*

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestly seene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I think that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearme which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly; but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigris, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divell in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessity is somewhat excusable: as for me I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the diferetion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastlines. Wherein then have I falsified my promise? is it in that I

would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us; for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How many murders? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wondrous works with their eyes, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may we hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe upon your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1754, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true: and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into



distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at



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least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.  
STEVENS.

In a Persian Manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Ms. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Esq.

“ It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that, if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected and said, how can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said,

“ say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.\* Go there, for thy business will be well.” Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they presented themselves before the judgement-seat, the Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, “ Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, “ Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars; the Jew paid another hundred, and departed.”

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from “ *Roger Boatemp en Belle Humeur*.” In the story here related of the Jew and the Christian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps, this Tale (like that of Parnell’s *Hermis*;) may have found its way into every language. STEEVENS.

\* Hems-Eneffa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

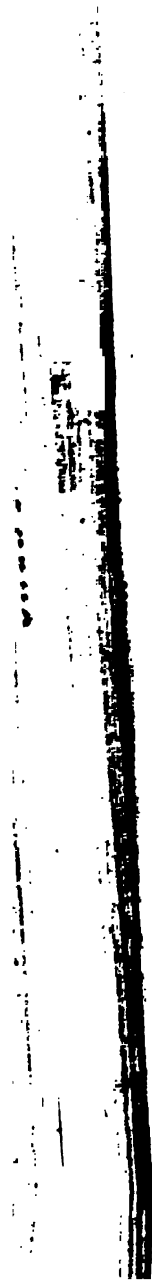
This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

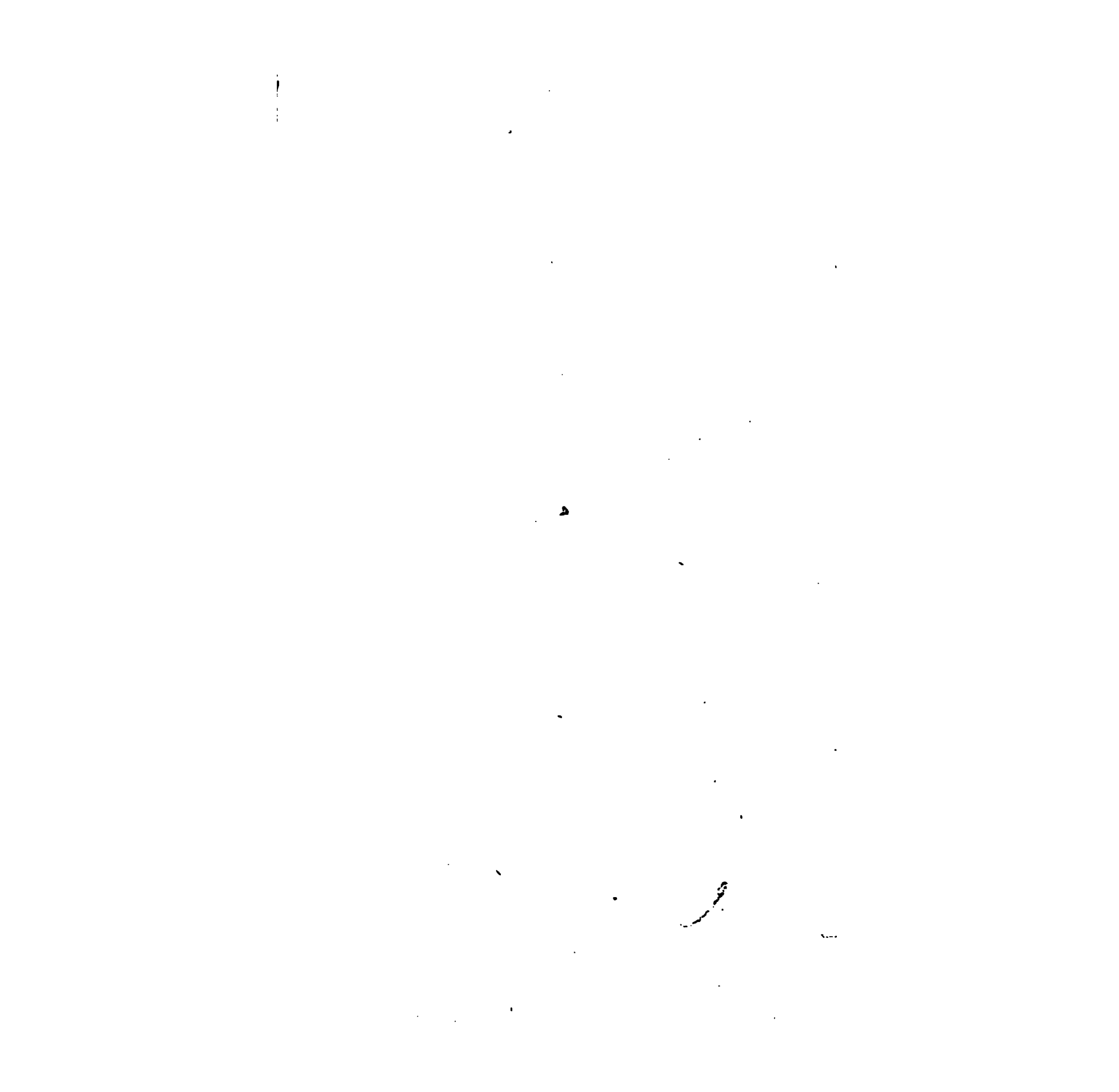
It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098, Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in possession of Syria. HERBELLOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Mussulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to show the sagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.







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