AS YOU LIKE IT[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Garden*.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thouſand crowns[2]; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me[3] here at

[1] *As you like it* was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey, and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of Mſs. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge's Roſalynd*, or, *Euphues' Golden Legacye*. Quarto, 1590. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketch'd ſome of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. *His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.*

It ſhould be obſerved that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion. He bequeathed me by will* &c.] The old copy reads, As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me—and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, &c. Omiſſion being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

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

[3] —ſtays *me*—] Dr. Warburton reads—*ſpurs* me. MALONE.

home, unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me [4]: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother,

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

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here [5]?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. *What mar you then, ſir?*

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

Oli. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while [6].

Orl.

4 — *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me:*] We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

5 — *what* make *you here?*] See Vol. I. p. 240. MALONE.

6 — *be better employ'd, and* be naught a while.] In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, *it is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old Engliſh books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the ſenſe affixed to it by Mr. Steevens:—"Be content to be a *cypher*, till I ſhall elevate you into conſequence." But the following paſſage in *Swetnam*, a comedy,

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

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me[7]. I know you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence[8].

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

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

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

comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnſon's explanation, are right:

" —get you both in, and be *naught a while.*"

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. MALONE.

7 — *than* him *I am before knows me.*] Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*be* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *Macbeth*:

" I am appointed *him* to murder you." MALONE.

8 — *your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born. WARBURTON.

9 *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs, wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction.* JOHNSON.

Oli.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

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

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

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

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

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

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

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worſhip.

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

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands

lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter [1], be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter [2], her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would [3] have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden [4], and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſſy, as they did in the golden world.

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

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me with-

[1] — *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

[2] — *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. The words which follow, *her couſin,* as Mr. Heath has obſerved, ſufficiently point out the perſon meant. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[3] — *that* ſhe *would*—] The old copy reads—*he* would. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[4] — *in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer in his *Colin Clout's come home again,* 1595:

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

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

out

out ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

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

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

Oli. Farewel good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear

clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

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

Roſ. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier[5]? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

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

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

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

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

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune,

5 — I *were merrier?*] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

from

from her wheel [6], that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

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

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

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

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, and hath ſent [7] this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

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

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

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

[6] — *mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and viciſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— *and rail ſo high,*

" *That the falſe houſewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*" STEEV.

[7] — and *hath ſent*—] *And* is not in the old copy. This ſlight emendation is the preſent editor's. MALONE.

Roſ.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

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

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

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

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

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

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

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

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves[8].

Roſ. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough: ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation[9], one of theſe days.

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

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

[9] — *for* taxation,] For cenſure, or ſatire. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you," Again, in the play before us:

"— my *taxing* like a wildgooſe flies—". MALONE.

Cel.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced[1], the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

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

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur le Beau; what's the news?

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

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

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

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel[2].

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies[3]: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

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

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

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

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

[1] —*ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

[2] —*laid on with a trowel.*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

[3] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. Three proper [4] young men, of excellent growth and preſence:—

Roſ. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents* [5],—

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

Roſ. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides [6]? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau.

4 — proper] That is, handſome. See p. 34. MALONE.

5 *With* bills *on their necks*;—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*,—] Dr. Warburton thinks, that there is an equivoque intended between a legal inſtrument, and the weapon called a bill. The former undoubtedly was in our author's thoughts. In his time a *bill* was a common term for a ſingle bond in Engliſh, of which the firſt words are, *Know all men by theſe preſents*. The paſſage cited from Lodge's *Roſalynde* adds ſome ſupport to the ſuppoſition that he had the other ſenſe of the word alſo in view. To carry on the *neck*, (not on the *ſhoulder*,) was the phraſeology of his time. So, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) in the novel which furniſhed Shakſpeare with the plot of this comedy: "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing toward them, with his *foreſt-bill on his necke*." Again in *Gorboducke*, 1569: "Enter one, bearing a bundle of fagots on his *neck*." Dr. Johnſon is of opinion (in which I do not agree with him) that the *whole* conceit is in the reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents*. Dr. F. thinks that "*With bills on their necks*," ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. MALONE.

6 — *to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides?*] *See* is the colloquial term

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

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

Flouriſh. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

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

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

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

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

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

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men[7]: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

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

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you[8].

Orl. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken muſick.* JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. MASON.

[7] — *odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads—the *princeſſe calls.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Roſ.

Roſ. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler[9]?

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

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment[1], the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

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

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty[2], to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

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

9 — *have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590. MALONE.

1 — *if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment,*] *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee*, or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

2 — *puniſh me not with your hard thoughts*; wherein I confeſs myſelf much guilty, &c.] The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur*, for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. MALONE.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well: Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

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

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

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

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

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

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

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

Roſ. O excellent young man!

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

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

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

Duke F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

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

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,

His

His youngeſt ſon[3];—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

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

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

Roſ. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune[4];
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

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

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block[5].

Roſ.

[3] *His youngeſt ſon;—*] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid,

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

[4] *—out of ſuits with fortune,*] I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "—but turning theſe jeſts *out of ſervice*, let us talk in good earneſt." MALONE.

[5] *Is but a* quintaine, *a mere lifeleſs block.*] A *quintaine* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been leſs exceptionable,

Roſ. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll

tionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, want of refinement. "This," ſays Mr. Guthrie, "is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—"my better parts

"Are all thrown down."

In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that, I believe, was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Mathew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. "Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis fudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum *quintanæ* ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur." M. Paris, ad ann. 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Mathew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time without any doubt the *Quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtick ſport. So Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Die, Hob and Will ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642.]:

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

But

I'll aſk him what he would :—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

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

Enter LE BEAU.

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

Le Beau. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin.

"I have ſeen (ſays he) a *Quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow in his necke with a bagge full of ſand hanged on the other end." Here, we ſee, were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great deſign of the ſport," ſays Dr. Plott in his HIST. *of* OXFORDSHIRE, "is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*."—Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words, "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *ſhield* or *trophy*, muſt have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* uſed "my better part of man" for *manly ſpirit*:

"Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition[6],
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done:
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of[7].

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

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſmaller[8] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſudenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

6 — *the duke's* condition,] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt-condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

7 — *than* me *to ſpeak of*.] The old copy has—than *I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *the* ſmaller—] The old copy reads—the *taller*. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall*," and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words—"the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;" i. e. Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions: but ſurely *ſhorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my child's father[9]: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

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

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a

[9] —*for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

ſudden

ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

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

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe [1], I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

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

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well [2]?

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

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

Roſ. Me, uncle?

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

Roſ. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;

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

[2] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]? So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII.*

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

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

If

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

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

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihoods depend.

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

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

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

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

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

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous [3],

3 *And thou will ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

When

When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

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

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf,
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *and Lords.*

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

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

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

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one[4]:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you[5],
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

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

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

4 ——— *Roſalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*] The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text [which Dr. Warburton changed to—teacheth *me*—] is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

5 —*to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverſe of fortune* upon yourſelf, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

Cel.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face [6];
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax [7] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide [8];
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

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

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

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

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

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

[6] *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face*;] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *K. Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

[7] — *curtle-axe*,] or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

[8] — *a* ſwaſhing *and a martial outſide*;] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is uſed in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of foreſters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam [1],
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head [2]:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

[1] *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—*not* the penalty. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. "*But* and *not* (he obſerves,) are often confounded in the old editions. The being ſenſible of the ſeaſons' difference, (he adds) was the penalty alluded to, which the Duke acknowledges, "feelingly perſuades him what he is."

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. iii. *but* is printed inſtead of *not*:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
"1. *Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

[2] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming." Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. STEEVENS.

Finds

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it[3]: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools *,
Being native burghers of this deſert city[4],
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[5]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak[6], whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,

3 *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

* — *the* poor *dappled* fools,] See Vol. II. p. 233, n. *. MALONE.

4 — *native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the *wood*."

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens*." MALONE.

5 — *with forked heads*] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's* Elegy.
STEEVENS.

That

That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears [7]
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream [8];
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much [9]: Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends [1];
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

7 — *the big round tears* &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

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

9 *To that which had too* much:] Old Copy—too *muſt*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— in a river——
" Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
" And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much*. STEEV.

1 — *of his velvet* friends;] The old copy has *friend*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Thus

Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of country [2], city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

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

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

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him [3] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

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

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

2. *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown [4], at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard

[2] *The body of* country—] *Country* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—The body of *the* country, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] — *to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNS.

[4] — the *roynish* clown,] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler [5]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [6]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory [7]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer [8] of the humorous duke?

Your

[5] —*of the* wreſtler] *Wreſtler* is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[6] — quail] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— which my falſe ſpirits
" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

[7] *O you* memory—] *Memory* for *memorial.* STEEVENS.

So (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) the word was frequently uſed by our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

[8] *The* bony *priſer*—] In the former editions, *The* bonny *priſer*. We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: " *Giants of mighty* bone." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones*."

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act V: " Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well." STEEVENS.

Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men [9]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place [1], this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'ſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

9 — *to* ſome *kind of men*] Old Copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

1 *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*: "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as —St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint*: "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood [2], and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood [3];
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having [4]: it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,

2 — *diverted* blood,] *Blood* turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied
"To the orbed earth—." MALONE.

3 — rebellious *liquors in my blood*;] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. So, in *Othello*:

"For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
"That commonly *rebels*." MALONE.

4 Even *with the having*:] *Even* with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

That

That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years [5] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's cloaths,* CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits [6]!

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

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

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

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than

5 *From* ſeventeen *years*—] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *O* Jupiter! *how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. So afterwards: "O moſt gentle *Jupiter!*"—A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or the* Merry *Beggars*. The old copy reads—how *merry*. The emendation, which the context and the clown's reply render certain, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

bear you [7]: yet I ſhould bear no croſs [8], if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

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

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

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

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

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

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

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

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly [9]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,

7 — *I had rather* bear with *you than* bear *you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me." STEEVENS.

8 — *yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

9 *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly*] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

"*Honeſt lover, whoſoever,*
"*If in all thy love there ever*
"*Were one wav'ring thought, if thy flame*
"*Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame,*
"*Know this,*
"*Thou lov'ſt amiſs,*
"*And to love true,*
"*Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.* &c. JOHNSON.

Wearying

Wearying thy hearer[1] in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound[2], I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet[3], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two[4] cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears[5],

[1] Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

[2] — *of* thy wound—] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] — *batlet*,—] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*batler*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *two cods*,] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read *peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher: "Shalt feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries." STEEVENS.

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

[5] — *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in Lodge's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, on which *the Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE.

Wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly[6].

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

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

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

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

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

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

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

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay:—Good even to you, friend[7].

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

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

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

6 —*ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; *mortal tall, mortal little.* Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly.* JOHNSON.

7 —*to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

By

By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be[8].

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[9] *his merry note*
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

[8] *And* in my voice *moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
"*Tune* my diſtreſſes, and record my woes." MALONE.

Jaq.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged[1]; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

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

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

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

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

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

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

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable[2] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here.]
And loves to live i' the ſun[3],
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,

[1] — *my voice is* ragged;] i. e. broken, and unequal. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—*rugged.* Our author's term is yet uſed, if I miſtake not, among ſingers. In *Cymbeline* he ſpeaks of the *ſnatches* of the voice. MALONE.

[2] — diſputable—] for *diſputatious.* MALONE.

[3] — *to live i' the ſun,*] *To live i' the ſun,* is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio.* TOLLET.

Come

Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

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

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes[4]

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he[4],
An if he will come to me.

Ami.

4 *If it do come to paſs,*
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii.
Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite. MALONE.

For *Ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me*. JOHNSON.

If *Duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation*." It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce*. We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme*."—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*
"Here ſhall he ſee
"Groſs fools as he,
"An' if he will come to *Ami*."

i. e. ſo Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. FARMER.

Duc

Ami. What's that *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt[5].

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

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

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.

Duc ad me ſeems to be a plain alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder.

An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, [*Ducdame*] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
" *duck, duck, duck.*——
" *Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
" chuck, chuck, chuck."—— STEEVENS.

5 —*the firſt born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the foreſt.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

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

Duke S. If he, compact of jars [6], grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

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

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

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world [7]!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune [8]:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,

[6] — *compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. Shakſpeare elſewhere ſays, *compact of credit*, for *made up of credulity*. STEEVENS.

[7] *A motley fool;—a miſerable* world!] *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[8] — *till heaven hath ſent me* fortune:] Alluding to the common ſaying, that fools are Fortune's favourites. MALONE.

Says,

Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe;
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear [9].

Duke S. What fool is this?

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

Duke S. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit [1];
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind [2],
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:

9 Motley's *'the only wear.*] A *motley*, or a *particoloured coat* was anciently the dreſs of a fool. STEEVENS.

1 — *only* ſuit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. JOHNSON. The poet meant a quibble. So Act V: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*. STEEVENS.

2 — *as large a charter as the wind,*] So, in *K. Henry V*:
"The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is ſtill." MALONE.

He,

He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs [3] of the bob: if not [4],
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquand'ring glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.

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

Duke. S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting [5] itſelf;
And all the emboſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very [6] means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,

3 Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs*—] The words *Not to*, which are wanting in the old copy to complete both the metre and ſenſe, were added by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

4 — *if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power, and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is *diſſected* and *laid open* by the *ſquandering glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

5 *As ſenſual as the brutiſh* ſting—] So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8: "A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

Again: "As if that hunger's point, or Venus *ſting*,
"Had them enrag'd." b. ii. c. 12.

Again, in *Othello*: "—our carnal *ſtings*, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

6 *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

That

That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then*; How then? What then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

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

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

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

Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture[7]: But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

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

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

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

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

Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,

* There *then*;—] I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello*; "What then? How then? *Where's* ſatisfaction?" MALONE.

7 —*ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

Loſe

Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my ſword.

Duke S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command[8] what help we have
That to your wanting may be miniſter'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food[9]. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

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

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

Duke S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in[1].

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;

[8] —*upon* command] is at your own *command*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Whiles, like a* doe, *I go to find my* fawn,
And give it food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"Like a milch *doe*, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
"Haſting to *feed her fawn*." MALONE.

[1] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads—*wherein we play*. STEEVENS.

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages[2]. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
Then, the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace[3], with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard[4],
Jealous

2 *His acts being* ſeven ages.] Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *the Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the ſpace of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The NEXT AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid authour) ſome yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

3 *Sighing like furnace*,—] So, in *Cymbeline*: "—he *furnaceth* the thick *ſighs* from him".—. MALONE.

4 —*Then a* ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded *like the pard*,] *Beards* of different

cut

Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſe[v]ere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe [w]ws and modern inſtances [5],
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon [6];
With ſpectacles on nose, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes

cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. "And what a beard of the general's cut, &c." See alſo Vol. I. p. 213, n. *. MALONE.

So, in *Cinthia's Revels*, by B. Jonſon: "— Your *ſoldier's* face—the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

5 *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances*,] The meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common*. So, in *K. John*:

"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

So, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: "—— betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "—to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

6 —— *The ſixth age ſhifts*
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;] *Il Pantalóne*, in the Italian comedy, is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in this epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In the *Travels of the Three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, printed in 1607, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a lord's houſe, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, an old *Pantalowne*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us, nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "Pantalóne is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers."—In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, if I remember right, one of the characters is called "an old Pantaloon," but there is no further deſcription of him. MALONE.

And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden[7],
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you moſt for him.

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

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

SONG.

Ami. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not ſo unkind[8]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen[9],
Although thy breath be rude.

7 — *Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes*?

——— *Patremque*
Fert humeris, venerabile onus *Cythereius heros*. JOHNSON.

8 *Thou art not ſo* unkind &c.] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
" She had not brought forth thee, but died *unkind*." MALONE.

9 *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] *Thou winter wind*, ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] So, in the Sonnet introduced in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
" All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs winds*." MALONE.

Heigh

Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp[1],
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not[2].
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! &c.

[1] *Though thou the waters* warp,] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are frozen, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act I:

"My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Warmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— the icicle
"That's *curdled* by the froſt, &c. STEEVENS.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* when its ſurface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: "— then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to "bitter ſky." The influence of the winter's ſky or ſeaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone. MALONE.

[2] *As friend* remember'd *not*.] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So afterwards, Act III. ſc. laſt: "And now *I am remember'd*,"—i. e. And now that I *bethink* me &c. MALONE.

Duke S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is[3]:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument[4]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature

[3] — *as thy* maſter *is:*] The old copy has—*maſters.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *an abſent* argument] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book; thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Make

Make an extent upon his houſe and lands[5]:
Do this expediently[6], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO *with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night[7], ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe[8]. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very

5 *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] To make an *extent* of lands, is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

6 — *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

7 — *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

" *Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,*
" *Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.*" JOHNSON.

8 — *unexpreſſive*—] for *inexpreſſible.* JOHNSON.
Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible:*

" Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
" With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir." MALONE.

well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding [9], or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſoper [1]. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg [2], all on one ſide.

Cor.

9 — *he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,*] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather,—may complain of a good education, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

1 — *is a* natural *philoſopher.*] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. MALONE.

2 — *like an ill-roaſted egg,*] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhew how Touchſtone applies his ſimilie with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEV.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers' hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed! Learn of the wiſe, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee[3]! thou art raw[4].

irretrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "—and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe;—not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in a tune.* MALONE.

3 — make inciſion *in thee!*] Alluding to the common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples.* STEEVENS.

4 — *thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art *ignorant, unexperienced.* So, in *Hamlet:* "—and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether[5]; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganimed, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Inde,* [reads.
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind[6].

Touch. I'll rhyme you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rate to market[7].

Roſ.

5 —*bawd to a bell* wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

6 *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. and the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. i. The modern editors read—the *face* of Roſalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

"Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
"The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
"Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c."

Again: "And hers the *faire* which all men do reſpect." STEEVENS.

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 — *it is the right butter-women's* rate *to market.*] The old copy reads

Roſ. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſoureſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

reads—*rank* to market. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. A paſſage in *All's Well that ends Well*,—" tongue, I muſt put you into a *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule, if you *prattle* me into theſe perils,—" once induced me to think that the *volubility* of the butter-woman, ſelling her wares at market, was alone in our author's contemplation; and that he wrote—rate *at* market. But I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *bobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe* going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
" Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
" *'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*" MALONE.

The clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be " the very falſe gallop of verſes." HENLEY.

Enter

Enter CELIA, *with a paper.*

Roſ. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be*[8]*?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow[9]*.*
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I, Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow[1]*.*
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[2]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd

[8] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] The word *ſilent* is not in the old copy. Mr. Pope attempted to correct the paſſage by reading—Why ſhould this *a* deſart be? The preſent judicious emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who juſtly obſerves that "*the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it leſs a deſert." MALONE.

[9] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil life*, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

[1] — *in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was— "painted in *little*." MALONE.

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Appelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Παυδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δῶρα' ἔχουσες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.—

So, before:

"——— *But you, O you,*
"*So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created*
"*Of ev'ry creature's beſt.*" Tempeſt.

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart [3];
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part [4];
Sad [5] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

Thus

3 — her *heart*;] Old Copy—*his* heart. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her *better part*. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus OVID:

" ——— *nec dicere poſſes,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.*
" *Ut faciem, et* poſito corpus velamine *vidit,*
" Obſtupuit———"

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. b. xxxv. c. 3. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen, utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo.* That is, " both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one of them [Atalanta] to be *a maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind.* FARMER.

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips*:

" ——— That eye was Juno's;
" Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball*;
" That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches [6] *deareſt priz'd.*
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Metamorphoſes is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's Tranſlation, 1567:

" She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
" Thee, whether ſhe did in footemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."
" —he did condemne the young men's love. But when
" He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
" *Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin,*) the which was like to mine,
" Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,)
" He was amaz'd."
" ——— And though that ſhe
" Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
" More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
" Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace."

MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " —who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beautie to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſtneſſe to deface."

Again, ibid: " Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
" Penelop may give place;
" *Atalanta*, and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, ibid: " *Atalanta*, who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle." STEEVENS.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country churchyard:

" She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
" Had Rachael's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb;
" Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
" And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*." WHALLEY.

5 *Sad*—] is *grave*, *ſober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

6 — *the touches*] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

Cel.

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go, off a a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN, *and* TOUCH.

Cel. Did'ſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But did'ſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat [7], which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to

7 — *I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,*] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an Iriſh *rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. JOHNSON.

So, in an addreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

" Rhime them to death, as they do *Iriſh rats*
" In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in the *Defence of Poeſie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: " Though I will not wiſh unto you—to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubonax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*—." MALONE.

meet;

meet [8]; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter [9].

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping [1]!

Roſ. Good my complexion [2]! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery [3]. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either

[8] — *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet." See *Ray's Collection*. STEEV.

[9] — *but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] "Montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt, &c." ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* [removed by an earthquake] *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[1] — *out of all* whooping—] i. e. beyond meaſure. This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, "out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maid of Cheapſide*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

[2] *Good my complexion!*] My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, can'ſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Shakſpeare uſes *complexion* for *diſpoſition* in the *Merchant of Venice*: "— it is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam." STEEVENS.

[3] — *a South-ſea* off *diſcovery*.] In the old copy here, as in many other places, *of* is printed inſtead of *off*. MALONE.

Of for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

How much voyages to the South-ſea, on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

too

too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he [4]? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth [5] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

4 *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he cloathed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

5 —*Garagantua's mouth*] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle, in* 1575. STEEVENS.

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit[6].

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue[7], I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart[8].

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

[6] — *when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit.*] The old copy reads—when it drops forth fruit. The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

" ——— woman's gentle brain
" Could not *drop forth* ſuch giant-rude invention."

This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

[7] *Cry*, holla! *to* thy *tongue*,] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
" His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*"

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

" *Holla! ſtand* there." MALONE.

[8] *O ominous! he comes to* kill *my* heart.] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart.*"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" — they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart*, as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

Enter