Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe[4].

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; But he's in[5] a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:

Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he[6], unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arreſted on a band[7]?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſerjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

" In Wood-ſtreet's hole, or Poultry's *bell*."

There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermoſt farthing. STEEVENS.

4 — *on the caſe.*] An action upon the caſe is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. See p. 180:—" in a *caſe* of leather &c." MALONE.

5 *But* he's *in*—] The old copy reads—But *is* in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

6 That *he*—] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

7 — *was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly, though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. " BAND or Obligation." In the ſame column is found " A BAND or thong to tie withal." Alſo " A BAND for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. MALONE.

Adr.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt [8], and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call be by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy;
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd [9]?

Ant. S.

[8] *If* he *be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. MALONE.

[9] *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike [1].

Ant. S.

ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident, in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize; *What, have you got* rid of *the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and in like manner, the ſerjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. STEEVENS.

[1] — *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace than a* morris-pike.] The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military-dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhewn. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon. "*Morreſpikes* (ſays Langley, in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high. *Morris-pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince

Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, ſir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here*.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon[2].

Ant. S.

ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. Toller.

* *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. Malone.

[2] — *if* you *do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.*] In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I believe ſome other words were paſſed over by the

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils
Aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; and if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.* ANT. *and* DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.

compoſitor,—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect ſpoon-meat, *either ſtay away*, or beſpeak a long ſpoon." *Or* in the ſenſe of *before*, which it ſignified in old language, is hardly admiſſible here. In all the old writers, if I miſtake not, when employed in this ſenſe, it is joined with a perſonal pronoun,—"or ere *I* went,"—"or ere *he* ſpoke"; &c. or with an article; as in the inſtance quoted by Mr. Steevens:

"He ſhall be murder'd *or* the gueſts come."

I do not recollect to have ever met with it uſed as an adverb, for *beforehand*.—The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *the Tempeſt*. See Vol. I. p. 51, n. 5. MALONE.

Belike,

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all*.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope?

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you.
[*beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

* —*will* pay *them all.*] See Vol. I. p. 34, n. 1. MALONE.

Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* COURTESAN, *with* PINCH[3], *and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end[4]; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

[3] — *Pinch,*] The direction in the old copy is,—"and a *ſchoolmaſter* called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *ſchool-maſter* in England, I mean a cunning man as a ſchoolmaſter; that is, a *conjurour*, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *Miſtreſs, reſpice finem, reſpect your end*; *or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the lord Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our authour would ſhew that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and walk, knave, walk.*" WARB.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers* ?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home[4]! Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

Dro. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

Dro. E. Certes[5], ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[6] ſcorn'd you.

* — *your* cuſtomers?] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. MALONE.

4 *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

5 *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* Obſolete. STEEVENS.

6 — *kitchen-veſtal!*] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.
[PINCH *and his aſſiſtants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer[7]?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!
Ant. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet[8]!
Dro. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and aſſiſtants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

7 —*thou peeviſh officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.

8 —unhappy *ſtrumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes of *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.
Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[9] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;

9 —*our* ſtuff'] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

His

His wore might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
H. h. hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

Dro. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:

Let

Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wit.
Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck of ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[1] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred

[1] —*the copy*] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

And

And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;)
And, at her heels [2], a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

2 *But moody and dull melancholy,*
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;)
And, at her *heels,*—] Mr. Heath, to remedy the defective metre of the firſt line, propoſed to read—moody, *moping* &c. and to obviate the ſeeming impropriety of making Melancholy a male in one line and a female in the other, he would read—And at *their* heels—. The latter emendation is highly probable. In another place in this play, we have *their* for *her*. See p. 172. n. 9. *Kinſman*, however, (as an anonymous critick has obſerved,) might have been uſed by Shakſpeare in his licentious way, for *nearly related*. MALONE.

To

To make of him a formal man again [3]:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death [4] and sorry execution [5],
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

3 —*a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his sens and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"a *formal* women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

4 *The place of* death—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

5 —sorry *execution,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."

Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7[illegible], late edit.:

"This Frere, whan he loked had his f[illegible]
"Upon the turments of this *sory* place."

Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described:

"All full of chirking was that *sory* place." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Duke *attended*; ÆGEON *bare-headed*; *with the Headſman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters [6],—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order [7] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape *,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf [8],

[6] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your important *letters,*] *Important* for *importunate.* JOHNSON.
So, in one of Shakſpeare's Hiſtorical plays:
" ——great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."
Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus. The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. STEEVENS.
See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. ſc. v. MALONE.

7 — *to* take order] i. e. to *take meaſures.* STEEVENS.

* — *by what* ſtrong *eſcape,*] Though *ſtrong* is not unintelligible, I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*ſtrange.* The two words are often confounded in the old copies. See p. 355, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf,*] We ſhould read—*mad* himſelf. WARBURTON.
We might read:
" *And* here *his mad attendant and himſelf.*" STEEVENS.
I ſuſpect, Shakſpeare is himſelf anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row[9], and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire[1];
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool[2]:

And,

9 — a-row,] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. STEEVENS.

1 *Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;*] Such ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

" *Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
" *Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,*
" *Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
" *Nidoremque ambuſta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving, in the life of D——, 1657, 4to. See North's Tranſlation, in which ἀνθρακιὰ may be tranſlated *brands*. S. W.

2 *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the

And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face [3], and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

the hair of ideots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of these characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

[3] *To scorch your face*, &c.] We should read—*scotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To scorch, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots[4] feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed[5] what I ſay,
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home

4 —*with harlots*] By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio ſays to Volpone,—"Out, harlot!"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——for the harlot king
"Is quite beyond mine arm."

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, "God of Love, King of Harlots" is Chaucer's Tranſlation of *Roy des ribaulx*. STEEVENS.

5 —*I am adviſed*—] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration. STEEVENS.

For

For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think you are all mated [6], or ſtark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-man, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed [7] hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures [8] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

[6] —*mated,*] See p. 166. n. 5. MALONE.

[7] —*deformed*] for *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſtrange* defeatures] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature, marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——to croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
" To mingle beauty with infirmities,
" And pure perfection with impure *defeature*," MALONE.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

Æge. I am ſure, thou doſt.

Dro. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him*.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face[9] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes[1] (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my ſon Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Æge. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbeſs, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracuſan *and* DROMIO Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

* —*you are now* bound *to believe him.*] Dromio is ſtill quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 198. MALONE.

[9] —*this* grained *face*] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "—my *grained* aſh." STEEVENS.

[1] *All theſe* old *witneſſes*—] By *old witneſſes*, I believe, he means *experienced, accuſtom'd* witneſſes. Old men are therefore leſs likely to err. So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head"—. STEEVENS.

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other:
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.
Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?
Dro. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not[2], thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromios, one in ſemblance[3],—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea[4],—

Theſe

[2] *If I dream not,*—] In the old copy this ſpeech of Egeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before ſhe has uttered them. The ſlight change now made renders the whole clear.
MALONE.

[3] —*ſemblance,*] Is here a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

[4] —*of her wreck at ſea,*—] I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which was, that *Theſe circumſtances all concurred*

Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.
Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my huſband?
Ant. E. No, I ſay, nay, to that.
Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think, I did, ſir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.
Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

curred to prove—that Theſe were the parents &c. The line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, is the following one, beginning perhaps with the ſame word, the omiſſion might have been occaſioned by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years[5] have I but gone in travail
Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour[6],
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity[7]!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.

[5] Twenty-five *years*—] The old copy reads—*thirty-three*. The emendation, which is Mr. Theobald's, is ſupported by a paſſage in the firſt Act—My youngeſt boy—At *eighteen* years &c. compared with another in the preſent Act—But *ſeven* years ſince &c. MALONE.

[6] — nor, *till this preſent hour*,] The old copy reads—*and* till—. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read—*ſuch feſtivity*. Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

Will

Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

Dro. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another[8].

[*Exeunt.*

[8] In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the poet ſeems unwilling to part with his ſubject, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was uſually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the ſame kind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt productions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." As theſe early pieces are now not eaſily met with, I ſhall ſubjoin a few extracts from ſome of them:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

"*Royſt.* If your name to me you will declare and ſhowe,
"You may in this matter my minde the ſooner knowe.
"*Tos.* Few wordes are beſt among freends, this is true,
"Wherefore I ſhall briefly ſhow my name unto you.
"Tom Toſpot it is, it need not to be painted,
"Wherefore I with Raiſe Roiſter muſt needs be acquainted." &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.

[About 1570.]

"*Shift.* By goge blo[illegible] maiſters, we were not beſt longer here to ſtaie,
"I thinke was never ſuch a craftie knave before this daie. [*Ex.* Ambo.

"*Cond.*

" *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede;
" By his woundes had I not deviſed this, I had hanged indeed.
" Tinkers, (q^d you) tinke me no tinkes; I'll meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave ſo uſed by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave I'll be ſo bolde as to looke about me and ſpie,
" Leaſt any knaves for my coming down in ambuſh do lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly ſlaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie ſee." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie ſutes of apparel for my ſhare,
" And ſome, berlady, very good, for ſo ſtandeth the caſe,
" As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos ſheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore ſlaves, that they are hanged ſo ſoone,
" They were wont to ſtaye a day or two, now ſcarce an afternoone." &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy roſt meate, do ye not?
" I thought ſo, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
" But I am going to a bloodſucker, and who is it? faith Uſurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Niceneſs to Newfangle, thou art ſuch a Jacke,
" That thou deviſeſt fortie faſhions for my ladie's backe.
" And thou, quoth he, art ſo poſſeſst with everie frantick toy,
" That following of my ladie's humour thou doſt make her coy.
" For once a day for faſhion-ſake my lady muſt be ſicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at moſt the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire beſt becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk ſhe will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is ſhe barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her muſler goes;
" Now is ſhe huffit up to the crowne, ſtraight muſled to the noſe."

See alſo *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c. MALONE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Perſons Repreſented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don John, *his Baſtard Brother.*
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Antonio, *his Brother.*
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } *Followers of Don* John.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Meſſengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, *and Others, with a* Meſſenger.

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

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

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

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

[1] The ſtory is from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. B. v. Pope.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the ſtory of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioſo. In Spenſer's Faery Queen, B. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of Bandello, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt mentioned, viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. Steev.

Arioſto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but I ſuſpect our poet to have been ſatisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (ſays Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *Engliſh* verſe ſome few years paſt, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Arioſto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. Farmer.

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. Malone.

[2] — *of any* ſort,] i. e. *any* kind. *Sort*, in our author's age, was *often* uſed for *high rank*, (ſee p. 208.) but it ſeems from the context to have here the ſame ſignification as at preſent. Malone.

Leon.

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

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

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

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs [3].

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer [4] than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is ſignior Montanto return'd [5] from the wars, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort [6].

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

[3] — *joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*] This is an idea which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— *my plenteous joys*
" *Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves*
" *In drops of ſorrow.*" STEEVENS.

A *badge* being the diſtinguiſhing *mark* worn in our author's time by the ſervants of noblemen, &c. on the ſleeve of their liveries, with his uſual licence he employs the word to ſignify a *mark* or *token* in general. So, in *Macbeth*:

" Their hands and faces were all *badg'd* with blood." MALONE.

[4] — *no faces* truer] That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere*. JOHNSON.

[5] — *is ſignior* Montanto *return'd* — ſo, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: " — thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy *montant*." STEEVENS.

[6] — *of any* ſort.] i. e. of *any quality above the common*. WARBURT.

Meſſ.

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

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

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you [1], I doubt it not.

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

Beat. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

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

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuff'd with all honourable virtues [2].

Beat.

7 *He ſet up his bills* &c.] Beatrice means, that Benedick publiſhed a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. So, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596: "—*ſetting up bills* like a bearward or fencer, what fights we ſhall have, and what weapons ſhe will meet me at." STEEVENS.

8 —*challenged Cupid at the* flight:] To challenge at the *flight*, was a challenge to ſhoot with an *arrow*. *Flight* means an arrow. STEEV.

The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *ſlecta*, was a fleet arrow with narrow feathers, uſually ſhot at rovers. See Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 64, edit. 1679. MALONE.

9 —*at the* bird-bolt.] A *bolt* ſeems to have been a general, though not an univerſal, term for an arrow. See Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. The word is ſtill uſed in the common proverb, "A fool's *bolt* is ſoon ſhot." That particular ſpecies of arrow which was employed in killing birds, was called a *bird*-bolt. MALONE.

The *bird-bolt* is a ſhort thick arrow without point, and ſpreading at the extremity ſo much, as to leave a flat ſurface, about the breadth of a ſhilling. Such are to this day in uſe to kill rooks with, and are ſhot from a croſs-bow. STEEVENS.

1 —*he'll be meet with you*,] This is a very common expreſſion in the midland counties, and ſignifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you*. STEEVENS.

2 —ſtuff'd *with all honourable virtues.*] *Stuff'd*, in this firſt inſtance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards obſerves, that *Mede*, in his *Diſcourſes on Scripture*, ſpeaking of Adam, ſays, "—he whom God

Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuff'd man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal[3].

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

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits[4] went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference[5] between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith[6] but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block[7].

Meſſ. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books[8].

Beat.

had *ſtuffed* with ſo many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——whom you know
" Of *ſtuff'd ſufficiency*." STEEVENS.

3 —*he is no leſs than a* ſtuff'd *man: but for the* ſtuffing,—*well, we are all mortal.*] Beatrice ſtarts an idea at the words *ſtuff'd man*; and prudently checks herſelf in the purſuit of it. A *ſtuff'd man* was one of the many cant phraſes for a *cuckold*. FARMER.

4 —*four of his five wits*—] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

5 —*if he have wit enough to keep himſelf* warm, *let him bear it for a* difference &c.] *Such a one has wit enough to keep himſelf warm*, is a proverbial expreſſion. To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſays: " —you may wear yours with a *difference*. STEEVENS.

6 —*he wears his* faith—] Not religious profeſſion, but *profeſſion of friendſhip*. WARBURTON.

7 —*with the next* block.] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. The old writers ſometimes uſe the word *block*, for the hat itſelf. STEEVENS.

8 —*the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books* is *to be in one's* codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies*. JOHNSON.

I rather

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer[9] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

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

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

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting-books of the preſent age. It appears to have been anciently the cuſtom to *chronicle the ſmall beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domeſtic, in *Table-books*.

It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in the *Taming of the Shrew*, that this phraſe might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me *in thy books!*"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 847, may be the beſt illuſtration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradſham, Gent. the owener of this book:

"Some write their fantaſies in verſe
"*In theire bookes* where they friendſhippe ſhewe,
"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearſe
"The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

To be in a man's books originally meant, to be in the liſt of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandevile tells us, "alle the mynſtrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houſhold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *ſervant* and a *lover*, in Cupid's Vocabulary, were ſynonymous. Hence perhaps the phraſe—*to be in a perſon's books*—was applied equally to the lover and the menial attendant. MALONE.

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

Enter Don PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others*; *Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

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

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

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge [1] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

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

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

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf [2]:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

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

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

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

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick [3]? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would

[1] —*your charge*—] That is, your *burthen*, your *incumbrance*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:*]

Sit ſuo ſimilis patri
Manlio, et facile inſciis
Noſcitetur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam ſuæ
Matris indicet ore. *Catull.* 57. MALONE.

[3] —*ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick?*] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. 1: "Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are." STEEV.

I could

I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. John. I thank you[4]: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

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

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

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

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

4 *I thank you:*] The poet has judiciouſly marked the gloomineſs of Don John's character, by making him averſe to the common forms of civility. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

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

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

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

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

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

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack[5]; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder[6], and Vulcan a rare

5 — *the flouting* Jack;] *Jack*, in our author's time, I know not why, was a term of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III: "—the prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"——— raſcal fidler,
"And twangling *Jack*, with ſuch vile terms, &c."

See in *Minſheu's Dict.* 1617, "A *Jack* ſauce, or ſaucie *Jack*." See alſo Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, ver. 14816, and the note, edit. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

6 — *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, &c.] I believe no more is meant by thoſe ludicrous expreſſions than this.—Do you mean, ſays Benedick, to amuſe us with improbable ſtories?

An ingenious correſpondent, whoſe ſignature is R. W. explains the paſſage in the ſame ſenſe, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not conſume what is combuſtible?"—for both theſe propoſitions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter*. In other words, *would you convince me, whoſe opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being ſcorched?* STEEVENS.

I explain the paſſage thus: *Do you ſcoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-ſight; and that Vulcan, a blackſmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

After ſuch attempts at decent explanation, I am afraid that he who wiſhes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, muſt diſcover it by the aſſiſtance of many quibbling alluſions of the ſame ſort, about *hair* and *bear*, in Mercutio's ſong in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. COLLINS.

carpenter?

carpenter? Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong[7]?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I looked on.

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

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

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion[8]? Shall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays[9]. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

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

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

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

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

Claud.

7 —*to go in the ſong?*] i. e. to join with you in your ſong. STEEV.

8 —*wear his cap with ſuſpicion?*] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

In the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 8vo. 1566, p. 233, we have the following paſſage: "All they that wear *hornes*, be pardoned to weare their *cappes* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

In our author's time none but the inferior claſſes wore caps, and ſuch perſons were termed in contempt *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *hats*. Perhaps therefore the meaning is, Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that ſtate where he muſt live in apprehenſion that his *night-cap* will be worn occaſionally by another. So, in *Othello*:

"For I *fear* Caſſio with *my night-cap* too." MALONE.

9 —*ſigh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is moſt probably to the ſtrict manner in which the ſab-

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered [1].

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

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

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

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

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

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

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

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

D. Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will [2].

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead [3], or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick [4], all women

bath was obſerved by the *puritans*, who uſually ſpent that day in *ſighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

[1] Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.*] Claudio, evading at firſt a confeſſion of his paſſion, ſays; if I had really confided ſuch a ſecret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next ſpeech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick ſays, *God forbid it ſhould be ſo*, i. e. God forbid he ſhould even wiſh to marry her; Claudio replies, God forbid I ſhould not wiſh it. STEEVENS.

[2] — *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the ſchools. WARBURTON.

[3] — *but that I will have a* recheat *winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntſman may blow.* A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. Shakſpeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhauſtible ſubject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A *recheate* is a particular leſſon upon the horn, to call dogs back from the ſcent; from the old French word *recet*. HANMER.

4 — *hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick,*] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting-

women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

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

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

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument[5].

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat[6], and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam[7].

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke[8].

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them

hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compelled to carry any horn that I must wish to remain invisible, and that I should be ashamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick. It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets.* STEEV.

5 — *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

6 — *in a bottle like a cat,*] As to *the cat and bottle,* I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text. In some counties of England, a cat was formerly closed up with soot in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

To *shoot at a cat* in a wooden *bottle,* with its head only visible, might have been one of the cruel sports of our ancestors; for I find another kind of torment was formerly practised on this animal, at fairs, &c. So, in Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Divell,* 8vo. 1615, p. 164:

" ——who'd not thither runne,
" As 'twere to *whip the cat* at Abington?" MALONE.

7 — *and call'd* Adam.] Adam Bell was a noted outlaw, and celebrated for his archery. MALONE.

See *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* Vol. I. p. 143. STEEVENS.

8 *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spanish Tragedy,* or *Hieronymo,* &c. 1605. See a note on the last edit. of Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 387. STEEVENS.

The *Spanish Tragedy* was written and acted before 1593. MALONE.

in

in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in Venice [9], thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

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

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

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my houſe, (if I had it,)——

D. Pedro. The ſixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometimes guarded with fragments [1], and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience [2]; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud.

9 —*if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in* Venice,] All modern writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

1 —guarded *with fragments*,] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. STEEVENS.

See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

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

Dr. Johnſon's latter explanation is, I believe, the true one. By *old ends* the ſpeaker may mean the concluſion of letters commonly uſed in Shakſpeare's time; "From my houſe this ſixth of July, &c." So, in the concluſion of a letter which our author ſuppoſes Lucrece to write:

"So I *commend* me *from our houſe* in grief;
"My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

See

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

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

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

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

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

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

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But left my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity [3]:

See *the Rape of Lucrece*, p. 547, edit. 1780, and the note there.

Old ends, however, may refer to the quotation that D. Pedro had made from the *Spaniſh Tragedy*. "Ere you attack me on the ſubject of love, with fragments of old plays, examine whether you are yourſelf free from its power." So, King Richard:

"With odd *old ends*, ſtol'n forth of holy writ." MALONE.

Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the firſt edition of *Palingenius*, 12mo. 1560: "And thus *committyng* your Ladiſhip with all yours to the *tuicion* of the moſt mercyful *God*, I *ende*. From Staple-inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.

[3] *The faireſt* grant *is the neceſſity*:] No one can have a better reaſon for granting a requeſt than the neceſſity of its being granted. WARB.

Look,

Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt[4];
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

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

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

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[5] in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince diſcover'd to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

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

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

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that

4 —once, *thou lov'ſt*;] *Once* has here, I believe, the force of—*once for all.* So, in *Coriolanus*: "—— if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him." Malone.

5 —*a* thick-pleached *alley*] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. Steevens.

ſhe

ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several perſons croſs the ſtage here.*] Couſins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will uſe your ſkill:—Good couſin, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year[6], my lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

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

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

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

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou ſay'ſt thou art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am[7]: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour[8].

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

[6] —good-year,] A corruption of *goujeres*, lues venerea. MALONE.

[7] *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[8] — claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter. So *the pope's claw-backs*, in biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit*. JOHNSON.

yourſelf

yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace [9]; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and infranchiſed with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

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

Enter BORACHIO.

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

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

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

D. John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

9 *I had rather be a* canker *in a hedge, than a* roſe *in his grace*;] A *canker* is the *canker* roſe, *dog-roſe, cynoſbatus*, or *hip*. The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of *a roſe in his grace?* JOHNSON.

The latter words are intended as an anſwer to what Conrade has juſt ſaid—"he hath ta'en you newly into his *grace*, where it is impoſſible that you ſhould take *root*, &c." In *Macbeth* we have a kindred expreſſion:

" —— Welcome hither:
" I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour
" To make thee full of *growing*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. III.*:

" I'll *plant* Plantagenet, *root* him up who dares." MALONE.

So, in Shakſpeare's 54th Sonnet:

" The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die,
" As the perfumed tincture of the *roſes*." STEEVENS.

D. John.

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

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

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

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference[1]: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure[2], and will aſſiſt me.

Con. To the death, my lord.

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

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others.*

Leo. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after[3].

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

[1] —ſad *conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in a former inſtance, ſignifies *ſerious.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

[3] —*heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

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

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

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

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

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

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

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

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

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

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

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

Ant.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to* Hero.] I truſt, you will be ruled by your father.

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

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

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

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

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important[4], tell him, there is meaſure in every thing[5], and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſink into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

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

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, maſk'd.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend *?

4 —*if the prince be too* important,] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate*. See p. 103, n. 6. JOHNSON.

5 —*there is* meaſure *in every thing*,] A *meaſure* in old language, beſide its ordinary meaning, ſignified alſo a *dance*. MALONE.

* —*your* friend?] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover*. So alſo in French and Italian. MALONE.

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

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

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

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe [6]

D. Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove [7].

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

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love. [*takes her aſide.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

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

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen [8].

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

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

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

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

Ant. At a word, I am not.

[6] — *the lute ſhould be like the caſe!*] i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and coarſe as your maſk. THEOBALD.

[7] *My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is* Jove.] The poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, who, as Ovid deſcribes it, lived in a thatched cottage, (ſtipulis et canna tecta paluſtri,) which received two gods (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. Don Pedro inſinuates to Hero, that though his viſor is but ordinary, he has ſomething *godlike* within; alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and perſon. THEOBALD.

The line of Ovid above quoted is thus tranſlated by Golding, 1587: "The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with ſtraw and fenniſh reede." MALONE.

[8] — *amen.*] When Benedick ſays, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we muſt ſuppoſe that he leaves Margaret, and goes in ſearch of ſome other ſport. Margaret utters a wiſh for a good partner. Balthazar, who is repreſented as a man of the feweſt words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, deſiring, as he ſays in the following ſhort ſpeech, to put himſelf to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

Urſ.

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

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand [9] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

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

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

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

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

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales* [1];—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders [2]: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not

9 — *his* dry *hand*] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes; Act I, ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

1 — *Hundred Merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakſpeare alludes, was an old tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was publiſhed at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is ſaid to have been written by ſome of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a tranſlation of it prior to the time of Shakſpeare. Of this collection there are frequent entries in the regiſter of the Stationers' Company. The firſt I met with was in Jan. 1581. STEEVS.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter [concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle]. It has been ſuggeſted to me, that there is no other reaſon than the word *hundred* to ſuppoſe this book a tranſlation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. REED.

2 — *his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders:*] *Impoſſible* ſlanders are, I ſuppoſe, ſuch ſlanders as, from their abſurdity and impoſſibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

in his wit, but in his villainy[3]; for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

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

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

Bene. In every good thing.

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

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

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing[4].

D. John. Are you not ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

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

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
'Tis certain ſo:—the prince wooes for himſelf.
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

[3] —*his villainy*;] By which ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates, he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

[4] —*his* bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

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

Friendſhip

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love uſe their own tongues [5];
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood [6].
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain [7]? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

[5] *Therefore, all hearts in love* &c.] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is underſtood here. MALONE.

[6] ——— *beauty is a witch,*
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.] I. e. as wax when oppoſed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preſerves the figure of the perſon whom it was deſigned to repreſent, but flows into a ſhapeleſs lump; ſo fidelity, when confronted with beauty, diſſolves into our ruling paſſion, and is loſt there like a drop of water in the ſea. STEEV.

Blood, I think, means here *amorous deſire*. See p. 48, n. 7. So alſo in *the Merchant of Venice*, p. 12: "The brain may deviſe laws for the *blood*, &c. MALONE.

[7] ——*uſurer's chain?*] Chains of gold, of conſiderable value, were in our author's time uſually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the ſame manner as they are now by the aldermen of London. See *the Puritan*, A. III. ſc. iii; *Albumazar*, A. I. ſc. iii. and other pieces. REED.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topick of invective. I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo[8]; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, though bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon[9], and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

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

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren[1]; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady[2];

[8] —*Yea*, but ſo;] But hold; ſoftly;—not ſo faſt. MALONE.

[9] —*it is the baſe*, though *bitter*, *diſpoſition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her perſon*,] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

Baſe, though bitter. I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe*. I believe, we may ſafely read, *It is the baſe*, the *bitter diſpoſition*. JOHNSON.

The *baſe* though *bitter*, may mean, the *ill-natured*, though *witty*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*;] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of Iſaiah, where the prophet, deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. I learn from Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "ſo ſoone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, theſe lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From theſe forſaken buildings, it ſhould ſeem, the prophet takes his compariſon. STEEVENS.

[2] —*of this young lady*;] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. MALONE.

and

and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him to a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

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

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

D. Pedro. I will not teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

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

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

Bene. O, ſhe miſuſed me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveyance[8], upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left

[8] —*ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance*,] I believe the meaning is—*with a rapidity equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impoſſibilities. We have the ſame epithet again in *Twelfth Night*:—"there is no chriſtian that can ever believe ſuch *impoſſible* paſſages of groſſneſs." So Ford ſays, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, "I will examine *impoſſible* places." *Conveyance* was the common term in our author's time for *ſleight of hand*. MALONE.

Impoſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. STEEVENS.

him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Até[4] in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither: ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt erriand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard[5]; do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

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

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

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

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it[6], a double heart for a ſingle one: marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

4 — *the infernal* Até—The *goddeſs of revenge.* STEEVENS.

5 — *bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;*] i. e. I will undertake the hardeſt taſk, rather than have any converſation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former. STEEVENS.

6 — *I gave him uſe for it,*] *Uſe,* in our author's time, meant *intereſt* of money. MALONE.

Beat.

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

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

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange [7], and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

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

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

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

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

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

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

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance [8]!—Thus goes every one

[7] —*civil as an orange,*] This conceit likewiſe occurs in Naſhe's *Four Letters confuted*, 1593:—"for the order of my life, it is as *civil as an orange*." STEEVENS.

* —*poor fool,*] This was formerly an expreſſion of tenderneſs. See *King Lear*, laſt ſcene. "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[8] *Good lord, for* alliance!] Claudio has juſt called Beatrice *couſin*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the meaning is,—Good Lord, here have I got a new kinſman by marriage. MALONE.

to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd[9]; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

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

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

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

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

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

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

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

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

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

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her[1], my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs[2], and waked herſelf with laughing.

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

Leon.

[9] *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd;*] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate. Shakſpeare in *All's Well that ends Well*, uſes the phraſe *to go to the world* for *marriage*. But why is the unmarried lady *ſun-burnt?* JOHNS. I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer ſuch an object as can tempt a man to marry. STEEVENS.

[1] *There's little of the* melancholy element *in her,*] "Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements?*" ſays Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*. So alſo in *King Henry V.*: "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." MALONE.

[2] —*ſhe hath often dream'd of* unhappineſs,] *Unhappineſs* ſignifies a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*:

"*My*

O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out

Hero. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

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

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

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

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

D. Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring ſignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection [3], the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

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

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

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

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain [4], of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall

"*My* dreams *are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent:*
"*Yours are* unhappy." WARBURTON.

[3] —*into a* mountain *of affection,*] By a *mountain of affection*, I believe, is meant *a great deal of* affection. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII.* "a *ſea* of glory;" in *Hamlet*, "a *ſea* of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hiſt. of Venice:* "—though they ſee *mountains* of miſeries heaped on one's back." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors:* "—the *mountain* of my fleſh that claims marriage of me." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has many phraſes equally harſh. He who would hazard ſuch expreſſions as *a ſtorm of fortunes*, *a vale of years*, and *a tempeſt of provocation*, would not ſcruple to write *a mountain of affection*." MALONE.

[4] —*of a noble* ſtrain,] i. e. deſcent, lineage. REED.

fall

fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your... Upon... will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that, in deſpight ... quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in ... with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no ... er an archer; his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the ... y love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my ... drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in Leonato's ... *e.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* Bo... IO.

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

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can... oſs it

D. John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

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

D. John. Shew me briefly how.

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

D. John. I remember.

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

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

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

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

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

D. John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal* both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,—that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio[5]; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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

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

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

* — intend *a kind of zeal*—] To *intend* is often uſed by our author for to *pretend*. So, in *K. Rich. III*:—"*intend* ſome fear." MALONE.

5 — *term me* Claudio;] Mr. Theobald propoſes to read *Borachio*, inſtead of *Claudio*. How, he aſks, could it diſpleaſe Claudio to hear his miſtreſs making uſe of his name tenderly? Or how could her naming *Claudio* make the prince and Claudio believe that ſhe loved *Borachio*? MALONE.

I am not convinced that this exchange is neceſſary. *Claudio* would naturally reſent the circumſtance of hearing another called by his own name; becauſe, in that caſe, baſeneſs of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonneſs of inſult: and, at the ſame time he would imagine the perſon ſo diſtinguiſh'd to be *Borachio*, becauſe *Don John* was previouſly to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his miſtreſs, Hero, (for ſuch he would imagine Margaret to be) addreſs Borachio, or any other man, by his name, as he might ſuppoſe that ſhe called him by the name of Claudio in conſequence of a ſecret agreement between them, as a cover, in caſe ſhe were overheard; and *he* would know, without a poſſibility of error, that it was not Claudio, with whom in fact ſhe converſed. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Leonato's *Garden*.

Enter BENEDICK *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book bring it hither to me in the orchard[6].

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet[7]. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer[8]; his words are a very

[6] — *in the* orchard.] *Orchard in* our author's time ſignified a *garden*. MALONE.

[7] — *carving the faſhion of a new doublet.*] This folly, ſo conſpicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comick writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617:—"We are almoſt as fantaſtick as the Engliſh gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of ſheers in his hand, as not being reſolved after what faſhion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

The Engliſh gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in Bordes *Introduction of knowledge*. REED.

He is repreſented naked, with a pair of tailor's ſheers in one hand, and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verſes:

"I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
"Muſing in my mynde what rayment I ſhall were,
"For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,
"Now I will were I cannot tell what." &c.

See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 17. MALONE.

[8] — *orthographer.*] The old copies read—*orthography*. STEEVENS. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or elſe I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God[9]. Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

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

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

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

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox[1] with a penny-worth.

Don

9 — *and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe* &c.] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a faſhion, very common in the time of Shakſpeare, that of *dying the hair*. *Stubbs* in his anatomy of Abuſes, 1595, ſpeaking of the attires of women's heads, ſays, "*If any have haire of her owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they* die *it in diuers colours.*" STEEVENS.

Or he may allude to the faſhion of wearing *falſe hair*, "of whatever colour it pleaſed God." So, in a ſubſequent ſcene: "I like the new tire within, if the *hair* were a thought browner." Fines Moryſon, deſcribing the dreſs of the ladies of Shakſpeare's time, ſays, "Gentlewomen virgins weare gownes cloſe to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and go bareheaded, with their hair curiouſly knotted, and raiſed at the forehead, but *many* (againſt the cold, as they ſay,) weare caps of hair that *is not their own.*" See *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 176. MALONE.

1 — *we'll fit the* kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now diſcovered. So the word *kid* or *kidde* ſignifies in Chaucer. *Romaunt of the Roſe*, 2172. GREY.

It is not impoſſible but that Shakſpeare choſe on this occaſion to employ

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, ſing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks;
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting[2]! [*Muſick.*

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. ſings.

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

employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor ſhould chuſe to read—*bid* fox, he may obſerve that Hamlet has ſaid—"*Hide* fox, and all after." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads, as Mr. Steevens propoſes. MALONE.

[2] —*and* noting!] The old copies read—*nothing*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Sing

II.

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

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, ha; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. [*aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

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

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

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

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits [3]. [*aſide to Don* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

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

[3] — *Stalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits.*] This is an alluſion to the *ſtalking horſe*; a horſe either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently ſhelter'd himſelf from the ſight of the game. STEEVENS.

So in *News Shreds of the old ſwan*, by John Gee, 4to. p. 23: "—Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, ſuch as I have knowne in the fenne countries and elſe-where, that doo ſhoot at woodcockes, ſnipes, and wilde fowle, by ſneaking behind a painted cloth, which they carrey before them, having pictured in it *the ſhape of a horſe*; which while the ſilly fowle gazeth on is knockt downe with hale ſhot, and ſo put in the fowler's budget." REED.

Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought[4].

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

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

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

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

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

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

Claud. She did, indeed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I*, ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and

[4] — *but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the* infinite *of thought.*] The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with* an enraged *affection: It* (this affection) is paſt the infinite of thought. *Infinite* is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite*: and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought*, though in itſelf *unbounded*, cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNS.

The meaning, I think, is, *but with what an enraged affection ſhe loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

there

there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper [5]:—my daughter tells us all.

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

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

Claud. That.

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence [6]; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him,* ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for, I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

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

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

5 *This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:*] Shakſpeare has more than once availed himſelf of ſuch incidents as occurred to him from hiſtory, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A ſtriking inſtance of flattery to James occurs in Macbeth; perhaps the paſſage here quoted was not leſs grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

"I am *nakit*, and ganging to ſleep, and zit I ceaſe not to ſcribble all this paper, in ſo meikle as reſt is thairof." *That is,* I am naked, and going to ſleep, and yet I ceaſe not to ſcribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

6 *O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. So, in *As you like it*:—"they were all *like one another*, as *halfpence are.*" THEOBALD.

A *farthing*, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was uſed to ſignify any ſmall particle or diviſion. So, in the character of the *Prioreſs* in *Chaucer*:

"That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* ſene
"Of greſe, whan ſhe dronken hadde hire draught."
Prol. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

* —*and the* ecſtacy] *Ecſtacy* formerly ſignified a violent *perturbation of mind.* So, in *Macbeth*: "—in reſtleſs ecſtacy". MALONE.

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

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

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

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood[7] combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[8] all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

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

D. Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit[9].

Claud. He is a very proper man*.

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

7 — *wiſdom and* blood—] *Blood* is here as in many other places uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *paſſion*, or rather *temperament of body*. MALONE.

8 — *have* daff'd—] To *daff* is the ſame as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aſide. STEEVENS.

9 — *contemptible ſpirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with ſir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by lord Sterline, 1603, it is ſaid, that Darius wrote to *Alexander* "in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*. STEEV.

* — *a very* proper *man.*] i. e. a very handſome man. See Vol. I. p. 160. MALONE.

Claud.

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

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

Claud. And I take him to be valiant!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bene. [*advancing.*] This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne[1].—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent[*]. Love me! why, it muſt be

[1] — *was* ſadly *borne.*] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. STEEVENS.

[*] — *have the* full bent.] A metaphor from archery. So, in *Hamlet*: "They fool me to the top of my *bent*." MALONE.

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

Enter BEATRICE.

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

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

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

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage?

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

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

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the prince and Claudio[1]:
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our propoſe[2]: This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:

[1] Propoſing *with the prince and Claudio:*] *Propoſing* is converſing, from the French word—*propos*, diſcourſe, talk. STEEVENS.

[2] — *our* propoſe:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpoſe*. *Propoſe* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful:
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards [3] of the rock.
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed [4],
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing [5] what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf endeared.
Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,

3 — *as* haggards—] The wildeſt of the hawk ſpecies. MALONE.

4 — *as* full, *as fortunate a bed*,] *Full* is uſed by our author and his *contemporaries* for *abſolute, complete, perfect*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, "the *fulleſt* man and worthieſt;" and in *Othello*, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) "What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

5 *Miſpriſing*—] Deſpiſing, contemning. JOHNSON.
To *miſprize* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward [6]: if fair-faced,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot [7]: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut [8]:

If

[6] — *ſpell him backward:*] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

The following paſſage, containing a ſimilar train of thought, is from Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581, p. 44. b: — "if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude; if meene in apparel, a ſloven; if tall, a lungis; if ſhorte, a dwarfe; if bold, blunte; if ſhamefaſt, a coward; &c. P. 55. If ſhe be well ſet, then call her a boſſe; if ſlender, a haſil twig; if ſhe be pleaſant, then is ſhe wanton; if ſullen, a clowne; if honeſt, then is ſhe coye." STEEVENS.

[7] *If* black, *why, nature, drawing of an* antick,
Made a foul blot:] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old Engliſh farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhews that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by Apuleius, "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*" WARB.

"I believe what is here ſaid of the old Engliſh farces, is ſaid at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. I have met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the old Engliſh comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, ſwarthy, or dark brown. MALONE.

[8] *If low, an* agate *very vilely cut:*] Dr. Warburton reads *aglet*, which was adopted, I think, too haſtily, by the ſubſequent editors. I ſee no reaſon for departing from the old copy. Shakſpeare's compariſons ſcarcely ever anſwer completely on both ſides. Dr. Warburton aſks, "What likeneſs is there between a little man and an *agat*?" No other than that both are *ſmall*. Our author has himſelf in another place compared a *very little* man to an *agate*. "Thou whorſon mandrake, (ſays Falſtaff to his *page*,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never ſo *man'd* with an *agate* till now."— Hero means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will ſay that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears both from the paſſage juſt quoted, and from one of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, 4to. 1618, that agates were commonly worn in Shakſpeare's time:

"THE AUTHOR TO A DAUGHTER NINE YEARS OLD.

"Though pride in damſels is a hateful vice,
"Yet could I like a noble-minded girl,
"That would demand me things of coſtly price,
"Rich velvet gowns, pendents, and chains of pearle,
"Cark'nets of *agats*, *cut* with *rare device*," &c.

Theſe

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds [9];
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death [1] with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks [2];
Which is as bad as die with tickling [3].

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders

Theſe lines, at the ſame time that they add ſupport to the old reading, ſhew, I think, that the words "vilely *cut*," are to be underſtood in their uſual ſenſe, when applied to precious ſtones, viz. *awkwardly wrought by a tool*, and not, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſed, *groteſquely veined* by nature. MALONE.

9 — *a vane blown with all winds*;] This compariſon might have been borrowed from an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *A compariſon of the life of man*:

"I may compare a *man* againe
"Even like unto a *twining waine*,
"That changeth even as doth the wind;
"Indeed ſo is man's feeble mind." STEEVENS.

1 — *preſs me to death*—] The alluſion is to an ancient puniſhment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being indicted, refuſed to plead. In conſequence of their ſilence, they were preſſed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. This puniſhment the good ſenſe and humanity of the legiſlature have within theſe few years aboliſhed. MALONE.

2 *It were a better death* than *die with mocks*;] Thus the quarto. So before: "To wiſh *him wreſtle* with affection." The folio reads—a better death *to* die with mocks. MALONE.

3 — *with* tickling.] The author meant that *tickling* ſhould be pronounced as a triſyllable; *tickeling*. So, in Spenſer's F. Q. b. ii. c. 12.

"——a ſtrange kind of harmony;
"Which Gayon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*, &c. MALONE.

To

To ſtain my couſin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have,) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument [4], and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ. She's limed [5], I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA. BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears [6]? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.

4 — *argument,*] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning. JOHNSON.

5 *She's limed,*] She is enſnared and entangled, as a ſparrow with *bird-lime.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads—She's *ta'en.* STEEVENS.

6 *What fire is in mine ears?*] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

The opinion from whence this proverbial ſaying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our *ears do glow and tingle*, ſome there be that in our abſence doo talke of us". P. Holland's *Tranſlation.* B. xxviii. p. 297. See alſo Brown's *Vulgar Errors.* REED.

And,

And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand[7];
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve: and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it[8]. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him[9]: he hath a heart as

[7] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"As is the night before ſome feſtival,
"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
"And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

[9] — *the little* hangman *dare not ſhoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivel Cupid lives;
"While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
"(At Juno's ſuite, who much did Argus love,)
"In this our world a *hangman* for to be
"Of all thoſe fooles that will have all they ſee."

B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER.

ſound

ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks[1].

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief[2] but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. Ped. There is no appearance of fancy[3] in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops[4]; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet[5]: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o'mornings; What ſhould that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him;

[1] — *as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper*; &c.] A covert alluſion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh,
"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

[2] — can *maſter a grief*—] The old copies read corruptly—*cannot*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *There is no appearance of* fancy &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour, caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

[4] — *all* ſlops;] *Slops* are *looſe breeches*. STEEVENS.

[5] — *no doublet*:] Or, in other words, all cloak. MALONE.

him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls [5].

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring [6], and now govern'd by ſtops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions [7]; and, in deſpight of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards [8].

Bene.

5 — *and the old ornament of his cheek hath already* ſtuff'd tennis-balls.] So, in *A Wonderful—Prognoſtication for this Year of our Lord* 1591; written by Naſhe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey:—"they may tell their haire by the pound to *ſtuffe tennice balles*." STEEVENS.

6 — *crept into a* lute *ſtring*—] *Love*-ſongs in our author's time were generally ſung to the muſick of the lute. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "—as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute*." MALONE.

7 — *his ill* conditions:] i. e. qualities. MALONE.

8 *She ſhall be buried with her* face *upwards.*] Mr. Theobald's emendation [with her *heels* upwards] appears to be very ſpecious. The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Wild Gooſe Chace* of B. and Fletcher:

"— if I die o' th' firſt fit, I am unhappy,
"And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*"

The paſſage, indeed, may mean only—*She ſhall be buried in her lover's arms.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*Flo.* What? like a corſe?
"*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
"Not like a corſe:—or if,—not to be *buried,*
"*But quick, and in mine arms.* STEEVENS.

This laſt is, I believe, the true interpretation. Our author often quotes Lilly's Grammar; (ſee p. 268.) and here perhaps he remembered

Bene. What is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* BENE. *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it pleaſe you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtow'd!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero[9].

bered a phraſe that occurs in that book, p. 59. and is thus interpreted:—"Tu cubas ſupinus, thou lieſt *in bed with thy face upwards.*"—*Heels* and *face* never could have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

9 *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has tranſplanted this ſarcaſm into his *All for Love*: "Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra." STEVENS.

Claud.

Claud. Diſloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dog. Nay that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well give them their charge[1], neighbour Dogberry.

[1] —*give them their charge,*] It appears from ſeveral of our old comedies, that to *charge* his fellows, was a regular part of the duty of the conſtable of the Watch. MALONE.

Dog.

Dog. First, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1. *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bleſſed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2. *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endured.

2. *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen[2]:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2. *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dog.

[2] — *bills be not ſtolen:*] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the Engliſh infantry, which, ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds*. It may be called *ſecuris falcata*. JOHNSON.

Dog. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

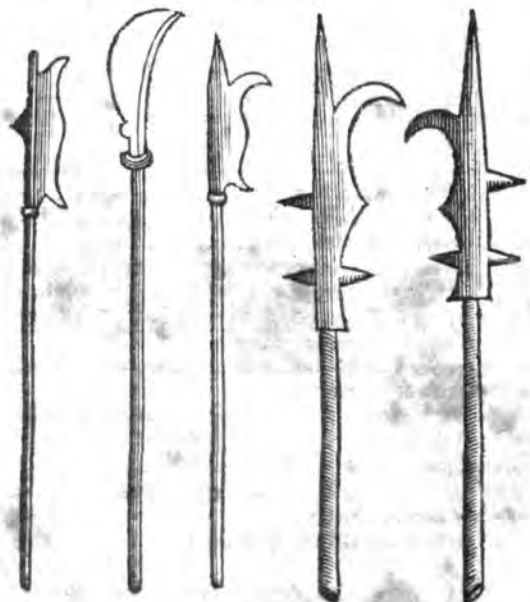
2. *Watch.* Well, ſir,

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2. *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled; the moſt peaceable

The following are examples of ancient *bills*.



STEEVENS.

way,

way for you if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night [3], you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2. *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to

3 *If you hear a child cry* &c.] It is not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among theſe I find the following:

22. "No man ſhall blowe any horne in the night, within this cittie, or whiſtle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of impriſonment.

23. "No man ſhall uſe to goe with viſoures, or diſguiſed by night, under like paine of impriſonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eviſdroppers, like puniſhment.

25. "No hammar-man, as a ſmith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great ſound, ſhall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c."

30. "No man ſhall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any ſuch ſuddaine out-cry be made in the ſtill of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or ſervant, or ſinging, or revyling in his houſe, to the diſturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iiii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonſon, appears to have ridiculed this ſcene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Faire*: "And then a ſubſtantial *watch* to have ſtole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *miſtaking words*, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice." STEEVENS.

offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Ver. By'r-lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels and your own *, and good night.—Come, neighbour,

2. *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu; be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

2. *Watch.* Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. *Watch.* [*aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

* — *keep your fellows' counſels and your own,*] This is part of the oath of a grand juryman; and is one of many proofs of Shakſpeare's having been very converſant, at ſome period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of juſtice. MALONE.

Bora.

Bora. That ſhews, thou art unconfirm'd[4]: Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſeeſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

1. *Watch.* I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting[5]; ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts in the old church-window: ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules[6] in the [7] ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs' chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the prince,

4 — *unconfirm'd:*] i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the world. WARB.

5 — reechy *painting;*] is painting ſtain'd by ſmoke; from Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reck, fumare.* STEEVENS.

6 — *ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules* &c.] I believe that Shakſpeare by *the ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman,* while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had *the ſhaven Hercules* been meant to repreſent Samſon, [as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed,] he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* inſtead of a *club.* STEEVENS.

7 — *ſmirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is ſoiled, obſcured. So, in *As you Like it:* "And with a kind of umber *ſmirch* my face." STEEVENS.

Claudio, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1. *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2. *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock[8].

Con. Maſters, maſters,—

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

1. *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you; let us obey you to go with us[9].

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

[8] — *wears a lock.*] See Dr. Warburton's Note, Act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[9] *Never ſpeak; &c.*] Theſe words in the old copies are by the miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer given to Conrade. The preſent regulation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rabato[1] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not ſo good: and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner*: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the dutcheſs of Milan's gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Mar. By my troth it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide ſleeves, and ſkirts round, underborne with a blueiſh tinſel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not aſhamed?

Mar. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence, —*a huſband:* an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there

[1] —*rabato*] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat.* Menage ſaith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turned back towards the ſhoulders. T. HAWKINS.

* —*if the hair were a thought browner:*] See p. 239, note 9. MALONE.

any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife; otherwiſe, 'tis light, and not heavy: Aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into *Light o'love*[2]; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels!—then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns[3].

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill;—hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband[4]?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H[5].

Mar. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk[6], there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

[2] *Light o'love;*] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] — *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repoſitories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

[4] —— hey ho!

Mar. For *a hawk, a horſe, or* a huſband?] "*Heigh ho for a huſband*, or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepyſian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

[5] *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jeſt, ſomewhat obſcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation. Margaret aſks Beatrice for what ſhe cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice anſwers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

[6] — *turn'd Turk.*] Hamlet uſes the ſame expreſſion, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk* was a common phraſe for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

Beat.

Beat. I am ſtuff'd, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold!

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Mar. Ever ſince you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome moral [7] in this Benedictus.

Mar. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o'thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging [8]: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

7 — *ſome moral*—] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly the true one, though it has been doubted. In *the Rape of Lucrece* our author uſes the verb to *moralize* in the ſame ſenſe:

"Nor could ſhe *moralize* his wanton ſight."

i. e. inveſtigate the *latent meaning* of his looks. MALONE.

8 — *he eats his meat without grudging:*] Perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithſtanding his boaſts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, "and yet now, in ſpight of his reſolution to the contrary, he *feeds* on *love*, and likes his food." MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter URSULA.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dog. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were! but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows[9].

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dog. Comparifons are odorous: *palabras*[1], neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

9 —*honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

1 — *palabras,*] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker ſays, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A ſcrap of Spaniſh, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

Ver.

Ver. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Ver. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dog. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee [2]!—Well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man [3]; An two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind [4]:—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhipp'd; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dog. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dog. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Meſſenger.

[2] *It is a world to ſee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. The ſame phraſe often occurs with the ſame meaning in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

[3] — *well*, God's a good man;] This expreſſion (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) frequently occurs in the old *Moralities*. MALONE.

[4] *An two men ride* &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride behind*. The *firſt* place of rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from the common ſeal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horſe*. An engraving of the ſeal is preſerved at the end of Matt. Paris Hiſt. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

Dog.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination theſe men.

Ver. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dog. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead.*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non-com*[5]: only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then ſome be of laughing[6], as, ha! ha! he!

[5] — *to a* non-com:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or perhaps he confounds the term with *non-plus*. MALONE.

[6] — *ſome be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?
Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed[2]:
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not to knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof[3]
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Claud. I know what you would ſay; If I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the 'forehand ſin:
No, Leonato,

[2] — *luxurious bed:*] That is, *laſcivious*. *Luxury* is the confeſſor's term for unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear*:
"To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers." STEEVENS.

[3] Dear *my lord, if you in your own* proof] In *your own proof* may ſignify *in your own trial* of her. TYRWHITT.
Dear, like *door, fire, hour*, and many ſimilar words, is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

I never

I never tempted her with word too large[4]:
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming[5]! I will write againſt it[6]:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud[7] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?
D. Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power[8]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

4 — *word too large*;] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious, not reſtrained within due bounds.* JOHNSON.

5 — thy *ſeeming*.] The old copies have *there*. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. In the next line Shakſpeare probably wrote—*ſeem'd*. MALONE.

6 *I will* write againſt *it*:] So in *Cymbeline* Poſthumus, ſpeaking of women, ſays,

"——— I'll *write againſt* them,
"Deteſt them, curſe them." STEEVENS.

7 — *chaſte as is the bud*] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. JOHNSON.

8 — *kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNS.

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain[9],
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been[1]
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel!
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture hang[2],
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious[3].

9 — liberal *villain,*] *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means, *frank beyond honeſty* or *decency*. *Free of tongue.* JOHNSON.

1 *What a Hero hadſt thou been*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

2 — *ſhall* conjecture *hang,*] *Conjecture* is here uſed for *ſuſpicion*. MALONE.

3 *And never ſhall it more be* gracious.] i. e. lovely, attractive. MALONE.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me[4]?
[Hero *ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—ſignior Benedick!—
Friar!—

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood[5]?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame[6]?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmeared thus, and mired with infamy,

4 *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*]
" A thouſand daggers, all in honeſt hands!
" And have not I a friend to ſtick one here?"
Venice Preſerv'd. STEEVENS.

5 *The ſtory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.* JOHNSON.

6 — *frugal nature's* frame?] *Frame* is contrivance, order, diſpoſition of things. So afterwards: " — in *frame* of villanies." STEEVENS.
The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at Nature's being ſo *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child? MALONE.

I might,

I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd[7], and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe,—O, ſhe, is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenour of my book[8]; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

[7] —*and* mine I lov'd,] i. e. mine *that* I loved. JOHNSON.
[8] —*of my* book;] i. e. of what I have read. MALONE.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour [9];
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead [1];

9 — bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is uſed by our authour for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick ſays of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

1 *Your daughter here the* princes *left for dead*;] The old copies have *princeſs*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Let

Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation [2];
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value [3]; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed:—then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver,)
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

[2] — *oſtentation*;] Show; appearance. JOHNSON.

[3] — *we rack the value*;] We exaggerate the value. The alluſion is to *rack-rents*. The ſame kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"What our contempts do often hurl from us,
"We wiſh it ours again." STEEVENS.

But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation,)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that
I flow in grief, the ſmalleſt twine may lead me[4].

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.
[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO[5].

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

[4] —*the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.*] This is one of our authour's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

[5] *Exeunt &c.*] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhewn a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into, had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou loveſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be deviſed to it: I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here[6];—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

[6] *I am gone, though I am here:*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in perſon before you. STEEVENS.

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. MALONE.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height[7] a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a windowe?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero! ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties[8]! Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect[9]; a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too[1]: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

7 — *in the* height *a villain,*] So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" He's traitor to the *height.*"

In præcipiti vitium ſtetit. STEEVENS.

8 — *and* counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman.* See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEV.

9 — *a goodly* count-comfect;] i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. STEEVENS.

1 — *and men are only turned into* tongue, *and trim ones too*;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only *common* but *clever* men, &c. STEEVENS.

Bene.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go, comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Priſon.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns*[2]; BORACHIO, CONRADE, *and the* Watch.

Dog. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Ver. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined; let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—

[2] —*in* gowns;] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to, 1604, that this was the dreſs of a conſtable in our author's time: "—when they miſt their *conſtable*, and ſawe the *black gowne* of his office lye full in a puddle—."

The *ſexton* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerved) is ſtyled in this ſtage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-clerk*, "probably from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer." But this error has only happened here; for throughout the ſcene itſelf he is deſcribed by his proper title. By miſtake alſo in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this ſcene is prefixed to the ſpeeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to thoſe of Verges, except in two or three inſtances, where either *Conſtable* or *Andrew* are ſubſtituted for Kempe. MALONE.

and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains [3]!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eſteſt way [4]:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe theſe men.

1. *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sex. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sex. What elſe, fellow?

1. *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his

[3] *Write down &c.*] This paſſage which was omitted in the folio, was reſtored by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The omiſſion of this paſſage ſince the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the ſacred name being jeſtingly uſed four times in one line. BLACKSTONE.

[4] — *the* eſteſt *way*:] Dogberry means *deſteſt*; i. e. the moſt fit and commodious way. MALONE.

words

words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sex. What elſe?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accuſed, in this very manner refuſed, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly died.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Ver. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb[5]!

Dog. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dog. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as

5 Off, *coxcomb!*] The old copies read—*of*, and theſe words make a part of the laſt ſpeech, "Let them be in the hands *of coxcomb.*" The preſent regulation was made by Dr. Warburton, and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. *Off* was formerly ſpelt *of*. See p. 287, n. 1. In the early editions of theſe plays a broken ſentence (like that before us, "Let them be in the hands"—) is almoſt always corrupted by being tacked, through the ignorance of the tranſcriber or printer, to the ſubſequent words. So in *Coriolanus*, inſtead of

You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er!

we have in the folio, 1623, and the ſubſequent copies,

You ſhames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues &c.

See alſo *Meaſure for Meaſure*, p. 21. n. 5.

Perhaps however we ſhould read and regulate the paſſage thus:

Ver. Let them be in the hands of—[*the law*, he might have intended to ſay.]

Con. Coxcomb! MALONE.

ſhall

ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wiſe fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;
In ſorrow wag; cry hem, when he ſhould groan[1];

Patch

[1] In *ſorrow wag; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;*] This is one of thoſe paſſages from which an editor can hardly eſcape without cenſure. The old copies read:

And ſorrow, wag, cry hem, when he ſhould groan.

To print abſolute nonſenſe is ſurely no part of his duty. To ſubſtitute any word in the room of thoſe furniſhed by ancient copies (though ſanctioned in ſome meaſure by the numerous emendations which at various times have been happily made,) is certainly unadviſable; yet at all

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters [2]; bring him yet to me,

And

hazards on[1] could wish for some glimmering of meaning. To ob-
this, Dr. Johnson printed this line thus (in which he has been fol-
d in the late editions):

And, sorrow, wag, cry; hem when he should groan;—

but this punctuation (to say nothing of the *unexampled* harshness of such a [illegible]afeology) is certainly inadmissible; it appearing from a passage in *K. Henry IV.* and from other examples, that to "*cry hem*" was in our author's time a cant term of festivity. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note below. Again, in *As you like it*:—"If I could *cry hem*, and have him." On the other hand, to *cry woe* is used in the *Winter's Tale* to denote grief. So also, in *K. Richard III*:

"You live, that shall *cry woe* for this hereafter."

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. *And* and *In*, hastily or indistinctly pronounced, might have been easily confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear; and by this slight change a clear sense is given, the latter part of the line being a paraphrase on the foregoing. So afterwards: "Charm ach with air, and agony &c."

This emendation may derive some support from *K. Henry V.* edit. 1623, where we find

So many a thousand actions once a foot
And in one purpose—

instead of—*End* in one purpose; the transcriber's ear having deceived him. I suppose it did in the present instance.

With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, *in the sense of to play the wag*, is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we have—to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to passion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c.

I shall subjoin the conjectures of Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Steevens on this difficult passage, as the emendations suggested by them depart very little from the old copies. The reading proposed by the latter gentleman (And, *sorry* wag, &c.) appears so probable, that I know not whether it has not as good a title to a place in the text as that which I have adopted. Let me however observe, that, though the punctuation of the old copies is of no great authority, yet in so doubtful a matter as the present it may be worth attending to. In both the quarto and folio there is a comma after *sorrow*, which, though unnecessary, is not inconsistent with the emendation now made, but entirely adverse to the supposition that that word was a misprint for any epithet applied to *wag*.

For the latter word Mr. Theobald reads *wage*, and Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton *waive*. MALONE.

[1] I think we might read—

And sorrow *gagge*; cry hem, when he should groan;"—

but

And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,

but leaving this conjecture to ſhift for itſelf, I will ſay a few words on the phraſe, *cry hem*. It is uſed again by our author in the *firſt Part of Henry IV.* Act. II. ſc. vii. "They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places to *cry hem*, ſeems to ſignify the ſame as *to cry courage*; in which ſenſe the interjection *hem* was ſometimes alſo uſed by the Latins. TYRWHITT.

What will be ſaid of the conceit I ſhall now offer, I know not; let it, however, take its chance. We might read:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, *ſorry* wag! cry hem, when he ſhould groan,—

i. e. *unfeeling humouriſt! to employ a note of feſtivity, when his ſighs ought to expreſs concern*. Both the words I would introduce, are uſed by Shakſpeare. Falſtaff calls the prince, *ſweet wag!* and the epithet *ſorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for inſtance, a *ſorry fellow*. Othello, ſpeaks of a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum. STEEVENS.

2 ——— *make misfortune drunk*
With candle-waſters;] This may mean, either waſh away his ſorrow among thoſe who ſit up all night to drink, and in that ſenſe may be ſtyled *waſters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by ſwallowing flap-dragons in his glaſs, which are deſcribed by Falſtaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult paſſage, and hath not, I think, been ſatisfactorily explained. The explanation I ſhall offer, will give, I believe, as little ſatisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-waſters* is a term of contempt for ſcholars; thus Jonſon in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. ſc. ii.—"ſpoiled by a whoreſon book-worm, a *candle-waſter*." In the *Antiquary*, Act III. is a like term of ridicule: "He ſhould more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-ſcratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-waſters* of them all." The ſenſe then, which I would aſſign to Shakſpeare, is this: "If ſuch a one will patch grief with proverbs,—*caſe or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial ſayings*;—make misfortune drunk with candle-waſters,—*ſtupify misfortune, or render himſelf inſenſible to the ſtrokes of it, by the converſation or lucubrations of ſcholars; the production of the* lamp, *but not fitted to human nature. Patch*, in the ſenſe of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i:

O that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw. VHALLEY.

Charm

Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'ts all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel:
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement [3].

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods [4],
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance [5].

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

Leon. Some haſte, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

3 — *than advertiſement.*] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction.* JOHNSON.

4 *However they have writ* the ſtyle of gods,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of ſtoiciſm. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an exalted language; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſuperior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldneſs. STEEVENS.

5 *And make a* piſh *at chance and ſufferance.*] Alludes to their famous apathy. WARBURTON.

Old Copies—*puſh*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry,
Thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me:
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors:
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.
D. Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord;
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daffe me[6]? Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed[7]:

But

[6] *Canſt thou ſo* daffe *me?*] To *daffe* and *doffe* are ſynonimous terms, that mean, to *put off*. THEOBALD.

[7] Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us*, &c.] This *brother Anthony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character

But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, ſir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks [8], milkſops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling [9], out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off [1] half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter;

of a ſage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age* and *valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf: and all he can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgment peculiar to Shakſpeare. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

[8] — *braggarts*, Jacks,] See note 4, p. 262. MALONE.

[9] *Scambling*,]—i. e. *ſcrambling*. The word is more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the firſt ſpeech of the play of *K. Henry V.* and likewiſe the Scots proverb "It is well ken'd your father's ſon was never a *ſcambler*." *A ſcambler* in its literal ſenſe, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Iriſh call'd a *coſherer*. STEEVENS.

[1] *And ſpeak* off—] The old copies have—*of*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. In the books of our author's age, *of* is very frequently printed inſtead of *off*. MALONE.

Do

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake you patience [2].

My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, ſee,
Here comes the man we went to ſeek.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Claud. Now, ſignior!
What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome ſignior:
You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Doſt thou wear thywit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been

[2] — *we will not* wake *your patience.*] The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. JOHNSON.

beſide

beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it againſt me:—I pray you chooſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs[3].

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle[4].

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid[5] me to a

3 *Nay, then give him another ſtaff*; &c.] An alluſion to *tilting*. See note, *As you like it*, Act. III. ſc. iv. WARBURTON.

4 — *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*. But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A correſponding expreſſion is uſed to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues*. Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himſelf till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is,—If he be angry, he knows how to prepare himſelf for combat, and to obtain redreſs. Wreſtlers (as is obſerved in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783,) formerly, before they engaged, probably turned the buckle of their girdle behind.—In a letter from Sir Ralph Winwood to Secretary Cecil, dated Dec. 17, 1602, we meet with the expreſſion mentioned by Dr. Johnſon: "I ſaid, what I ſpake was not to make him angry. He replied, *If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.*" MALONE.

5 — *bid*—] i. e. invited. REED.

calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too[6]?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit: *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one*: *No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*: *Right*, ſaid ſhe, *a great groſs one*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *it hurts no body*: *Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*: *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a wiſe gentleman*[7]; *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on monday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues*. Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina; you have, among you,

6 *Shall I not find a* woodcock *too?*] A woodcock, being ſuppoſed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a fooliſh fellow. See the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

7 — *a wiſe gentleman*;] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read *a wiſe gentleman*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward*. Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *ſilly fellow*. JOHNSON.

kill'd

kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely,

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit[8]!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

D. Pedro. But, ſoft you, let be[9]; pluck up my heart, and be ſad: Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dog.

[8] *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!*] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off the cloak*; to which this well-turned *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the doublet and hoſe without a cloak. WARBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right. I believe, however, theſe words refer to what Don Pedro had ſaid juſt before—"And hath *challenged* thee?"—and that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is ſilly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hoſe, to *fight* for a woman? In the *Merry Wives of Windſor* when Sir Hugh is going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and hoſe. "Page. And youthful ſtill in your *doublet and hoſe*, this raw rheumatick day!" "—There is reaſons and cauſes for it," ſays Sir Hugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight.—I am aware that there was a particular ſpecies of ſingle combat called *Rapier and cloak*; but I ſuppoſe, nevertheleſs, that when the ſmall ſword came into common uſe, the cloak was generally laid aſide in duels, as tending to embarraſs the combatants. MALONE.

9 *But, ſoft you,* let be;] The quarto and firſt folio read corruptly—let *me* be, which the editor of the ſecond folio, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, converted to—let me *ſee*. I was once idle enough to ſuppoſe that copy was of ſome authority; but a minute examination of it has ſhewn me that all the alterations made in it were merely arbitrary, and generally very injudicious. *Let be* were without doubt the author's words. The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *K. Henry VIII.*

Dog. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance: nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dog. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited [1].

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgraced her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my

" —— and they were ratified,
" As he cried, thus *let be.*"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. IV. ſc. iv.

" What's this for? Ah, *let be, let be.*" MALONE.

Again, in *the Winter's Tale* Leonato ſays, " *let be, let be.*" REED.

Let be is the true reading. It means, *let things remain as they are.* I have heard the phraſe uſed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf. STEEVENS.

[1] — *one meaning well* ſuited.] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech. JOHNSON.

death,

death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes:
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death!
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chooſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance [2] your invention

Can

[2] Impoſe *me to what penance*—] i. e. *command* me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A taſk or exerciſe preſcribed by way of puniſhment

Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

D. Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us[3];
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong[4],
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

ment for a fault committed at the univerſities, is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved in a former note) an *impoſition*. MALONE.

3 *And ſhe alone is heir to both of us*;] Shakſpeare ſeems to have forgot what he had made Leonato ſay in the fifth ſcene of the firſt act to Antonio, "*How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?*" ANONYMOUS.

4 — pack'd *in all this wrong*,] i. e. combined; an accomplice. MALONE.

Dog.

Dog. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remember'd in his puniſhment. And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name[5]; the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dog. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth: and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant knave with your worſhip; which, I beſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your wor-

[5] — *he wears a key in his ear, and hath a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name;*] The alluſion is to a fantaſtical faſhion of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Againſt this faſhion William Prynne wrote his treatiſe, called, *The Unlovelineſs of Love-locks*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does,) refined a little too much. There is no alluſion, I conceive, to the faſhion of wearing rings in the ears (a faſhion which our author himſelf followed). The pleaſantry ſeems to conſiſt in Dogberry's ſuppoſing that the *lock* which DEFORMED wore, muſt have a key to it.

Fynes Moryſon in a very particular account that he has given of the dreſs of Lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend of Robert Earl of Eſſex,) ſays, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he wore it ſhort, except a *lock under his left eare*, which he nouriſhed the time of this warre, [the Iriſh War in 1599,] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." ITENARARY, P. II. p. 45. When he was not on ſervice, he probably wore it in a different faſhion.—The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorſet, painted by Vandyck, (now at Knowle) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of it. It hangs under the ear on the left ſide, and reaches as low as where the ſtar is now worn by the knights of the garter.

The ſame faſhion is alluded to in an epigram quoted in Vol. I. p. 225: "Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-tail-*lock*," &c. MALONE.

ſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* D. PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter BENEDICK, *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs [6]?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

[6] *To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?*] Theobald with ſome probability reads—*above* ſtairs; yet *below* and *above* were not likely to be confounded either by the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe every reader will find the meaning. JOHNSON.

Leſt he ſhould not, the following inſtance from Sir Aſton Cockayne's *Poems* is at his ſervice:

"But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,
"Her he *o'er-came*, for he got her with child."

And another, more appoſite, from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,
"A man may eaſily *come over* us." COLLINS.

Mar.

Mar. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers [7].

Mar. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [ſinging.
That ſits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. *Then* is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for [8], which is, with

[7] *I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or *to lay by all thoughts of defence*; ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) occurs very frequently in our old comedies. MALONE.

[8] *— with that I came* for,] *For*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

knowing

knowing what hath paſs'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion: there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours[9]: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion[1]? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I

9 — *in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. WARBURTON.

1 Queſtion? *why, an hour,* &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there? WARBURTON.

myſelf

myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe worthy,)—and now tell me, how doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter URSULA.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accuſed, the prince and Claudio mightily abuſed; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants with muſick and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*reads from a ſcroll.*]

Done to death[2] *by ſlanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it.*
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—

[2] *Done to death*] This obſolete phraſe occurs frequently in our ancient dramas. Thus, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

"His mother's hand ſhall ſtop thy breath,
"Thinking her own ſon is *done to death.*" MALONE.

Now

Now, muſick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight [3];
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now [4], unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

3 *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;*] *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends well*, uſes knight in the ſame ſignification. JOHNSON.

Virgin *knight* is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his ſhield, having no right to any till he had deſerved it.—On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "— Pheander the *mayden knight*."

It appears, however, from ſeveral paſſages in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order* of this name was ſuppoſed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity:

"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raiſe
"That noble order hight of *maidenhed*."

Again, B. iii. c. 2. STEEVENS.

4 Claud. *Now*, &c] In the old copy theſe lines, by a miſtake of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, are given to an attendant. Mr. Rowe made the correction now adopted. MALONE.

Claud.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's[5],
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, Friar *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, ſignior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

[5] — *ſpeed's,*] i. e. ſpeed us! The old copy reads—*ſpeeds.* Corrected and explained by Dr. Thirlby. Claudio, as he obſerves, could not know that the propoſed match would have any luckier event than that deſigned with Hero. Yet I confeſs, the contraction introduced is ſo extremely harſh, that I doubt whether it was intended by the author. However I have followed former editors in adopting it. MALONE.

Bene.

Bene. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the eſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull *:—
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the ladies maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her [6].
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine: Sweet, let me ſee your face.

* — *upon the ſavage bull:*] See p. 217, n. 8. MALONE.

6 Ant. *This ſame* &c.] This ſpeech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald firſt aſſigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this ſcene told Antonio,—that *he* "muſt be father to his brother's daughter, and *give her* to young Claudio." MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your huſband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but while her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar:—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; [*unmaſking.*] what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they ſwore you did[7].

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me:

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;

[7] — *for they ſwore you did.*] *For*, which both the ſenſe and metre require, was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So below:
"Are much deceiv'd; *for* they did ſwear you did." MALONE.

For

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you[7];—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion; and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth[9]. [*kiſſing her.*

D. Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

[7] *I would not deny you*; &c.] I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid, *I take thee for pity*, ſhe replies, *I would not deny* thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. WARBURTON.

9 Bene. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.*] In the old copies theſe words are by miſtake given to Leonato. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play muſick.—Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn [1].

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

[1] — *no* ſtaff *more reverend than one* tipp'd with horn.] This paſſage may admit of ſome explanation that I am unable to furniſh. By accident I loſt ſeveral inſtances I had collected for the purpoſe of throwing light on it. The following however may aſſiſt the future commentator.

Mſ. Sloan, 1691. "THAT A FELON MAY WAGE BATTAILE, WITH THE ORDER THEREOF." "—by order of the lawe both the parties muſt at theire own charge be armed withoute any yron or long armoure, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed, and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baſton horned* at ech ende, of one length." STEEV.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The alluſion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in ſuits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former caſe,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly ſimilar in civil caſes, upon iſſue joined in a writ of right. Of the laſt trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*. Henry Nailor, maſter of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at law attended. But a compromiſe was entered into between the parties, the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the greater ſecurity of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was caſt down by George Thorne was borne before the ſayd Nailor, in his paſſage through London, upon a ſword's point, and his baſton (a *ſtaff* of an ell long, made taper-wiſe, *tipt with horn*,) with his ſhield of hard leather, was borne after him, &c." See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Nailor on this occaſion was introduced to the Judges, with "*three ſolemn congees*," by a very *reverend* perſon, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambaſſador from Queen Elizabeth into Ruſſia, who carried a red *baſton* of an ell long, *tipped with horne*."—In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian Mſ. is a tranſlation from thence. By a ridiculous miſtake the words, "ſauns lege arme," are rendered in the modern tranſlation of that book, printed a few years ago,—"without *linnen* armour;" and "a mains nues & pies" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is tranſlated, "and their hands naked, and *on foot*." MALONE.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt*[2].

2 This play may be juſtly ſaid to contain two of the moſt ſprightly characters that Shakſpeare ever drew. The wit, the humouriſt, the gentleman, and the ſoldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the firſt and moſt splendid of theſe diſtinctions is diſgraced by unneceſſary profaneneſs; but the goodneſs of his heart is hardly ſufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too ſarcaſtic levity, which flaſhes out in the converſation of Beatrice, may be excuſed on account of the ſteadineſs and friendſhip ſo apparent in her behaviour, when ſhe urges her lover to riſque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection ſimilar to that which Dr. Johnſon has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:—the ſecond contrivance is leſs ingenious than the firſt:—or, to ſpeak more plainly, the ſame incident is become ſtale by repetition. I wiſh ſome other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been ſucceſsfully practiſed on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I underſtand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly paſſed under the title of Benedict and Beatrix. Hemming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the ſum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majeſty's gratuity, for exhibiting ſix plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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.*
Catharine,
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST[1].

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, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
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[2], and keep it too.

[1] 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.

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. I. MALONE.

[2] — *your deep* oath,] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. 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 bankrout quite the wits.
[*ſubſcribes.*

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy [3]. [*ſubſcribes.*

Bir. 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 [4].

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Bir. 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.

Bir. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

3 *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.

4 *Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.*] That is, to ſee no ladies, to ſtudy, to faſt, and not to ſleep. MALONE.

Bir.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Bir. 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[5];
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. 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 falsly blind the eye-sight of his look[6]:
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[7].

5 *When I to* feast *expressly am forbid*;] The old copy has—to *fast*. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 ——— *while truth the while*
Doth falsly blind &c.] *Falsly* 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.

7 *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.

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[8].

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding[9]!

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhime.

King. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt[1],
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Bir. 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[2];
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.

[8] *Too much to know, is to know nought but* fame;
And every godfather can give a name.] *The conſequence*, ſays Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name, which every godfather can give likewiſe.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding!*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*; as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick*. The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

[1] — ſneaping *froſt*,] So *ſneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*. To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *May's new-fangled* ſhows;] Mr. Theobald reads — new-fangled *earth*, in order to rhyme with the laſt line but one. 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.

Climb

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate [3].

King. Well, sit you out [*]: go home, Biron; adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Bir. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court*;—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*reads.*]—*on pain of losing her tongue.* Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility [4]!—[*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.

[3] *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.

[*] — sit *you out*:] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I suspect, we should read—*set* you out. MALONE.

[4] *A dangerous law against* gentility!] This and the four following lines, which in the old copy are given to Longaville, were properly attributed to Biron by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Gentility, here, does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And the meaning is this: Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness*, *urbanity*, and the more refined

King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here[5] on mere neceſſity.

Bir. 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[6]:
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:
Suggeſtions[7] 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[8] granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny[9]:

This

refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

5 *She muſt* lie *here*—] To *lie* in old language is to *ſojourn*. MALONE.

6 *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagancies, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON.

7 *Suggeſtions*—] Temptations. JOHNSON.

8 — *quick recreation*—] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

9 *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:] This paſſage, I believe, is

This chil[d][1] of fancy[1], that Armado hight[2],
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[3].
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.
Bir. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.
Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ceremonial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate queſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in 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.

So, in the title-page to R. Braithwaite's *Engliſh Gentlewoman*: "—what ornaments do beſt adorn her, and what *complements* do beſt accompliſh her." Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606: "—adorned with the exacteſt *complements* belonging to everlaſting nobleneſs." STEEVENS.

[1] 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.

[2] —*that Armado* hight,] Who is *called* Armado. MALONE.

[3] *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 theſe romances, being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa. 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 monaſtick 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.

Enter

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon[4]?

Bir. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough[5]: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armãdo.

Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having[6]: God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear hearing?[7]

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner[8].

Bir.

4 — *the* duke's *own perſon?*] Theobald without any neceſſity reads —*king's* own perſon. 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.

5 — *tharborough:*] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

6 *A high hope for a low* having;] The old copies read—*heaven*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. *Having* is *acquiſition*. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

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.

7 *To hear? or forbear* hearing?] One of the modern editors, plauſibly enough, reads,—To hear? or forbear *laughing?*" MALONE.

8 — *taken* with the manner.] A forenſick term. A thief is ſaid to

Bir. 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.

Bir. 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?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's 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[9].

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 melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time, when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is 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

be taken with the manner, i. e. *maincur* 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. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

9 — *but ſo, ſo,*] The ſecond *ſo* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

obſcene

obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that drave thee from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewe'ſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place, where,—It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth[1],

Coſt. Me.

King.—that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,

Coſt. Me.

King.—that ſhallow vaſſal,

Coſt. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,

Coſt. O me!

King.—ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with[2]*—O with—but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

Coſt. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. 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, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury; and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

[1] — *baſe* minnow *of thy mirth,*] The baſe *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakſpeare makes Coriolanus characteriſe 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* &c. 1596: " Let him denie that there was another ſhewe made of the little *minnow*, his brother", &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Bir.

Bir. 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, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it[3].

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaim'd damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, ſir; ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.

[*Exeunt* King, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So *Falſtaff*, in *K. Henry* IV. P. II: "—it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEV.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. A Room in 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, ſir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp[4].

Moth. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal[5]?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſenior?

Arm. Why tough ſenior? why tough ſenior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough ſenior, as an appertinent title to your old time[6], which we may name tough[7].

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

4 — *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 authour'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.

5 — *my tender* juvenal?] *Juvenal* is *youth.* Steevens.

6 — *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.

7 — *tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phraſes collected by Ray. Steevens.

Moth.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him[8]. [*aſide.*

Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True,

Moth. Why, ſir, 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[9].

Arm.

[8] — 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.

[9] — *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.*] Bankes's *horſe*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatiſe of 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

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*aſide.*

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd 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 excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in

name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhewed him by his maſter; and even obey preſently his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." GREY.

See alſo *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, lib. III. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes' Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and piſſe, and daunce, and lie,
"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knave?"

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's.

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following: Nov. 14, 1595, "A Ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*." STEEVENS.

In 1595 was publiſhed a pamphlet entitled *Maroccus extaticus, or Bankes' bay horſe in a trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue betweene Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of the age.* 4to. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which, I find, happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace 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.

carrying

carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four,

Arm. Tell me preciſely, of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers[1]: but to have

Underneath is a repreſentation of Bankes and his horſe, copied from the pamphlet above mentioned.

MALONE.

[1] Green *indeed is the colour of* lovers:] I do not know whether our

 author

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[2], maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing[3] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar[4]?

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 that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I

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.

[2] *Moſt* maculate *thoughts*,—] So the firſt quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid ſuch notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize 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.

[3] *For* bluſhing—] The original copy has—*bluſo in*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

may

my example my digreſſion[5] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard[6]; 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.

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 allow'd for the day-woman. 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.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

5 — *my* digreſſion] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way. 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 in my face." MALONE.

6 — *the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] The *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in its *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, 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 lye." STEEVENS.

Arm. And ſo farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away [7].

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their words; and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect [8] the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The

[7] *Come, &c.*] To this line in the firſt quarto, and the firſt folio, *Clo.* by an error of the preſs is prefixed, inſtead of *Con.* i. e. Conſtable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[8] — *affect*—] i. e. love. STEEVENS.

firſt

firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn [9]; the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer [1]. Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.

Enter the Princeſs of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:
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 parly 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;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues [2]:

I am

[9] *The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn;*] See the laſt act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

[1] — *ſonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*ſonnet.* STEEVENS. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

[2] *Beauty is bought by the judgment of the eye,*
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's *tongues.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

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 we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

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?

1. *Lord.* Longaville 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 ſolemnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd[3];

Well

" 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*. JOHNS.

3 *A man of ſovereign* parts *he is eſteem'd*;] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

A man of ſovereign *peereſſe* he is eſteem'd.

I believe, the author wrote

" A man of,—ſovereign, *peerleſs*, he's eſteem'd.

A man of extraordinary *accompliſhments*, the ſpeaker perhaps would have

Well fitted in the arts [4], glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with [5] too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs [6].

Roſ. Another of theſe ſtudents 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 ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,

have ſaid, but ſuddenly checks himſelf; and adds—"ſovereign, 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 p. 220 of this volume. See alſo p. 21: "Sir, mock me not:—your ſtory." MALONE.

4 *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.

5 — *match'd with* —] is *combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

6 *And much too little* &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I ſaw, is much too little, *compared* to his great worthineſs. HEATH.

The

The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

1. *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[7] in oath
Were all addreſs'd[8] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

[7] — *his* competitors—[That is, his confederates. See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *Were all* addreſs'd—] To *addreſs is to prepare.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— it lifted up its head, and did *addreſs*
" Itſelf to motion " STEEVENS.

King.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it[9]:
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit. [*gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once[1]?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know, you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!

Bir. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o'day?

Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.

Bir. Now fair befall your maſk!

Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none.

Bir. 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.

9 *And ſin to break it:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*Not* ſin to break it:"—I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhews an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

1 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.

But

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 unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thouſand crowns [2],
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal [3],
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

[2] On *payment*—] This is Mr. Theobald's correction. The old copies have—*One* payment. 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.

[3] — depart *withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. So, in *K. John*:

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." STEEVENS.

By

Boy. 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 denay'd fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place! [*Exeunt* King *and his Train.*

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick[4]?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, I[5].

Bir. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. No, *point*, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that fame[6]? *Boy.*

[4] *Is the* fool *ſick?*] She means perhaps his *heart*. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: (ante, p. 220.) "*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.

[5] *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 rhime. MALONE.

[6] *What lady is that fame?*] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain*

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well.
[*Exit* DUMAIN.
Long. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that, were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you, ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her mother's I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard[7]!
Boy. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Faulconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boy. Not unlike, ſir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.
Bir. What's her name in the cap?
Boy. Catharine, by good hap.
Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no?
Boy. To her will, ſir, or ſo.
Bir. You are welcome, ſir; adieu!
Boy. Farewell to me, ſir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON. *Ladies unmaſk.*
Mar. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boy. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Dumain enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Catharine*, 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. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 331, where Biron ſays to Roſaline—"Now fair befall your *maſk!*" MALONE.

7 *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.

Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry!
Boy. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips [8].
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me. [*offering to kiſs her.*
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be [9].
Boy. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.
Boy. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes *,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boy. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boy. 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:

[8] — *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.

[9] *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 Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To SEVER from others. Hinc nos paſcua et campos ſeorſim ab aliis ſeperatos *Severals* dicimus." In the margin he ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does—*ſeverals*.—Our author is ſeldom careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides. If *ſeveral* be underſtood in its ruſtick ſenſe, the adverſative particle ſtands but 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.

* *By the heart's* ſtill rhetorick, *diſcloſed with* eyes,] So in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

"Sweet *ſilent rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes*;
"*Dumb eloquence*—." MALONE.

His

His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee [1],
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking [2] on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glaſs'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you paſs'd.
His face's own margent did quote [3] ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

Boy. 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.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

1 *His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently deſirous to ſee as well as ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

2 *To feel only looking*—] Perhaps we may better read:
To feed *only* by *looking.* JOHNSON.

3 *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

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—[1] [*ſinging.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither[2]; I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl[3]?

Arm. How 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[4], humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting[5]; and keep not too long in one tune, but

[1] *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage-direction is generally—*Here they ſing*,—or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to chuſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumſtance in *K. Edward* IV. 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ſtage, ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance." Again in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "He places all things in order, *ſinging* with the ends of old ballads as he does it." STEEVENS.

[2] — feſtinately *hither*;] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

[3] — *a French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of *dance*. STEEVENS.

[4] — canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

[5] — *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

but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements [6], theſe are humours; theſe betray 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 [7].

Arm. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation [8].

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horſe is forgot [9].

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter, the hobby-horſe is but a colt [1], and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

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. STEEV.

— *complements,*] i. e. accompliſhments. See p. 314, n. 9. MALONE.

[7] — *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 theſe 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.

[8] *By my* penny *of obſervation.*] The old copy reads—*pen.* The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

It is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called *A Penniworth of Wit.* FARMER.

9 Arm. *But O,—but O,—*

Moth. —*the* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a fryar; and another rode on a hobby-horſe, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganiſm; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horſe, were turned out of the games. Some who were not ſo wiſely preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the hobby-horſe, no doubt, ſatirized this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculouſly, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humouroufly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The ſame line is repeated in *Hamlet.* See the note on Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[1] — *but a* colt,] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or ſometimes an old fellow with youthful deſires. JOHNSON.

Arm.

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 ſympathiſed; a horſe to be ambaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minime*, honeſt maſter, or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo[2]:
Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!

[2] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:*] The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo. Swift*, however, means ready at replies. STEEVENS.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*. 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.

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin [3], 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 [4] broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*; —begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* [5]; no ſalve, in the mail, ſir [6]: O ſir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

3 *By thy favour, ſweet* welkin,] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. JOHNSON.

4 — *here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. STEEVENS.

5 — *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. STEEVENS.

6 — *no ſalve in the mail, ſir:*] *No ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. JOHNSON.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the old ſpelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, *(Character of a Bawd)* 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of counſel, the cap-caſe, 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 that the Latin verb *ſalve*, 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 compliment*." STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. Do the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it [7]:
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.

Arm. Come hither, come hither; how did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market [8].

[7] *I will example it:*] This and the following eight lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[8] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a gooſe make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin [9]?

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 immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I [1].—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew [2]!— [*Exit* MOTH.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O,

9 — *how was there a* Coſtard *broken in a ſhin?*] It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *Coſtard*. STEEVENS.

1 *Like the* ſequel, *I.*] I follow you as cloſe as the ſequel does the premiſes. HEATH.

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? MASON.

2 — *my incony,* Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate;—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. WARBURTON.

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.

In the old comedy called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, I meet with

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.

Bir. O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip: God be wi' you!

Bir. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, ſir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Bir. 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;

this word. A maid is ſpeaking to her miſtreſs about a gown:—"it makes you have a moſt *inconie* body." Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble." STEEVENS.

muneration; eleven-pence farthing better[3]: Moſt ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print[4].—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Bir. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent!
This wimpled[5], whining, purblind, wayward boy;

3 Coſt. *Guerdon,—O ſweet* guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] *Guerdon.* i. e. reward.

The following parallel paſſage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, 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, leaſt 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 unto the ſayd ſervante, and ſaith unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes, which the ſervante receiving, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the ſame a ſmall price, howſoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the ſayd gentleman's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſay'd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payd no dearer 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-farthinges*."

Whether Shakſpeare or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour's Loſt* was written, and the date of the earlieſt edition of the *Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. ſhall be aſcertained by circumſtances which are at preſent beyond our reach. STEEVENS.

4 — *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 127. The expreſſion, as Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhitt have ſhewn, often occurs in our old Engliſh comedies. MALONE.

5 *This* wimpled—] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. STEEVENS.

This

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid [6];
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

[6] *This signior* Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid*;] Mr. Theobald says, that some one proposed to him to read—

This *senior junior*, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

That is, "this old young man." So, afterwards:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,
"For he hath been five thousand years a boy."

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, (p. 320,) and in one in the *Comedy of Errors*, quoted below 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.*

Dr. Warburton was likewise of opinion that by *Junio* is meant youth in general. Mr. Upton would read—This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf;—supposing that our author meant *Julio Romano*, and that that painter had drawn Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. But "who (as Mr. Tollet justly observes) will ascertain that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf?" MALONE.

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. MASON.

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 *signor* 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, sir, 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.

Dread

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors [7],—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field [8],
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop [9]!
What? I! I love [1]! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing [2]; ever out of frame;

And

7 *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.

8 *And I to be a* corporal of his field,] Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. Brokeſby 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.

9 *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] 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 *tumbler's hoops* were adorned with their maſter's colours, or with ribbands. To *wear his colours*, means to weare his *badge* or *cogniſance*, or to be his ſervant or retainer. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: "All that *ware* the duke's ſign, or *colours*, were fain to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their boſome." TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dreſſed out with ribbands, and in the poſition deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

1 *What?* I! *I love!*] The firſt *I* which is not in the old copies has been ſupplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. There is no miſtake more common at the preſs than the omiſſion of a word, when it happens to be repeated in the ſame line, and the two words join. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is ſupported by the firſt line of the preſent ſpeech:

And *I* forſooth in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—.

Sir T. Hanmer ſupplied the metre by repeating the word *What*. MALONE.

2 ——— *like a German clock,*
Still a repairing;] The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker

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[3].
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan[4]. *Exit.*

ACT

Decker and Webſter, 1607: "—no *German Clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation, &c."—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 clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."

A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of 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. STEEVENS.

"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 ſhews 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.

3 — *and* groan;] *And*, which is not in either of the authentick copies

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter the Princeſs, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. Was that the king, that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.

Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, 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 glaſs[1], take this for telling true;
[*giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—

pies of this play, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, was added to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

4 *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.

[1] *Here, good my glaſs,*—] She rewards the foreſter for having ſhewn her to herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

But

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill [2].

Boy. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty [3]
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.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth [4].

Coſt. God dig-you-den [5] 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, ſir? what's your will?

[2] — that *my heart means no ill.*] i. e. *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[3] — *that* ſelf-*ſovereignty*—] Not a ſovereignty *over*, but *in*, themſelves:—ſo *ſelf*-ſufficiency, *ſelf*-conſequence, &c. MALONE.

[4] — *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.

[5] *God dig-you-den*—] A corruption of—*God give you good even.* MALONE.

Coſt.

Coſt. I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon[6].

Boy. 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[7], and every one give ear.

Boy. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate*[8] *king* Cophetua[9] *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

6 — *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. THEOBALD.
One of Lord Cheſterfield's letters, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reaſon why *poulet* means *amatoriæ literæ*. TOLLET.
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.

7 *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the *capon*. JOHNSON.

8 — *illuſtrate*] for *illuſtrious*. It is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer. STEEVENS.

9 — *king Cophetua*] This ſtory is again alluded to in *Henry* IV:
"*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*"
But of this king and beggar, the ſtory, then doubtleſs well known, is, I am afraid, loſt. JOHNSON.
The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be ſeen in the *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.
The poet alludes to this ſong in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry* IV. 2d part, and *Richard* II. STEEVENS.

baſe and obſcure vulgar!) videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame: he came, one; ſaw*[1] *two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar; The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's; The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; On whoſe ſide? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar [2]
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it [3] erewhile [4].

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

[1] — ſaw] The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*ſee.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

[2] *Thus doſt thou hear* &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[3] — *going o'er it*] A pun upon the word *ſtile.* MUSGRAVE.

[4] — *erewhile.*] Juſt now; a little while ago. JOHNSON.

A phan-

A phantaſm[5], a *Monarcho*[6]; and one that makes ſport.
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt 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[7].
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* Princeſs, *and Train.*

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter[8]?

Roſ.

[5] 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 an additional inſtance. STEEVENS.

[6] — *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. 278. 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 above "*Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his ſhoes, and quite re-"nounced his natural Engliſh accents and geſtures, and wreſted him-"ſelf wholly to the Italian puntilios, &c."

A local alluſion employed by a poet like Shakſpeare, reſembles the mortal ſteed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But ſhort ſervices could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

From a pamphlet entitled *A brief diſcourſe of the Spaniſh ſtate, &c.* 4to. 1590, (quoted by Mr. Reed,) it appears that Monarcho figured in London ſo early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the year 1566. MALONE.

[7] *Come,* lords, *away.*] Perhaps the Princeſs ſaid rather:—*Come,* ladies, *away.* The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. JOHNSON.

[8] Who is the *ſhooter?*] It ſhould be, Who is the *ſuitor?*—and this occaſions the quibble. "*Finely put on,* &c." ſeem only marginal obſervations. FARMER.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter.* So, in *The Puritan,*

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boy. 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.

Boy. And who is your deer[9]?

Ros. If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Puritan, 1607, 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 *futers*, &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 I 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 ballance." If we write the word thus, the conſtable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is loſt, at leaſt to the eye. If we write *raiſins*, (between which word and *reaſons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time in 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 *ſuiters*." 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.

[9] *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.

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boy. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[1] 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.

Boy. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cat.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout[2].

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin[3].

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge her to bowl.

[1] — *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. Steevens.

[2] — *the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. Steev.

[3] — *by cleaving the pin.*] Honeſt Coſtard might 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. Coſtard's application of the word *pin* might here lead the Dean to ſuſpect the qualities of the baſket. But what has mirth to do with archæology? Steevens.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing [4]; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit! When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.

Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man! To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan [5]! To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear [6]!—

And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit! Ah heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit! [*Shouting within.* Sola, ſola! [*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES [7], *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol.

4 *I fear too much* rubbing;] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

5 — *to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. where Nurſe aſks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

6 — *a' will ſwear!*—] A line following this ſeems to have been loſt. MALONE.

7 *Enter* HOLOFERNES,] There is very little perſonal reflection 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 wildgooſe 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*, folio, 1598. 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 have omitted the paſſages which Dr. Warburton has quoted from the preface to Florio's Dictionary in ſupport of his hypotheſis, becauſe,

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood[8]; ripe as a pomewater[9], who now hangeth like a jewel in

though that writer may perhaps have been pointed at, they do not appear to me at all to prove the point. MALONE.

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 reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a ſchool-maſter ſo called, ſpeaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors, with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham obſerves, the ſchool-maſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

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, [in his *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591,] 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 *affectation 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 ſeene
"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
"Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtile, in ſenſe,
"Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
"—— To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

Mr. Warton informs us in his Life of Sir *Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verſes above cited are prefixed to Florio's DICT. 1598. MALONE.

8 — 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 *cælo*, the ſky," &c. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*

"If we be Engliſh *deer*, be then *in blood*." MALONE.

9 — *as a* pomewater,] A ſpecies of apple, formerly much eſteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerards' Herbal, edit. 1597, p. 1273. STEEV.

the

the ear of *cælo* [1],—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt; But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head [2].

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, rather eſt, 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 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 [3].

For

[1] — *in the ear of* cælo, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "*heaven*, 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, (ſee p. 365, n. 7.) 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.

[2] — *a buck of the* firſt head.] i. e. a buck five years old. When this animal is in his ſecond year, he is called a *pricket*. MALONE.

[3] *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. JOHNS.